

TRUE CHARITY.

Charity not in ostentation shown
Is charity a hundred-fold indeed;
It springeth in the heart from noble seed,
Implanted by the hand of Love alone
And shall forever live, tho' all unknown
It sheddeth comfort o'er the fields of
Need—
Tho' never written be its sacred creed—
Tho' sleeps it not beneath the lofty stone.
Thou sweetest flower of human grace all,
True charity, how can I sing thy praise
With this my starveling verse—these talents
small!
In dim hermitage, passing perfect days,
Calmy livest thou in holy peace, won
In humble ways by duties grandly done.
—G. B. Blandin, in Chicago Current.

Doctor Antekirtt.

A SEQUEL TO 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 III.

DOCTOR ANTEKIRTT.

There are people who give a good deal of employment to fame—that woman of a hundred mouths whose trumpets blow forth their names towards the four cardinal points of the earth.

This was so in the case of the celebrated Doctor Antekirtt, who had just arrived in the harbor of Gravosa. His arrival had been signalized by an incident which would have been enough to attract public attention to the most ordinary traveler. And he was not an ordinary traveler.

For several years there had been woven around Doctor Antekirtt a sort of legend in all the legendary countries of the extreme East. Asia from the Dardanelles to the Suez Canal, Africa from Suez to Tunis, the Red Sea along the whole Arab coast, resounded with his name as that of a man of extraordinary knowledge in the physical sciences, a sort of gnostic or talab who possessed the last secrets of the universe. In earlier times he would have been called an Epiphane, in the countries of the Euphrates he would have been venerated as a descendant of the ancient Magians.

How much of this reputation was undeserved? All that would make the Magian a magician, all that would attribute to him supernatural power. The truth is that Doctor Antekirtt was a man, nothing but a man of high education, powerful mind, shrewd judgment, great penetration and marvelous perspicacity, who had been remarkably served by circumstances. For example, in one of the central provinces of Asia Minor he had been able, by a discovery of his own, to save a whole population from a terrible epidemic up to then considered to be contagious; and in consequence his fame was unequalled.

One thing that contributed to his celebrity was the impenetrable mystery which surrounded him. Whence came he? No one knew. What had been his history? None could say. Where had he lived and how? All that was certain about Doctor Antekirtt was that he was adored by the people in Asia Minor and Eastern Africa, that he was held to be a physician of wonderful skill, that the report of his extraordinary cures had even reached the great scientific centres of Europe, and that his attentions were as freely bestowed on the poorest as on the richest men and pashas of these provinces. But he had never been seen in the West, and for many years his place of residence was unknown; and hence the propensity to regard him as some mysterious avatar, some Hindoo incarnation, some supernatural being curing by supernatural means.

But if Doctor Antekirtt had not yet practiced his art in the principal States of Europe, his reputation had preceded him. Although he had only arrived at Ravenna as an ordinary traveler—a wealthy tourist yachting in the Mediterranean—the news of his arrival soon spread through the town; and the accident so narrowly prevented by the courage of Cape Matifou had had the effect of still further arousing the public attention.

The yacht would have done credit to the wealthiest and most fastidious of nautical sportsmen. Her two masts without rake and placed well amidships—thus giving her the full benefit of a large mainsail and fore-staysail—her long bowsprit with its two jibs, her yards on the foremast, and her powerful spars were designed for a sail plan that would drive her at immense speed. She was, as we have said, a schooner of about three hundred and fifty tons. Of long, fine lines, neither too broad in the beam, nor too deep in the draught, but of ample stability, she was a craft that in a seaman's hands could be depended on in all weathers. In a decent breeze, either on or off the wind, she could easily reel off her thirteen knots an hour, and would have held her own in a match with any of the crack cruisers of the British clubs.

Her interior fittings were in keeping with her external appearance. The whiteness of her Canadian pine deck, without a knot in its planking, her companions and skylights of teak with their brasswork as bright as gold, her beautifully carved helm, her spare spars under their white cases, her faint halliards and running rigging contrasting in color with her galvanized iron shrouds and stays, her varnished boats hanging gracefully from their davits, the brilliant black of her hull relieved only by a plain gold riband combined to make her a vessel of exquisite taste and extreme elegance.

This yacht is of considerable importance in our story. She was the floating

home of that mysterious personage—the hero. Below, luxury strove with comfort. The cabins and saloons were decorated regardless of cost. The carpets and hangings and the rest of the furniture were ingeniously adapted for all the requirements of pleasure navigation; and this was shown not only in the cabins but even in the pantry, where the silver and porcelain services were kept secure from the movement of the ship, in the galley which was a picture of Dutch cleanliness, and in the crew's quarters. The men, numbering about twenty, were dressed like Maltese sailors, with short trousers, sea boots, striped shirts, brown waistbands, red caps and gilets—on which in white letters there appeared the initials of the schooner's name and that of her proprietor.

But to what port did this yacht belong? On what register had she been entered? In what Mediterranean country did she lay up for the winter? What was her nationality? No one knew, just as no one knew the nationality of the Doctor. A green flag with a red cross in the upper corner floated at her gaff. And the flags of all nations could be sought through in vain for such an ensign. Nevertheless the officers of the port before Doctor Antekirtt came ashore had had the papers sent to them, and doubtless found them in due order, for after the visit of the health officer they had given her free pratique.

But what was this schooner's name? There was written on her counter in the nearest of gold lettering the solitary word "Savarena."

Such was the splendid pleasure craft that was now the admired of all in the harbor of Gravosa. Point Pescaide and Cape Matifou, who in the morning were to be received on board by Doctor Antekirtt, regarded her with no less curiosity,

and with a great deal more emotion than the sailors of the port. As natives of the coast of Provence they were well up in seafaring matters. Point Pescaide especially regarded this gem of marine architecture with all the feeling of a connoisseur. And this is what they said to each other in the evening after they had closed their show:

"Ah!" said Cape Matifou.

"Oh!" said Point Pescaide.

"Eh, Point Pescaide?"

"Who said she wasn't Cape Matifou?"

And these words doing duty for admiring interjections were as expressive in the mouths of the two acrobats as others much longer could have been.

The Savarena was now anchored; her sails even stowed, her rigging was all coiled carefully down, and the awning had been pitched aft. She was moored across an angle of the harbor and thus showed that rather a long stay was in contemplation.

During the evening Doctor Antekirtt contented himself with a short walk in the neighborhood of Gravosa. While Silas Toronthal and his daughter returned to Ravenna in their carriage, which had waited for them on the quay, and the young man we have mentioned went back down the long avenue without waiting for the end of the fair then in full swing, the Doctor strolled about the harbor. It is one of the best on the coast, and at the time contained a considerable amount of shipping of different nationalities. Then after leaving the town he followed the shore of the bay of Ombrà Piumera, which extends for about thirty-six miles to the mouth of the little river Ombrà, which is deep enough for vessels of moderate draught to ascend almost to the foot of the Vlastiza Mountains. About nine o'clock he returned to the jetty, where he watched the arrival of a large Lloyd mail steamer from the Indian Ocean. Then he returned on board, went down to his cabin and remained there till the morning.

Such was his custom, and the captain of the Savarena—a seaman named Narsos, then in his fortieth year—had orders never to trouble the Doctor during his hours of solitude.

It should be said that the officers and crew knew no more of the past history of the owner than outsiders. They were none the less devoted to him, body and soul. Although the Doctor would not tolerate the least infraction of discipline, he was very kind and liberal to all. And men were always ready to join the Savarena. Never was there a reprimand to give, a punishment to inflict, or a dismissal to effect. It was as though the schooner's crew were all one family.

After the Doctor had come aboard all arrangements were made for the night. The lights were got up fore and aft, the watch was set, and complete silence reigned on board.

The Doctor was seated on a large couch in an angle of his apartment. On the table were a few newspapers that his servant had brought in from Gravosa. The Doctor ran them over carefully, taking no note of the leaders, but picking out the facts and reading the shipping news and the fashionable movements. Then he threw the papers down, a sort of somnolent torpor gained upon him, and about eleven o'clock without calling his valet, he lay down, though it was some time before he slept.

