

LOVE IS A DREAM.

"Love is a dream," she gaily cried,
 "By which I lure men to my side,
 I mould their natures with a smile,
 Give soft caress, and kiss the while;
 Breathe honeyed words in eager ears,
 And when smiles fall, enslave with tears.
 Until the courtiers by my throne,
 Each deems, alas, my heart his own;
 And blinded, with each other vie,
 In paying court to such as I.
 Poor fools! they serve well to amuse,
 Until like toys, long past all use,
 I cast them off—make room for more,
 And test my power o'er and o'er.
 What matters it, if day by day,
 Men hearts are broken in the play!"

"Love is a dream," he sadly said,
 And thoughtfully inclined his head.
 "The ignis fatuus that leads
 Ullucky man to foolish deeds.
 That in some fair hand seems a star,
 And lures its victims from afar,
 That wrecks the heart, and kills the brain,
 And moulds men's natures over again,
 Oft prostrate at the Lover's feet,
 And bound by love's enchantment sweet,
 Men vow and weep, and care, and despair,
 Leave honor, pride, and manhood there;
 While she, amused—anon grown tired,
 Throws off the mask they long admired,
 And stands confessed, a mere coquette,
 Unworthy of love's coronet."

Their dream years past, they met once more
 When each had neared the Stygian shore.
 Her proud form bent, her heart grown cold,
 Her scepter lost in days of old.
 Her dark hair silvered, and her eyes,
 As dandelion, as winter skies,
 Men shunned her as they would a pest,
 And women thought her quite a jest.
 A moral, she, of some old tale,
 Of love that grew without avail.
 "Love is a dream," she murmured low,
 "The charm of which some never know."
 "Love is a dream," he sadly said,
 "Neglected, till all love is fled."

Frank W. Lee, in Des Moines Mail.



LUIGI AND MARIA EN ROUTE FOR THE STEAMER.

"Carpena is here, Doctor?"
 "In Malta?"
 "Yes, and has been for some days."
 "At Valetta?"
 "In the Manderaggio, where we live."
 The Doctor was much surprised and pleased.
 "You are mistaken, Maria?"
 "No, I am not mistaken! The man's face remains on my memory, and a hundred years might go by, but I should recognize him! He is here!"
 "Luigi does not know this?"
 "No, Doctor; and you understand why I did not tell him. He would have found Carpena, he would have provoked him perhaps—"
 "You have done well, Maria! The man belongs to me alone! But do you think he has recognized you?"
 "I do not know," answered Maria;
 "two or three times I have met him in the Manderaggio, and he has turned round to look after me with a certain suspicious attention. If he has followed me, if he has asked my name, he ought to know who I am."
 "He has never spoken to you?"
 "Never."
 "And do you know why he has come to Valetta, and what he has been doing since his arrival?"
 "All I can say is that he lives with the most hateful men in the Manderaggio. He hangs about the most suspicious drinking-houses, and associates with the worst of the scoundrels. Money seems to be plentiful with him, and I fancy that he is busy enlisting bandits like himself to take part in some villainous scheme."
 "Here?"
 "I do not know."
 "I will know!"
 At this moment Pierre entered the saloon followed by the young fisherman, and the interview was at an end.
 "Well, Luigi," asked the Doctor, "are you contented with what you have seen?"
 "The Ferrato is a splendid ship."
 "I am glad you like her," answered the Doctor, "for you will act as her mate until circumstances take place to make you her captain."
 "Oh, sir—"
 "My dear Luigi," said Pierre, "with Doctor Antekirtz do not forget that all things will come."
 "Yes, all things come, Pierre, but say rather with the help of God."
 Maria and Luigi then took their leave to return to their small lodging. It was arranged that Luigi should commence his duties as soon as his sister had come on board. It would not do for Maria to remain alone in the Manderaggio, for it was possible that Carpena had recognized the daughter of Andrea Ferrato.
 When the brother and sister had gone, the Doctor sent for Point Pescade, to whom he wished to speak in Pierre's presence.
 Pescade immediately came in, and stood in the attitude of a man ever ready to receive an order and ever ready to execute it.
 "Point Pescade," said the Doctor, "I have need of you."
 "Of me and Cape Matifon?"
 "Of you alone at present."
 "What am I to do?"
 "Go ashore at once to the Manderaggio, and get a lodging in the dirtiest public-house you can find."
 "Yes, sir."
 "And then keep your eyes on a man that it is very important we should not lose sight of. But nobody must suspect you know him! If necessary, you can disguise yourself."
 "That is my business."
 "This man, I am told, is trying to buy over some of the chief scoundrels in the Manderaggio. What his object is I do not know, and that is what I want you to find out as soon as possible."
 "I understand."
 "When you have found out, do not return on board, as you may be followed. Put a letter in the post, and meet me in the evening at the other end of Senglea. You will find me there."
 "Agreed," answered Point Pescade; "but how am I to know the man?"
 "Oh, that will not be difficult! You are intelligent, my friend, and I trust to your intelligence."
 "May I know the gentleman's name?"
 "His name is Carpena."
 "As he heard the name Pierre exclaimed—"
 "What! the Spaniard here?"
 "Yes," replied the Doctor; "and he is living in the same street where we

