

BRIEFS FROM THE OLD WORLD.

M. Carroll, lessee of Her Majesty's theater, in London, has disappeared with £1,300.

At Sheffield an American named Johnson won the Shrovetide handicap, beating several noted English runners.

Prince Bismarck has decided not to address the Reichstag on the spirit monopoly bill, as he feels certain the measure will be rejected.

Viscount Dupplin, aged 37, heir of the Earl of Kinnoul, died at Monte Carlo. It is rumored that he committed suicide on account of heavy gambling losses.

A delegation of British seamen waited on the president of the board of trade in London to urge the necessity of a change in the free trade policy of the government.

At Rome the anniversary of the death of Giuseppe Mazzini, the Italian revolutionist, was observed in an orderly manner. His bust in the capital was decorated with a garland.

A conference of representatives of the powers will be held in Constantinople to consider the Greek question, which is growing troublesome. The Turks continue to reinforce their military strength along the Greek frontier.

A collision occurred between two trains on the railway between Monte Carlo and Mentone. The train from Mentone was derailed, and a number of carriages were smashed and fell into the sea. The number of deaths is unknown, but it is believed that twenty persons lost their lives.

The English government has placed gunboats at the service of Mr. Tuke in his work of relieving distress among the inhabitants of the islands along the western Irish coast. Indescribable distress has been developed among the people inhabiting the Arran isle, off Galway, which, besides having hardly anything to eat but moss and sea grass, are without fire, and often without clothing and shelter. It is not rare to find girls 17 and 18 years of age kept in stables, hiding during the day because bereft of every trace of clothing.

Foreign Committee Chairmanship.

Washington special: The death of Senator Miller, of California, leaves vacant one of the most important committee chairmanships of the senate—that of foreign relations. Senator Sherman holds the position next to the chairman, and at a meeting of the committee recently presided. Next in order is Senator Edmunds, with Frye and Everts following in the order named. As Senator Edmunds holds the chairmanship he most values—that of the judiciary—of course he would not abandon it. Senator Sherman, when he was elected president pro tem, resigned the chairmanship of the foreign relations committee, but as it is comparatively unimportant, he made no sacrifice. It is no secret that he would gladly have accepted the foreign relations chairmanship, at the time Senator Miller was chosen. It has not been the custom of the presiding officer to hold a committee chairmanship, but there is no rule that prevents it, and it has been done, notably in the case of Mr. Edmunds, who during his entire service as presiding officer, held the judiciary chairmanship. Senator Frye comes next on the committee on rules, but he would probably willingly surrender the chairmanship to become the head of the foreign relations committee. Mr. Everts, it is understood, would not object to the position, and because of the eminent position there are some who are inclined to give it to him, notwithstanding his brief service in the senate. Mr. Everts has no chairmanship.

HER LIPS SEALED FOR LOVE.

Strange Story of a Young Woman's Peculiar Vow.

Miss Francis Brannell, says a San Francisco dispatch, in 1879, loved and was loved by a young sea captain named Herbert Schradly. Her relatives opposed the match. Seven years ago Schradly sailed for a Mediterranean port in command of a merchant sailing vessel, and the ship was wrecked in the straits of Gibraltar, and it was reported to Miss Brannell that her lover had gone down with the vessel. She refused to believe it, and vowed she would never again open her lips in speech. Since that time she has kept her vow, and all the efforts of her friends to induce her to break her voluntary silence have failed.

The publication of her strange story a few days ago attracted the attention of a guest of the Grand hotel, who called on Miss Brannell and told her that he knew Schradly, who is now a man of wealth in St. Petersburg. "Knowing that I was coming to San Francisco," added the visitor, "Schradly begged me to find his old sweetheart, whom he still loves." During his recent visit Miss Brannell, who is quite a pretty young woman, and, although she heard every word. The story seemed to make no impression on her. Her mind is evidently blank, and if her lover comes back to claim her he will find, instead of the sprightly girl he left seven years ago, a hopeless imbecile.

Taxing Railroad Lands.

Washington special: Senator Van Wyck, from the committee on public lands, has submitted a bill in regard to taxing railroad lands. It is a remedy for the difficulties discovered in the recent decision of the supreme court on the Traill county, D. T., tax case. It provides that no lands granted to any railroad shall be exempt from local taxation by states, territories or other municipalities on account of the lien of the United States for the cost of surveying and conveying the same, or because no patents shall be issued. Any such land sold for taxes shall be taken by the purchaser, subject to the lien for such costs, to be paid as the secretary of the interior may provide. The act is to apply only to lands opposite and contiguous to completed portions of roads and in organized counties. If any railroad corporation required by law to pay the cost of surveying lands granted by congress, shall for thirty days neglect or refuse to pay any such costs, after demand by the secretary of the interior, the attorney general shall commence proceedings to collect the same.

