A LOVER'S INVITATION.

O, come to the South, love!
O, come there with me!
And I'll hug you to warm you
Beside the cold sea.

We'll wander together
Through orange groves fair
Where the icicles gleam, love,
Like diamonds rare.

And I'll lend you my duster
To wrap round your feet,
When we sit 'neath the branches,
The "frozed" fruit to eat.

The clerk of the weather
Has made a faux pas,
But the fire in our hearts, love,
He can't quench, tra la!

—*Boston Budget.*

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 VII.

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA.

A quarter of an hour afterwards, Pierre arrived on the quays of Gravosa. For a few minutes he stopped to admire the schooner, whose burgee was lazily fluttering from the mainmast-head.

"Whence comes this Doctor Antekirtt?" he said to himself. "I do not know that flag."

Then addressing himself to a pilot who was standing near, he asked:

"Do you know what flag that is?"

The pilot did not know. All he could say about the schooner was that she had come from Brindisi, and that her papers had been found correct by the harbormaster; and as she was a pleasure yacht the authorities had respected her incognito.

Pierre Bathory then hired a boat and was rowed off to the Savarena, while the Moor, very much surprised, watched him as he neared the yacht.

In a few minutes the young man had set foot on the schooner's deck and asked if Doctor Antekirtt was on board. Doubtless the order which denied admittance to strangers did not apply to him, for the boatswain immediately replied that the Doctor was in his room. Pierre presented his card and asked if he could see the Doctor. A sailor took the card and disappeared down the companion which led to the saloon. A minute afterwards he returned with the message that the Doctor was expecting Mr. Pierre Bathory.

The young man was immediately introduced into a saloon where only a half light found its way in through the curtains overhead. But when he reached the double doors, both of which were wide open, the light from the glass panels at the end shone on him strong and full.

In the half-shadow was Doctor Antekirtt seated on a divan. At the sudden appearance of the son of Stephen Bathory he felt a sort of thrill go through him, unnoticed by Pierre, and these words escaped, so to speak, from his lips—

"'Tis he! 'tis he!"

And in truth Pierre Bathory was the very image of his father, as the noble Hungarian had been at his age. There was the same energy in his eyes, the same nobleness in his attitude, the same look prompt at enthusiasm for all that was good and true and beautiful.

"Mr. Bathory," said the Doctor, rising. "I am very glad to see you in response to the invitation contained in my letter."

And he motioned Pierre to sit down in the other angle of the saloon.

The Doctor had spoken in Hungarian, which he knew was the young man's native language.

"Sir," said Pierre Bathory, "I would have come to return the visit you made my mother even if you had not asked me to come on board. I know you are one of those known friends to whom the memory is so dear of my father and the two patriots who died with him. I thank you for having kept a place for them in your remembrance.

In thus evoking the past, now so far away, in speaking of his father, and his friends Mathias Sandorf and Ladislas Zathmar, Pierre could not hide his emotion.

"Forgive me," he said. "When I think of these things I cannot help—"

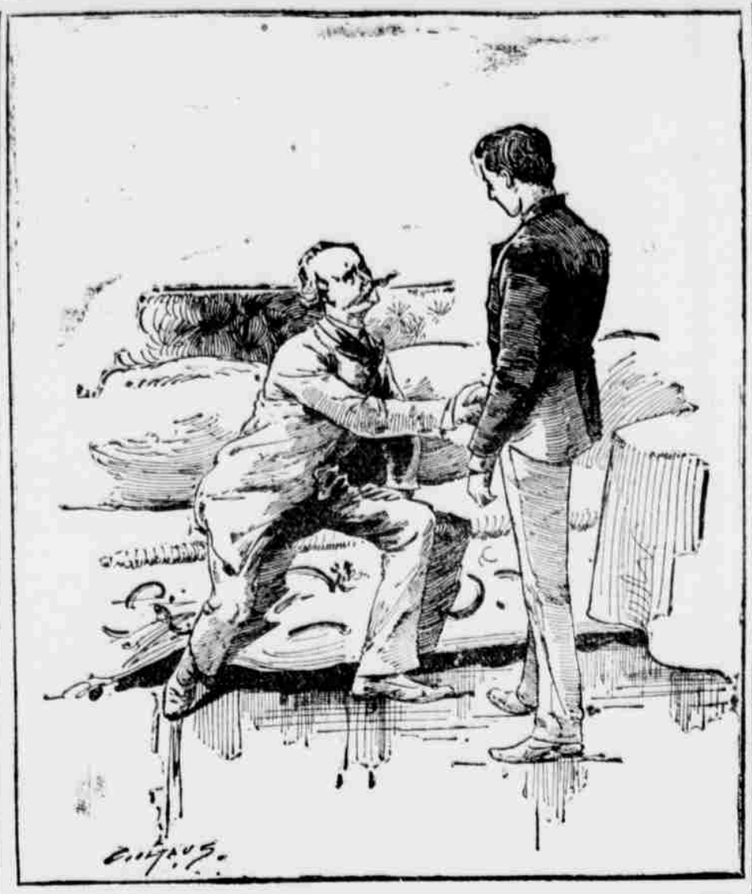
Did he not feel then that Doctor Antekirtt was more affected than he was, and that if he did not reply it was the better to keep hidden what he felt?