And if we could have read the thought that especially troubled him we might have been surprised to find that it found shape in words as, "Who was that young man who bowed to Silas Toronthal on the quay at Gravosa?"

About eight o'clock next morning the Doctor appeared on deck. The day proved to be magnificent. The sun was already shining on the mountain tops which form the background of the bay. The shadows were swiftly retreating to the shore across the surface of the water, and very soon the sun shone direct on the Savarena.

Captain Narsos came up to the Doctor to receive orders, which, after a pleasant greeting were given him in a very few words.

A minute afterwards a boat left the schooner with four men and a coxswain and headed for the wharf, where she was to wait the convenience of Point Pescaide and Cape Matifou.

It was a grand day and a grand ceremony in the nomadic existence of the

two honest fellows who had wandered so many hundred miles away from that beloved Province they so longed to see.

They were both on the jetty. They had changed their professional costume for ordinary clothes—rather worn, perhaps—but clean; and stood there looking at the yacht and admiring her as before. And they were in particularly good spirits. Not only had they supped last night, but they had breakfasted this morning. A piece of extravagance that could only be explained by their having taken the extraordinary amount of forty-two florins. But do not let it be thought that they had dissipated all their receipts. No! Point Pescaide was prudent, and looked ahead, and life was assured for a dozen days at the least.

"It's to you we owe that, Cape Matifou!"

"Oh! Pescaide!"

"Yes, you, you big man."

"Well, yes, to me if you like!" answered Matifou.

The Savarena's boat now came alongside the wharf. The coxswain rose, cap in hand, and hastened to say that he was "at the gentlemen's orders."

"Gentlemen! What gentlemen?" asked Point Pescaide.

"Yourselves," answered the coxswain.

"You, whom Doctor Antekirtt is waiting for on board."

"Good! You see we are gentlemen already," said Point Pescaide.

Cape Matifou opened his huge eyes and twirled his hat in his hands.

"When you are ready, gentlemen," said the coxswain.

"Oh, we are quite ready—quite ready," said Point Pescaide, with a most affable bow.

And a moment afterwards the two friends were comfortably seated on the black rug with red edging which covered the thwart, while the coxswain had taken his place behind them.

Of course the enormous weight of our Hercules brought the boat down four or five inches below her usual load-line. And the corners of the rug had to be turned in to prevent their dragging in the water. The four oars dipped, and the boat slipped quickly along towards the Savarena.

It must be admitted that the two passengers were rather excited and even shy. Such honors for a pair of mountebanks! Cape Matifou dared not stir. Point Pescaide, with all his confusion, could not conceal that cheerful smile which always animated his intelligent face.

The boat passed round the schooner's stern and stopped at the starboard gangway—the place of honor.

CHAPTER IV.

THE YOUNG RECRUITS.

The ladder bent beneath Matifou's weight as he went up the side. As soon as he and Pescaide reached the deck they were taken aft to the Doctor.

After a cordial "good morning" several formalities and ceremonies had to be gone through before the visitors would consent to sit down. At last they did so.

The Doctor looked at them for a minute or so without speaking. His passionate, handsome face impressed them greatly. But there could be no doubting that if the smile was not on his lips it was in his heart.

"My friends," said he, "yesterday you saved my crew and myself from a great danger. I wish to thank you once more for having done so, and that is why I asked you to come on board."

"Doctor," answered Point Pescaide, who began to recover some of his assurance, "you are very kind. But what my comrade did any man would have done in his place, if he had had the strength. Wouldn't he, Cape Matifou?"

Matifou gave an affirmative sign which consisted in shaking his head up and down.

"Be it so," said the Doctor, "but that is not all, for your companion has risked his life, and I consider I am under an obligation to him."

"Oh! Doctor," replied Point Pescaide, "you will make my old Cape blush, and it will never do to let the blood rush to his head."

"Well, my friend," continued the Doctor, "I see you do not care for compliments! So I will not insist upon them! However, as every service is worthy of—"

"Doctor!" answered Point Pescaide. "I beg pardon for interrupting you, but a good action, as the copybook says, is its own reward, and we have been rewarded."

"Already! And how?" asked the Doctor, who began to think that he had been anticipated.

"Undoubtedly," replied Pescaide.

"After that extraordinary exhibition of strength on the part of our Hercules, the public were anxious to judge for themselves of his powers under more artistic conditions. And so they came in crowds to our provincial arena. Cape Matifou threw half a dozen of the stoutest mountebanks and strongest porters of Gravosa, and we took an enormous sum."

"Enormous?"

"Yes, unprecedented in our acrobatic careers."

"And how much?"

"Forty-two florins!"

"Oh! indeed! But I did not know that!" answered the Doctor, good humoredly. "If I had known that you were giving a performance I should have made it a duty and a pleasure to be present. You will allow me then to pay for my seat—"

"This evening, Doctor," answered Point Pescaide, "if you come to honor our efforts with your presence."

Cape Matifou bowed politely and shrugged up his huge shoulders, "which had never yet bitten the dust," to quote from the verbal programme issued by Point Pescaide.

The Doctor saw that he could not persuade the acrobats to receive any reward—at least of a pecuniary kind. He resolved therefore to proceed differently. Besides, his plans with regard to them had been decided on the previous night, and from inquiries he had made



PESCAIDE AND MATIFOU BEFORE DR. ANTEKIRTT IN THE SAVARENA.

regarding the mountebanks, he had found that they were really honest men in whom all confidence could be placed.

"What are your names?" asked he.

"The only name I am known by is Point Pescaide."

"And yours?"

"Matifou," answered Hercules.

"That is to say, Cape Matifou," added Pescaide, not without some pride in mentioning a name of such renown in the arenas of the south of France.

"But those are surnames," observed the Doctor.

"We have no others," answered Pescaide; "or if we had, our pockets got out of repair and we lost them on the road."

"And—your relations?"

"Relations, Doctor! Our means have never allowed us such luxuries! But if we ever get rich, we can easily find them."

"You are Frenchmen? From what part of France?"

"From Provence," said Pescaide, proudly; "that is to say we are Frenchmen twice over."

"You are facetious, Point Pescaide!"

"That is my trade. Just imagine a clown with a red tail, a street jester with a solemn humor. He would get more apples in an hour than he could eat in a lifetime! Yes I am rather lively, extremely lively, I must admit."

"And Cape Matifou?"

"Cape Matifou is more serious, more thoughtful, more everything!" said Point Pescaide, giving his companion a friendly pat much as if he were caressing a horse. "That is his trade also. When you are pitching half-hundreds about you have to be serious! When you wrestle you not only use your arms but your head! And Cape Matifou has always been wrestling with misery! And he has not yet been thrown!"

The Doctor listened with interest to the brave little fellow who brought no complaint against the fate that had used him so ill. He saw that he possessed as much heart as intelligence, and wondered what he would have become had material means not failed him at the outset of life.

"And where are you going now?" he asked.

"Where chance leads us," answered Point Pescaide. "And it is not always a bad guide, for it generally knows the roads, although I fancy it has taken us rather too far away from home this time. After all, that is our fault. We ought to have asked where it was going."

The Doctor looked at them both for a minute. Then he continued:

"What can I do for you?"

"Nothing, sir," answered Pescaide—"nothing, I assure you."

"Would you not like very much to go back to Provence?"

At once a light sprang into their eyes. "I can take you there," said Pescaide.

"That would be capital," said Pescaide, and then addressing his companion, he said:

"Cape Matifou, would you like to go back?"

"Yes—if you come, Point Pescaide."

"But what should we do? How should we live?"

Cape Matifou knit his brows as was his way when in a fix.

"We can do—we can do—we can do—"

he muttered.

"You know nothing about it—and neither do I! But anyhow it is our country! Isn't it strange, Doctor, that fellows like us have a country, that although we have no parents we are born somewhere? It has always seemed queer to me."

"Can you arrange for both of you to stop with me?" asked the Doctor.

