

THE DISAPPOINTED.

There are songs enough for the hero,
Who dwells on the heights of fame;
I sing for the disappointed,
For those who missed their aim.
I sing with a tearful cadence
For one who stands in the dark,
And knows that his last, best arrow
Has bounded back from the mark.
I sing for the breathless runner,
The eager, anxious soul,
Who falls with his strength exhausted
Almost in sight of the goal.
For the hearts that break in silence
With a sorrow all unknown;
For those who need companions
Yet walk their ways alone.
There are songs enough for the lovers
Who share love's tender pain;
I sing for the one whose passion
Is given and in vain.
For those whose spirit comrades
Have missed them on the way,
I sing with a heart overflowing
This minor strain to-day.
And know the solar system
Must somewhere keep in pace
A prize for that spent runner
Who barely lost the race.
For the plan would be imperfect
Unless it held some sphere
That paid for the toil and talent
And love that are wasted here.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in Good Cheer.

Sandorf's Revenge.

A SEQUEL TO MATHIAS SANDORF AND DOCTOR ANTEKIRT.

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 IV.

EVENTS AT RAGUSA.

Meanwhile what was taking place at Ragusa?

Madame Bathory no longer lived there. After her son's death, Borik and a few of her friends persuaded her to give up the house in the Rue Marinella. At first it seemed as though the unhappy mother had been driven mad; and strong-minded though she was, she had really given signs of derangement that alarmed her physicians. Under their advice she was removed to the little village of Vinticello, where a friend of her family was living. There she would receive every attention; but what consolation could they offer to the mother and the wife who had suffered twice over in her love for her husband and her son?

Her old servant would not leave her, and the house in the Rue Marinella having been shut up, he had followed to Vinticello to become the humble and assiduous confidant in her sorrows. They had ceased altogether to trouble themselves about Sava Toronthal, and were even unaware that the marriage had been put off for some time. And in fact the young lady's health necessitated her keeping to her bed. She had received a blow as unexpected as it was terrible to her. He whom she loved was dead—dead of despair probably! And it was his corpse they were taking to the grave at the very moment she was leaving the house on her way to her hateful wedding! For ten days, that is till the 16th of July, Sava was in a most alarming state. Her mother would not leave her. Moreover, that care and attention was the last her mother could give, for she herself had received a fatal blow.

During these long hours what thoughts were interchanged between mother and daughter? We can imagine, and we need not enlarge on them. Two names were of constant recurrence amid their sobs and tears—one, that of Sarcany, to be cursed, the other, that of Pierre, to be wept over.

From these conversations, in which Sava Toronthal refrained from taking part—for he even avoided seeing his daughter—it resulted that Madame Toronthal made one more appeal to her husband. She asked him to consent to break off a marriage which Sava regarded only with fear and horror.

The banker remained unmoved in his resolution. Had he been left to himself he might have yielded, but in the power of his accomplice, more even than may be imagined, he refused to listen to his wife. The marriage of Sava and Sarcany was decided on, and it would take place as soon as the state of her health would allow.

It is easy to imagine what was Sarcany's irritation when this unexpected incident intervened, with what ill-dissembled anger he saw his game interfered with, and with what persistency he attacked Toronthal. It was only a delay, doubtless, but the delay if prolonged would lead to the collapse of the whole scheme on which he had arranged his future.

And, besides, he knew that Sava felt for him nothing but insurmountable aversion.

And what would this aversion become if the young lady suspected that Pierre Bathory had been stabbed by the man who was forced upon her as a husband? For his part he was only too pleased at having had the chance of getting rid of his rival. Not a shade of remorse did he feel, so dead was he to every human sentiment.

"It is lucky," said he one day to Toronthal, "that that fellow thought of killing himself! There might have been too many Bathorys! Heaven does indeed protect us!"

And who was there left of these three families of Sandorf, Zathmar and Bathory? An old woman whose days were numbered! Yes! Heaven did seem to protect the scoundrels, and assuredly would carry its protection to its extreme limits the day that Sarcany became the husband of Sava Toronthal!

Nevertheless it appeared as though Heaven were trying people's patience

very much, for the delay as to the marriage grew more and more prolonged.

No sooner had Sava recovered—physically that is—and Sarcany was again thinking of realizing his projects, than Madame Toronthal fell ill. She had indeed lived out her life. After all that had occurred at Trieste, when she learnt to what a scoundrel she was bound, after; all her troubles about Pierre in whom she had tried to repair the wrong done to his family, after all she had suffered since Sarcany's unwelcome return, her illness could hardly be wondered at.

From the first it was evident that her illness would be fatal. A few days of life was all that her doctors could promise her. She was dying of exhaustion. Nothing could save her, even if Pierre Bathory could rise from his grave to become her daughter's husband.

Sava could now return with interest the care and attention she had received from her, and never left her bedside by night or day.

What Sarcany felt at this delay can be imagined. Daily he came to abuse the banker who like him was powerless. All they could do was to wait for the end.

On the 20th of July Madame Toronthal seemed to have recovered a little of her strength; and then fell into a burning fever, which threatened to carry her off in forty-eight hours.

In this fever she was seized with delirium; she began to wander in her mind, and many unintelligible phrases escaped her.

One word—one name repeated incessantly—came as a surprise to Sava. It was that of Bathory, not the name of the young man, but that of his mother, that the sick woman appealed to, prayed to, and returned to again and again as if she was assailed with remorse.

"Pardon! madame! Forgive me!" And when madame during a lull in the fever was interrogated by her daughter—

"Hush! Sava! Hush! I said nothing!" she exclaimed in terror.

The night between the 30th and 31st of July arrived. For a little the doctors might think that the fever having reached its maximum was about to subside. During the day she had been better, there had been no mental troubles, and the change in the patient seemed somewhat surprising. The night promised to be as calm as the day.

But if so, Madame Toronthal on the point of death discovered an energy of which she had previously thought herself incapable. She had made her peace with God, and taken a resolution which she only waited for the opportunity to carry out.

That night she insisted that Sava should go to bed for a few hours. Although she strongly objected to leave her, yet she did not think it right to disobey her mother's commands; and about eleven o'clock she went to her own room.

Madame Toronthal was then alone. All in the house were asleep, and a silence reigned which has been aptly named the silence of death.

Madame Toronthal rose from her bed, and this sick woman whom all thought too feeble to make even the slightest movement, dressed herself, and sat down in front of her writing-table.

There she took a sheet of letter paper and with trembling hand wrote a few lines and signed them. Then she slipped the letter into an envelope, which she sealed and which she thus addressed:—"Madame Bathory, Rue Marinella, Stradone, Ragusa."

Madame Toronthal then making a great effort to overcome the fatigue she had thus caused herself, opened the door of her room, descended the main staircase, crossed the courtyard, and by the small side gate let herself out into the Stradone.

The Stradone was then dark and deserted, for it was nearly midnight.

With tottering steps Madame Toronthal went along the pavement to the left, for some fifty yards or so, and stopped before a post-box into which she threw her letter. And then she returned to the hotel.

But all the strength she had mustered was now exhausted and she fell helpless and motionless on the step of the side gate. There an hour afterwards she was found; there Toronthal and Sava were brought to recognize her, and from there they took her back to her room before she recovered her consciousness.

The next day Toronthal informed Sarcany of what had happened. Neither one nor the other suspected that Madame Toronthal had gone that night to post a letter in the Stradone. But why had he gone out of the house? They were unable to explain, and it proved to them a subject of great anxiety.

The sick woman lingered for another twenty-four hours; she gave no sign of life except an occasional convulsive sob, that showed her end was near. Sava held her hand as if to hold her back to the world where she had found herself so cast aside.

But her mother's month was now silent, and the name of Bathory no longer escaped from her lips. Doubtless her conscience had been quieted, her last wish had been accomplished, and she had neither prayer to make nor pardon to ask.

The following night about three o'clock, while Sava was bending over her, the dying woman moved, and her hand seemed to feel for her daughter's hand.

As the hands touched, her eyes half opened. Then she looked at Sava; the look could not be misunderstood.

"Mother," said Sava, "what do you want?"

Madame Toronthal gave a slight nod.

"To speak to me?"

"Yes!" said she distinctly.

Sava bent down over her pillow; and another gesture from her mother showed that she wished her to come still closer.

Sava laid her head beside her mother's.

"My child, I am going to die!"

"Mother—mother!"

"Lower!" whispered Madame Toronthal. "Lower! Let no one hear me!"

Then, with an effort—

"Sava," she said, "I have to ask your forgiveness for the injury I have done you—the injury I had not the courage to stop."

"You—mother! You do me injury!"

Ask my forgiveness?"

"Kiss me, Sava! Yes, the last kiss! That tells me you forgive me."

The girl gently pressed her lips on the pallid forehead, and the dying woman folded her arms round her neck, and raising herself slightly looked at her with terrible earnestness.

"Sava!" she said, "Sava—you are not Sava Toronthal's daughter! You are not my daughter! Your father—"

She was unable to finish the sentence. A final convulsion threw her back into Sava's arms, and she died with the last word on her lips.

The girl was bending over a corpse! She tried to bring it back to life—in vain. Then she called for help; and Sava Toronthal was one of the first to reach his wife's room.

As she saw him, Sava, seized with an irresistible feeling of repulsion, recoiled before the man whom she had now the right to despise and hate—for he was no longer her father! The dying woman had said so, and people do not die with a lie on their lips. And then she fled, terrified at what she had been told by the unhappy woman who had loved her as a daughter—still more terrified perhaps at her not having had time to tell her more.

The next day but one the funeral of Madame Toronthal took place with much ostentation. The crowd of friends that all rich men have surrounded the banker. Near him walked Sarcany, affirming by his presence that nothing had changed his plans of becoming one of the Toronthal family. Such was his hope, but if he were ever to realize it he had many more obstacles to surmount, although his idea was that Sava was left more completely at his mercy; circumstances were more favorable to the accomplishment of his schemes.

The delay caused by Madame Toronthal's illness was still further prolonged by her death. While the family was in mourning there could be no question of marriage. Etiquette required that at least several months should elapse before anything of the sort could take place.

This was of course very galling to Sarcany, who was in haste to attain his object; but he was forced to respect the usages of society, although many lively explanations were exchanged between him and Toronthal. And these interviews always ended with a remark by the banker to the effect that—

"I can do nothing more, and besides if the marriage comes off within five months you have no reason to be anxious."

Evidently these two men understood each other; although Sarcany constantly showed an amount of irritation that often led to a violent scene. One thing puzzled them both, and that was the action of Madame Toronthal just before she died. The idea even occurred to Sarcany that she had gone out to post a letter whose destination she did not wish to be known.

"If that is it," repeated Sarcany, "that letter threatens us directly and seriously. Your wife always upheld Sava against me, she even hoped my rival, and who knows but that in her death agony she did not find strength for which we did not give her credit, to betray our secrets? In that case had we not better take the initiative and leave the place where you and I have more to lose than gain?"

"If that letter threatened us," said Toronthal, "a few days later, the threat would have produced its effect before now, and yet nothing had happened."

To this argument Sarcany had no reply. If Madame Toronthal's letter referred to his future plans, there had as yet been no result from it, and there seemed to be no danger. When the danger showed itself it would be time enough to act.

Before a fortnight after the death something did happen very different to what they had expected.

Sava had kept herself to her room, and no longer appeared at meal-times. The banker, who was very angry with her, did not care for an interview which might prove embarrassing. He therefore let her do as she pleased and kept away from her side of the house.

More than once Sarcany had blamed him for allowing such a state of things to continue. He had now no opportunity of meeting the girl, and that did not agree with his ulterior plans, as he very clearly explained to the banker.

Although there could be no question of the wedding taking place in the early months of mourning, yet he did not wish Sava to become accustomed to the idea that the match had been broken off.

At last Sarcany became so impatient and exacting, that on the 16th of August Toronthal informed Sava that he wished to see her during the evening. As he also told her that Sarcany desired to be present at the interview he expected a refusal. He did not get one; Sava replied that she would obey his orders.

The evening came. Toronthal and Sarcany impatiently awaited her in the drawing-room; the latter intending to listen rather than to speak, to find out if there was what were the young lady's secret thoughts, for he could not help fearing that she knew more of certain matters than they supposed.

Sava entered the room at the appointed time. Sarcany rose when she appeared, but she merely greeted him with a slight inclination of her head. She did not seem to have seen him, or rather she did not wish to have seen him.

At a sign from Toronthal Sava sat down. Her pale face looked even paler in her deep black dress; for with every sign of indifference she waited for the banker to begin.

"Sava," said he, "I respect the grief your mother's death has caused you, and I have not troubled your solitude. But these sad events have necessarily had a certain influence on matters of interest to you, and although you have not attained your majority, it is well that you should now know what portion of the inheritance—"

"If it is only the money," answered Sava, "there is no need for us to say anything more about it! I claim no part in the inheritance you mention."

Sarcany gave a start which indicated a good deal of disappointment, and also, maybe, a certain surprise not

unmixed with anxiety.

"I think, Sava," continued Toronthal, "that you misunderstood me. Whether you wish it or not, you are the heiress of Madame Toronthal, your mother, and law obliges me to give you an account of it when you come of age—"

"Not if I renounce the succession!" was the tranquil reply.

"And why?"

"Because I have no right to it."

The banker rose from his arm-chair. The reply was quite unexpected by him.

Sarcany said nothing. In his eyes Sava was merely playing a game, and he was devoting himself entirely to seeing what that game was.

"I do not know, Sava," said Toronthal, angry at the girl's coolness. "I do not know what your words mean, nor who has dictated to you. I am only discussing right and law. You are under my guardianship, and you are not in a position to refuse or accept. You would do well then to submit to the authority of your father. You do not dispute it, I believe?"

"Perhaps I do."

"Indeed," exclaimed Toronthal, who began to lose the little coolness he had felt. "Indeed! But you speak three years too soon. Sava! When you attain your majority you can do what you like with your fortune! At present your interests are entrusted to me, and I will look after them as I think fit."

"Well," answered Sava, "I am waiting."

"Waiting for what?" replied the banker. "You forget that the position will change as soon as propriety admits. You will then have less right to manage your fortune when you are not the only one interested in the business—"

"Yes!—the business?" answered Sava, with contempt.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

From the Journal of the House.

Feb. 1.—The Hon. Mr. Leatherlung, on the floor in opposition to the Hon. Mr. Blowgun's bill for the annexation of the North pole: "Sir, this vicious scheme of a vicious demagogue—for I cannot dignify the one by calling it a measure or his author a statesman—is worthy of the dishonest heart and corrupt brain in which it had its foul and dishonorable origin. Robbery lurks in the very title of this outrageous bill; pillage is hidden in every line; villany, hypocrisy, shameless mendacity, and measureless greed stain every page; and all the foul blots of the mar and pollute the fair paper upon which it is printed—all the thievery and jobbery that lurk like moral poison and political corruption in its lines, fed with festering pollution and hideous with moral deformity—are characteristic of the infamous author of this infamous measure; a man who daily degrades American politics, shame, and outrages honest statesmanship, and disgraces—eternally disgraces—the chair he occupies and the deluded constituency he so basely misrepresents; a man whose heart never yet throbbled with an honest motive or generous impulse. Sir, I have done."

Feb. 3.—The Hon. Mr. Leatherlung, rising to announce to the house the death of his esteemed colleague, the Hon. Mr. Blowgun, said: "Sir, my recent tongue would cleave in abject shame to the roof of my mouth, and my right arm would forevermore drop in palsied helplessness to my side, did I permit this occasion to pass by without paying my humble but heartfelt tribute to the memory of that great man who has passed away just at a time when his country could least spare him; just when the republic most needs his clear brain, his pure character, his honest heart and his faultless statesmanship. No truer man, loftier and nobler in every characteristic of perfect manhood, ever embodied the profession of politics, adorned the loftiest paths of statesmanship, or honored—yes, sir, honored—this house by his presence. Legislation was purified by the touch of his hand; jobbery, corruption, scheming politics fled from his coming as the darkness flies from the light. That his name was ever connected with any measure was ever sufficient to inspire confidence and fullest support. Although it was my misfortune [weeps] to differ with this mighty mind on some minor questions of a political nature, yet never, by thought or word, did I impute to him, or even think the hideous thought of imputing to him, ought save only the purest, loftiest motives of a soul incorruptibly honest. Sir, I have done." [Everybody weeps, save only except the reporters, who never weep.]—*Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.*

Woman Makes the Home.

We assert, as a rule, the whole tone of a home depends upon the woman at the head of it—the average home; not the poverty-stricken home nor the wealthy home. In this average home, whether the parlor shall be used or enjoyed, whether the table shall be invitingly spread, whether bright lights and bright fires shall give warmth and cheer on winter nights—whether, in brief, the home shall be an agreeable or disagreeable place, is usually what the woman determines. Men are powerless in the matter. Some find solace for a dismal home in study; some occupation in business, some submit with what patience they can; others are attracted by the cheer of the public houses, and it is especially young men who are apt, in consequence, to drift into bad company and bad habits. There are men and men. Our whole argument refers to individuals among men who succumb to bad influences—not the sex, but a class.—*Appleton's Journal.*

The Professor Posed.

Professor—"How could anyone write such flat verses?"

Popular Author—"I don't agree with you, sir; and I ought to say that the words are mine."

Professor—"Oh, I beg your pardon! I mean that they are so horribly bungled by the woman reading them. Who is she?"

Popular Author—"She is my wife, sir."—*Boston Beacon.*

A Fascinating Stranger.

Washington Letter in Chicago Inter-Ocean.

There has been a good deal of suppressed excitement at one of the fashionable hotels recently. Early in the month a fine-looking gentleman of middle age, accompanied by a handsome and richly dressed lady, arrived, registered, and settled down to enjoy Washington society. They were such nice-looking and well-bred people that everybody in the house was glad to make their acquaintance. They appeared to be rich and lavish in their extravagance. Scarcely a day passed but the madam wanted some of the ladies to ride, and when they were not going out to a reception or the theatre with the most reputable guests in the house, they were having a card party or a supper in their rooms. The couple had not been in the house a week before they knew everybody, and everybody not only knew them, but unanimously voted them a most valuable acquisition to society. The madam gave a gorgeous dinner, the finest that has been given at the hotel this winter, and it could not have been surpassed. Each lady, as usual, received a corsage bouquet, and, to the surprise and delight of all, each was accompanied by a handsome pin to fasten it on—pins of real gold and real jewels worth from \$25 to \$50. They were nothing, however, the madam said, but the souvenirs of the occasion—scarcely worth mentioning, but those who got them were gratified, while those who did not were not.

The gentleman was considered a sort of Monte Cristo in a small way so lavish was he in his outlays and the mystery of his origin made him more than ever an object of interest. Nobody knew where he came from, all the newly made friends could say that he had mines or was a speculator or was in some other business that paid well, they could not say exactly what, but they soon discovered. Not long ago a dreadful policeman came and took Mr. Monte Cristo to the station house, and he was called up before Judge Snell to answer to the charge of being a common swindler. The detectives say that he has played this game in Chicago and Milwaukee and many other cities very successfully, and that he is about \$20,000 ahead in his operations here. His well-bred wife is said to be a most skillful operator, and throws dust in the eyes of the people he is working. This time it was gold dust and corsage pins and dinners.

The Marriage Service Amended.

From the Boston Traveller.

An Episcopal clergyman, settled in one of the manufacturing towns in Southeastern Massachusetts, not long ago was entertaining some callers in the parlor one evening when there came a ring of the door bell. The servant announced that a lady and gentleman wished to see the clergyman. Excusing himself to the company, the clergyman entered his study and found awaiting him a man and woman, evidently about 25 or 30 years of age, whose appearance and accent at once betrayed them to be foreigners. The couple said that they were natives of Sweden and had sought the minister, wishing to be married. By inquiry the clergyman soon found out that the couple knew but very little about the Episcopal marriage service, or, for that matter, much about the English language. The Rev. Mr. A. explained the service to the happy pair so that he thought they understood it, expatiating especially on the words "I, A., take thee, B., to be my wedded wife," &c. "And," said the clergyman, "remember, when we come to that place you must say the words 'after me.'" The couple then went into the parlor, the clergyman thinking that the company might act as witnesses. The service proceeded smoothly and with all its solemnity until the betrothal was reached. The clergyman said very seriously, I, Gustavus, take thee, Gretchen, to be my wedded wife," when up spoke the groom, and in a most emphatic manner exclaimed "After me." This answer broke in upon the solemnity of the occasion, but the couple went away unconscious that they had said anything unusual.

Debate in a School Lyeum.

The "Editors Drawer" in Harper's Monthly is prolific of good stories. Here is a laughable thing in the latest issue:

A western correspondent sends the following: I recently listened to a debate in one of the school lyeumns of this city upon the novel and momentous question of "woman suffrage."

The debater upon the "anti-woman" side was doubtless engaged in his first effort, and this fact, together with a slight impediment of speech and a most original series of arguments, combined to produce one of the funniest and most unanswerable speeches that I had ever heard. Here it is, almost in full:

"Ladies and gentlemen, the first thing to find out is w-w-what man was made for, and what w-woman was made for. God created Adam first, and put him in the garden of Eden. Then he made Eve, and p-put her there too. If he hadn't created Eve, there never would have been all the s-s-sin there is now in this w-world. If he hadn't made Eve, she never would have p-p-picked the apple and eaten it. N-n-no, she never would have picked it and g-given it to Adam to eat. Paul in his epistles says w-women should k-k-keep still. And besides, l-ladies and gentlemen, women couldn't fill the offices. I d-d-defy any one to p-p-point out a woman in this city or c-county that could be sheriff. Would a woman t-t-turn out in the dead of night to track and arrest a m-m-murderer? I say n-no! Ten to one she would clope w-w-with him!"