The Indians vs. the Negro.

Under a treaty of 1855, says a Washington dispatch, the United States government agreed to pay the Cherokee Indians \$300,000 for their lands in the Indian territory lying west of the Arkansas river, and the money was to be distributed pro rata among the tribes. The Cherokee officials, however, refused to sign the treaty, and the money of the tribe, former slaves of the Indians, their pro rata of the claim, which amounts to \$750,000. J. Milton Turner, of St. Louis, ex-minister of Liberia, is here in the interest of the freedmen, and the commissioner of Indian affairs, recognizing the justice of the claim, has prepared a bill which has received the endorsement of Secretary Lamar and which has been sent to congress in a special message by the president. The bill is in the hands of Representative Ward, of Oregon, as a sub-committee, and will be taken up on Monday for action.

LAID OUT BY CLEVELAND.

He Puts His Veto to the Bill Quietly Titles to Des Moines River Lands.

The president returned to the senate without his approval the bill to quiet the title of settlers on Des Moines river land in Iowa. The president, in his veto message, after describing the nature of the proposed legislation, says that every possible question that ought to be raised in any suit relating to these lands has been determined by the highest judicial authority and if the substantial point remains unsettled he believes there is no difficulty in presenting it to the proper tribunal. The president continues as follows: It seems to me that all controversy which can hereafter arise between those claiming these lands have been fairly settled to the state of Iowa, and that there they can be properly and safely left and the government, through its attorney general, should not be called upon to legislate the rights of private parties. It is not pleasant to contemplate the loss threatened to any party in good faith caused by uncertainty in the language of laws or their conflicting interpretation; and if there are persons occupying these lands who labor under such disabilities as prevent them from appealing to the courts for redress of their wrongs, a plain statute direct to remedy such disabilities would not be objectionable. Should there be meritorious cases of hardship and loss caused by an invitation on the part of the government to settle lands apparently public, but to which no right or lawful possession can be secured, it would be better, rather than to attempt a disturbance of titles already settled, to ascertain such losses and do equity by compensating the proper parties through an appropriation for that purpose. Notwithstanding the fact that there may be parties in occupancy of these lands who suffer hardships by the applicant of strict legal principles to their claims, safely lies in non-interference by congress with the matter, which should be left to judicial cognizance, and I am unwilling to concur in legislation which, if not an encroachment upon judicial power, trenches so closely thereon as to be of doubtful expediency, and which at the same time increases the elements of litigation that have heretofore existed and endangers vested rights.

SALE OF FORT OMAHA SITE.

A Bill Introduced by Senator Maudersoon for Its Disposal.

Omaha Bee Washington special: A bill was introduced in the senate to-day by Mr. Maudersoon providing for the sale of the site of Fort Omaha, Nebraska, the sale or removal of the improvements thereon, and for a new site and the construction of suitable buildings thereon. It directs the secretary of war to sell the military reservation known as Fort Omaha and such of the buildings and improvements thereon as cannot be economically removed to the new site provided for. In disposing of the property the secretary of war shall cause the grounds to be platted in blocks, streets and alleys, if in his judgment it would insure to the benefit of the government in making the sale of the site, having due reference to the requirements of the houses and buildings located on the grounds in such cases as they may be sold with the ground. The secretary of war shall also cause the lots, lands and buildings to be appraised and sold at private or public sale at not less than the appraised value, having first been offered at public sale. The expenses of advertising and sale shall be paid out of the proceeds of the sale and the balance paid into the treasury of the United States. The secretary of war is also authorized to purchase suitable grounds of not less than 300 or more than 500 acres in extent, to be situated within a distance of ten miles of the city of Omaha, and construct thereon the necessary buildings and improvements for a twelve-company military post, to be known as Fort Omaha, in accordance with estimates to be prepared by the war department, and a sufficient sum of money, not exceeding \$1,500,000, is appropriated to enable the secretary of war to carry out the provisions of this act, provided that the title to the lands authorized to be purchased shall be approved by the attorney general.

HE LOVED A MURDERESS.

Peculiar Display of Affection by a Convict of St. Louis.

