Look, Laura; look— ou must recall
This florid "fairie bower,"
This wonderful "Swiss waterfall,"
And this ol 1 "leaning tower;"
And here's the "maiden of Cashmere,"
And here is Bewick's starling,
And here's the dandy culrassier
You thought was "such a darling!"

Your poor, dear aunt, you knew her way;
She used to say this figure
Reminded her of Count d'Orsay
"In all his youthful vigor,"
And here's the "cot beside the hill
We chose for habitation
The day that—but I doubt if still
You'd like the situation!

To damp by far. She little knew,
Your guileless Aunt Lavinia,
Those evenings when she slumbered through
"The Prince of Abyssinia,"
That there were two beside her chair
Who both had quite decided
To see things in a rosier air
Than Rasselas provided!

Ah! men wore stocks in Britain's land,
And maids short waists and tippets,
When this old-fashioned screen was planned
From hearded scraps and snippets,
But more, far more, I think to me,
Than those who first designed it,
In this—in eighteen seventy-three
I kissed you first behind it.
—Austin Dobson, in The Magazine of Art.

Sandorf's Revenge.

SEQUEL TO MATHIAS SANDORF AND DOCTOR ANTEKIRIT.

By Jules Verne,

AUTHOR OF "JOURNEY TO THE CENTRE

"THE EARTH," "TRIP TO THE MOON,"

"AROUND THE WORLD IN RIGHTY

DAYS," "MICHAEL STROGOFF,"

"TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES

UNDER THE SEA," ETC., ETC.

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CHAPTER I-CONTINUED.

"And in what country are we now? Could you tell me that, Point Pescade?"
"I have reason to believe, Mr. Pierre, that we are on an island, for the sea surrounds us."

"Undoubtedly. But in what part of the Mediterranean?"

"Ah! That's it! South, north, east, or west," said Point Pescade, "that is just what I do not know at all. After that, it matters little! What is certain is, that we are at Doctor Antekirtt's home, and that one is well fed, well clothed, well sheltered here, without counting the consideration—"

"But, at least, you know the name of this island, whose situation you do not know?" Pierre questioned. "The name of it? Oh, certainly,"

answered Point Pescade. "The name of it is Antekutta!"

Pierre Bathory sought vainly to remember any island of the Mediterranean with such a name, and he looked

at Point Pescade. "Yes, Mr. Pierre, yes!" responded the honest fellow. "Antekirtta-nothing at all of longitude and still less latitude ; the Mediterranean. It is to this address that my uncle would write to me, if I had an uncle, but this far Heaven has denied me that blessing. After all it is not surprising that this island should be called Autekirtta, for it belongs to Doctor Antekirtt, However, for me to tell you whether the Doctor took his name from the island, or the island from the Doctor, would be impossible, even if I were general secretary of the Geographical Society."

Nevertheless Pierre's convalescence pursued its due course. None of the complications, one might have feared, made an appearance. With substantial, yet judicious diet, the invalid recovered his strength perceptibly from day to day. The Doctor visited him often and conversed with him upon all subjects save those in which he was most interested. And Pierre, not wishing to provoke premature confidences, waited until it should please him to give them.

Point Pescade had always faithfully reported to the Doctor, the fragments of conversation exchanged by himself and his patient. Evidently the incognito which covered not only Mathias Sandorf, but even the island he inhabited, quite engrossed Pierre Bathory. It was equally evident that he constantly thought of Sava Toronthal, now so far away from him, since all communication between Antekirtta and the rest of the European continent seemed broken off. But the time approached when he should be strong enough to hear all.

Yes! To hear all, and that day, like the surgeon who operates, the Doctor would be insensible to the cries of the patient.

Several days slipped by. The young man's wound was completely healed. Already he could rise and seat himself at the window of his chamber. The Mediterranean sunshine came to caress him there, the quickening sea-breeze filled his lungs and gave him health and vigor. In spite of all, he felt himself renewed. Then his eyes would fasten obstinately on the limitless horizon, beyond which he would have gladly pierced, and reason was still sick with him. This vast extent of water around the unknown isle, was almost always deserted. Some coasters, Xebecs or Tartans or Polacks would appear in the distance, but never turn or veer about, to come alongside. Never any great trading-vessel, never any of the steamships, whose paths traverse the great European lake in every direction.

