

THE ELEVENS.

Two times 'leven are twenty-two;
Kitty, don't I wish 'twas you.
'Stead of me, had this to do!

Sandorf's Revenge.

A SEQUEL TO MATHIAS SANDORF AND DOCTOR ANTEKIRTI.

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.—CONTINUED.

"Believe me," said Sarcany, aroused by the word, which had been pronounced in a tone of the most scathing disdain, "believe me that a more honorable sentiment—"

Sava did not seem to hear him, and kept her eyes fixed on the banker, who continued angrily: "Not the only one—for your mother's death in no way has altered our plans."

"What plans?" asked the girl. "The marriage you pretend to forget, and which will make Mr. Sarcany my son-in-law."

"Are you sure that this marriage will make Mr. Sarcany your son-in-law?" The insinuation this time was so direct that Toronthal would have left the room to hide his confusion.

"Listen, my father," said Sava, "and it is for the last time I give you my title. It is not I, Mr. Sarcany, who wants to marry; he wants to marry the fortune that I abandon from to-day! Great as may be his impudence he dare not deny it! You remind me that I had consented to this marriage, and my reply is easy. Yes, I would have sacrificed myself, when I thought my father's honor was at stake; but my father, you know well, is in no way concerned in this hateful scheme! If you wish to enrich Mr. Sarcany, give him your money! That is all he wants!"

The girl rose, and walked towards the door. "Sava," said Toronthal, barring the way, "there is in your words—such incoherence that I do not understand them—that you probably do not understand them yourself. Has the death of your mother—?"

"My mother!—Yes, she was my mother—in her feelings towards me!" "If grief has not deprived you of reason," continued Toronthal, who heard only himself; "yes! if you are not mad—"

"Mad!" "But what I have resolved on shall take place, and before six months have elapsed you shall be Sarcany's wife."

"Never!" "I know how to compel you." "And by what right?" answered the girl indignantly.

"The right given me by my paternal authority." "You—sir!—You are not my father, and my name is not Sava Toronthal!"

At these words the banker stepped back speechless, and the girl without even turning her head walked out of the room.

Sarcany, who had been carefully watching Sava during the interview, was not surprised at the way it ended. He had suspected it. What he feared had taken place. Sava knew that she was bound by no tie to the Toronthals.

The banker was overwhelmed at the unexpected blow. He was hardly master of himself. Sarcany therefore began to sum up the case as it stood, while he simply listened. Besides, he could have nothing but approval for what his old accomplice proposed with so much indisputable logic.

"We can no longer reckon on Sava voluntarily consenting to this marriage," he said; "but for reasons we know it is more than necessary that the marriage should take place! What does she know of our past life? Nothing! For she told you nothing! What she knows is that she is not your daughter, that is all! Does she know her father? Not likely! His would have been the first name she would have thrown in your face! Has she known our position for long? No, probably since the moment of Madame Toronthal's death!"

Toronthal nodded his approval of Sarcany's argument. He was right, as he knew, in his suspicions as to how the girl had gained her information, as to how long she had known it, and as to what she had learned of the secret of her birth.

"Now to conclude," continued Sarcany; "little as she knows of what



"YOU ARE NOT MY FATHER."

concerns her, and although she is ignorant of our proceedings in the past, we are both of us in danger—you in the position you hold at Ragusa, I in what I should gain by the marriage and which I have no intention of giving up! What we must do then is this, and we must do it as soon as possible. Leave Ragusa, you and I, and take Sava with us without a word to any one either to-day or to-morrow, then return here only when the marriage is over, and when she is my wife Sava will have to keep her mouth shut. Once we get her away she will be so removed from outside influences that we shall have nothing to fear from her. It will be my business to make her consent to this marriage which will bring me in so much, and if I don't succeed, why then—"

Toronthal agreed; the position was the same as it had been with the cryptogram. He did not see how to resist; he was in his accomplice's power, and could not do otherwise. And why should he? That evening it was agreed that the plan should be put into execution before Sava could leave the house. Then Toronthal and Sarcany separated, and set to work as we shall soon see.

