

REGRET.

BY F. F. MURRAY.

Could we recall years that have fled,
How quickly from the tongue
Would fall the kind words left unsaid,
The sweet songs left unsung!

How many cares, that long ago
Dark shadows o'er us cast,
Would fade like faces on the snow,
Could we recall the past!

How firmly, steadfastly we'd keep
Those paths we should have trod!
How true we'd prove to friends who sleep
Now 'neath the churchyard sod!

O years! deep marked with Folly's stains
And torn by Passion's blast
How soon we'd free thee from thy chains,
Could we recall the past!

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," "MICHAEL STROGOFF," "TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA," ETC., ETC.

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CHAPTER X.

ANOTHER BLOW.

Evidently the banker had had to yield to the threats of the man who could destroy him by a word. Neither his wife's prayers nor Sava's horror availed anything against the father who claimed to dispose of his daughter as best suited his convenience.

One word only as to Sarcany's interest in the marriage—an interest he had not thought it worth while to hide from Toronthal. Sarcany was now ruined. The fortune which had been sufficient to help Toronthal out of his difficulties had hardly been enough to keep the adventurer during the fifteen years. Since his departure from Trieste Sarcany had run through Europe, living in the height of extravagance, and the hotels of Paris, London, Berlin, Vienna and Rome had never had windows enough for him to throw the money through to gratify his fancies. After a career of pleasure he had taken to gambling to finish his ruin, and had visited nearly every famous gaming haunt on the Continent.

Zirone had of course been his constant companion, and when the money had been run through they had returned together to the east of Sicily and waited till an opportunity offered to resume the connection with the banker of Trieste. Nothing could be simpler than that he could restore his fortunes by marrying Sava, the sole heiress of the rich Silas Toronthal—who could refuse him nothing.

In fact no refusal was possible, and no refusal was attempted. Perhaps after all between the two men there was still something hidden concerning the problem they were seeking to solve which the future would reveal.

However, a very clear explanation was required from Sava by her father. What would she do?

"My honor depends on the marriage," said Silas Toronthal, "and the marriage must take place."

When Sava took back the reply to her mother she nearly fainted in her daughter's arms and burst into tears of despair.

Toronthal had then told the truth.

The wedding was fixed for the 6th of July.

We can imagine what a life had been led by Pierre during these three weeks. His misery was dreadful. A prey to impotent rage sometimes he remained at home in the Rue Marinella; sometimes he escaped from the accursed town, and his mother feared he would never return.

What consolation could she offer him? While no marriage was talked of, while Pierre Bathory was repulsed by Sava's father, some hope did remain. But with Sava married came a new abyss—an abyss that could not be bridged.

Doctor Antekirtt in spite of his promises had abandoned Pierre. And besides, she asked herself, how could the young lady who loved him, and whose energetic nature she knew, how could she agree to this union? What was the mystery in the house in the Stradone which brought such things about? Pierre would have done better to leave Ragusa to accept the situation which had been offered him abroad, to go far away from Sava if they were going to hand her over to this stranger, this Sarcany! Despair had in truth entered the house which a ray of happiness had brightened but for a few days.

Point Pescade kept constant watch, and was one of the first to discover what was going on.

As soon as he heard of the new marriage between Sava Toronthal and Sarcany he wrote to Cattaro. And as soon as he heard of the pitiable state to which the young engineer was reduced he sent off the news to the Doctor.

The only reply was for him to continue the observations, and to keep Cattaro thoroughly informed of all that happened.

As the 6th of July approached Pierre's state became worse. His mother could not keep him quiet. How could they possibly make Toronthal change his plans? Was it not evident from the haste with which it had been declared and fixed that the marriage had been decided on for some time, that Sarcany and the banker were acquaintances of old date, that the "rich Tripolitan" had some peculiar influence over Sava's father.

Pierre Bathory wrote to Toronthal eight days before the date fixed for the wedding. His letter received no reply. Then Pierre tried to speak to the banker in the street. He did not succeed in meeting him. Pierre then sought him at his house. He was not allowed to cross the threshold. Sava and her mother remained invisible.

There was no possibility of communicating with them.

But if Pierre could not see Sava nor her father he very often ran against Sarcany. To the looks of hate with which he greeted him Sarcany replied with looks of disdain. Pierre then thought of insulting him, of provoking him to fight. But why should Sarcany accept a meeting which he had every inducement to refuse?

Six days went by. Pierre in spite of the entreaties of his mother and the prayers of Borik, left the house in the Rue Marinella on the evening of the 4th of July. The old servant attempted to follow, but soon lost sight of him. Pierre hurried on at a venture as if he was mad along the most deserted streets of the town and by the side of the walls. An hour afterwards they brought him home—dying. He had been stabbed in the upper part of the left lung.