A remarkable mode of displaying affection was demonstrated in the city jail, says a St. Louis dispatch. Among the prisoners are Sadie Hayes, a colored woman, convicted of murder in the first degree, and William Lacy, a black burglar, under a penitentiary sentence. The pair grew very affectionate of late, and notes of a tender character were frequently smuggled from one to the other. The woman assured the burglar that he was the only object of her affections, and he pretended, to send her his finger with the ring on it. Lacy is to leave for the "pen" to-morrow. After receiving the note he tore open the sole of his shoe and extracted the steel shank and sharpened it to a razor edge on the walls of his cell. He then deliberately cut down and cut off the small finger of his right hand at the second joint, placed the ring on the severed finger and sent them to the cell of the murderess. He then tied up the stump with a piece of string and then wrapped up his hand in a handkerchief. The jail guards discovered the blood and soon learned what had happened. They took the dismembered finger from the woman. Lacy's only explanation for his conduct is "I loved her." He is perfectly sane.

"You Old Fool, Come Back."

Washington special: The following letter, written by a bright and witty Florida girl, sent here to one of the representatives of that state and by him forwarded to the love sick Florida senator and may have something to do with his reported intention to leave the western city. "Why should the senator seek the cold-sterile and forbidding wilds of Michigan in the dreary winter months and amid the blizzards of the north to waste his virgin affections upon the heart of a scornful and unresponsive woman? Let him return to his own sunny land where the mocking bird ever sings in the magnolias and the lemon trees load the soft air with odors and the orange flowers scent the passing breeze. Why does he turn away from us, his sisters of the balmy and languid south, who long for his kisses. Come back! Come back! Come back, oh, Johnny, you old fool, come back!"

"Hanged by a Mob."

The three notorious Archers, who have been confined in the county jail at Shoals, Indiana, several weeks under charge of murder, expired their horrible crime at the hands of a determined mob on the night of the 9th. The mob marched quietly into town and directly to the jail, situated in West Shoals. When the jail was reached the keys were demanded, which were refused, when the spokesman ordered them to go in. The front door was battered down and the iron cell doors were treated likewise. The doomed men were led out, taken to the court yard and there hanged to trees.

MY NELL.

You are nobly born, I know,  
Rich, and beautiful, and free  
And they tell me (is it so?)  
That you waste a thought on me!  
In your hazel eyes last night  
There was tenderness and truth;  
But there came a softer light  
To the poet in his youth.  
I can give you high esteem,  
Gracious friend and lovely belle;  
But I can not love you now  
As I used to love my Nell.  
We were paupers, she and I,  
And the bread was hard to win;  
But our garret near the sky  
Let God's purest sunlight in.  
She was meekly dressed, you see,  
In her faded cotton gown;  
But her smile was heaven to me,  
And I never saw her frown.  
You are like a rose in June,  
She was but a lily bell;  
Yet I can not love you now  
As I used to love my Nell.  
We were young and life was sweet,  
And we loved each other more  
When there scarce was food to eat,  
And the wolf was at the door.  
There was always hope, you know;  
We could dream that skies were blue;  
But my darling had to go  
Just before the dream came true.  
I am left alone with fame,  
And the great world likes me well;  
But I can not love again  
As I used to love my Nell.  
Then forgive me if the light  
Of your presence leaves me cold;  
You are young and gay, and bright,  
I am growing grave and old,  
And the brow she used to kiss  
Is more wrinkled than of yore.  
But the treasure that I miss  
Is not lost but gone before.  
Some have many loves, but I  
Learnt to love but once, and well;  
And I can not woo you now  
As I used to woo my Nell.  
—Good Words.

Doctor Antekirtt.

A SEQUEL TO MATHIAS SANDORF. By Jules Verne.

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

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CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

Letters and despatches seemed to arrive from every corner of the mighty sea whose waters bathe the shores of so many different countries. They came from the French coast, the Spanish coast, the coast of Morocco, of Algiers and Tripoli. Who sent them? Evidently correspondents occupied on certain matters the gravity of which could not be mistaken—unless they were patients consulting the celebrated Doctor by correspondence, which did not seem to be probable.

In the telegraph office at Ragusa the meaning of these messages was a mystery, for they were in an unknown tongue of which the Doctor alone seemed to know the secret. And even when the language was intelligible what sense could be made out of such phrases as:

"Almeira. They thought they were on the track of Z. R. False trial now abandoned."

"Recovered the correspondent of H. V. 5. Connected with troop K. 3 between Catania and Syracuse. To follow."