The next day but one Madame Bathory, accompanied by Borik, had left the village of Vinicello to return to the house in the Rue Marinella for the first time since her son's death. She had resolved to leave Ragusa for ever, and had come to prepare for her departure.

When Borik opened the door, he found a letter which had been slipped into the letter-box. It was the letter Madame Toronthal had posted the day before her death. Madame Bathory took the letter, opened it, looked first at the signature and then read the few lines that had been traced by the dying hand and revealed the secret of Sava's birth.

What sudden connection was there between the names of Sava and Pierre in Madame Bathory's mind? "She! He!" she exclaimed. And without another word—without answering her old servant, whom she thrust aside as he tried to hold her, she rushed out, ran down the Rue Marinella into the Stradone, and did not stop till she reached Toronthal's house.

Did she know what she was doing? Did she know that in Sava's interest it would be better for her to act with less precipitation and more prudence? No! she was irresistibly urged towards the girl as if her husband and her son had come from the grave and sent her to the rescue.

She knocked at the door. The door opened; a domestic inquired her business. Madame Bathory wished to see Sava. Miss Toronthal was not in the house. Madame Bathory would speak with Mr. Toronthal.

The banker had gone away the day before, without saying where he was going; and he had taken his daughter with him. Madame Bathory staggered and fell into the arms of Borik, who had just come up to her.

And when the old man had taken her back to the house in the Rue Marinella.— "To-morrow, Borik," she said, "to-morrow, we will go together to the wedding of Sava and Pierre!" Madame Bathory was mad.

CHAPTER V. THE DOCTOR DELAYS.

During these events which concerned Pierre so intimately he grew better from day to day. Soon there was no reason for anxiety about his wound; it was almost completely healed. But great were Pierre's sufferings as he thought of his mother and of Sava—whom he believed to be lost to him.

His mother? She could not be left under the supposition of her son's fictitious death. It had been agreed that she should be cautiously informed of the real state of things and brought to Antekirti. One of the doctor's agents at Ragusa had orders not to lose sight of her until Pierre was completely restored to health—and that would be very soon.

As far as Sava was concerned, Pierre was doomed never to speak of her to Doctor Antekirti! But although he thought she was now Sarcany's wife

how could he forget her? Had he ceased to love her because she was the daughter of Silas Toronthal? No! After all, was Sava responsible for her father's crime? But it was that crime that brought Stephen Bathory to his death! Hence a continual struggle within him, of which Pierre alone could tell the innumerable vicissitudes.

The doctor felt this. And to give the young man's thoughts another direction, he constantly spoke to him of the act of justice they were to work out together. The traitors must be punished, and they should be. How they were to reach them they did not yet know, but they would reach them.

"A thousand roads, one end!" said the Doctor.

And if need be he would follow the thousand roads to reach the end. During the last days of his convalescence Pierre went about the island, sometimes on foot, sometimes in a carriage; and he was astonished at what the little colony had become under the administration of Doctor Antekirti.

Work was going on at the fortification destined to protect the town, the harbor, and in short the whole island from attack. When the works were finished they were to be armed with long-range guns, which from their position would cross their fires and thus render the approach of an enemy's ship impossible.

Electricity was to play an important part in the defensive system, not only in firing the torpedoes with which the channel was armed, but even in discharging the guns in the batteries. The Doctor had learned how to obtain the most marvelous results from this agent to which the future belongs. The central station, provided with steam motors and boilers, contained twenty dynamo machines on a new and greatly improved system, and there the currents were produced with special accumulators of extraordinary intensity, stored up in convenient form for the general use of Antekirti—the water supply, the light of the town, telegraphs, telephones, and the circular and other railways on the island. In a word the Doctor had applied the studies of his youth to practical purposes, and realized one of the desiderata of modern science—the transmission of power to a distance by electric agency.