And amid thunders of applause and laughter the gallant defender of man's rights triumphantly took his seat.

Postal Savings Banks.

From Harper's Weekly.

There are about \$150,000,000 of savings in the savings banks of New York, and from \$12,000,000 to \$15,000,000 are deposited annually. In the city of New York during less than seven years twenty-two savings banks failed, and 76,834 depositors from among the poorest people lost \$4,575,061. During the two years that Mr. Fairchild was attorney general of the state he was officially obliged to put into bankruptcy institutions representing about \$1,000,000 of savings, and he says that the state laws were unable to help the depositors, who had absolutely nothing to depend upon but the good faith of the managers. These facts show what an uncertain reliance for the very poor even these excellent institutions are. But there is another important fact, and that is the unequal distribution of savings banks, so that in some parts of the country where they would be of the greatest service they do not exist.

In his report for 1880 Comptroller Knox said that in New England there were 422 such banks, and in the middle states 181. But in the western states and territories there were but fifty, and in the southern states only five. The committee on the postoffice reported to the house of representatives in 1882 that in the dense population of New England there is a savings bank to every 9,433 persons; but in the other thirty-two states the average is but one bank to every 225,000 persons. To supply the people of these states as New England is supplied would require nearly 5,000 banks more. This situation, and the great desirability of furnishing both a convenient and a secure place of deposit for the savings of the poorest persons, have led to the suggestion of government or postal savings banks. In England the plan was proposed eighty years ago. But it was stoutly and successfully resisted for fifty-four years, until in 1861 300 postal banks were opened in England for business. At the close of the first year there were 2,635 postoffices engaged in savings-bank business, and the amount of deposits was \$8,270,336.27, and at the close of the year 1880 the amount was \$164,336,383.19. The postoffice pays two and a half per cent. interest on deposits.

The feasibility and value of the system have been so fully demonstrated in England, and its convenience and desirability here are so clear, that the committee recommended the passage of a carefully-prepared bill establishing such banks to pay interest at two per cent., to be paid from the investment in United States bonds or bonds guaranteed by the United States. The interest should be low, so as to promote withdrawal of proper sums to be invested elsewhere. When, in the course of paying off the national obligations, interest could be paid no longer, there would remain absolute security for the depositor. It is not a scheme to supersede private savings banks. On the contrary, in England the private banks held on deposit in 1876 about \$10,000,000 more than in the year before the opening of the postal banks. The scheme conflicts with private banks only as the postal carriage of merchandise conflicts with the express companies. Both have plenty of business. The postal banks have been urgently recommended by postmasters general and committees of congress, and it is understood that the present committee is favorably inclined to the bill. The system is so convenient and excellent that its friends will not be disheartened by any disappointment, and the plan will be pushed until its usefulness secures its adoption.

A Policeman's Perilous Adventure.

Interview with a New York Policeman.

"Policemen frequently get into tight places. When they get out of them alive, and think what they have gone through, I have seen the most stout-hearted of them shake a little. A good man will never know his danger till it is over. If he should stop to think when there are many chances against him he would be likely to lose his grit. He must think and act like a flash. Hunting for a thief in a dark house is what will try a man. The recollection of places I have been in at times during my long experience as an officer will bring on a chill of fright. I well remember a lively burglar I went after many years ago. An alarm had been given, and I had him located in the second story of a high building. He was calmly picking out the most valuable articles to take away when I surprised him. He was a tall, sinewy and slippery fellow, and at the first sound I made he made a leap as if shot from a cannon. Up the stairs he flew like a streak, and I went after him. He evidently knew the building; I did not, and hit every obstruction I could find. He gained the roof when I was half-way up the stairs leading to the scuttle, and when I got there I could just see his figure in the darkness going like the wind. I followed him without hesitation and when he got to the side of the house he stood a second and then jumped. I was going so fast that I went right off the house without knowing where I would land. It seemed in the confusion as if I went down fifty feet before I struck anything. Then I landed square on my feet with a force that nearly shook my teeth out. I thought for a moment that I had fallen between two houses. I was right on the thief's heels and before he could take a step, I caught him. I was sore from that fall and I did not put a tender grip on the fellow. He did not struggle and I took him in quietly. The next day I went around to look at the houses, and found that I had jumped from one roof to another, a distance of from fifteen to twenty feet. I never got over the shock from that jump. My ankle was severely sprained, and though many years have since passed, the ankle is still barometrical—indicates an approaching storm and is exceedingly painful at times in damp weather."