"In the Manderaggio, La Valetta, Malta, have verified the passage T. R. 7." "Cyrene. Wait fresh orders. Flottilla of Antek—ready. Electric No. 3 under pressure day and night." "R. O. 3. Since death. Both disappeared."

And this other telegram containing some special news by means of an agreed upon number: "2,117. Sarc. Formerly a broker. Service Toronthal. Ceased connection Tripoli of Africa."

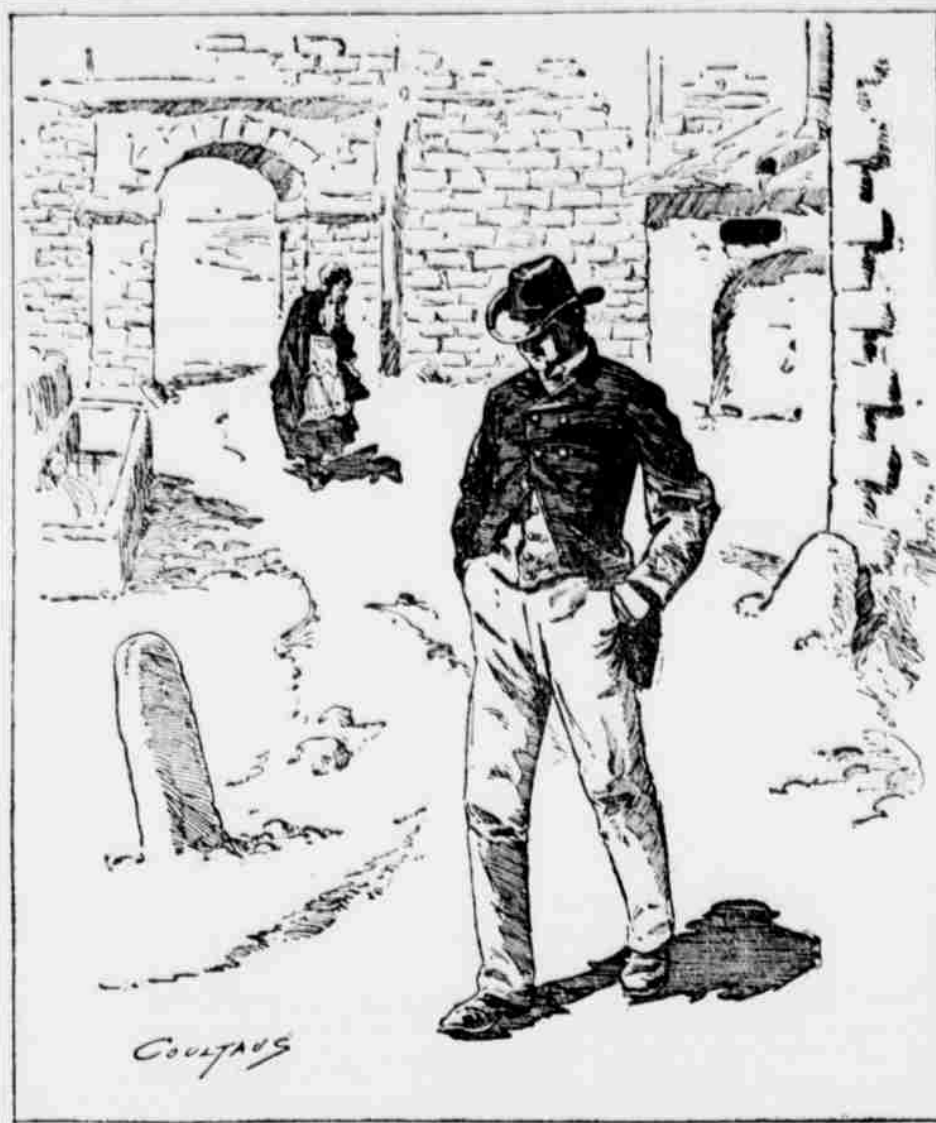
And to nearly all these despatches there was sent from the Savarena: "Let the search proceed. Spare neither trouble nor money. Send new papers."

Here was an exchange of incomprehensible correspondence that seemed to embrace the whole circuit of the Mediterranean. The Doctor was not as much at leisure as he wished to appear. Notwithstanding the professional secrecy, it was difficult to prevent the fact of this interchange of mysterious telegrams from becoming known to the public, and hence a redoubting of the curiosity about this enigmatical individual.