Having succeeded in this he had had vessels built, as we have seen, and the Electrics with their excessive speed enabled him to move with the rapidity of an express from one end of the Mediterranean to the other. As coal was indispensable for the steam engines which were required to produce the electricity, there was always a considerable stock in store at Antekirti, and this stock was continually renewed by a ship that traded backwards and forwards to Wales.

The harbor, from which the little town rose in form of an amphitheatre, was a natural one, and had been greatly improved. Two jetties, a mole, and a breakwater made it safe in all weathers. And there was always a good depth of water even alongside the wharves, so that at all times the flotilla of Antekirti was in perfect security. This flotilla comprised the schooner Savarena, the steam collier working to Swansea and Cardiff, a steam yacht of between seven and eight hundred tons named the Ferrato, and three Electrics, of which two were fitted as torpedo boats which could usefully contribute to the defence of the island.

Under the Doctor's directions, Antekirti saw its means of resistance improve from day to day; and of this the pirates of Tripoli were well aware. Great was their desire to capture it, for its possession would be of great advantage to the Grand Master of Senousism, Sidi Mohammed El Mahdi. But knowing the difficulties of the undertaking they waited their opportunity with that patience which is one of the chief characteristics of the Arab. The Doctor knew all this, and actively pushed on his defensive works. To reduce them when they were finished, the most modern engines of destruction would be required, and these the Senousists did not yet possess. All the inhabitants of the island between eighteen and forty were formed into companies of militia, provided with the newest arms of precision, drilled in artillery manoeuvres, and commanded by officers of their own election; and this militia made up a force of from five to six hundred trust-

worthy men. Although there were a few farms in the colony, by far the greater number of colonists lived in the town which had received the transylvanian name of Artenak in remembrance of Count Sandorf's estate on the Carpathian slopes. A picturesque place was Artenak, with its few hundred houses; instead of being built like a chessboard in the American style, with roads and avenues running at right angles, it was arranged irregularly. The houses clustered on the smaller hills, shaded with orange trees and standing amid beautiful gardens, some of European, some of Arab design, and past them flowed the pleasant, cooling streams from the water-works. It was a city in which the inhabitants were members of the same family, and could live their lives in common, without forfeiting the quiet and independence of home. Happy were the people of Antekirti. Ubi bene ibi patria is perhaps not a very patriotic motto, but it was not appropriate enough for those who had gathered to the Doctor's invitation and left their old country, in which they had been miserable, to find happiness and comfort in this hospitable island. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

If We Want to Work We Must Sleep

The restoration of energy, which sleep alone can afford, is necessary for the maintenance of nervous vigor, and whereas the muscular system, if overtaxed, at last refuses to work, the brain under similar circumstances too frequently refuses to rest. The sufferer, instead of trying to remove or lessen the cause of his sleeplessness, comforts himself with the hope that it will soon disappear, or else, has recourse to alcohol, morphia, the bromides, chloral, etc. Valuable and necessary as these remedies often are (I refer especially to the drugs), there can be no question as to the mischief which attends their frequent use, and there is much reason to fear that their employment in the absence of any medical authority is largely on the increase. Many of the "proprietary articles" sold by druggists and in great demand at the present day, owe their efficacy to one or more of these powerful drugs. Not a few deaths have been caused by their use, and in a still large number of cases they have helped to produce the fatal result. Sleeplessness is almost always accompanied by indigestion in some one or other of its protean forms, and the two conditions react upon and aggravate each other. If rest cannot be obtained, and if the vital machine cannot be supplied with a due amount of fuel, and moreover, fails to utilize that which it is supplied with, mental and bodily collapse cannot be far distant. The details of the downward process vary, but the result is much the same in all cases. Sleeplessness and loss of appetite are followed by loss of flesh and strength, nervous irritability alternating with depression, palpitation, and other derangements of the heart, especially at night, and many of those symptoms grouped together under the old term "hypocondriasis." When this stage has been reached—the borderlands of insanity—are within measurable distance, even if they have not already been reached.—Fortnightly Review.

She Was There.

One of our prominent business men is frequently detained until a late hour by the pressure of business (?). This morning his wife said to him: "That was a splendid play, last night, wasn't it?" "What play, my dear?" "The one you attended with Miss Nobblins."

"Why—I you are mistaken, my dear." "Oh, don't think I'm angry, John; I was there, also, and I had such a pleasant escort."

"The devil!" "Oh, dear, no. He was a perfect gentleman, and I enjoyed his company as much as I did the play."

"Zounds, madam! What right have you to attend a theatre in company with another man?" "The same right that you had to attend a theatre in company with another woman."

"Who was the villain?" "My father."—Goodell's Daily Sun.

Superstition of the Horseshoe.

The old notion that there is luck in a horseshoe finds support in one case at least, thinks Capt. Stone, the horseman. When Maud S. did her first really fast mile in Cleveland in 2:10, Capt. Stone, of Cincinnati, pulled off her shoes and stored them in his desk, and sold the mare to Vanderbilt for a snug price. He has been making money ever since, and capturing the best things of life. The Captain kept only one of the shoes. He gave one to Mrs. Swain, and she gave it to her larger brother. He hadn't had it a week when he was married to one of the most charming ladies in New York. He has been prospering like a green bay tree ever since, and has had the shoe plated and framed and wouldn't take a Florida lot for it. Mr. Vanderbilt had one of the shoes and used to think it had a happy influence on his efforts to turn an honest penny. Cornelius owns it now and has it fastened on the front of his writing-table. The fourth shoe is in possession of William Bair, Maud S.'s driver. Bair thinks that if he had not had the shoe stuffed in the ballast of his silky cushions, he never would have been able to have gotten the work out of the little mare that he has since the piece of steel came into his possession.—St. Paul Globe.

An Active Old Georgian.

As a specimen of North Georgia longevity and the vigor imparted by the mountain climate, David Sargent, of Hall County, aged 95, was in Gainesville one day last week, having walked twenty-two miles to get there. Being asked how he stood the trip, he replied that he did not mind it, and if necessary he could walk ten miles further by night.—Savannah News.

"If they want to find me," says a New York alderman, "they can find me at either of my two saloons."

EAST INDIAN SPECTACLE.

Review of 40,000 Soldiers of the British Army at Delhi—England's Hint to Russia.

Delhi Letter to N. Y. Tribune.

The great Review is over, and the Camp of Exercise is breaking up. The camp this year was at Delhi, and never before had operations been upon so large a scale. Two forces, the Northern and Southern, were encamped about the city, and for ten days before the review manoeuvres of all sorts had been taking place. Representatives of all the Powers had been invited to be present, and the foreign officers' camp was the great social centre. France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Russia and Austria were all represented by one or more officers, and the United States in Colonel Lazelle and Capt. Mills had two of the most popular men in the camp. The idea of having the Camp of Exercise on such a large scale this year was a political one, originated by the Russian scare of last spring; it was intended to show to the natives of India that this large force could be brought together without weakening seriously any cantonment in the country.

As the troops marched up they took their position in a long line facing the flagstaff but at least a half mile away. The line when Lord Dufferin arrived and rode down for the inspection must have been fully two miles long. There were between 35,000 and 40,000 men in all—English and native, from the troops of Madras to the Goorkhas from the frontier. Here and there it would seem as if a gap were left in the line; but it was only a regiment in working dress of kamlee cloth, the color of the dry grass—a color in which they would be almost invisible if lying down. Lord Dufferin rode up followed by his staff and the foreign officers, and the battery fired a salute. Almost with the first gun came the rain, and for three long hours with one or two intermissions of a few minutes it rained as it can rain only in India, sheets and solid banks of water. The Viceroy, dressed in a black frock-coat with a single order on his breast, a high silk hat and gray riding trousers, was a conspicuous figure amid the red and gold which surrounded him. He kept his position through all the hours of the march, but the degree of wetness which he reached ten minutes after the rain started was as complete as if he had tried a swim in the Jumna close by.

The marching of the English regiments was superb in spite of the condition of the ground. The mud after the march was over was from eight to ten inches deep and the clay of the soil made it terribly sticky. The Lancers and artillery were splendidly mounted, and the Russian officers were especially impressed by the horses. The elephant batteries and the mule artillery for use in the mountains on the frontier were a novel sight to an American. The huge elephants moved along in their stately way, four attached to each gun and making light of such work as dragging the heavy weight through the thick mud. But it was the native troops in which I was the most interested. The Sikh troops from the Punjab, the Bengal Lancers and the Goorkha infantry from the northern part of India were fine bodies of men. The Sikhs are tall, magnificent-looking fellows, and in their blue or brown uniforms were every inch soldiers. About the turban of each man was a thin steel circle, sharpened to a razor's fineness; in the old days they threw these with wonderful accuracy, cutting an inch stick at fifty yards. At present they are not permitted to wear them to recall the days when all northern India was in their power. These were the troops that saved India in 1857—the regiments which, raised by Lord Lawrence in the Punjab and sent on to Delhi, brought about its fall. The little Goorkhas I liked best.

The rain lasted until nearly the end of the review, and it is not hard to imagine the condition of the ground before it was over. Opposite where I stood was perhaps the worst part of the ground made the mud deeper. Of course it rendered good marching difficult and for a portion of the native regiments impossible. Part of them have the regulation ammunition boot, but the majority have the native slipper or mojar shoe, with the turned up toe coming to a point and a slight elevation of the leather above the heel. When they came to the thickest mud a game "hunt the slipper" was played in dead earnest. They have to buy their own shoes with their small pay, and they can't afford to lose many pairs. Off would come the slippers by the dozen pairs, for they are without fastenings; then the lines would break, the men rush back, some trying to get into their foot-gear and others picking them up and marching on with them in their hands. Of course good order in marching was lost and many of the companies went to pieces. Fortunately, just before arriving at the saluting point the ground was a little harder and the lines were able to get into fairly good order before passing the flag. Only one regiment of Bengal thought more of their marching than of their shoes, and kept on in perfect unbroken line. But the mud gathered a harvest and after the last regiment had passed the shoes sticking all over here and there looked comical enough. The marching of the native contingents—the soldiers of the native princes and not in the regular army—showed a lack of drill and after the shoe episode it was a simple rout, men and officers seeming to lose their heads. The officers were gorgeous fellows, each being one piece of gold lace; but the men in uniform and equipment could not compare at all with the regular native troops. The most interesting, if I could judge from the applause, were taken in the volunteers—Europeans who had left their business all over India and had taken part in all the manoeuvres and worked like common soldiers in the camp. They alone were cheered as they marched by. As the Lancers and batteries

were on their second round the rain ceased and in a short time the sun appeared. It shone on the long line of glittering muskets and the bright colors of the uniforms, madest still brighter by the black backgrounds of clouds moving off toward the southward. The Viceroy rode forward and uttered a few words of congratulation;—and the greatest military spectacle of modern India was at an end.

The march proved one thing—that the troops were not fair weather soldiers, for the work done at such disadvantage was a test of good men. That government will make some change in regard to the use of the native slipper seems probable. The figures of the march are 22,000 infantry, 6,600 cavalry, 2,000 artillery, 1,000 volunteers, and something over 4,000 in the native contingent.

SOUTHERN SPEECH.

Some of the Peculiarities of Language Introduced in by Residents of the Other Side of the Mason and Dixon Line.

The purpose of this paper is, however, to present, in a succinct way, a few of the quaintnesses of pronunciation and construction held to by the Southern people as a class. Among these the first that comes to mind is the custom of omitting the last two letters of such words as "note," "store," "four"—which are pronounced "no," "sto," and "fo." "What o'clock is it?" you ask the Carolinian, and ten to one he tells you it is "half pas' fo," if that happens to be the hour.

Another common Southernism is the use of "like asif," or "like" for the words "as if." "She looked like she knew me," is a common expression, or "she looked like as if she'd die." This is very common in Washington and in all states south of Mason and Dixon's line.

The word "funny" is frequently used instead of strange, and sometimes with startling effects. A young Southern girl was visiting us once, and a caller was telling of the death of her mother through swallowing a fish bone. "Oh! wasn't it funny?" exclaimed our visitor, at the close of the narrative. "I think you mean strango," said the caller, as soon as she recovered from the astonishment. Our girlfriend has never used the word "funny" since.

If you happen to hear anybody say "rye cheer," you may know it is intended to mean "right here." For instance: A South Carolinian will say, "Where was he at last night?" and his fellow citizen will say, "He stayed rye cheer with me." Djean—pronounced in one syllable—is not a Russian word, as might be supposed; it means: "Do you hear?" and is usually addressed to servants in this form: "You, Jim! bring in that wood, djean!"

"To get to go," is essentially a Georgia expression. They say: "Do, don't fail to come to-night," and the reply is: "I've tried to get to go for three weeks, now, so I reckon I'll be there 'nigh!"

The expression, "Do don't," is heard in Georgia and South Carolina, but rarely elsewhere. One of the most laughable things you ever heard is the pronunciation of the word "about." It is impossible to express the South Carolinian's pronunciation phonetically. It sounds like "ab'out"—pronounced very quickly in three syllables. "Quare" for "queer," is another word. The use of "reckon" for "presume" is said to have been derived from the Yankees, as was the expression "right smart" for the word "much."

Low-country people and the residents of Middle South Carolina say "gee-arden" for "garden," "gee-yard" for "yard" with the hard sound of "g." So, too, with such words as "card," "car," and "cart," into which is introduced the sound of "ke," to take place of the first consonant, thus: "Kee-ard," "kee-art," "kee-art."

The use of delightful for delicious in such a sentence as: "The ice-cream is delightful," is very common. "Pretty" is a word very often misused—for instance: "Isn't this a pretty day?"—and this error is a very general one. North Carolinians say the scenery is "pretty"—meaning picturesque; the day is "pretty"—meaning fine, and that a person's manners are "pretty"—meaning well-bred.

"You all," or "as if" should be abbreviated, "y'all," is one of the most ridiculous of all the Southernisms I can call to mind. It usually means two or more persons, but is sometimes used when only one person is meant. For instance, a caller on taking her departure, says: "Y'all come and see us." She means the lady upon whom she is calling and her husband, may call.

An Editor's Trials.

Editors are born to be misrepresented. The Dawson (Ga.) Journal cites a few of the things they have to put up with: "Editing a paper is a pleasant business—if you like it."

If it contains much political matter, people won't have it. If the type is large, it don't contain much reading matter.

If we publish telegraph reports, folks say they are nothing but lies. If we omit them, we have no enterprise or suppress them for political effect.

If we have a few jokes, folks say we are nothing but rattleheads. If we omit jokes, folks say we are nothing but fossils.

If we publish original matter, they damn us for not giving selections. If we give selections people say we are lazy for not writing more, and giving them what they have not read in some other paper.

If we give a complimentary notice, we are censured for being partial. If we don't all hands say we are a great hog. If we insert an article which pleases the ladies, the men become jealous, vice versa. If we attend church, they say it is for effect. If we remain in our office attending to business, folks say we are too proud to mingle with other fellows. If we go out, they say we don't attend to our business.