

FOREVER.

The wild world hastens on its way;
The gray-haired century nears its close;
Its sorrow deepens day by day;

But, darling, while your heart is mine,
And while I feel that you are true,
For me the skies will ever shine
With Summer light and tenderest blue.

HER HUSBAND.

Good Americans, when they die, go
to Paris. Bien! My terrestrial parad-
ise is Brussels—Les Bruxelles—with
its sabbat of medieval grandeur,

This bijou Paris is a dream to me,
glorified by the remembrance that
here I fell down metaphorically and
worshipped the sweetest ideal of wom-
anhood a painter's brain could picture

I grant that Maria is not a roman-
tic name; that Wigson does not sug-
gest poetic surroundings and blue-
blooded refinement; but bless you,

I sat opposite to her one fatal day
at the table d'hote of the hotel de l'
Europe, and forthwith collapsed, with-
out an effort to save myself from my
fate.

Before the fish and soup were re-
moved, I felt the thrilling influence of
her presence; with the entreaties I
reached a seventh heaven of adora-
tion; and when the tasse of black cof-
fee with a dash of cognac in it arrived

Now on the Montaigne de la Cour,
the State street of Brussels, there is—
or was twenty years ago—a cigar
store, with an inner sanctum called a
divan, the admission to which was
only obtained by introduction—a kind
of club, where travelers met for goss-
ip. It was much affected by Eng-
lishmen, as all the London dailies
and alleged humorous journals were
on file.

One day I was just issuing from this
temple of Nicotes, and had just stop-
ped to light my cigar at a torch held
by a bronze image of Cupid near the
door, when my head came in contact
with that of a young man whom I had
not noticed, but who at the same mo-
ment bent forward with similar in-
tent.

I apologized.
"Ah," he said, speaking with a slight
French accent. "It is nothing. Mon-
sieur is an Englishman, I presume?"

"No," I said with a smile.
"Indeed, you speak the language
very well for a foreigner," he added,
dubiously.

"There is another land than Eng-
land where that language is spoken.
In the States we think that—"

"Oh, you are an American?" he in-
terrupted. "I am really glad to meet
you. A few years ago I was for a short
time in your land.

As we were talking we drifted up the
hill toward the peak.
He spoke with admiration concern-
ing what he had seen in my country,
and I saw that he was a keen observ-
er. While generally complimentary,
his remarks were spiced with a run-
ning criticism, which was often based
on erroneous impressions, and under
whose asceticism I winced, especially
as he had an off-hand manner of op-
posing my remonstrances with a shrug
of the shoulders, which meant so
much, but was unanswerable.

But when he came to decry my type
of all human perfection, the American
girl, I fairly boiled over with indigna-
tion. He granted that they, my
countrywomen, were pretty, vivaci-
ous, fascinating, but in the same
breath claimed that they were artifi-
cial in manner, and unbalanced with
the home-loving virtue of the Euro-
pean maiden.

"I found them very charming," he
said, frankly, "but superficial and
with an undue appreciation of rank
and riches."

"Sir," I said indignantly, "we are a
democratic people. If there is one
thing on which we pride ourselves
more than another, it is the simplici-
ty of our social institutions. Rank
has no esteem with us; and, as for
education, our girls enjoy the same

privileges as our boys—the best that
modern thought can modernize."

His exasperating answer was a
shrug. I could have struck him; but,
after all, you can not very well knock
a man down for simply humping his
shoulders.

"Pardon me, Monsieur," I said hot-
ly. "You have never met the best
type of the American girl. Democratic
as we are, a foreigner traveling through
our country has little chance of gain-
ing an entree into our best families."

"You have a best, then? Nay, you
are wrong. I move in the highest
social circle."

"So you taught yourself to believe.
Not the only error you made."

And with this parting shot, I raised
my hat and turned in at the door of
my hotel, which we had just reached.

The next day was big with event.
A grand review of the troops was to
be held in the Champs Elysee. All
was bustle and animation, and every
vehicle which could run on wheels had
been pressed into the service of the
host of visitors in the gay capital.

