

WAITING.

Ripe the harvest! ripe and yellow
Stands up each golden sheaf;

"Come no more, my love," my dear one,
Gentle brightly, brave and true,

"Twenty harvest moons have waxed;
Twenty harvest moons have waned;

"Then that dream came black and bleached
Of the stormy, darksome night,

Ripe the harvest, ripe and yellow
Stands up each golden sheaf;

Mathias Sandorf.

JULES VERNE.

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

(TRANSLATION COPYRIGHTED, 1885.)

CHAPTER XI.

ALONG THE FOIBA.

It was about eleven o'clock. The clouds had begun to dissolve in drenching showers mingled with rain.

As soon as Count Sandorf fell into the torrent he found himself swept helplessly into the Buco.

"Help!" There was a cry. It was Stephen Bathory. The cold of the water had calmed him back to life, but he could not keep himself afloat.

Count Sandorf was by his side, holding him with one hand while he swam with the other.

The position was critical. Bathory could hardly move his limbs. They had been half paralyzed by the stroke.

There was a complete uncertainty as to the direction which this torrent took, the place it ended, the river or sea into which it flowed.

Soon Bathory made a slight movement. More marked respirations came from his parting lips.

"Stephien, do you know me? do you know me?" asked Sandorf, who had to shout to make himself heard above the wild tumult with which the torrent filled the vaults of the Buco.

"Yes! Yes! I know you. Speak! Speak! Your hand in mine!"

"We are no longer in immediate danger," answered Sandorf. "A raft is carrying us. Where? I cannot say, but it will not leave us!"

"Mathias, and the donjon?"

"We are far away from it now! They will think we found our death in the torrent, and assuredly they will never dream of pursuing us.

"And Ladislav?" murmured Bathory.

Sandorf gave no answer. What could he say? Ladislav, after giving the alarm from the window, must have been seized, so that flight was impossible, and now under strict guard could in no way be helped by his friends.

Stephen's head again fell back. He had not the physical energy to master his torpor. But Sandorf watched over him, ready for anything, even to abandon the raft if it happened to crash up



"BATHORY BY A STRONG EFFORT, WAS DRAGGED UP."

Nevertheless the state of affairs could not continue very long. Sandorf's strength began to fail him. Every now and then as he supported Bathory's head his own would sink back into the liquid pillow.

A violent shock nearly broke his shoulder. He stretched out his hand instinctively. His fingers closed in a clump of roots which were swimming by.

The roots were those of a tree trunk being brought down by the torrent. Sandorf fastened on to this raft and dragged himself back to the surface of the Foiba.

A moment afterwards Bathory was seized by the arm, and after a violent effort hoisted on to the trunk, where Sandorf took his place beside him.

Count Sandorf was by his side, holding him with one hand while he swam with the other.

However, the position of the fugitives had improved. The tree was about twelve feet long, and the spreading roots were now and then struck against the projections.

Sandorf had recovered his coolness. He tried to revive his companion, whose head rested on his knees.

"Wife! My boy! Mathias!" His whole life was in those three words.

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against the rocks which in the midst of the profound darkness it was impossible to avoid.

It was nearly two o'clock in the morning before the speed of the current, and consequently that of the tree, began sensibly to slacken.

But if the walls were widening the roof was closing down on them. By raising his hand Count Sandorf could skim the surface of the irregular schists which stretched above his head.

And then he looked to see if some vague streak of light did not filter into the darkness ahead.

Sandorf, energetic as he was, felt his heart wring with anguish. He saw that the supreme moment was approaching.

"Heaven help us!" murmured Sandorf. And now the lofty cliffs which shut in the Foiba began to shorten.

Toward five o'clock the cliffs had given place to long banks, and the country on each side was flat and naked.

Sandorf knew not what to do, when the tree struck a stump on the left side of the lagoon and stopped dead.

As far as he could see there was no one, fisherman or otherwise, within sight on the lagoon.

It was the light, at last! The Foiba had emerged from the subterranean channel and was flowing in the open. But whither was it flowing? On what sea coast was its mouth? That was still the insoluble question—a question of life or death.

The trunk of the tree had floated to the surface again. Bathory by a strong effort was dragged up and took his place at the end.

Up around a dark mass was being left behind. This was the huge cliff of the Buco in which the underground channel opened which gave passage to the water of the Foiba.

To the right, to the left, Sandorf threw a glance of keen anxiety. He saw that the river flowed between two high cliffs and that its speed was terrific.

They were in a rapid which was taking them along amid all its races and eddies. But above their head rose the influ-

ite, and no longer the narrowing vault with its ledges threatening each instant to crush them.