There seemed to be no doubt that in a paroxysm of despair he had committed suicide.

As soon as Point Pescade heard of the misfortune he ran to the telegraph office. An hour later the Doctor received the news at Cattaro.

It would be difficult to describe the grief of Madame Bathory when she found herself in the presence of her son, who had perhaps but a few hours to live. But the mother's energy steeled itself against the woman's weakness. To work, first; to weep, afterwards.

A doctor was sent for. He arrived in a few minutes, he examined the wounded man, he listened to the feeble intermittent breathing, he probed the wound, he banded it, he did all that his art told him—but he gave no hope.

Fifteen hours afterwards the case was aggravated by the occurrence of considerable hemorrhage, and respiration becoming hardly apparent threatened soon to end.

Madame Bathory was on her knees by the bedside praying to God not to take away her son. The door opened.

Doctor Antekirtt walked in and approached the bed.

Madame Bathory would have rushed towards him. He stopped her with a gesture.

Then he went to Pierre and carefully examined him without uttering a word. Then he looked at him long and fixedly. As if some strange magnetic power shot forth from his eyes to the very brain where thought was lingering for a moment before it finally left, he seemed to fill that brain with his own life, with his own will.

Suddenly Pierre half rose towards him. His eyelids lifted. He looked at the Doctor. He then fell back inanimate.

Madame Bathory threw herself on her son, gave one scream and fainted in Borik's arms.

The Doctor closed the eyes of the corpse; then he rose, left the house, whispering as he did so the old phrase from the Indian legend—

"Death destroyeth not; it only rendereth invisible."

CHAPTER XI.

A MEETING IN THE STRADONE.

The death made a good deal of noise in the town but no one suspected that Sarcany and Silas Toronthal were in any way concerned in it.

Neither Madame Toronthal nor her daughter heard anything about the death, precautions having been taken by Toronthal and his destined son-in-law to keep it from their ears.

It had been agreed that the wedding should be a very quiet one. As an excuse it was given out that Sarcany's family were in mourning. This was hardly in accordance with Toronthal's usual love of show, but he thought it better that no more fuss than necessary should be made. The newly-married couple were to remain a few days at Ragusa, and then leave for Tripoli, where Sarcany it was said usually lived.

There would therefore be no party in the Stradone, either for the reading of the settlements or after the religious services which were to immediately follow the civil ceremony.

During the day, while the last preparations were being made at the Toronthals, two men strolled along the opposite side of the Stradone.

One was Cape Matifou, the other Point Pescade.

The Doctor had brought Matifou back with him to Ragusa. His presence was no longer necessary at Cattaro and the two friends, the "twins," as Pescade said, were supremely happy at again seeing one another.

As soon as the Doctor had reached Ragusa he had made his first appearance in the Rue Marinella, then he had retired to a quiet hotel in the suburb of Ploce, where he waited until the wedding had taken place in furtherance of his plans.

Next morning he had again visited Madame Bathory and helped to put Pierre in his coffin. He had then returned to his hotel, having sent Pescade and Matifou to keep watch on the Stradone.

And although Pescade was all eyes and ears, that did not prevent him from talking.

"I think you are getting bigger, old Cape!" he said, reaching up to pat his companion's chest.

"Yes, and in better condition!"

"So I felt when you embraced me."

"But how is the play getting on we were talking about?"

"Oh, the drama? Oh, it's going on, going on. But, you see, the action is getting complicated."

"Complicated?"

"Yes. It isn't a comedy; it's a drama, and there will be a big fight before the curtain drops."

Point Pescade stopped suddenly.

A carriage drove up rapidly to Toronthal's house. The gate opened immediately, and as it shut Pescade recognized Sarcany in the carriage.

"Yes—lots of fighting," he continued, "and it looks as though it was going to be a great success."

"And the villain?" asked Matifou, who seemed to be more particularly concerned with that personage.

"Well—the villain is triumphant at



"SAVA, CARRIED TO HER ROOM, WAS LAID ON HER BED. HER MOTHER KNELT BESIDE HER."

the present moment, as he always is in a well-built piece! But, patience! Wait for the end!"

"At Cattaro," said Matifou, "I thought I was coming on."

"Coming on the scene?"

"Yes, Point Pescade, yes!"

And Matifou related what had passed at the bazaar at Cattaro, and how his two arms had been requisitioned for a kidnapping which did not take place.

"Good! That was too soon!" replied Point Pescade, who spoke for the sake of speaking, so to speak, keeping a keen lookout right and left of him. "You won't be wanted till the fourth or fifth act! Perhaps you may only have to appear in the last scene! But don't be uneasy! You will make a great success when you do begin! You can reckon on that!"

At this moment a distant murmur was heard in the Stradone where the Rue Marinella ran in.