found the children of Andrea Ferrato, whom he sent to prison and to death."
 The Doctor told them all he had heard from Maria. Point Pescade saw how urgent it was for them to clearly understand the Spaniard's game, for he was evidently at work at some dark scheme in the slums of Valetta.
 An hour afterwards Point Pescade left the yacht. To throw any spy off the track, in case he was followed, he began by a stroll along the Strada Reale, which runs from Fort Saint Elmo to Floriana; and it was only when evening closed in that he reached the Manderaggio.
 To get together a band of ruffians ready for either murder or robbery, no better place could be chosen than this sink of corruption. Here were scoundrels of every nation from the rising to the setting of the sun, runaways from merchant-ships, deserters from warships, and Maltese of the lowest class; cut-throats in whose veins ran the blood of their pirate ancestors who made themselves so terrible in the razias of the past.
 Carpena was endeavoring to enlist a dozen of these determined villains—who would stick at nothing—and was quite embarrassed in his choice. Since his arrival he had hardly been outside the taverns in the lower streets of the Manderaggio, and Pescade had no difficulty in recognizing him, though he could not easily find out on whose behalf he was acting.
 Evidently his money was not his own. The reward of five thousand dollars for his share in the Rovigno matter must have been exhausted long ago. Carpena, driven from Istria by public reprobation, and warned off from all the salt-works along the coast, had set out to see the world. His money soon disappeared, and rascal as he was before, he had become still more of a rascal.
 No one would be astonished to find him in the service of a notorious band of malefactors, for whom he recruited to fill the vacancies that the halter had caused. It was in this way that he was employed at Malta, and more particularly in the Manderaggio. The place to which he took his recruits Carpena was too mistrustful of his companions to reveal. And they never asked him. Provided he paid cash down, provided he guaranteed them a future of successful robbery, they would have gone to the world's end—in confidence.
 It should be noted that Carpena had been considerably surprised at meeting Maria in the Manderaggio. After an interval of fifteen years he had recognized her at once, as she had recognized him. And he was very anxious to keep her from knowing what he was doing in Valetta.
 Point Pescade had therefore to act warily if he wished to discover what the Doctor had such interest in learning, and the Spaniard so jealously guarded. However, Carpena was completely circumvented by him. The precocious young bandit who became so intimate with him, who took the lead of all the rascals in the Manderaggio, and boasted to have already such a history that every page of it would bring him the rope in Malta, the guillotine in Italy, and the garrote in Spain; who looked with the deepest contempt at the paltroons whom the very sight of a policeman rendered easy—was just the man whom Carpena, a judge in such matters, could fully appreciate!
 In this adroit way Point Pescade succeeded in gaining what he wanted, and on the 20th of August the Doctor received word making an appointment for that evening at the end of Senglea.
 During the last few days the work had been pushed ahead on board the Ferrato. In three days or more the repairs would be finished, and she would be coaled up and ready for sea.
 That evening the Doctor went to the place named by Pescade. It was a sort of arcade near a circular road at the end of the suburb.
 It was eight o'clock. There were about fifty people gathered about in the market, which was still in progress.
 Doctor Antekirtz was walking up and down among these people—nearly all of them men and women of Maltese birth—when he felt a hand touch his arm.
 A frightful scamp, very shabbily dressed and wearing a battered old hat, presented him with a handkerchief, saying:
 "See here what I have just stolen from your Excellency! Another time

