"Come no more, my love," my dear one, Gentle brightly, brave and true, Said to me, 'when harvests golden Hither I wi I come to you.' "Now the harvest moon's a glowing, Glowing over land and sea; Lore I've waited longed and waited, But no harvest bringeth thee.

"Twenty harvests greened and yellowed Twenty harvest moons have waned; Twenty yea s I've watched and walted Till my eyes are sore and strained. On this sho e I watched your vessel Bounding out upon the wave, Till it d mmed, and dimmed and darkened, Not a star its twin al gave.

"Then that dream came blac's and bideous Of the stormy, darksome night, When I found you on the wet beach, Voiceless still and deathless white: Yet I watch here every autumn For your vessel h meward bound, Ready, love, to meet you, greet you When the harvest's a l around."

Ripe the harv st, ripe and yel'ow Standeth up each go den sheaf; Bright the ap, les, bright and mellow Hidden under shelt'ri g leaf. Hear the night breeze rustle softly Through the sheaves of golden grain, And the ripples breaking slowly Whisper, "He w II come again." -Hazel Gordon.

## Mathias Sandorf

## JULES VERNE.

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

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## CHAPTER X L.

ALONG THE FOIBA.

It was about eleven o'clock. The clouds had begun to disolve in drenching showers mingled with rain. Then fell huge hailstones which shot into the waters of the Foiba and rattled over the rocks down its sides like the stream of lead from a mitrailleuse. The firing from the embrasures had ceased. Why waste amunition on the fugitives? The Foiba would only give them up as corpses-if even it did that.

As soon as Count Sandorf fell into the torrent he found himself swept helplessly into the Buco. In a few moments he passed from the intense light with which the electricity filled the ravine into the profoundest darkness. The war of the waters had taken the place of the roll of thunder. For into that impenetrable cavern there entered none of the outside light or sounds.

"Help !" There was a cry. It was Stephen Bathory. The cold of the water had called him back to life, but he could not keep himself afloat, and he would have been drowned had not a vigorous arm seized him as he was sinking. "I am here! Stephen! Don't be

afraid !"

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

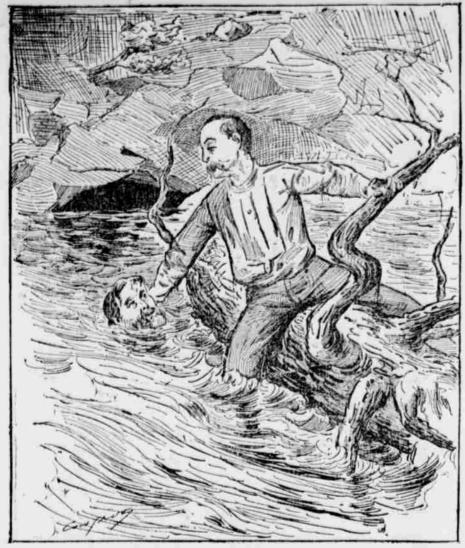
The position was critical. Bathory could hardly move his limbs. They had been half paralyzed by the stroke, Although the pain of his burned hands thad been sensibly lessened by their plunge into the cold, the state of inertia into which they were thrown did not allow of his using them. Had Sandorf abandoned him for a moment he would have been drowned; and yet Sandorf had enough to do to save himself.

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. Had even Sandorf known that the river was the Foiba the position could not have been more desperate than if he knew what become of its impetuous waters. Bottles thrown into the entrance of the cavern had never come to sight again in any stream of the Istrian peninsula; perhaps from their having been broken against the rocks in their course, perhaps from having been swept below in some mysterious rift in the earth's crust.