"Mr. Bathory," he said after a lengthened pause. "I have nothing to forgive in so natural a grief. You are of Hungarian blood, and what child of Hungary would become so denaturalized as not to feel his heart shrink at such remembrances? At that time, fifeen years ago—yes, already fifeen years have passed—you were still young. You can scarcely remember your father and the events in which he took part."

"My mother is his other self," answered Pierre. "She brought me up in the creed of him she had never ceased to mourn. All that he did, all he tried to do, all the life of devotion to his people and his country, I have learned from her. I was only eight years old when my father died, but it seems that he is still living, for he lives again in my mother."

"You love your mother as she deserves to be loved," said the Doctor; "and we venerate her as if she were a martyr's widow."

Pierre could only thank the Doctor for thus expressing himself. His heart beat loudly as he listened; and he did not notice the coldness, natural or acquired,



"I WILL GO," SAID PIERRE, CLASPING THE HAND THE DOCTOR HELD OUT TO HIM.

with which the Doctor spoke, and which seemed to be characteristic.

"May I ask if you knew my father personally?" asked he.

"Yes, Mr. Bathory," was the reply, not without a certain hesitation; "but I knew him as a student knew a professor who was one of the most distinguished men in the Hungarian universities. I studied medicine and physics in your country. I was one of your father's pupils, for he was only my senior by twelve years. I learned to esteem him, to love him, for I felt that through all his teaching there thrilled all that which made him later on an ardent patriot, and I left him only when I went away to finish the studies I had begun in Hungary. But shortly afterwards Professor Stephen Bathory sacrificed his position for the sake of ideas he believed to be noble and just, and no private interest could stop him in his path of duty. It was then that he left Presburg to take up his residence in Trieste. Your mother had sustained him with her advice and encompassed him with her thoughtfulness during that time of anxiety. She possessed all the virtues of a woman as your father had all the virtues of a man. You will forgive me for awakening your sad recollections, and if I have done so it is only because you are not one of those that can forget them!"

"No, sir, no," replied the young man with the enthusiam of his age; "no more than Hungary can forget the three men who were sacrificed for her—Ladislas Zathmar, Stephen Bathory, and the boldest of the three, Mathias Sandorf!"

"If he was the boldest," answered the Doctor, "do not think that his two companions were inferior to him in devotion, in sacrifices or in courage! The three are worthy of the same respect! The three have the same right to be avenged."

The Doctor paused and then asked if Madame Bathory had told him the circumstances under which the chiefs of the conspiracy had been delivered up, if she had told him that treason had been at work? But the young engineer had not heard anything.

In fact Madame Bathory had been silent on the subject. She shrunk from instilling hatred into her son's life and perhaps sending him on a false track, for no one knew the names of the traitors. And the Doctor thought that for the present he had better maintain the same reserve.

What he did not hesitate to say was that without the odious deed of the Spaniard who had betrayed the fugitives in the house of Ferrato the fisherman, Count Sandorf and Stephen Bathory would probably have escaped. And once beyond the Austrian frontier, no matter in what country, every door would be opened to receive them.

"With me," he concluded, "they would have found a refuge which never would have failed them."

"In what country, sir?"

"In Cephalonia, where I then lived."

"Yes, in the Ionian Islands under the protection of the Greek flag they would have been safe, and my father would be still alive."

For a minute or two the conversation was broken off with this return to the past. The Doctor broke the silence.

"Our recollections have taken us far from the present. Shall we now talk about it, and especially of the future I have been thinking of for you?"