you had better look after your pockets." It was Point Pescade, absolutely unrecognizable under his disguise.
 "You funny rascal!" said the Doctor.
 "Funny, yes! Rascal, no!" said Pescade, as the doctor recognized him; and immediately came to the point with:
 "Carpena?"
 "He is at work collecting a dozen of the biggest ruffians in the Manderaggio."
 "What for?"
 "On account of a certain Zirone?"
 The Sicilian Zirone, the companion of Saracany? What connection was there between those scoundrels and Carpena? As he thought thus the following explanation presented itself to him, and it was the correct one:
 The Spaniard's treachery, which had brought about the arrest of the fugitives from Pisino, had not been unknown to Saracany, who had doubtless sought him out, and finding him in want had easily gained him over to be an agent of Zirone's band. Carpena would therefore be the first link in the chain which the doctor could not follow up.
 "Do you know what his object is?" he asked of Pescade.
 "The gang is in Sicily."
 "In Sicily? Yes! That is it! And particularly—"
 "In the eastern provinces between Syracuse and Catania!"
 The trail was evidently recovered.
 "How did you obtain that information?"
 "From Carpena himself, who has taken me into his friendship, and whom I recommend to your Excellency!"
 A nod was the Doctor's reply.
 "You can now return on board and resume a more fashionable costume."
 "No, this is the best for me."
 "And why?"
 "Because I have the honor to be a bandit in the gang of the aforesaid Zirone."
 "My friend," answered the Doctor, "be careful! At that game you are risking your life—"
 "In your service, Doctor," said Pescade, "and it is my duty to do so."
 "You are a brave lad."
 "Besides, I am rather a knowing one, I fancy, without boasting too much, and I have made up my mind to trap these beggars!"
 The Doctor saw that in this way the help of Point Pescade might prove very useful. It was in playing this game that the intelligent fellow had gained Carpena's confidence and wormed out his secrets. He had better leave him to go on.

After five minutes the Doctor and Point Pescade, not wishing to be surprised together, left each other. Point Pescade, following the swarms of Senglea, took a boat at the end and returned to the Manderaggio.
 Before he arrived, Doctor Antekirtz was already on board the yacht. Then he told Pierre of what he had already taken place. At the same time he thought it his duty to tell Cape Matifon that his friend had started on a very dangerous enterprise for the common good.
 Hercules lifted his head and three times opened and shut his huge hands. Then he was loath to repeat to himself:
 "If he has lost a hair of his head when he comes back—yes! a hair of his head—!"

To finish the phrase was too much for Cape Matifon. He had not the gift of making long sentences.
 [TO BE CONTINUED.]

Ill-Mannered Guests.
 Says Marion Harland, with her usual good sense, in *Good Housekeeping*:
 "In the matter of hours for meals, for rising and retiring, conform with-out hesitation or comment to those of the hospitable household. It is unbecomingly selfish to keep breakfast waiting because you have overslept yourself, or dinner, or tea, while you have prolonged a drive or a walk unseasonably. If a meal is well cooked, it is injured by standing beyond the proper time of serving, and if your host's time is worth anything you are dishonest when you waste it.
 "It is quite as selfish in want of tactful regard for others' feelings, if less glaringly inconvenient, to present yourself below-stairs long before the stated breakfast hour. You may not like to sit in your bedchamber; the parlors may be in perfect order for your occupancy; or the library tempt you to snatch a quiet hour for reading, but she is an exceptionally even-tempered hostess who does not flush uneasily at finding that you came down by the time the servants opened the house, and have made yourself at home in the living-rooms ever since. The inference is that your sleeping-room was uncomfortable, or that she is indolently unmindful of your breakfastless state.
 "I have an anguished recollection of a long visit paid to my family by an accomplished gentleman whose every intention was purely humane, yet who descended to the parlor each morning at an hour so barbarously early that he had to light the gas to see the piano keys on which he strummed until breakfast was ready. There is a savage consolation in the knowledge that, if he is distinguishing himself in the heavenly mansions as a player upon instruments, there is no mother with a teething baby and a headache in the room overhead."
 Wilkin's Wit.
 A good girl to keep—Sue-Venere.
 On the neck of a "bad egg" the yolk is very burdensome.
 The note of genius is not worthy to be disconcerted, unless it is endorsed by energy.
 I saw a young buck with a big egg, and I axed what he was going to do with it, and he replied that he was going to take it to the woodshed and hatch it.
 Headlight is as essential to a man as it is to a locomotive.—*Albany Argus*.
 A man with a head, light, will get off the track quicker than a locomotive.—*Whittall Times*.