Point Pescade broke off the conversation abruptly and hurried to the right of Toronthal's house.

A procession was coming along the road to enter the Stradone on its way to the church of the Franciscans, where the funeral service was to be held.

There were few followers at the funeral, and nothing to attract much attention—merely a coffin carried under a black pall.

The procession slowly advanced, when suddenly Point Pescade, stifling an exclamation, seized Cape Matifou's arm.

"What is the matter?"

"Nothing! It would take too long to tell you now!"

He had just recognized Madame Bathory, who had resolved to be present at her son's burial.

The church had not refused its ministrations, and the priest was waiting in the Franciscan chapel to lead the procession to the grave.

Madame Bathory walked behind the coffin, looking into vacancy. She had no longer strength to cry. Her eyes were almost haggard, and sometimes wandered from side to side for a moment, to return plunged for a time beneath the pall which hid the coffin of her son.

Borik dragged himself along after her—a piteous sight to see.

Point Pescade felt the tears come into his eyes. Yes! If he had not had to remain on duty at his post he would not have hesitated to join the few friends and neighbors that were following all that was left on earth of Pierre Bathory.

Suddenly, as the procession was about to pass Toronthal's mansion, the main gates opened. In the courtyard before the steps two carriages stood ready to start. The first came through the gate and turned down the Stradone.

In this carriage Point Pescade saw Silas Toronthal, his wife and his daughter. The night was moonless and starless. The land breeze that rises in the evening and lasts but an hour or two had now lulled until it could scarcely be felt. A few thick clouds almost covered the sky, except in the west, where the last streaks of the sunset gave a feeble light that was swiftly fading.

"Now!" said the Doctor.

And returning towards the town he kept outside the wall all the way to the cemetery.

There before the gate were Point Pescade and Cape Matifou hidden under a tree, so as not to be seen in the shadow.

The cemetery was closed at this time of night. A light had just been extinguished in the gate-keeper's lodge. No one was expected there again before the morning.

The Doctor seemed to know the plan of the cemetery. And it also appeared that he had no intention of entering by the gate. What he was going to do was to be done in secret.

"Follow me!" he said to Point Pescade and his companion, as they came to meet him.

And these three silently crept along the slope that runs at the foot of the exterior wall.

After some ten minutes of this work the Doctor stopped, and pointing to a breach caused by a recent fall of the wall, said:

"Through!"

He glided through the breach; Point Pescade and Matifou followed him.

The darkness was profound beneath the large trees that overshadowed the tombs, but without hesitation the Doctor went down one path and then turned off into another, leading to the upper part of

the cemetery.

Point Pescade saw that the Doctor at once ought to know what had happened. Saying to Matifou:

"Stop here and watch," he ran off to the Ploce.

While Pescade told his story the Doctor remained silent.

"Have I exceeded my right?" he said to himself. "No! Have I struck one who is innocent! Yes, certainly! But she is the daughter of Silas Toronthal!"

Then he turned to Pescade.

"Where is Cape Matifou?"

"In front of Toronthal's house."

"I want you both this evening."

"At what time?"

"Nine o'clock."

"Where shall we be?"

"At the cemetery gates."

Point Pescade instantly returned to Matifou, who had not left his post.

That evening about eight o'clock the Doctor, enveloped in an ample cloak, went for a walk towards the harbor of Ragusa. At the angle of the wall on the left he reached a small creek running up among rocks a little above the harbor.

The place was quite deserted. Neither houses nor boats were near. The fishing craft never came there to anchor for fear of the numerous reefs which lay round the creek. The Doctor halted, looked round him, and uttered a peculiar cry which had doubtless been agreed upon beforehand. Almost immediately a sailor appeared and, approaching him, said:

"At your orders, sir!"

"The boat is there, Pazzar?"

"Yes, behind the rock."

"With all the men?"

"All."

"And the electric?"

"Farther away to the northward, about three cables away outside the creek."

And the sailor pointed to a long grey tube just visible in the gloom, but without a light of any kind to indicate its presence.

"When did she arrive from Cattaro?"

"Hardly an hour ago."

"And she was not seen?"

"No! she came along by the reefs."

"Pazzar, see that no one leaves his post, and wait for me all night if necessary."

"Ay, ay, sir!"

The seaman returned to the boat, which was indistinguishable among the rocks.

Doctor Antekirtt remained for some time on the beach, waiting probably for the darkness to increase. Sometimes he would stride along for a minute; then he would stop; and then with folded arms, silent and motionless, he would look out over the Adriatic, as if telling it his secrets.

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the cemetery. Some birds of the night, disturbed by his presence, flew backwards and forwards overhead, but not another living thing lurked round the gravestones scattered on the turf.

Soon the three stood in front of what looked like a small chapel with the gate left unfastened.