The fugitives were carried along with extreme rapidity, and thus found it easy to keep on the surface. Bathory had become unconscious. He was quite helpless and motionless in the hands of Sandorf, who fought well for both, but felt that all would soon end in his sinking from sheer exhaustion. To the danger of being dashed against some projecting rock or the side of the cavern or the hanging prominences of the roof there was added that of being sucked down in one of the whirlpools which foamed in many a corner where the sharp angle of the bank gave the current a sudden curve. Twenty times were Sandorf and his friend seized in one of these liquid suckers and irresistibly drawn to its centre in the manner of the Maelstorm. Then they would be spun round by the gyratory movement, and then thrown off from the edge like a stone from a sling

as the eddy broke. Half an hour went by under such circumstances with death imminent each minute and each second. Sandorf endowed with superhuman energy, had not yet yielded in despair. He rejoiced that his companion was almost senseless. Had he retained the instinct of self preservation he would struggle, and then Sandorf would be obliged to leave him to his fate, or both would be over-

whelmed.



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

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. Suddenly respiration became difficult. He gasped for breath, he was choking, he was wrestling with asphyxia. Often he had to leave go of his companion whose head sank instantly, but invariably he managed to grip him again, and that amid the wild racing of the waters which shouldered back and piled on each other by the occasional narrowing of the channel thundered along in foam.

At last Count Sandorf thought that all was lost. Bathory slipped from his grasp. He tried to rescue him. He could not, He had lost him; and he himself was dragged down to the torrent's bed.

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. Then, while he grasped the root with one hand he sought for his companion with the other.

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. the caprices of the rapids of the Brico.

Sandorf had not lost his consciousness for a moment. He made it his first care to make sure that Bathory could not slip from the tree. By excess of precaution he placed himself behind him, so as to hold him in his arms. In this position he kept watch for the end. At the first glimpse of light that penetrated the cavern he would see what the waters | completely covered it. were like as they emerged. But there was nothing as yet to show that they | not be far off." were near the end of this wonderful stream.

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. If it were not subjected to a very violent shock its stability, in spite of the the irregularities of the stream, seemed to be assured. Its speed could not be less than nine miles an hour, being equal to that of the torrent

Sandorfhadrecovered bis coolness, He tried to revive his companion, whose hend rested on his knees. He found that his heart still beat, but that his breathing was difficult. He bent over and tried to breathe a little air into his lungs. Would that the preliminaries of asphyxia had not injured him without hope of relief!

Soon Bathory made a slight movement. More marked respirations came from his parting lips. At last a few words escaped his mouth.

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

words. "Stephen, do you know me? do you know me?" asked Sandorf, who had to shout to make himself heard above the wild turnlt with which the torrent filled

the vaults of the Brico. "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 faraway from it now! They will think we found our death in the torrent, and assuredly they will never dream of pursuing us. Wherever this torrent flows out, into sea or river, we shall go; and we shall get there alive! Keep your courage up, Stephen! I will look after you. Be quiet for a little, and recover the strength you will soon want. In a few hours we shall be saved.

We shall be free!" "And Ladislas?" murmured Bathory. Sanderf gave no answer. What could be say? Zathmar, 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

Nevertheless the state of affairs could | 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. Evidently the channel was getting wider and the waters, finding a freer passage between the walls, were traveling at a more moderate pace. And it was not unreasonable to expect that the end of the subterraneau pass was close at hand.

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. Frequently there came a grating noise as the roots of the tree ground against the roof. Then the trunk would stagger as it recoil d from some violent collision and swing off in a new direction. And then it would drift across the stream, and twist and writhe till the fugitives feared they would be wrenched away. That danger over-after it had been experienced several times-there remained another, of which Sandorf coolly calculated the consequences. What was to happen if the roof continued to close down? Already his only way of escape was to fall backwards the instant his hand felt a projecting rock. Would be have to take to the stream? As far as he was concerned he might attempt it; Both were for a time saved from the but how could his companion keep affeat? danger of drowning, but they had And if the channel kept low for a long bound up their destiny with that of distance how were they to come out of their raft, and given themselves over to it alive? How indeed—and was death to be the end after so many escapes from death?

Sandorf, energetic as he was, felt his heart wrong with anguish. He saw that the supreme moment was approaching. The tree roots ground against the overhanging rocks more violently, and at times the top of the trunk was driven so deeply into the current that the water

"But," said Sandorf, "the outlet can-

And then he looked to see if some vague streak of light did not filter into the darkness ahead. By this time was the night advanced enough for the darkness ontside to have lifted? Was the lightning still flashing beyond the Brico? If so, a little light perhaps would show itself in this channel, which threatened to get too small to hold the Foiba, But there was nothing. Nothing but absolute darkness and roaring waters, of which even the foam remained black !

Suddenly there was a terrific shock. At its forward end the tree had dashed against an enormous pendant from the roof. As it struck it completely turned over. But Sandorf did not let go of it. With one hand he desperately clung to the roots, with the other he held his companion. And the tree sank, and with it the men sank into the mass of waters which then filled the channel to

This lasted for nearly a minute, Sandorf felt that he was lost. Instinctively he stopped breathing so as to economize the little air that remained in his lungs. Suddenly through the liquid mass, although his eyes were closed, he

felt the impression of a vivid light. A lightning flash, it was, followed by the noise of thunder.

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. Then Sandorf looked before him, around him, above him

Up stream a dark mass was being left behind. This was the huge cliff of the Brico in which the underground channel opened which gave passage to the water of the Foiba. Day was already showing itself by the scattered streaks of light overhead, vague as the nebulæ which the eye can only just see on a winter's night. From time to time a few pale lightning flashes lighted up the background amid the dull roll of occasional thunder. The storm was slowly going or else dying away.

To the right, to the left, Sandorf threw a glance of keen anxiety. He saw that the river flowed between two high chiffs 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 bow was the infin-

ite, and no longer the narrowing vault with its ledges threatening each instant to crush them. But there was no bank on which they could set foot, no slope on which they could disembark. Two steep high walls shut in the narrow Foiba, and it was really the old channel with its vertical walls, but without its roof of stone.

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

"Saved." But had he a right to use the word? saved, when he did not even know where the river ended or what country it traversed or when they would be able to abandon their raft? Such, however, was his energy that he sat upright on the tree and three times shouted aloud: "Saved! Saved! 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 country hidden by the high banks would be sought by no human being-a desolate country through which the Foibaruns imprisoned like an artificial canal between its rocky walls. Not a brook flows in to feed it. Not a bird skims its surface, not even a fish ventures into its too rapid waters, Here and there huge rocks rise in its bed, and their parched summits show that the watercourse with all its violence is nothing but a sudden overflowing due to heavy rain. At ordinary times the bed of the Foiba is simply a deep ravine.

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. But it was impossible to check its speed to get to shore in case a suitable landing place was noticed.

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. Day was breaking and the gray was rising over the sky that had been cleared by the tumult of the night. It was about four o'clock in the morning.

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. "Is that a gun announcing that a harbor is open? If so we cannot be far from the sea. What port can it be? Trieste? No, for there is the east, where the sun is rising. Can it be Pola at the extreme south of Astria? But then-

A second report was now heard, and this was almost immediately followed by a third.

"Three cannon shots?" said Sandorf. "That is the signal for an embargo placed upon ships that are auxious 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.

"Heaven help us!" murmured Sandorf. And now the lofty cliffs which shut in the Foiba began to shorten. Nothing bends marked the horizon and bounded the views a hundred feet away. To take the bearings was impossible.

The much widened river bed, silent and deserted, allowed the current to flow more slowly. A few trees brought down by the stream were floating near them. The June morning was quite chill. In their wet clothes the fugitives shook till their teeth chattered.

Toward five o'clock the cliffs had given place to long low banks, and the country on each side was flat and naked. The Foiba had widened to about half a mile, and become a stretch of stagnant water which might be called a lagoon, if not a take. In the distance towards the west there were a few vessels. Some at anchor, some with their canvas set waiting for the breeze, and these seemed to show that the lagoon was a haven cut well back into the coast. The sea then was not far off, and there would be no difficulty in finding it. But it would not be prudent to seek shelter with the fishermen. To trust thems lyes intheir power, supposing they had neard of the escape, would be to chance being handed over to the Austrian gendarmes, who were probably now scouring the country.

Sandorf knew not what to do, wh n the tree struck a stump on the left side of the lagoon and stopped dead. The roots got entangled with a clump of brushwood and the tree swung round parallel with the bank as if it had been a boat under the control of a steersman.