Overworked Brewery Employees.

To the ordinary tramp, who has to obtain his supply of beer by pouring stale stuff from beer kegs in front of saloons into empty tomato cans, from which he quaffs, and runs chances of having the ragged tin cut a hair lip for him! It would seem that the brewery employees, who are allowed unlimited beer free of cost, have a soft thing. And yet those men, who can drink beer all day without being compelled to put up the regulation nickel, struck for less hours of work and higher wages. To read the accounts in the papers of the amount of beer the workmen about a brewery drink during the day, the reader does not wonder that the men are overworked, and asked a reduction of hours. It is said that some of the men drink forty glasses of beer per day. Considering that they have to walk nearly a block, to the extreme end of the brewery yard, where a gentlemanly agent of the brewing company waits upon them without price, it will be seen that considerable valuable time is lost, besides the wear and tear on the men. Of course the brewery employees are able-bodied men, or they could not stand the strain. Forty glasses of beer put into a stomach in ten hours, would seem to be hard enough work for any one man, if he did nothing else. Then the necessity of walking forty blocks and returning to work, makes eighty blocks per day of pedestrian exercise. This of itself is enough to make an ordinary man tired, if he did not have to carry in his overworked stomach forty glasses of beer. From the statistics it is plain that the brewery laborers are the most overworked of any class of citizens, and something should be done for them. It may be outside the province of the humane society to step in and protect those men, but certainly there should be some organization that can stand between those men and overwork. What is the matter with the temperance societies, in taking hold of this grievance? If the temperance societies are true to their motto, of "Faith, Hope and Charity," they will see a chance to do a great work. Let each society detail enough of its members to man a brewery, and do all the work. This would leave the regular employees with nothing to do but walk back and forth between the places where the temperance apostles are at work, and the place where the beer is given away. The temperance people could work for nothing, for Charity; they could have Faith that the regular brewery men would draw their salary all right, and Hope they would have a good time. If the temperance people kick on this idea, it is possible the brewers might employ temperance men to make the beer and do the work, discharge the old employees who strike, and thus save oceans of beer. But if it is impracticable to employ temperance people, and the brewers feel that things must go right along as before, they can save at least the time that the men lose in marching on the beer keg forty times a day, and save the wear and tear on the men, by a simple device which *The Sun* will suggest. Each man could be provided with a coil of hose, the small rubber hose such as is used on infants' nursing bottles. A reel could be fixed on the back of each laborer, containing enough of the small rubber pipe to reach from a central tank of beer to any part of the brewery, with a spring, so that when the pipe is uncoiled, and the laborer returns toward the tank, the slack will be taken up on the reel. A nozzle could be arranged near the mouth of the overworked laborer, so that he could take his sustenance at any moment, wherever he happened to be. Of course a hundred men with hose reels on their backs would look odd at first, but the oddity would soon wear off. Some may think that the employees of a brewery should pay for their beer, the same as bakers pay for their bread in a bakery where they work, shoemakers pay for their shoes, and journeymen tailors pay for their clothes, but this would be plainly a violation of the constitution of the United States. The strike of the brewery laborers has shown that they are the best treated of any class of laborers in the country. The only thing the public wonders at is that the brewing companies have not been compelled by their employees to give them a house and lot and horse and buggy each.—*Peck's Sun*.

A Word to Young Men.