There, at the door of the hotel, in
abject helplessness, stood the Wig-
sons, vainly trying, as once on the
very same spot did Becky Sharp's
enemy, the Duchess, to make the na-
tives understand that they wanted a
carriage. Papa and mamma were
fuming and flushed, at their wits' end
what to do, while in the background
stood my angel in a ravishing bonnet,
half pouting, half smiling at the ex-
igencies of the dilemma.

I saw my opportunity and seized it.
"Can I," I said, bowing low, "be of
service as an interpreter? Of course
you want to go to the review?"

Wigson here assured me they did.
"There is no chance of securing a
carriage," I continued, "but the walk
through the porte du Scharbeck is
pleasant and the distance not great.
If you will walk, I shall be proud to
conduct you there."

My coup was effective. The old peo-
ple, with a stare of blank despondency,
as though the alternate was
crushing, gazed at the jostling crowd,
and accepted me with much the sort
of expression as if I had presented
them with a box of pills to swallow.

We started. I could not, however,
engineer a tete-a-tete with Maria, but
I got a chance to make myself solid
with mamma, into whose ears I pour-
ed the grateful incense of a hundred
flatteries.

At last we reached a spot which
commanded a grand view of the process-
ion, and I suggested that we should
remain there for a while and see it file
past.

It was a beautiful sight. Little as
the "brave Belge" distinguished him-
self on the field of Waterloo, when the
Iron Duke unceremoniously ordered
his dragons to withdraw, he makes a
bristling show at a martial parade.

Infantry and artillery marched past
us.
Now comes a fanfare of trumpets, and
a glittering group of horsemen appear.
It is Gen Trentick, who approaches
with the king's two sons on either side
followed by his staff.

Every air is off. Loud voices ring
on the air. Ladies wave their flutter-
ing kerchiefs, and bright smiles greet
them on all sides.

Just as the cortege approaches a
broken-down gun wagon catches a halt.
Can I believe my eyes? There, rid-
ing at the right of the gray-haired vet-
eran, is the handsome young crown
prince, the Duc de Brabant; and, as I
live, the same gallant cavalier is none
other than the impetuous stranger I
met at the cigar divan—the very gold-
en youth I had told he didn't move in
good society.

I caught his eye, and, with a blush,
bowed.

Then out cropped the gentle nature
of that scion of one of the noblest
races of Europe.

"You here?" he said graciously, lean-
ing forward in his saddle. I hope you
will enjoy the review and carry a good
account of us home."

It was worth a year's life to see the
faces of the Wigsons. Wonder, awe,
envy paralyzed them. Here was a
youngman they had hesitated to know,
hand in glove with the heir to the
throne of Belgium.

"Your Highness," I stammered, "I
am sure your troops will acquit them-
selves with credit."

It was a stupid, inane remark, but
to tell the truth I was in nearly as big
a flutter as my Brummagen friend.

"Have you the entree to the grand
stand?" the Prince continued.

"No, sir."

He beckoned to an aide-de-camp,
whispered some instruction, and then,
with a pleasant nod passed on.

I do not believe the Wigsons knew
whether they were walking on their
heads or their heels, as we followed
the dismounted officer to that holy of
holies, the long, spacious gallery re-
served for persons about the court and
distinguished visitors.

Harlequin touches with his magic
wand and all is changed. This pretty
piece of princely condescension had
metamorphosed a vagrant nobody into
a hero. Those Wigsons literally groveled.
They cringed, wriggled and
quivered in the ecstasy of their ad-
miration.

I do not know but that even Maria's
superb beauty paled in the shadow of
their vulgar servility; but, if so, the
spell was only lifted for a moment.

The more I saw of the mamma the
less I liked her. So even under the
charm of my infatuation, I could not
but appreciate the affliction of a
mother-in-law who called a horse "a
orse," and who looked down from her
gilded heights on the profession of lit-
erature as a forlorn refuge for the des-
titute.