One had said truly that Antekirita was banished to the confines of the world. The 24th of July, the Doctor announced to Pierre Bathory, that upon the following afternoon he might take a walk, and offered to accompany him in his first outing.



"YOU WISH TO KNOW MY HISTORY, PIERRE."

"Doctor," said Pierre, "if I have trength enough to go out, I should have trength enough to listen to you." "To listen to me, Pierre? What do

on mean?"
"I mean that you knowall my history,
and I do not know yours!"

The Doctor regarded him attentively, not as friend but as physician who is bout to decide if he shall apply steel or fire to the quick-flesh of the patient. Then, seating himself near to him:

"You wish to know my history, Pierre? Then listen to me!"

CHAPTER II

"PAST AND PRESENT."

And from the first the history of Joctor Antekirtt, which begins at the noment when Count Mathias Sandorf recipitated himself into the waters of he Adriatic.

"Through the midst of this hail of hot, with which the last discharge of solice agents covered me, I passed safe nd sound. The night was very dark. They could not see me. The current arried me out and I could not have eturned even had I wished. I did not vish it moreover. Far better die than se taken again and thrown into—peruaps slaughtered in the donjon of Pisino. Should I succeed in saving myself, I

ould at least pass as one dead.

"Naught would longer impede me in
he work of justice, which I had sworn
o Count Zathmar, to your father, and
o myself, to accomplish, and which I
hall accomplish."

"A work of justice?" repeated Pierre, rhose eyes shown at this word so

"Yes, Pierre, and this work—you will mow, for it is in order to associate you with myself in it, that I have snatched you, dead like myself, yet living as nyself, from the cemetery of Ragusa!"

nyself, from the cemetery of Ragusa!"

At these words, Pierre Bathory felt
nimself carried backward fifteen years,
to the time when his father fell on the
place of arms of the Pisino fortress.

"Before me," resumed the Doctor, "lay the sea as far as the Italian seasoard. Good swimmer as I was, I could not pretend to traverse it. Unless procidentially succored, either by grasping some wrecked flotsam or by a strange ressel perceiving me on board. I was lestined to perish. But when one has risked one's life, one is very strong to lefend it, if possible,

"At first I had dived several times to scape their last shots. Then, when sertain I was no longer perceived, I kept myself on the surface and directed myself out to sea. My clothing troubled me little, being light and fitting closely to the body.

"It must have been half-past nine in the evening. According to my reckoning. I swam for more than an hour in a direction opposite from the coast, thusremoving myself from Rovigno whose lights disappeared one by one in the distance.

"Where was I going then, and what was my hope? I had none, Pierre, but I felt in me a strength to resist, a tenacity, a superhuman, sustaining will. It was not only my life which I sought to save, but my work in the future. And even at this moment, if any fishing bark had passed, I would have dived to avoid it. On this Austrian seaboard, how many traitors might I not still find, ready to deliver me up in order to receive their premium, how many Car-

penas for an honest Andrea Ferrato!

"It was even this, that happened at the end of the first hour. A craft appeared in the darkness, almost unexpectedly. She came from far out at sea and ran near as if to touch land. Being already fatigued, I lay upon my back, but instinctively, turned over again, in readiness to dive, A fishing-bark which lay to in one of the Istrian ports could not but suspect me.

ould not but suspect me.

"I was almost certain as to this.
One of the sailors cried out in a Dalma-

tion language to tack about.

"Of a sudden I dove, and the vessel,
before those in command could have
seen me, passed above my head.

"After a deep respiration, I breathed freely and continued on my way westward.
"The breeze fell lighter, the waves fell

with the wind, and I was carried out to sea on the wide sweeping surge, "Sometimes swimming, sometimes floating, I kept on farther and farther for about another hour. I saw but the

reach it. Fifty miles to cross the Adriatic! Yes! And I was willing to swim them! Yes! I would swim them. Ah! Pierre, you must go through such trials before you know of what man is capable, before you know what the human machine can do when all its mental and physical forces are combined!