It is as easy to be a rich man as a poor one. Half the energy displayed in keeping ahead that is required to catch up when behind would save credit, give more time to attend to business, and add to the profit and reputation of those who work for gain. Honor your engagement. If you promise to meet a man, or to do a certain thing at a certain moment, be ready at the appointed time. If you go on business, attend promptly to matters on hand, then as promptly go about your own business. Do not stop to tell stories in business hours.
 If you have a place of business be found there when wanted. No man can get rich by sitting around stores. Never "fool" on business matters. Have order, system, regularity, liberality, promptness. Do not meddle with business you know nothing of. Never buy an article you do not need, simply because it is cheap and the man who sells it will take it out in trade. Trade is money. Strive to avoid harsh words and personalities. Do not kick every stone in the path; more miles can be made in a day by going steadily on than by stopping to kick. Pay as you go. A man of honor respects his word as he does his bond. Aid, but never beg. Help others when you can, but never give what you cannot afford to, simply because it is fashionable. Learn to say "no." No necessity for snapping it out in dog fashion, but say it firmly and respectfully. Have but a few confidants, and the fewer the better. Use your own brains rather than those of others. Learn to think and act for yourself. Be vigilant. Keep ahead rather than behind the time.
 Young man, cut this out, and if there be folly in the argument, let us know.—*Baltimorean*.

HERE AND THERE.

The latest Atlanta prohibition drink is "milk shake."
 "Mud with the water squeezed out," was a Lynn small boy's definition of dust.
 Large numbers of salmon have been caught in the Penobscot river this season.
 A white lizzard is a recent acquisition made by an Albany, Ga., ornithologist.
 Gold is often picked up from the streets of Shasta, Cal., after a hard rain-storm.
 A special police force will be required to enforce the new prohibition law in Rhode Island.
 About 840 cars of oranges have been shipped from Sacramento to the east this season.
 A large-sized alligator was killed recently at Mobile, Ala. The saurian was out of its element.
 A Portland, Oregon, paper-mill gets paper stock—jute butts—from Calcutta for the manufacture of manilla paper.
 A New York caterer has just received a set of molds for producing all the "Mikado" characters in ice-cream.
 A cable railroad at Las Angeles, Cal., has laid out a park with a lake in it as an inducement to people to travel on its line.
 A monstrosity in the way of a medium-sized dog, with the head of a hog, is the property of a Shoshone in Eureka, Nev.
 A Victoria, British Columbia, woman soundly thrashed a Chinaman last week for improper conduct before her two children.
 In Pennsylvania, this year, there is not a single recognized democratic candidate for the state offices or for congressman-at-large.
 Athens, Ga., authorities have refused an offer of \$4,000 a year from a brewer for the exclusive privilege of selling liquor in that city.
 A Los Angeles street-car company advertises that it has lost two cars somewhere between New York and their point of destination.
 A fish of unknown species that is fifteen feet long, and weighs two thousand pounds was recently captured at Long Point, Canada.
 Brattleboro, Vt., pedestrians have considerable trouble with rattlesnakes. They are more numerous this year than ever before.
 Mrs. Grundy intimates that New York people think it is the proper thing now to have a friend who has been "presented at court."
 The various cheap stores throughout the country are now selling "good" slightly damaged from the steamer Oregon." The cargo appears to have been multiplied.
 James Hill, of Warren county, Georgia, says that he has been struck by lightning three times, drowned twice and shot once, and still lives, a very robust fellow.
 A farmer in Washington county, Pennsylvania, built a fence along a line where a number of holes had been dug for telephone poles. He appropriated the holes and now a suit is talked of.
 In the widest part of the Catskills, a blind man carries the mail over a rough road twenty-one miles in length. He travels the circuit three times a week, and has never missed a day or met with an accident.
 A novel summer tour along the Erie canal is advertised as possessing some of the characteristics and none of the risks of an ocean voyage, free from tinders of a train, and less arduous than a balloon trip.
 A White-Cat club is an organization that finds existence in Atlanta, Ga. It is made up of white boys from 7 to 14 years old, and its object is to cause as much annoyance and inconvenience to respectable people as possible.
 Quiet diversions, as skating, amateur photography, fishing, and botanizing will, it is said, be the predominant features of life at the summer resort this season. The raquet and other enervating pastimes are to be shelved.
 A timber raft that will measure 411 feet long, 50 feet wide, and 35 feet deep and contain 2,225,000 feet, and weigh about 6,000 tons, is being constructed at Halifax, N.S., to be sent to New York. It is bound together by chains.
 A statesman who has a well-developed propensity for sitting, has defined standing as a combination of "the stagnation of rest with the fatigue of exercise," and considers it a very bad thing to stand continuously at any pur suit.
 Buffalo has twelve German music organizations, which will send four hundred singers to the Saengerfest, a Milwaukee, in July. This is the third largest contingent contributed by any city in the country. Chicago and St. Louis leading.
 Great difficulty was experienced by the undertaker at the funeral of Catherine Dowd, a fat woman, weighing four hundred pounds, who died recently in New York. Her coffin was over six feet long, and was seven feet six inches around.
 The people of Boston are taxed to support the city hospital, and wherefore, asks *The Journal*, should the trustees establish a privileged class to enjoy the benefit of its advantages? Open the door wide to all who apply with a proper motive. There can be no other way to do justice.
 The courses at a Chinese dinner are peculiar. The meal begins with a smoke, then thick, mucilaginous, but deliciously tasting soup, with sea-slugs, mushrooms, and pigeon's eggs, floating on it, is served. After this come courses of fish, pheasants, wild ducks—all cooked to be very greasy. Dried pumpkin seeds are a sort of Chinese olives, and dried watermelon seeds are considered in the nature of bonbons.