But Maria was charming.
What if her papa did eat with his
knife, and mistake his dinner napkin
for a pocket handkerchief? Would not
the "rolling forties" of the Atlantic
rage between us if I could only win that
dainty damsel for my bride?

and Mrs. Grolfin Wigson present their
compliments to Mr. Scribbler, and we
shall be glad to receive you in our
apartments this evening."

One thing was soon apparent. They
were hungering after society, athirst
for blue blood, and they looked on me
as one especially detailed by Provi-
dence to break down the barriers and
lead them into the Elysian fields of
fashionable life.

Never a day passed at the table d'
hote that my prospective mother-in-
law forgot to send the color mantling
to my temples by inquiring in a loud
voice, so that all around might hear,
after my dear friend, "is 'ighness."

Twice she introduced me to travel-
ing plutocrats, sui generis, and each
time added in a stage whisper, "a
friend of the crown prince. Very har-
tocratic, though he does come from
those 'orrid states."

At last the golden moment came.
One dewy eve, in the delicious twi-
ght, I was permitted to escort the
fair Maria to a vesper service at the
Cathedral of the St. Gudule.

We passed through the brilliant
Galerie St. Hubert into the sombre
precincts of the sacred building, whose
hallowed arches towered above our
heads. It was an epic poem of archi-
tecture, a dream in stone.

What heart would not be softened
by such a scene? Surely not hers,
whose fair face gazed in rapture like
that of some Madonna.

Then, when from the choir poured
forth a flood of melody, now joyously
exalting, and anon floating in shadowy
cadences into the far recesses of that
noble pile, it thrilled my soul; and,
from the trembling of the tiny hand
that rested on my arm, I knew that
my sweet companion's emotions were
stirred to their lowest depths.

Now, if ever, was the time to speak.
So, when we passed out, softened
and subdued, into the stilly night, I
led her up the quaint, gabled street
towards the park, a route that would
be least frequented at that hour.

But just as we turned the corner
into the avenue of Elms, the apparition
of Mrs. Wigson stood before us.

"Quick! Maria, quick!" she gasped,
half breathless with haste. "John
came by the tidal boat. He's in the
parlor with your pa."

With a little cry of delight, the girl
flew from my side, and before I could
recover from surprise, had vanished
into the distant gloom.

"Mrs. Wigson," I stammered, "what
does this mean? Has your daughter
lost her senses? Who is this mystic
John?"

Years have rolled by, yet I can still
see that awful woman as she stood in
the moonlight, the night breeze lifting
the streaming scarlet ribbons of her
bonnet, while from her lips fell the
words that froze my blood:

"Er' usband!"—Chicago Tribune.

Sayings of Little Ones.

"The Children's Chit-chat" in the
New Moon contains some amusing
sayings by the little ones. A few
examples are given:

"Well, my young gentleman, and
how would you like your hair cut?"
"O, like papa's, please—with a
little round hole at the top."

Grandpa: "Tell me, Ethel, why do
you have six buttons on your gloves?"
Ethel: "Yes, grandpa, dear, I will
tell you. The reason is, if I had
seven buttons, or five, they would
not match the six buttonholes."

He was a persistent little boy who
told his mother, who thought he was
too young to wear trousers, that "he
would be willing to go without pocket-
ets if he only could wear something
that had legs."

A small boy, the son of a gifted
clergyman in this state, was heard
one night addressing the following
petition to his Maker: "O God,
please bless mamma and, please bless
papa; but the less you have to do
with Aunt Maria the better. Amen."

"Mamma what does it mean when
it says, 'The shades of night were
falling fast?' You should try and
figure out those things for yourself,
Johnny." "I know now. It means
when sister Jane pulls down the
parlor blinds, then Gus Smith comes
in to spend the evening, eh?"

Mrs. Jones—"Did you take Johnny
to school, Jeremiah?" Mr. Jones—"I
did. An excellent school it is. Matil-
da. The scholars are models of de-
portment; the curriculum is first-
class, and the professor a man of ability.
At least, that is the way he struck
me." Johnny (with a groan)—"You
ought to have stayed about an hour,
and seen how he struck me."

Romance of Chunder Ram Chowder.