In the upper circles of Ragusa, Silas Toronthal was perhaps the most perplexed of men. On the quay at Gravosa he had met the Doctor a few minutes after the Savarena had arrived. During this meeting he had experienced in the first place a strong feeling of repulsion, and in the second an equally strong feeling of curiosity, which up to the present circumstances had not allowed the banker to gratify.

To tell the truth, the Doctor's presence had had a disturbing influence on Toronthal which he could not explain. By preserving the incognito at Ragusa, and continuing the difficulty of access, the banker's desire to see him again had been greatly increased; and several times he had gone to Gravosa. There he had stood on the quay, looking at the schooner and burning with envy to get on board. One day even he had been rowed out to her, and received the invariable reply: "Doctor Antekirtt does not see any body."

The result of all this was that Toronthal felt a sort of chronic irritation in face of an obstacle he could not overcome. And so, at his own expense, he set a detective to watch, if the myster-



"THE MOOR FOLLOWED PIERRE FROM AFAR."

ous stranger made any visits in Gravosa the neighborhood.

We may judge, therefore, of the uneasiness with which the banker knew that he had had an interview with the Doctor, and that the day following a visit had been made to Madame Bathory.

"Who is that man?" he asked himself.

But what had he to fear in his present position? For fifteen years nothing had transpired of his former machinations. And yet anything referring to the family of those he had betrayed and sold rendered him uneasy. It remorse never troubled his conscience, fear occasionally did, and the appearance of this Doctor, powerful owing to his fame and powerful owing to his wealth, was anything but reassuring to him.

"But who is this man?" he repeated. "Who is he that comes to Ragusa and visits Madame Bathory? Did she send for him as a physician? What can she and he have in common?"

To this there could be no answer. One thing comforted Toronthal a little, and that was that the visit to Madame Bathory was not repeated.

The banker had made up his mind, that cost what it might, he would make the Doctor's acquaintance. The thought possessed him day and night. By a kind of illusion to which over-excited brains were subject he fancied that he would recover his peace of mind if he could only see Doctor Antekirtt, talk to him and ascertain the motives of his arrival at Gravosa. And he sought about for some way of obtaining an interview.

And he thought he had found it, and in this way. For many years, Madame Toronthal had suffered from a languor which the Ragusan doctors were powerless to overcome. In spite of all their advice, in spite of all the attentions of her daughter, Madame Toronthal was not quite bedridden, but she was visibly wasting away. Was her complaint due to mental causes? Perhaps, but no one had been able to discover it. The banker alone was aware that his wife, owing to her knowledge of his past life, had conceived an invincible disgust and an existence which filled her with horror. Whatever might be the cause of Madame Toronthal's state of health, which had puzzled the doctors of the town, seemed to afford the banker the opportunity he desired for entering into communication with the owner of the Savarena; and he wrote a letter and sent it off to the schooner by a messenger. "He would be glad," he said, "to have the advice of a physician of such undoubted distinction."

Then apologizing for the inconvenience it would occasion to one living in such retirement, he begged Doctor Antekirtt to appoint a time when he could expect him at his house in the Stradone.

When the Doctor received this letter in the morning, he looked first at the signature, and then not a muscle of his face moved, he read the letter through to the last line, and yet nothing showed the thoughts it suggested.

What reply should he give? Should he take advantage of the opportunity to visit Toronthal's house, and become acquainted with his family? But to enter the house even in the character of a physician, would that not embarrass his future action?

The Doctor hesitated not a moment. He answered by a very short note, which was handed to the banker's servant. All it said was: "Doctor Antekirtt regrets that he is unable to attend Madame Toronthal. He does not practice in Europe."

When the banker received this laconic reply he crumpled it in his hand in his vexation. It was evident that the Doctor would have nothing to do with him. It was a transparent refusal indicative of a settled plan.

"He does not practice in Europe why did he go to Madame Bathory—if it was in the character of a physician he went to her? What was he doing there? What is there between them?"

The uncertainty worried Toronthal exceedingly. His life had become a burden to him since the Doctor had appeared at Gravosa, and would continue to be so until the Savarena had sailed. He said not a word to his wife or daughter about his futile letter. He kept his anxiety to himself. But he did not give up watching the Doctor's movements and kept himself informed of all his proceedings at Gravosa and Ragusa.

starts! on again she started on, sutting her pace to his.

Reaching the first gate of Ragusa, Pierre strode through it swiftly, but not swiftly enough to distance the stranger. Once through the gate she found him hurrying on to Gravosa, and twenty yards behind she followed down the avenue.