"I am ready," answered Pierre. "In your letter you gave me to understand that it might be to my interest—"

"In short, Mr. Bathory, as I am aware of your mother's devotion during the childhood of her son, I am also aware that you are worthy of her, and after the bitter experience you have become a man—"

"A man," said Pierre bitterly, "a man who has not enough to keep himself, nor to give his mother a return for what she has done for him."

"That is so!" answered the Doctor; "but the fault is not yours. I know how difficult it is for any one to obtain a position with so many rivals struggling against you. You are an engineer?"

"I passed out of the schools with the title, but I am an engineer unattached, and have no employment from the State. I have been seeking an appointment with some manufacturing company, and up to the present I have found nothing to suit me—at least at Ragusa."

"And elsewhere?"

"Elsewhere?" replied Pierre, with some hesitation.

"Yes! Was it not about some business of the sort that you went to Zara a few days ago?"

"I had heard of a situation which a metallurgical company had vacant—"

"And this situation?"

"It was offered to me."

"And you did not accept it?"

"I had to refuse it because I should have had to settle permanently in Herzegovina."

"In Herzegovina? Would not Madame Bathory have gone with you?"

"My mother would go wherever my interests required."

"And why did you not take the place?" persisted the Doctor.

"Sir," said the young man, "as I am situated I have strong reasons for not leaving Ragusa."

And as he made the remark the Doctor noticed that he seemed embarrassed. His voice trembled as he expressed his desire—more than his desire—his resolution not to leave Ragusa. What was the reason for his refusing the offer that had been made?

"That will make what I was going to offer you unacceptable," said the Doctor.

"Should I have to go—"

"Yes—to a country where I am about commencing some very considerable works which I should put under your management."

"I am very sorry, but believe me, that as I have made this resolution—"

"I believe you, and perhaps I regret it as much as you. I should have been very glad to have been able to help you in consideration of my feelings towards your father."

Pierre made no reply. A prey to internal strife, he showed that he was suffering acutely. The Doctor felt sure that he wished to speak and dared not. But at last an irresistible impulse impelled Pierre towards the man who had shown so much sympathy with his mother and himself.

"Sir—sir," said he with an emotion that he took no pains to hide, "do not think it is caprice or obstinacy that makes me refuse your offer. You have spoken like a friend of Stephen Bathory. You would show me all the friendship you felt for him! I feel it, although I have only known you a few minutes. Yes, I feel for you all the affection that I should have had for my father!"

"Pierre! my child!" said the Doctor, seizing the young man's hand.

"Yes! sir!" continued Pierre, "and I will tell you all! I am in love with a young lady in this town! Between us there is the gulf which separates poverty and wealth. But I will not look at the abyss, and may be she has not seen it! If occasionally I can see her in the street or at the window it gives me a happiness I have not strength to renounce! At the idea that I must go away, and go away for long, I become insane! Ah! sir! understand me, and forgive my refusal!"

"Yes, Pierre," answered the Doctor, "I understand you, and I have nothing to forgive. You have done well to tell me so frankly; and it may lead to something! Does your mother know of what you have been telling me?"

"I have said nothing to her yet. I have not dared, because in our modest position she would perhaps have the wisdom to deprive me of all hope! But she may have divined and understood what I suffer—what I must suffer."

"Pierre," said the Doctor, "you have confided in me, and you are right to have done so! Is the young lady very rich?"

"Very rich! Too rich! Yes, too rich for me!"

"Is she worthy of you?"

"Ah! sir, could I dream of giving my mother a daughter that was not worthy of her?"

"Well, Pierre," continued the Doctor, "perhaps the abyss may be bridged!"

"Sir," said the young man, "do not encourage me with hopes that are unrealizable!

"Unrealizable!"

And the accent with which the Doctor uttered the word betrayed such confidence in himself that Pierre Bathory seemed as it were transformed, as if he believed himself master of the present, master of the future.

"Yes, Pierre," continued the Doctor, "have confidence in me. When you think fit and think the time has come you will tell me the lady's name—"

"Why should I hide it now? It is Sava Toronthal."

The effort the Doctor made to keep calm as he heard the hated name was as that of a man who strives to prevent himself from starting when the lightning strikes at his feet. An instant—several seconds—he remained motionless and mute.

Then in a voice that betrayed not the slightest emotion he remarked:

"Good! Pierre, good! I must think it over! Let me see—"

"I will go," interrupted the young man, clasping the hand which the doctor held out to him, "and allow me to thank you as I would have thanked my father."