Chunder Ram Chowder, the revered
and holy Marmalade of Dowwalgala,
when a young prince, was enamored
of a beautiful girl, the daughter of a
merchant. He pawned his dress suit,
and for three days fed the object of
his love with ice cream and caramels.

At the end of this short siege, having
persuaded her that his facilities were
unequaled for continuing to supply
her with unlimited quantities of caram-
els and ice cream for an indefinite
period, she yielded and agreed to sep-
arate with him to the wilderness.

That night, while the prince was loit-
ering under her window with a ladder,
her father appeared and kicked him
clear over the top of a grove of banyan
trees, and when he came down a bull
dog as big as a yearling calf, was wait-
ing for him, and sat down with him to
a plain but substantial luncheon, at
which, however, the prince ate nothing.

The next morning, on his way to the
hospital, the beautiful girl met him and
said reproachfully, "Last night you
were to fly with me." "Ah, yes," re-
plied Chunder Ram Chowder, "but last
night your father was too fly for me."

He then entered the convent of Hadda
Nuff Ghanger, who took upon them-
selves vows of celibacy and wore sheet
iron trousers; nor did he again see his
charmer until five years afterward,
when he met her at the funeral of her
third husband, the other two having
been divorced.—Burdette in Brook-
lyn Eagle.

A TINY SHOE.

They found him by the roadside dead,
A ragged tramp unknown;
His face upturned in mute despair,
His helpless arms out thrown.
The lark utters him sang a song
Of greeting to the day,
The breeze blew fresh and sweet and stirred
His hair in wanton play.

They found no clue to home or name,
But tied with a ribbon blue
They found a package and it held
A baby's tiny shoe.
Half worn and old, a button off,
It seemed a sacred thing;
With reverence they wrapped it close
And tied the faded string.

And laid it on the peaceful breast
That kept the secret well;
And God will know and understand
The story it will tell.
Of happy times and peaceful home
That dead tramps sometime knew,
Whose only relic left him was
The baby's tiny shoe.

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.

Translation copyrighted by G. W. Hanna, 1885.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

The Doctor soon discovered that
there was not a single hotel in the town,
and he had to look about for lodgings.

At last he found a house and obtained
a room on the ground floor in a suffi-
ciently respectable street. At first it
was arranged that Cape Matifou should
be boarded by the proprietor, and
although the price charged was enor-
mous on account of his enormous
proportions, the matter was soon satisfac-
torily settled. Doctor Antekirtt
reserved the right of taking his meals
elsewhere in the town.

In the morning after leaving Cape
Matifou to employ his time as he
pleased, the Doctor walked to the post-
office for any letters or telegrams that
might be waiting for him. There was
nothing there, and then he went for a
stroll out of the town. He soon found a
restaurant patronized by the better
class of the inhabitants, and Austrian
officers and officials who looked upon
being quartered here as equivalent to
exile, or even to being in prison.

Now, the Doctor was only waiting for
the moment to act; and this was his
plan. He had decided to kidnap Pierre
Bathory. But to take him away on
board the schooner while she lay at
Ragusa would have been difficult. The
young engineer was well known at Ra-
gusa, and as public attention had been
attracted to the Savarena, the affair
even if it succeeded would be very much
noised about. Further, the yacht
being only a sailing vessel, if any
steamer went after her from the
harbor she would almost be certain to
be caught.

At Cattaro, on the contrary, Pierre
could be spirited off much more quietly.
Nothing would be easier than to get
him there. At a word sent from the
Doctor there was no doubt but that he
would start immediately. He was as
unknown at Cattaro as the Doctor him-
self, and once he was on board the
Electric could speed off to sea, where he
could be told the past life of Silas Tor-
onthal and Sava's image become effaced
by the remembrance of his father's
wrongs.

Such was the Doctor's very simple
plan of campaign. Two or three days
more and the work would be accom-
plished; Pierre would be separated fore-
ver from Sava Toronthal.

Next day, the 9th of June, arrived a
letter from Point Pescade. It reported
that there was nothing new at the house
in the Stradone, and that Point Pescade
had seen nothing of Pierre since the day
he had gone to Gravosa, twelve hours
after the schooner sailed. He had not
left Ragusa, and remained at home with
his mother. Point Pescade supposed—
and he was not wrong in doing so—that
the departure of the Savarena had
brought about this change in his habits,
for as soon as he had found her gone he
had gone home, looking the picture of
despair.

The Doctor decided to write and invite
Pierre Bathory to join him immediately
at Cattaro.

But something very unexpected hap-
pened to change his plans and allow
chance to intervene and lead to the same
end.

About eight o'clock in the evening the
Doctor was on the wharf at Cattaro
when the mail steamer Saxonia was
signalled.

The Saxonia came from Brindisi,
where she had put in to take on a few
passengers. She was bound for Trieste,
calling at Cattaro, Ragusa and Zara,
and the other ports on the Austrian
coast of the Adriatic.

The Doctor was standing near the
gangway along which the people came
ashore, when in the twilight his atten-
tion was monopolized by one of the
travelers whose luggage was being
brought off to the wharf.

The man was about forty, of haughty
even impudent bearing. He gave his
orders loudly; and was evidently one of
those persons who even when polished
show that they have been badly brought
up.

"That fellow!—Here—at Cattaro?"
The passenger was Sarcany. Fifteen
years had elapsed since he had acted as
accountant in Zathmar's house. With
the exception of his clothes he was still
the adventurer we saw in the streets of
Trieste at the beginning of this story.
He wore an elegant traveling suit with
a dust coat of the latest fashion, and his
trunks with their many mountings



A SERVANT ANNOUNCED IN A LOUD TONE, "MR. SARCANY."

showed that the old Tripolitan broker
was accustomed to make himself com-
fortable.

For fifteen years Sarcany lived a life
of pleasure and luxury, thanks to the
fortune he had acquired from his share
of Count Sandorf's wealth. How much
was there left of it? His best friends, if
he had any, would have been puzzled to
say. He had a look of preoccupation,
of anxiety even, the cause of which was
difficult to discover behind the mask
with which he concealed his true dis-
position.

"Where does he come from? Where
is he going?" asked the Doctor who did
not lose sight of him.

Where he had come from was easily
ascertained by asking the purser of the
Saxonia. The passenger had come on
board at Brindisi. Did he come from
Upper or Lower Italy? They did not
know. In reality he had come from
Syracuse. On receipt of the telegram
from the Moor he had instantly left
Sicily for Cattaro.

For it was at Cattaro that the woman
was waiting to meet him, her mission at
Ragusa having apparently come to an
end.

The Moor was there on the wharf
waiting for the steamer. The Doctor
noticed her, he saw Sarcany walk up to
her, he heard the words she said to him
in Arabic, and he understood them—

"It was time!"
Sarcany's reply was a nod. Then,
after seeing his luggage passed by the
Custom House officer, he went off with
the Moor towards the right so as to go
outside the town.

The Doctor hesitated for a moment.
Was Sarcany going to escape him?
Ought he to follow him?

Turning round he saw Cape Matifou,
who was standing gazing at the Saxonia's
passengers. He beckoned to him, and
he was at his side in an instant.

"Cape Matifou," said he, pointing to
Sarcany who was walking away, "do
you see that man?"

"Yes."

"If I tell you to carry him off will you
do so?"

"Yes."

"And you will give him something to
prevent his getting away if he resists?"

"Yes."

"Remember I want him alive!"

"Yes."

Cape Matifou was a man of few words,
but he had the merit of speaking to the
point. The Doctor could depend upon
him. What he received the order to do,
he would do.

The Moor could be seized, gagged,
thrown aside in any corner, and before
she could give the alarm Sarcany would
be on board the Electric.

The darkness, though it was not very
profound, would facilitate matters.

Sarcany and the Moor continued their
walk round the town without noticing
that they were being watched and fol-
lowed. They did not speak to each
other. They did not wish to do so until
they reached some quiet place where
they could be safe from interruption.
They reached the south gate opening on
the road which leads from Cattaro to the
mountains on the Austrian frontier.