The Doctor pushed back the gate, and then pressing the button of a small electric lantern he threw on the light, but so that it could not be seen from without.

"Enter," said he to Matifou.

Cape Matifou entered and found himself facing a wall on which were three marble tablets.

On one of these tablets, the centre one, he read:

"STEPHEN BATHORY,
1867."

The tablet to the left bore no inscription; that to the right was soon to have one.

"Take away that slab," said the Doctor.

Cape Matifou easily removed the slab, which had not yet been fixed down. He laid it on the ground and a hier was seen at the bottom of a cavity in the wall.

"Bring out that coffin," said the Doctor.

Cape Matifou pulled out the coffin without any help from Point Pescade, heavy though it was, and after lifting it outside the chapel he laid it on the ground.

"Take this," said the Doctor, handing Pescade a screw-driver, "and get the lid off that coffin."

In a few minutes it was done.

The Doctor moved aside the white garments with his hand, and placing his head to the body seemed to listen for the beating of the heart.

Then he rose.

"Lift out that body," said he to Cape Matifou.

Matifou obeyed, and neither he nor Pescade made the slightest objection, although such an exhumation was against the law.

When the body of Pierre Bathory was laid on the grass Cape Matifou wrapped it up again in its winding sheet, and over it the Doctor threw his mantle. The coffin was then screwed down and returned to the cavity, and the tablet placed over it as before.

The Doctor broke the current of his electric lantern and the darkness became profound again.

"Take up that body," said he to Cape Matifou.

Matifou lifted it in his arms as if it had been the body of a child. Then led by the Doctor and followed by Point Pescade he regained the cross-path leading to the breach in the wall.

Five minutes later they were through the breach and on their way to the shore.

Not a word was spoken; but if the obedient Cape Matifou thought no more than a machine, what a succession of ideas crowded through the active brain of Point Pescade!

In their journey from the cemetery to the shore they had met nobody. But as they approached the creek where the Electric's boat was waiting for them, they saw a coast-guardman walking about the rocks.

They continued on their way without troubling themselves about his presence.

Again the Doctor uttered his peculiar cry, and the sailor came up from the boat which remained invisible.

At a sign Cape Matifou went down behind the rocks and was about to step into the boat.

At this moment the coast-guardman hurried up, and just as they were entering the boat he asked:

"Who are you?"

"People who can give you your choice between twenty florins cash down and a slap in the face from that gentleman!"—pointing to Matifou—"also cash down!"

The coast-guardman did not hesitate; he took the twenty florins.

A moment afterwards the boat had vanished in the darkness. Five minutes later it was alongside the Electric. It was hoisted on board. The silent engines were started, and the launch was off to sea.

Matifou bore the body below and laid it on a couch in the saloon, from which not a light-point allowed a ray to escape through the hull.

The Doctor was left alone with the corpse. He bent over it, kissed the pallid forehead and said:

"And now, Pierre, awake!"

Immediately, as if he had only been asleep, Pierre opened his eyes.

A look of aversion stole over his face when he recognized the Doctor.

"You!" he murmured. "You who abandoned me!"

"I! Pierre!"

"But who are you then?"

"A dead man—like you!"

"A dead man—?"

"I am Count Mathias Sandorf!"

[END OF PART SECOND.]

Out of His Sphere.

"It's funny," said a conductor, "how nervous a man will sometimes get when he is out of his element. Most people who travel are anxious about their tickets. Only the other day I was amused at a Chicago man who was a passenger on my train. He is a Board of Trade operator, and they say a bold one, too. Yet when I came along and asked him for his ticket, and he looked first in one pocket and then another, and couldn't find it, you ought to have seen how excited he got. His hand fairly trembled, and he hardly knew what he was about. The value of the ticket which he had lost was less than a dollar, but he made himself positively miserable over it. Yet take that man in his element—the Board of Trade—and you could not stampede him an inch. He'd meet a loss of thousands of dollars at one turn of the market and not give it a second thought. It's human nature, I guess."

—Chicago Herald.

It is proposed that the literary men who submit lists of books for others to read should test the books by a previous perusal. This is a cruel reflection upon the reading habits of literary men.

Buttons and Love.

The pretty maidens who are members of the New Century guild are in the full enjoyment of a little romance which has sprung from the advertisement in the papers to inform the great army of "bachelors and other unfortunates" that buttons would be strongly sewed on and the various garments of the masculine portion of the community repaired and kept in good order, for a very trifling fee. The charge for membership in the guild being so low and the attractions of the homelike establishment so numerous a great many women and girls have taken advantage of the opportunity to enjoy the pleasure and instruction to be found there, and among the number is Miss Matilda J. Ridley, of Salem, N. J., a pretty brunette, who has a good situation as a performer on the typewriter