He left the doctor alone in the saloon, and then gaining the deck he entered his boat, landed at the quay, and returned to Ragusa.

Pierre felt very much happier in his mind. At last his heart had been opened! He found a friend in whom he could trust—more than a friend, perhaps. To him this had been one of those happy days of which fortune is so stingy in this world.

And how could he doubt it when he passed along the Stradone he saw the corner of the curtain at one of the windows of Toronthal's house slowly rise and suddenly fall!

But the stranger had also seen the movement, and as Pierre turned up the Rue Marinella she remained motionless at the corner. Then she hurried to the telegragh office and despatched a message which contained but one word—and that was—

"Come!"

The address of that monosyllabic message was—"Sarcany; to be called for; Syracuse. Sicily."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Eye.

From a lecture by Dr. H. B. Grove on "Color Blindness and Other Peculiarities of the Eye:"

There is no cure for color blindness.

The first case of color blindness was reported in 1777.

Color blindness is due to exhaustion of nerve fibers.

Four in every 100 males and one in every 400 females are color blind.

It is no sign that a man is color blind because he cannot name every color.

The eye of an insect contains from fifty to 20,000 small eyes. It is really composed of eyes.

We do not need light to see certain objects. A sharp blow on the eye often causes a man to "see stars."

The causes of color blindness, aside from natural causes, are alcohol, tobacco and disease. It is in many cases hereditary.

I once saw a man who was color blind take 150 colors and divide them into four groups, black, yellow, white and blue.

It is nonsense to believe that there is any particular way to rub the eye. It makes no difference whether you rub from or towards the nose, or up and down.

The cat, horse and birds have a third eyelid, which is used to protect the eye from too much light. Man has a third eyelid in the corner of the eye, which is undeveloped.

The defects of the eye are numerous, but we are pretty well satisfied with it. Everyone has a blind spot in his eye. This is proven by shutting one eye and looking at an object. We cannot see it fully.

The use of eye cups to change the form of the eye in hopes of bettering the sight is rediculous. They draw the eye out of shape and often cause blindness. Thousands of these cups are sold every year.—*Buffalo Express.*

They Took Seats.

Two young Detroiters, who are acquainted with a country schoolmaster having a school about twelve miles from the city, were invited out to a spelling-school a few nights since, and they took a horse and buggy and drove out. There was a large gathering of farmers, and an excited contest was looked for. Just previous to the beginning of the exercises a young fellow, whose head would have bumped a six-foot mark, and whose weight was about 160 pounds, called one of the Detroiters aside and asked:

"Are you two fellers going to spell?"

"I guess so."

"Purty good at it?"

"I think we can down you all."

"You do, eh? Now you look a-here! I've come here to-night to spell this school down. My gal is here to see me do it. I hain't no objections to your spellin' along till we come to the word 'catarrh,' but after that you can't drop down any too soon! If either one o' you chaps beat me you'd better have the wings of a dove to fly out o' this, for I'll giv ye both the all-firedest licking two dudes ever got!"

They both stood up with him until all the others were down, and then at a look full of deepest meaning both missed and left him victor. When he had carried off the honors he came around and said:

"Much obleeged, and I hope you don't feel hurt. Shouldn't have cared about it, but Susan had her heart set on it, and Susan's got eighty acres of land and a grove of sheep."—*Detroit Free Press.*

It is stated that fifteen thousand children employed in New Jersey factories are compelled to work fourteen hours a day, and are denied the opportunities of education.

Asbestos cloth has been chosen as the "jacket" for the boiler of a new locomotive built for the Boston and Albany railway. This will not clear, as does wood, and will retain more heat.

Catskill, N. Y., has a young lady who is 6 feet 1½ inches tall.

THE SILK-WORM.

How It Works—From the Raw Material to the Finished Work.

The insect is in one sense a tiny manufacturer himself, finding his "raw material" chiefly in the leaf of the mulberry tree (*morus.*) which gives name to the common silk-moth (*Bombyx mori*), the caterpillar of which is the silk-worm. The tree is said by a proverb to be made for the worm and the worm for the tree, and it seems to have a fiber peculiarly suitable for textile use, some of the Pacific islanders making clothing by macerating the bark of the paper mulberry, without the intervention of the silk-worm. Most of the silk of commerce is made by this one moth from this one food, yet it can feed in whole or in part, upon other leaves, as those of the Osage orange in this country, and it has a score of cousins or more distant relations, as the Tussah moth (*Antheria paphia*) of India, which live upon other trees and produce a similar material.