At this gate is an important market, a
bazaar well known to the Montenegrins.
Here they have to transact their business,
for they are not allowed to enter the
town except in very limited numbers,
and after having left their weapons
behind them. On the Tuesday, Thurs-
day and Saturday of each week the
mountaineers come down from Niegons
or Cetinge, having walked for five or
six hours carrying eggs, potatoes, poultry,
and even faggots of considerable
weight.

There a few fires were smouldering and
giving but little light. The Doctor
regretted that he had not put his project
into execution on his way from the
wharf. But it was now too late. All
that could be done was to wait till an
opportunity presented itself.

In any case the boat was moored
behind the rocks less than 200 yards
from the bazaar, and about two cable's
lengths away lay the Electric with a
small light at the bow to show where
she was moored.

Sarcany and the Moor took up their
position in a dark corner near a group
of mountaineers already asleep. There
they could talk over their business with-
out being understood, if the Doctor
wrapped in his traveling cloak had not
joined the group without attracting their
attention. Matifou concealed himself
as well as he could and waited ready to
obey orders.

Sarcany and his companion spoke in
Arabic, thinking that no one could
understand them. Familiar with all
the dialects of Africa and the East, he
lost not a word of their conversation.

"You got my telegram at Syracuse?"
said the Moor.

"Yes, Namir," answered Sarcany,
"and I started next day with Zironne."

"Where is Zironne?"

"Near Catania, organizing his new
gang."

"You must get to Ragusa to-morrow
and you must see Silas Toronthal."

"I'll be there, and I'll see him! You
have not made a mistake, Namir? It
was time."

"Yes, the banker's daughter—"

"The banker's daughter!" said Sar-
cany in such a singular tone that the
Doctor could not hardly prevent him-
self from giving a start.

"Yes! His daughter!" answered
Namir.

"What? Does he allow her to be
made overboard without my permission?"

"Are you surprised, Sarcany?
Nothing is more certain nevertheless!
But you will be still more surprised
when you hear who wishes to be the
husband of Sava Toronthal!"

"Some ruined gentleman anxious for
her father's millions!"

"No!" replied Namir. "But a young
man of good birth and no money!"

"And the name of this fellow?"

"Pierre Bathory."

"Pierre Bathory!" exclaimed Sarcany.
"Pierre Bathory marry the daughter of
Silas Toronthal?"

"Be calm Sarcany. That the daugh-
ter of Silas Toronthal and the son of
Stephen Bathory are in love with each
other is no secret from me! But per-
haps Silas Toronthal does not know it."

"Does he not know it?"

"No! And besides he would never
consent."

"I do not know," answered Sarcany.
"Toronthal is capable of anything—
even of consenting to this marriage if it
could quiet his conscience, supposing
he has a conscience after these fifteen
years. Fortunately here I am ready to
spoil his game, and to-morrow I shall be
at Ragusa."

"Good!" said Namir, who seemed to
have a certain ascendancy over her com-
panion.

"The daughter of Silas Toronthal
marries nobody but me you understand,
Namir, and with her I will get out of my
difficulties again."

The Doctor had heard all he wanted.
It mattered not what else Sarcany had
said to the Moor.

A second coming to claim a scound-
rel's daughter! Heaven had indeed
intervened in the work of human justice.
Henceforth there was nothing to fear for
Pierre whom this rival was to set aside.
There was no use, then, in summoning
him to Cattaro or in attempting to carry
off the man who wished to be Toronthal's
son-in-law.

"May the wretches marry among
themselves and become all the same
family," said the Doctor. "And then
we shall see."

He left, and beckoned to Matifou to
follow him. Matifou had not asked why
the Doctor wished him to walk off with
the Saxonia's passenger, and he did not
ask why the attempt was postponed.

The next day, June 10, at Ragusa, the
doors of the principal drawing-room at
the house in the Stradone were thrown
open about half past eight in the evening
and a servant announced in a loud tone—

"Mr. Sarcany."

(TO BE CONTINUED)