Sandorf got ashors and looked around. He wished to make sure that no one saw

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

And yet within a hundred yards of him there was a man stretched at full length on the sand who could see both ham and his companion.

ITO BE CONTINUED.] The Most Northern fown in the World.

At Hammerfest, the most northern town in the world, we spent two days, days of great delight; and here let me say that without our Engl sh we should have got along badly enough, for French and German are quite useless in the north countries; but to their eredit be it said English is now taught (since five years, I believe) in all the public schools, so that we found nearly everyone speaking fa rly good English. This little place, though treeless, is not ugly. We saw one poor mountain ash, which its owner was trying to keep alive, but the windows of every house were tilled with wild flowers, and as they can never have them outside, they seem to vie with each other as to whose window can present the gayest appearance, and iustead of curtains they had shelves, on which the pots of plants were placed. I may say 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 bright colored plant in the window.

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. His mother, three sisters, and a brother live in the same house they occupied when he went away. He had been here only two days when he began to be homesick for China. He thought that time would conquer the feeling, but it became stronger every day, and soon he bade his mother and sisters farewell, and sailed for Liverpool on his way back to the strange country he had learned to love better than his native land. "I miss so many things, and every-

thing comes unhandy to me here," said. "For instance, every body drinks cold water here, and laughs at me when I want to do as they do in hina and take my water warm. In China it is impolite to take your hat off on entering a house, and here I have forgotten myself a dozen times, and been stared at and frowned at by ever so many because I observed he Chinese etiquette and kept my hat on my head on going into people's houses. I find myself ordering my desert first at dinner, as I and all Chinamen do at home-I mean in Shanghai—and my embarrassment has been great. Polite natives of China always drink their tea from their saucers, which are placed on top of the cups. I forgot myself more than once, and did the same, with an effect on others that made me very uncomfortable. On going out I invariably have taken my fan, and a fan like mine couldn't be purchased in New York for the price of a townlot. I couldn't think of going anywhere without it. But it has brought me only ridicule wherever I went. I find that my visiting cards, made after the best Chinese fashion, each one printed on a yard of the finest silk paper imaginable, are simply useless here, and if used would create a strong suspicion that I was insane. In China my bed, and everybody else's bed, is formed of matting, while here the matting is laid on my bedroom floor for me to walk on. When I go to bed here my head sinks down deep into the pillow, and I splutter and tumble all night and can't sleep. At home—in China, I mean—I rest on a pillow as hard as

wood, and sleep like a top. "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. I answered at once:

"The very best coffin you can af-

ord. "Why-do you believe me?-he was insulted, and my dear old mother was vastly shocked. It all came of my beng thoroughly Chinese. It is quite the proper thing in China for a son to buy a coffin for his living father. In fact, it is expected that he will do so if he is possessed of sufficient filial regard. could be seen of the country. Sudden | I told my freinds so, but that shocked them still more, and I was miscrable again. There is no use. I never ould get along here at all. I shall tie if I don't get back home-to China

"Yes, everything seems to be done in Thina exactly opposite to the way in which it is done here. Here I am Mr. Dean, in China I am Dean Mr. They on't use any soap to shave with in hina, but simply to rub the part to be shaved with warm water, put on with a brush like a toothbrush. The part to be shaved is never the face but he top of the head. The front of a Thinese book is the last page, and the reader begins at the right-hand corner of the page and reads down. The foot notes are always at the top. The title of the book is printed on the outside margin of the page. If you should ever enter a school room in China you would surely think the scholars were engaged in mobbing the teacher, for they study their lessons as loud as their lungs will let them. When they recite they back up to the teacher and stand with their faces to the other screaming pupils, instead of the teachers, while they yell their recitations all together.

"In China the needle on the compass always points to the south. At any rate, the Chinamen believes it does There is no northwest or southeast In their place we have westnorth and eastsouth. I see that you have in New York artists who live by trimming finger nails. They would be run out of China, for a person who hasn't finger nails four inches long there isn't much in society.