The moth is about an inch long, whitish, with brown stripes, and lays at the close of summer numerous eggs about the size of a pin-head, attached singly to the leaf by a kind of gum, which, when dry, has a silky appearance. The moths soon die; the eggs do not hatch until the next summer, and can meanwhile be sent around the world. The sale of grain or seed, as the eggs are also called, is of itself a business, for it brings as much as $4 per ounce, tenfold the price years ago, before an epidemic swept through the silk world. Each moth lays from four hundred to seven hundred eggs, but it takes over six hundred thousand to make a pound. In obtaining eggs for breeding, the grower usually places the moths on cloths in a dark warm room, where they contentedly lay their eggs and die. In tropical countries, as southern China and India, the eggs hatch by natural heat; in others, artificial warmth is necessary; and in old times hot-beds were used, or the eggs were carried about by women in little bags in their bosoms. The careful grower makes ready for the hatching by providing latticed trays or bundles of twigs, about which the food of finely-chopped mulberry leaves is distributed. The tiny worm at first eats two meals a day; at the end of five days he casts his first skin, on the ninth day his second; again, on the fifteenth, twenty-second, and thirty-second days he "moults," becoming torpid, and exchanging old skins for new. Like his fellow-worm, man, he has "seven ages;" the sixth, when he has attained the mature age of thirty-two days, is the spinning, the last the breeding period. At the approach of the spinning age the worms from a single ounce of eggs (nearly forty thousand eggs) will have required over 1,200 pounds of leaves, and will need about 184 square feet space for their homes.

Each day's hatching is kept together, lest the older eat up the food of the weaker brethren, and every care must be taken to prevent the growth of the minute fungus which makes "silk-worm rot," and to ward off other diseases. In 1857 Europe was swept of much of its silken wealth by one of these parasitic diseases, and one of Pasteur's early triumphs was in discovering its nature.

The worm is conservative, and never attempts to move from his place until it is time to begin spinning. He then becomes distended with the silk juice and semi-transparent, like a ripe yellow plum, and can presently be observed lifting his head and looking about for a good site for his cocoon-building, which has been furnished by the cocoon-grower in arches of twigs or lattice-work. Some of the worms are lazy, and the twig has to be applied. The spinner, with careful forecast, adjusts his body in the best position for the cocoon and commences to throw the floss that forms its outer coating.

The material of the silk is a gummy secretion in sericteria, two large glands along each side of the body, terminating each in a spinneret in the mouth; each fiber of the thread proves on microscopic examination to be double, one stand coming from each spinneret. What the angler prizes as "silk-worm gut" is this sericterium soaked in vinegar, stretched and dried in the sun. The worm closes himself in tighter and tighter, the interior thread being the finer; he fixes his body in place with his hooked feet, and throws his head here and there as he spins.

The thread is sometimes 1,800 feet long without break; good cocoons should yield 300 yards; it takes at least 2,500 worms to raise a pound of silk. Within five or six days the spinning is completed, and the moth presently makes preparation to emerge, by the help of another secretion, which softens or dissolves the end of the cocoon. Since in piercing the cocoon the worm breaks the continuity of the thread, it is usually killed just before this stage by exposing the cocoons to the sun where the temperature is above eighty-eight degrees, or by baking, steaming, or otherwise heating them carefully, so that the fiber is not gummed together by the heat.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Gripsack Grabs.

It is easier to tell a lie than it is to catch a fish.

A woman's bonnet must be orthodox before her prayer-book is.

Winter sets in when poverty comes.

Principles, not pulpits, make a church.

The knife that cuts a custard pie may also cut a throat.

The best fitting coat is one that is paid for.

God makes the roses, and the devil puts the thorns on.

The hand opens when the heart does.

The sculptured face on a gold coin may be beautiful, but neither tears nor smiles ever break its monotony.

Hearts build religion for brains to tear down.

Girls think men are all soul; women know they are all stomach.

The preacher turns young love's dream into a nightmare.

Fortune feeds soup to most men with a fork.—*Merchant Traveler.*

Arresting a Dummy.