The last immersion had greatly revived Bathory. His hand had sought Sandorf's, who clasped it as he whispered:

"Saved!"

Who could hear him? No one on these rocky cliffs whose boulders and schists had not mold enough to bear even a bramble.

The only danger now was lest the tree should be hurled on the rocks. It avoided them of itself as it kept in the middle of the currents which swept round them.

An hour passed and no immediate danger appeared. The final flashes had died out in the distance, and the storm only manifested itself by the heavy thundering which reverberated among the lofty clouds whose long narrow bands streaked the horizon.

Stephen lay in Sandorf's arms. A distant report was heard towards the southwest.

"What is that?" asked Sandorf, who was still on the lookout.

"Three cannon shots?" said Sandorf. "That is the signal for an embargo placed upon ships that are anxious to sail? Has that anything to do with our escape?"

He might fear so. Assuredly the authorities would neglect nothing to keep the fugitives from getting away from the coast.

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GOOD POINTS ABOUT CHINA.

A New Yorker Who has Been to Shanghai Likes the Latter City Best.

After an absence of twenty-five years in China, George Dean, a native of the Ninth ward in this city, returned to New York a few weeks ago with the intention of remaining here.

"I miss so many things, and everything comes unhandy to me here," he said. "For instance, everybody drinks cold water here, and laughs at me when I want to do as they do in China and take my water warm."

"The other day my nephew, a young man whom I liked very much, asked me what I thought would be a nice thing for him to buy as a present for his father at Christmas."

"Why—do you believe me?—he was insulted, and my dear old mother was vastly shocked. It all came of my being thoroughly Chinese."

"Yes, everything seems to be done in China exactly opposite to the way in which it is done here."

"There is no north-west or south-east. In their place we have west-north and east-south. I see that you have in New York artists who live by trimming finger nails."

"They never have any breach of promise cases in China. A future Chinese belle isn't three days' old before her parents have betrothed her to some acceptable scion of a neighbor's house."

"The most northern town in the world. At Hammerfest, the most northern town in the world, we spent two days of great delight, and here let me say that without our English we should have got along badly enough, for French and German are quite useless in the north countries; but to their credit be it said English is now taught (since five years, I believe) in all the public schools, so that we found nearly everyone speaking fairly good English."

"I saw that this same enthusiasm for flowers exists in a degree we who are accustomed to so many can hardly understand, among all classes, and not a fisherman's hut did we see but its most prized possession was the bright colored plant in the window."

which it was purchased. Go into any well regulated Chinese family's house and you will surely see the coffin of the head of the house occupied as a tete-a-tete, a bench, a table of something else. When its owner dies and is put into it he may be taken to the graveyard immediately, or may knock around about the house for years. When they bury a coffin in China they simply carry it out and set it on top of the ground in the family burial plot.

Things in General.

Two vases resembling butterflies have been made by a Boston jeweler. The wings are colored and veined so as to simulate the appearance of the insect's wings to perfection.

Leaving Baden-Baden a fortnight ago, "I hope," said Kaiser Wilhelm to the burgomaster, "to see you again next year. I have often before said the same thing; but at my age it is impossible to lay out any more plans."

The Smithsonian Institute contains the small nugget of gold, a little larger than a pea, that first met the eyes of James Marshall in the sawmill wall at Sacramento.

Much is anticipated of the great Scotch colony which is about to be planted in Florida. The first division composed of 50 families, will sail from Glasgow on the 26th.

Near Walla Walla, Washington Ter., is a colony of religious enthusiasts who call their organization "The Kingdom of Heaven on Earth."

In Paris the firemen constitute a regiment of infantry, numbering 50 officers and 1,600 men. The chief officer is a colonel. The men are armed with guns.

When a man gets "good and rich," as the darkeys just over the Delaware line say, about the first thing he does is to build a big house.

There is an institution which is working well in some parts of Switzerland, the so-called Reiserverein, or "Travel Club."

"When I was abroad I saw, or rather smelled cheese that was much more odoriferous than Limburger than you can imagine. There are little shops in Germany that sell nothing but cheese, where it would make an American sick to stick his nose. They have a story over there that an Englishman once went into one of these little shops and said: 'Hi begyourpardon, you know, but Hi'm bloody fond of cheese, you know, hand Hi like it to smell strong, you know. Hi you 'ave hanny that is stronger than Limburger. Hi would like to taste hit.' The old Dutchman is represented as turning around and calling out to his wife, in another room, 'Katrina! Katrina! let der cheese walk in.'—Col. 'Charley' Spencer.