At this unexpected proposition Pescaide jumped up with a start, while Hercules looked on, wondering if he ought to get up too.

"Stop with you, Doctor?" answered Point Pescaide. "But what good shall we do to you? Exhibitions of strength and activity we are accustomed to, but we can do nothing else! And unless it is to amuse you during the voyage—"

"Listen," said the Doctor. "I want a few men, brave, devoted, clever and intelligent, who can help me in my plans. There is nothing to keep you here. Will you join these men?"

"But when your plans are realized—"

said Point Pescaide.

"You need not leave me unless you like," said the Doctor with a smile.

"You can stay on board with me. And look here, you can give a few lessons in

gymnastics to the crew. But if you want to go back to your country you can do so, and I'll see you do not want for the rest of your lives."

"Oh! Doctor," said Pescaide. "But you do not intend to leave us nothing to do! It will not do for us to be good for nothing!"

"I will give you something to do that will suit you."

"The offer is a tempting one," said Pescaide.

"What is your objection to it?"

"Only one, perhaps. You see we two, Cape Matifou and me. We are of the same family, and we ought to be of the same family if we had a family. Two brothers at heart. Cape Matifou could not exist without Point Pescaide, nor could Point Pescaide without Cape Matifou. Imagine the Siamese twins! You must never separate us, for separation would cost us our lives. We are quite Siamese, and we like you very much, Doctor."

And Point Pescaide held out his hand to Cape Matifou, who pressed it against his breast as if he had been a child.

"My friend," said the Doctor, "I had no idea of separating you, and I understand that you will never leave each other."

"Then we can look upon it as arranged if—"

"If what?"

"If Cape Matifou consents."

"Say yes, Point Pescaide," answered Hercules, "and you will have said yes for both."

"Good," said the Doctor, "that is all right, and you will never regret it! From this day forward you need do nothing else."

"Oh, Doctor! Take care!" said Pescaide. "You may be engaging more than you think."

"And why?"

"We may cost you too much! Particularly Matifou! He is a tremendous eater, and you wouldn't like him to lose his strength in your service."

"I hope he will double it."

"Then he'll ruin you!"

"He won't ruin me, Point Pescaide."

"But he'll want two meals—three meals a day!"

"Five, six, ten if he likes," said the Doctor, with a smile. "He'll find the table always laid for him."

"Eh! Old Cape!" exclaimed Point Pescaide, quite delightedly. "You will be able to grab away to your heart's content!"

"And so will you, Point Pescaide."

"Oh! I! I am a bird. But may I ask, sir, if we are going to sea?"

"Very frequently. I have now business in all quarters of the Mediterranean. My patients are scattered all over the coast. I am going to carry on a sort of international practice of medicine! When a sick man wants me in Tangier or in the Balearics, when I am at Suez, am I not to go to him? What a physician does in a large town from one quarter to another I do from the Straits of Gibraltar to the Archipelago, from the Adriatic to the Gulf of Lyons, from the Ionian Sea to the Gulf of Cadiz! I have other vessels ten times faster than this schooner, and generally you will come with me in my visits."

"That we will, Doctor," said Point Pescaide, rubbing his hands.

"Are you afraid of the sea?" asked the Doctor.

"Afraid of the sea!" exclaimed Point Pescaide. "Children of Provence! Ragamuffins rolling about in the coast boats! No! We are not afraid of the sea, nor of the pretended sickness it yields. We are used to walk about with our heads down and our heels up, and if the ladies and gentlemen who are inclined to be seasick only had a couple of mountains of that exercise they would never want to stick their noses in the basins! Walk up! walk up! gentlemen and ladies, and do as the others do!"

And Pescaide came out with a scrap of his patter as gaily as if he were on the stand in front of his arena.

"That's good, Point Pescaide!" said the Doctor. "We will listen to you as long as you like, and I advise you never to lose your cheerful humor. Laugh, my boy, laugh and sing as much as you like. The future may have such sad things in store for us that we cannot afford to despise happiness as we go."

As he spoke the Doctor became serious again, and Pescaide, who was watching him, came to the conclusion that in his past life he had experienced a greater share of grief than usual.

"Sir," said he, after a pause, "from to-day we belong to you body and soul."

"And from to-day," answered the Doctor, "you can take possession of your cabin. Probably I shall remain a few days at Gravosa and Ravenna, but it is as well you should get into the way of living on board the Savarena."

"Until you take us off to your country," added Pescaide.

"I have no country," said the Doctor, "or rather I have a country, a country of my own, which can become yours if you like."

"Come on, Matifou, then. We'll go and liquidate our house of business! Be easy. We owe no one a thing, and we are not going to offer a composition!"

And having taken leave of the Doctor they embarked in the boat that was waiting for them, and were rowed to the quay.

In a couple of hours they had made out their inventory and transferred to some brother showman the trundles, painted canvases, big drum and tambourine, which formed the whole assets. The transfer did not take long, and was not very difficult, and the weight of the money realized did not seriously inconvenience them.

But Point Pescaide kept back his acrobat's costume and his cornet, and Matifou kept his trombone and his wrestling suit. It would have been too much for them to part with such old friends that reminded them of so many triumphs and successes; and so they were packed at the bottom of the small trunk which contained their furniture, their wardrobe and all their belongings.

About one o'clock in the afternoon Point Pescaide and Matifou returned to the Savarena. A large cabin forward had been assigned to them—a comfortable cabin "furnished with everything you could desire," as Pescaide said.

The crew gave a cordial greeting to the newcomers who had saved them from a terrible accident, and Point Pescaide and Matifou had no occasion to grieve for the food they had left behind them.

"You see, Cape Matifou," said Pescaide, "when you are led you will reach everything. But you must be led!"

Cape Matifou only replied by a nod, his mouth was full of a huge piece of grilled ham, which, accompanied by ten fried eggs, very soon disappeared down his throat.

"It is worth all the money to see you eat!" said Pescaide.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

American Opium Smokers.

The class of Americans most addicted to opium smoking are said to be actors and traveling men, with a fair sprinkling of all other professions and pursuits mixed in with them. One of the most complete wrecks from opium in this city to-day is a lawyer, however, who in two short years has lost a practice worth at least \$10,000 a year and a number of friends worth all the way from a pleasant handshake to the cheerful loan of a thousand or two. He tried it just to see how it went, and it went very badly in his case, indeed. To-day his friends avoid him and his family are dependent upon others, while he himself finds no enjoyment outside of a few pipes of opium, smoked whenever and wherever it can be found for the little money he can raise.

Another authenticated case is that of a young lady who has smoked as high as 720 grains of opium a day, but she could afford it, as she came of a good family in this city, and had money to keep up the habit. It is said there are a number of women here in New York who average 400 grains of opium per day, and many men who smoke from 600 to 800 daily, every other day, or once a week, as the habit has gained control over them, and as they are able to regulate their actions in this respect. Some men make it a regular practice to go on an opium debauch once a week or once a month, as the case may be, but the great majority of them smoke and dream continually as long as their money lasts, stopping only when cash gives out and the den keepers become obstinate.

Stringent State laws have failed completely to put a stop to the practice in this as well as other states, and if the habit increases as rapidly within the next ten years as it has within the past ten years, it will become a serious question with Uncle Sam what to do with the load introduced here by the Chinese originally in the shape of the little opium pea, and swell to the size of a small world of woe through the readiness with which a civilized people nurse it. In some parts of China it has been so very destructive that the lips of opium smokers—that is, the upper lips—were cut away in order to prevent suction in holding the pipe for a "draw," but even this failed to arrest the habit or stop new recruits from joining the vast army of smokers.—Inter-Ocean.

Tommy's Red, White and Blue Bones.

The minister was calling on Mrs. Bushman, and while she was putting on her false front and powdering up Tommy came into the parlor with a box under his arm.

"What have you here, Tommy?" sweetly inquired the minister.

"Lot o' bones, sir," replied Tommy, bashfully.

"Bones, eh. What do you do with them?"

"Play with 'em. There's red ones, an' blue ones an' white ones."

"Show me how you play with them."

"Well, I'll give you