"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 neigh-bor's house. When she is old enough -and she doesn't have to be very old, for if she were in this country she would be playing with her doll yetshe goes to the house of her affianced and marries him. She weeps and wails Il the way there, as if her idea of matrimony wasn't exactly a cheerful one. There is always mourning at a Chinese marriage, while at a funeral the bands play and there is feasting and rejoicing. And there, I think, the Chinese idea is the correct one. When a person marries his troubles begin. Why should he rejoice? When he dies his troubles are over. Why should any one

mourn? I must get back to China. "A true-born, patriotic Chinaman will turn with loathing from a glass of fresh milk, while he will lift a cup of castor oil to his lips and drain it with a gusto. The oil won't make him bilious. The milk will. I told you it was the proper thing in China for a son to give a coffin to his father. In case the man has no son, or the son is lacking in filial regard or money, it is the ambition of the father to procure the coffin for himself, and he does so as soon as he is able to. It is used about the house in various capacities but its most prized possession was the until it is wanted for the puspose for

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 When they bury a coffin in China they simply carry it out and set it on top of the ground in the family buriel plot. The name of the individual who is in the coffin is marked on one end of it. There the coffin remains for a year or two, and then, if the friends of the family can afford it, they build a brick vault over it. This, in time, becomes covered with dirt, and by and by grass and weeds, and bushes grow on it. There are scores of these burial places around Shanghai and other cities, looking like prairie dog villages on a gigantic scale.

"I am going back to China, and if one of these days you should be wandering about in one of these Chinese cemeteries and should see a coffin lying there with my name on the end of it you needn't be surprised. Itellyou, a country that buries its dead on top of the ground and yet manages to keep its citizens healthy is a good country to live in. And if it's a good country to live in it's a good country to die in. So good by; I'm going back home.'

## Things in General.

'wo 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. Enamel was used for the eyes, which are as natural as life, and every other part of the insect is complete, even to the bunch of roses upon which they are

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. It is, in fact, very problematical if I shall ever come among you again, but I hope at least to do so.'

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, and was the beginning of those discoveries in California that have added nearly \$1,500,000-000 to the world's stock of the precious metals. The nugget is kept in a glass case, and is an object of interest

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. These immigrants own the land to which they are coming, and in addition, are well suplied with money. Fully a thousand families, in all, will come.

Near Walla Walla, Washington Ter., is a colony of religious enthusiasts who call their organization The Kingdom of Heaven on Earth. They practice polygamy, believe in the transmigration of souls, and claim that David, Solomon, Moses, John the Baptist and St. Peter have been born again and are now in the colony, and that they will soon commence a career of conquest and subdue the world. They hold property in common. There are very few Americans among them.

In Paris the firemen constitute a regiment of infantry, numbering 50 officers and 1,690 men. The chief officer is a colonel. The men are armed with guns. The uniform consists of a blue tunic with buttons bearing the arms of the city of Paris; trousers of a deeper shade of blue, ribbed on the side with red. While on service in the city the men wear the cap of soldiers in the infantry service, but when at fires they wear a helmet of brass with a black

When a man gets "good and rich." as the darkies just over the Delaware line say, about the first thing he does is to build a big house. Such is the case with the millionaire electrician of Cleveland, Charles F. Brush, who has about finished for himself the finest house in Ohio. The building, which is Amherst buff stone, glorifies the glorious Euclid Avenue up by the lake. It is probable that Mr. Brush will not burn tallow dips in his new house.

There is an institution which is working well in some parts of Switzerland, the so-called Reiseverein, or "Travel Club." Each member pays a subscription of about 1 franc 20 centimes a week, or something more, and in June or July he receives a theap circular ticket enabling him to make a pleasure and busines tour to France or Italy. In Basel there are many such clubs, which have been in existence for some years, and they make arrangements for the cheap boarding. as well as the cheap traveling of their members. In the two important matters of free schooling and local self-govrnment Switzerland stands far ahead of the rest of Europe.

"When I was abroad I saw, or rather smelled choese that was much more odorific 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 beg your pardon, you know, but Hi'm bloody fond of cheese, you know, hand Hi like it to smell strong, you know. Hif 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 valk in.' "-Col. "Charley" Spencer.