At the same moment Silas Toronthal was returning to Ragusa in a covered carriage, so that he could not avoid meeting Pierre.

Seeing them both, the Moor stopped for a moment. Perhaps she thought they will have something to say to each other. And so with kindling eyes she slipped behind a neighboring tree. But if the men were to speak how could she hear what they said?

They did not speak. Toronthal had seen Pierre twenty yards before he reached him, and instead of replying with the haughty salute he had used on the quay at Gravosa, when his daughter was with him, he turned away his head as the young man raised his hat and his carriage drove rapidly on towards Ragusa.

The stranger lost nothing of this little scene; and a feeble smile animated her impassable face.

Pierre, more in sorrow than anger continued his walk without turning back to look after Toronthal.

The Moor followed him from afar, and might have been heard to mutter in Arabic:

"It is time that he came!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A PRINTER'S TORMENTOR.

How M. Zola Corrects and Revises His Manuscript.

The Vienna Allgemeine Zeitung publishes an interesting article by Ernst Ziegler, who evidently writes with personal knowledge, on Zola as a literary worker. The article might, perhaps, be well named "Zola as a Printer's Tormentor."

"Zola writes everything himself; he never has a secretary for his extensive correspondence. He even seals his wrappers and addresses them when he sends his friends brochures or his translators material. He also writes his literary manuscript himself. Out of it the printers compose what are called 'placards,' large pages with four gigantic columns of text. These are sent to the author carefully revised and free from errors, and then Zola begins to correct. He fills the wide margin all round with hundreds of marks and letters; ink lines cut through the text, this threads run crossways and diagonally, entwining like a lasso a sentence scribbled in an open space; scarcely a line is exempted from the hieroglyphics of the master. Here a note of interest must make room for one of exclamation, here a semicolon is changed into a full point; a comma before or after the effect effectively divides a phrase; participles are replaced by adjectives; substantives take the place of pronouns; redundant adverbs must also disappear; the 'past definite' is substituted for the 'imperfect'; more descriptive words supply the place of tame ones; for an expression repeated in five or six pages a synonym is introduced; whole phrases are remodelled, sentences are condensed into two or three words, and even half columns are ruthlessly consigned at once into the compositor's type case. It must be a bitter task to break up the print again, but there is no help for it. The extra fees charged elsewhere on authors for corrections are not known; nobody complains; author and publisher rival each other in a common endeavor after perfection. After such a corrected text the Paris journal prints, and the translations are done in exactly the same way.

"In the newspaper print the publisher sees his work a step nearer the book form. But the process of alteration is still unfinished, and Zola is not the man to watch this process with his hands in his pockets. He now perceives in his work a thousand things which escaped him before, and he begins anew to correct more industriously and more relentlessly than before. He makes ravages on the text, refining and touching up the periods, reconstructing whole pages, and sprinkling column after column with new improvements. 'The feuilleton is for me only a first draught,' he once wrote to me. At last comes the day on which the publisher, Charpentier, receives the last bon-a-tirer; the new work is ready; Zola will nevermore withdraw anything from it, and he can now rest."

"As a matter of fact Zola does not rest, for we are told that he sits down at once to sketch a new work directly the one last revised has left his hands. 'It is seldom that Zola does not receive the proceeds of a new work before the original manuscript leaves his hand.' The novel is, however, appearing regularly all the while. 'Germinal' began in the papers on Nov. 25 1884, and Zola only finished his work in the following January. 'L'Œuvre' began on Dec. 22, and Zola writes to-day that he fears he will not be able to put the word 'End' after the last chapter before the middle of February. One may picture to himself the circumstances under which such a work is produced. Day after day the Paris feuilleton devours from three to four hundred lines. The printer sends new 'placards' to Zola's house, waits for the corrections; the translators seek material; the publisher is importunate, for he must have the long-drawn-out bon-a-tirer, since on the day on which the last feuilleton appears the book must be in the market. So, harassed and tormented, Zola corrects again, and at the same time writes the last quarter of his romance. At this time he neglects all business affairs, forgets who has sent him money, and why, while heaps of unanswered correspondence strewn his table. In a few letters which he absolutely must write a phrase always occurs which in its stereotyped repetition admirably expresses the condition of the author's mind—namely, the cry of anguish, 'Je suis si houleux.'"

The official records of San Bernardino county, California, do not show a single birth or death in the county during 1885.

"Cheese sticks" are a new edible at Washington receptions, and it is claimed that they are the promoters of digestion.