When a boy gets so mean that he will play a joke on a poor policeman, he should be shut up in the calaboose, and kept in durance vile till he repents. A young man, the other evening, stuffed an old suit of clothes with a small beer keg and some straw, and left the figure on the back steps of Felsenheld's store. In the evening watchman Drake came around trying the back doors, when he discovered the straw man sleeping off a drunken stupor on the steps. He told the fellow to get up. The stuffed individual failed to answer. Drake shouted to him but still there was no reply. The officer then punched the man in the ribs with his cane. The hard stomach of the drunkard aroused Drake's suspicion, and he soon discovered the joke. The bad young man here appeared from behind a box, and the policeman gave him a cigar to smoke.

Drake then started away. He met policeman Long and Walker on a corner. He told them there was a drunken man on the back steps of Felsenheld's store, and requested them to go around and jug him. He excused himself from assisting in the job, by saying he had not yet made his rounds.

The two officers went to the locality at the back of the store. They told the man to get up. He never moved. They asked him what he was doing there. No answer. Walker put out his cane and gave the man a punch in the ribs. The end of his cane entered the bung-hole of the keg, and Walker's hair stood on end, as he thought he had run the fellow through. Long stooped down, and taking the dummy by the arm asked him if he was hurt. The officer noticed, by the dim light, that the straw was protruding from the hole in its coat, and he turned to Walker and told him they were sold. Just then a low, harsh chuckle was heard behind the boxes, and the young man stepped out to receive his cigars.

The two policemen then went and found officer John Kelley. That individual, with visions of an arrest in his mind, hastened to the locality of the dummy.

"Young mon, aruse yourseluf," he said in a gruff voice.

The young man lay there, all unheeding of what was said unto him.

"Coom! coom! wake kup thor. Whot is yoor name an' whor are yoo froom?"

No answer.

"Will yoo stir yourseluf, sor. Yoo are dronk, mon."

The individual addressed did not deign to reply.

"We woll see if yoo will coom," quoth Kelley, and he took the figure by the arm and gave it a jerk. It rolled off the steps and lit with a dull thud on the ground below.

The young man behind the boxes stepped out and said:

"Ah, ha! I saw you do that. You have killed the fellow.

"Not by a dom sight," cried Kelley in consternation. "The dhrunken brute drew a razor on me furst."

When the officer descended the steps, and saw the old suit of clothes with the beer keg and straw protruding, he said to the young man:

"Don't ye tell a soel of this. I'll make it all roight wid ye the next toime I coom aroeund."—*Aurora Blade.*

Faith Healing a Fact.

There can be no question that faith healing is a fact. The brain is not simply the organ of the mind, it is also the chief center, or series of centers, of the nervours system by which the whole body is energized, and its component parts with their several functions are governed and regulated. There is no miracle in healing by faith whereas it would be a miracle if the organism, being constitued as it is, and the laws of life such as they are, faith healing did not under favorable conditions occur. The fallacy of those who proclaim faith healing as a religious function lies in the fact that they misunderstand and misinterpret their own formula,

It is the faith that heals, not the hypothecated source, or object, of faith outside the subject of faith. The whole process is self-contained. Nothing is done for the believer; his act of believing is the motor force of his cure. We all remember the old trick of making a man ill by persistently telling him he is ill untill he believes it. The contrary of this is making a man well by inducing him to believe himself to be so. The number of the "miracles" performed will be the precise number of the persons who are capable of being thrown into a state of mind and body in which "faith" denom nates the organic state. Pathologists will limit the area of this process to the province of functional disease; but we are not sure that they are justified by scientific facts in making this limitation. It must not be forgotten that function goes before organism in development, and that there are large classes of cases in which the disabilities of a diseased organ for a fair performance of its functions are mainly due to a want of power or irregularity in action. And it is a fact in pathology that if the function of an organ be maintained or restored, much of the destructive metamorphosis due to proliferation of connective tissue, fatty deposit, or even certain forms of atrophic change in which the nuclei of cell-life are rather denuded than destroyed, may be arrested and to some extent, repaired. The *vis medicatrix naturæ* is a very potent factor in amelioration of disease, if only it be allowed fair play. An exercise of "faith" as a rule suspends the operation of adverse influences, and appeals strongly through the consciousness to the inner and underlying faculty of vital force. There are many intractable cases in every practice which might be "cured by faith." It is well that these poor persons should be benefited by some means, it matters little what; and if they can be "healed be faith" we ought to be very glad, and thankful, too, for the mistaken zeal of those who, being weak-minded themselves, make dupes of other weak-minded folk to their advantage. This is a blind leading of the blind in which they do not fall into the ditch, but, by a happy combination of circumstances, actually escape danger and gain something to boot.—*London Lancet.*