"For the second hour I thus kept afloat. That part of the Adriatic was absolutely deserted. The last birds had left it to regain their hollows in the rocks. Overhead the gulls and mews no longer circled in couples and uttered their despairing screams.

"Although I felt no fatigue my arms became heavy, my legs seemed like lead. My fingers began to open, and I found it most difficult to keep my hands together. My head f lt as if it were a shot on my shoulders, and I began to lose the power of keeping myself on the surface.

"A kind of hallucination seized on me. The guidance of my thoughts escaped me. Strange associations of ideas arose in my troubled brain. I felt that I could no longer hear or see properly, but I fancied that some distance away from me a noise was being produced, and a light was approaching, and I was right in its road. And that proved to be the case.

"It must have been about midnight when a dull, distant booming arose in the east—a booming that I could not explain. A light flashed through my eyelids, which had shut in spite of all I could do. I tried to raise my head, and I could not do so without letting myself almost sink. Then I looked.

"I give you all these details, Pierre, because it is necessary you should know them, and through them know me as well!"

"There is no need of that, Doctor, none!" answered the young man. "Do you think my mother has never told me what sort of a man was Mathias Sandorf?" "She may have known Mathias Sandorf, Pierre, but Doctor Antekirtt she

does not know! And he it is you must know! Listen then! Hear me out!
"The noise I had heard was produced by a vessel coming from the east and bound for the Italian coast. The light was her white light hanging on her forestay—which showed her to be a steamer.

Her side lights I also saw, red at port and green at starboard, and as I saw them both together the steamer must have been bearing straight down on me.

"That moment was a critical one. In fact, the chances were that the steamer was an Austrian bound outwards from Trieste. To ask help from her was to put myself again in the power of the gendarmes of Rovigno. I resolved to do

nothing of the kind, but to take advantage of another means of safety that I had thought of.

"The steamer was a fast one. She grew rapidly larger as she neared me, and I saw the foam leaping off white from her bows. In less than two min-

utes she would cut through the place where I lay motionless.

"That the steamer was an Austrian I had no doubt, But there was nothing impossible in her destination being Brindisi and Otranto, or at least she might call there. If so she would arrive

in less than twenty-four hours.

"My decision was taken, and I waited.

Sure of being unseen in the darkness I kept myself in the steamer's path, and fortunately she slowed slightly as she gently rose and fell with the waves.

"At length the steamer reached me, her bow some twenty feet from the sea towered above me. I was wrapped in the feam as she cleft the sea, but I was not struck. I was grazed by the long iron hull, and I pushed myself away from it with my hands as it passed me. This only lasted for a second or so. Then I found her lines begin to curve in for her stern, and at the risk of being cut up by the screw I caught hold of the rudder.

"Fortunately the steamer had a full cargo, and her screw was deep down and did not strike above the water, else I should not have been able to get out of the whirlpool or retain my hold of the support to which I had clung. Like all steamships she had a pair of chains hanging from her stern and fixed on to the rudder, and I had seized one of these chains, pulled myself up to the ring to which it hung, and there I sat on the chain close to the stern post and just a few inches above the sea. I was

floating, I kept on farther and mritter in comparative safety.

for about another hour. I saw but the "Three hours elapsed and day broke object to attain, and not the road to I reckoned I would have to remain

where I was for another twenty hours if the steamer was going to call at Brindisi or Otrnato. What I should have to suffer most from would be hunger and thirst. The important thing for me was that I could not be seen from the deck nor even from the boat hung by the stern davits. Some vessel meeting us might, it is true, see me and signal me. But very few ships met us that day, and they

passed too far off for them to notice a

man hanging to the rudder-chains.

"A scorching sun soon dried ny clothes. Andrea Ferrato's three hundred florins were in my belt. They made me feel safe once I got to land. There I should have nothing to fear. In a foreign country Count Mathias Sandorf would have nothing to fear from the Aus rian police. There is no extradition for political refugees. But it was not enough that they should think my life was saved. I wished them to think I was dead. No one should know that the last fugitive from the donjon of Pisino had set foot on Italian soil.

"What I wished happened. The day passed without adventure. Night came. About ten o'clock in the evening I saw a light at regular intervals away to the southwest. It was the lighthouse at Brindist. Two hours afterwards the steamer was just outside the harbor.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Three More than Four.

In many of the Southern States the aegro farm hands work on what is known as the share system. The land-owner furnishes the land, mules and farm implements and advances the supplies. At the end of the crop season the laborer usually gets one-third of the product, corn, cotton, etc. A farmer in Sunflower County, Miss., in recontracting the first of the present year with his laborers for the year 1886 found several of them who were unwilling to remain with him for one-third of what they produced. "How much more do you want?" inquired the

"We wants a forf; dat's what Mister Mitcheli's gwine to gib hes han's dis yearh."

The farmer laughed and, calling to als wife, asked her to bring out a coupie of apple pies she had just baked, and when the pies were produced he out one of them into three equal parts and the other into four and invited the larkies to help themselves, each to a piece. It is needless to say that the pie that had been cut into three pieces was the one first attacke!

"Now," said the farmer, pointing to the thirds, "that is what I propose to give you, and that," pointing to the fourths, "is what you say Mr. Mitchell is going to give you; which had you rather have?"

The darkies opened their eyes and stared at one another, when the spokesman exclaimed:

"Well! dat pie business do prove dat a free is bigger'n a fo'. Whar dat contract, Marse Bob?"

The contract was produced and the last one of them signed it.—Detroit Free Press.

Col. Forney as an Actor.

Following on the heels of those theaters that I have mentioned comes that which stood on Chestnut street between North Queen and Prince streets, where the disused foundry of Harberger & McCully is now situated. Its entrance was near the northeast corner of the uilding on Chestnut street. The stage was at the west end of the place and was elevated five feet from the ground floor. It was in this old-time theater that Col. John W. Forney, who afterward played such a prominent part in national journalism and politics, made his bow to the public as an actor.

And, by the by, this reminds me of an interesting story of Forney, the truth of which I can myself substantiate, for I was present at the occurrence. The Connor Dramatic association, of which Forney was a member, had long been preparing to present the play of "William Tell." Cards of invitation had been extended to the friends of the members, and on the night of the proposed presentation a large and expectant crowd were in attendance. Forney assumed the title role of the piece and as William tell was to aboot the apple from his son's head and defy the tyrant Gesler. It was understood in advance that there was only to be a mock shooting, the boy to be placed behind one of the wings of the stage hidden from the audience. After the discharge of the bow an attendant was to rush upon the stage with an apple pierced by an arrow. Young Forney in his excitement shot the arrow into the audience. The attendant, knowing nothing of this, brought out the apple and arrow, as was his instruction, which brought down the house. The young actor's face was suffused with blushes, which became tenfold deeper when a small boy picked up a stray arrow, brought it to the stage and presented it to Forney with the piping exclamation: "Mister, here's your arrow." Had it not been for this untoward incident Mr. Forney might have won high hystrionic laurels, for it seems to have effectually dampened his Thespian ambition. - Lancaster Intelligeneer.

Magdalen Miller, of Greenville, Pa., is 90 years old, is in vigorous health, and has chewed tobacco for seventy years. The lesson conveyed by the record of this fine old lady is marred by the fact that so many people who have chewed tobacco have not lived to the age of 90. There seems to be no moral to the case at all.

A colored woman. Miss Carrie Bragg, is editor of The Virginia Lancet, published in Petersburg, Va., the only newspaper in the union conducted by a calored woman.

THE DOCTOR'S STORY

FROM THE FRENCH OF GUY DE MAU-PASSANT.

She was a Russian lady, the Countess Marie Baranow, a very great lady, exquisitely handsome, you know how beautiful they seem to us, with their fine noses, delicate mouths, eyes rather close together and of indiscribable grayish blue, and that cold grace of theirs, a little severe. They have something about them at once wicked and seductive, haughty and gentle, tender and harsh, which is very charming to a Frenchman. But, after all, it may be only the difference of race and type which causes me to see so much in them.

Her physician had, for several years

Her physician had for several years tried to induce her to settle in the south of France, as he observed that she was threatened with consumption. But she obstinately refused to leave St. Petersburg. Finally, last autumn, believing her life at stake, the doctor warned her husband, who immediately ordered his wife to leave for Menton.

She took the train, choosing to remain all by herself in the car, while her servants occupied another compartment. She leaned out at the door, a little sad, as she watched the fields and villages passing by—feeling herself very isolat ed, very lonely in that life of hers, without children, almost without relatives, with a husband whose love had grown cold, and who was sending her thus far away to another part of the world, without as much as offering to a sick patient to the hospital.

a sick patient to the hospital.

At each station her servant Ivan regularly came to the door to find if his mistress needed anything. He was an aged domestic, blindly devoted to her, and ready to fulfill any order that she could possibly give him. Night came on, and the train was rushing forward at full speed. She could not sleep, for excess of nervousness. Suddenly the idea occurred to her to count the money her husband had placed in her hand at the last moment, in gold coin of France. She opened her little bag and emptied the shining mass of metal into her lap.

the shining mass of metal into her lap.

Just then a whiff of cold air smote her in the face. She lifted her head in surprise. The door of the railroad car had just opened. Hastily the Countess Marie dropped her shawl over the money lying in her lap and waited. A second later a man entered, bareheaded, wounded in his hand, panting violently and attired ir evening full dress. He closed the door, sat down, gazed at his neighbor with glittering eyes and commenced to bind a handkerchief about his bleeding wrist.

The young woman felt herself ready to faint with fear. That man certainly must have seen her counting the gold, and he had come in only to rob and murder her.

He kept his gaze upon her, still out of breath as he was, his face working strangely, as though he were preparing to leap upon her.

Then be said sharply:
"Don't be afraid, madam!"

She could not speak; there was a sound of buzzing in her ears, and she could hear her own heart beat.

He spoke again. "I am not a criminal, madam."

Speechless with fear, she could answer nothing, but in the sudden movement of her start at the sound of his voice her knees coming together caused the gold to trickle down upon the floor piece by piece, as the water trickles from a spout.

The man observed with surprise the falling stream of gold pieces, and suddenly bent down to pick them up.

Then wild with fear she reset to her

Then, wild with fear, she rose to her feet, dropping all her fortune on the floor, and rushed toward the entrance to leap out upon the track. But he comprehended what she was going to do, and turning, seized her in his arms, reseated her by force, and grasping her wrists, exclaimed:

"Listen to me, madam. I am not a robber; and the proof is that I am going to pick up all your money and give it back to you. But I am a lost man-I am a dead man-if you do not aid me to pass the frontier. I can tell you nothing more. In another hour we shall reach the last Russian station; in one hour and twenty minutes we shall cross the frontier line. If you do not succor me, I am lost. And nevertheless, madam, I swear to you that I have not killed anybody, stole anything, or done one dishonorable act. This I swear to you. But I cannot tell you anything more."

And, going down upon his knees he picked up every coin to the very last, seeking the gold pieces under the benches, and grasping after those which had rolled into obscure places. Then, when the little leather bag was full again, he handed it to his neighbor without a word, and retired to a corner of the car, where he sat down. Neither of them made the least movement. She remained motionless and dumb, still faint with terror, but gradually becoming calm. As for him, he made not a gesture, not a sign; he remained sitting erect and immobile, with eyes looking straight before him, and so pale that he seemed to be dead. From time to time she cast a quick side glance at him, which was as quickly turned away. He was a man of about thirty, very handsome, with all the outward appearance of a gentleman.

The train rushed on through the darkness, flinging out its piercing shrickes to the night, sometimes slackening its pace a moment, only to start off again under full steam. But at last its course became steadily slow, it whistled several times, and stopped short.

Ivan appeared at the door to receive

The Countes Marie gave a final look at her strange traveling companion, and then said brusquely to her servant:

"Ivan, thou will now return to the

count; I shall have no more need of thee. Stupefied, the man opened his eyes enormously. He began to stammer

"But-Varinel"

"No, thou shalt not come: I have changed my mind; I prefer thou shouldst remain in Russia. Here, this is the money to pay thy way.

this is the money to pay thy way.

Give me thy cap and cloak, quickly?"

Dumbfounded, the old servant took off his cap and cloak, obeying without a word—accustomed as he was to the sudden whims and irresistible caprice of masters. And he went away with

tears in his eyes.

Again the train started, making for the frontier.

Then the Countess Marie said to her neighbor:

"These things are for you, sir. You are now my servant, Ivan. I place but one condition upon what I do—namely, that you never speak to me, that you do not utter one single word, neither to thank me, nor for any other cause whatsoever."

The stranger bowed without speak-

Soon they stopped again; and uniform officials entered the train. The countess showed them her papers, and pointing to the man seated in the further end of the car, said:

"This is my servant Ivan, and this is

his passport,"
The train moved on.

For the rest of the night they sall alone together, without speaking.

At dawn, as they halted at a German station, the stranger got out. Then, standing near the window of the car door, he said:

"Pardon me, madam, for breaking my promise, but as I have deprived you of your servant, it is just that I should replace him. Do you need anything?"

She replied, coldly:
"Go and tell my waiting maid to

He did so, and disappeared.
But later on, when she got out to take
some refreshments, she saw him stand-

ing at a distance, watching her. And they arrived at Menton.

The doctor paused at this stage of the story. After a few moments, he re-

well, one day, as I was receiving clients in my office, a fine, tall man came in, who said to me:

"Doctor, I come to ask you for news of the Countess Marie Baranow. I am—although she does not know me—a friend of her husband."

I replied:

"There is no hope for her, I regret to say. She will never return to Russia."

And all of a sudden the man burst into a passion of sobs; then he rose, and staggered from the room like a drunken man.

The same evening I told the Countess that a stranger had called at my office to inquire about her health. She seemed to be affected, and then told me the whole story just as I told it to you. And she added:

"That man, whom I do not know, now follows me everywhere, like my own shadow. I meet him every time I go out; he looks at me in a strange way, but now provided "

but never speaks."

She paused thoroughly a moment, and then exclaimed:

"See! I am willing to wager that he is this moment before the window."

She rose from her reclining chair,

She rose from her reclining chair, went to the window, lifted the curtain aside, and there, sure enough was the man who had come to my office—sitting on a bench of the public promenade, with eyes fixed on the windows of the residence. He observed us, rose, and walked away without once turning to look.

Then I became the witness of a very astonishing thing—the mute love of those two beings, neither of whom knew the other.

the other.

He loved her with the devotion of a rescued animal—grateful and devoted to the death. He came every day to see me, with the question, "How is she?"—comprehending that I had divined his secret. And he used to weep fearfully at seeing her passing by, whiter and weaker every day.

She would say to me:
"I only spoke once to that singular
man, and it seems to me as though I
had known him for twenty years."

And when you they met she returned

And whenever they met she returned his salute with a grave and tender smile. I felt that she was happy, all lonely as she was, and knowing herself doomed to die—I knew that she felt happy just at being loved in that strange way, with such respect and such constancy, with such romantic exaggeration, with such supreme devotion. And for all that, still obstinate in her exaltation, she persistently and desperately refused to receive him, to learn his name, or to speak to him.

She would always say:

"No, no! it would spoil this strange friendship. We must always remain unknown to each other."

As for him, he was certainly Qnixotic; for he never tried to bring himself any nearer to her. He had resolved to keep to the very end the absurd promise he had made her in the railroad car.

Very often during her long hours of weakness, she would get up from her reclining chair and peep through the curtains to see if he was there—under her window. And when she had seen him, always, sitting motionless on his bench, she would go back and lie down with a smile on her lips.

She died at last one morning—about 10 o'clock. As I was leaving the house I saw him hastening to me, with agony in his face—he already knew all.

"I would like to look at her for one second," he said, "in your presence."

I took his arm and re-entered the house.

When he found himself beside the death-bed he seized her hand and kissed it with an interminable kiss, then he rushed away like a mad man.

The doctor paused again, and added:
"This is certainly the strangest railroad adventure I ever knew. And I
must say it taught me what queer foods
men can be."

"Then a woman murmured in a halfaudible voice:

"Those two people were not so feelish as you thing—they were—they were—"
But she cried so that she could not speak. And as they changed the subject of conversation in order to calm her, no one ever knew what she had been trying to say.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.