Sandorf's Revenge.

A SEQUEL TO MATHIAS SANDORF AND DOCTOR ANTEKIRTZ.

By Jules Verne.

AUTHOR OF "JOURNAY 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 VIII.

THE SPY IN THE MANDERAGGIO.

The next morning the Doctor was waiting ready to receive Maria and Luigi Ferrato. Already Captain Kosirik had taken steps to have the engine repaired. Thanks to the efforts of Messrs. Samuel Grech and Comany, shipping agents of the Strada Levante, to which the ship had been consigned, the work advanced rapidly. But they required five or six days, for they had to unship the air pump and the condenser, several tubes of which were working badly. The delay was very serious to Doctor Antekirtz, who was most anxious to get to the Sicilian coast. And he even thought of sending for the Savarona, but it seemed better to wait a few days longer and start for Sicily in a fast and well-armed ship.
 However, as a matter of precaution, and in view of eventualities that might arise, he sent a message by submarine cable to Antekirtz, and ordered Electric No. 2 to cruise off the coast of Sicily near Capo Passaro.
 About nine o'clock in the morning a boat came on board with Maria Ferrato and her brother. Both were received by the Doctor with marks of the liveliest affection. Luigi was introduced to the captain and crew as the mate, the officer he replaced being transferred to Electric No. 2.
 With regard to Luigi, there could be no mistake; he was a thorough sailor. His courage and boldness were known from the way in which thirty-six hours before he had acted in the creek of Melleah. He was received with acclamation. Then his friend Pierre and Captain Kosirik did the honors of the ship, while the Doctor conversed in all her details; while the Doctor conversed with Maria, and spoke of her brother in a way that deeply affected her.
 "Yes!" she said, "he is all his father!" To the Doctor's proposal either for her to remain on board until the end of the projected expedition, or to return direct to Antekirtz, where he offered to take her, Maria asked to be allowed to go with him to Sicily; and it was agreed that she should profit by the stay of the Ferrato at Valetta, to put her affairs in order, to sell certain things which were very valuable as remembrances, and realize the little she possessed, so as to take up her quarters the day before the next left.
 The Doctor had told her of his plans, and how he was going to persist until he had accomplished them. Part of his plan had been realized, for the children of Andrea Ferrato need now have no anxiety for the future. But to get hold of Toronthal and Saracany on the one hand, and Carpena on the other, remained to be done, and it would be one. The two former he thought he could meet in Sicily; the latter he had to seek.
 Thus he told Maria, and when he had finished she asked to speak with him in private.
 "What I am going to tell you I have hitherto thought it my duty to keep hidden from my brother. He would probably have been able to contain himself; but probably new misfortunes would come upon us."
 "Luigi is at this moment among the row forward," answered the Doctor; "let us go into the saloon and there you can speak without being overheard."
 When the door of the saloon was shut, they sat down on one of the benches, and Maria said: