HOW SHE IRONED HIS SHIRT.

I'm afraid you may think him a dandy, And mention it, to his disgrace, When I tell you the front was embroidered, And the neck and sleave trimmed with lace. But I brough it with such a feeling As never possessed me before, Though I'd laundered his shirts, a full hundred, And nucle them for him by the score.

But tenderly bending o'er this one, I said, "Bless his heart," and "Sweet boy!" And, smoothing the lace on the neckband, I lingered a minute to toy Whih the frill as it iny on my finger. And, though you may think I was soft, I pressed two quick kisses upon it, And laughingly held it aloft.

I know wives don't usually do this, When ironing shirts for their lords; They're more apt to indulge in a tantrum Of spite o'er their ironing boards. But list, and I'll tell you the secret, And you'll sympathize with me, I know, As one woman will with another, If she the white feather will show.

My little girl up to her grammy's Was staying the morning before, And while she was runninging, childlike, 'Midst some duds in an old bureau drawer. She captured a shirt which her papa, When he was a baby, had worn, And begged it to rig up her dolly; As it was wrinkled and torn.

Returned home, she said : "Mamma, wash it," And so, as I did her behest, And thought how my terrible giant Within its wee size had been pressed, Do you wonder I said "Bless his heart," as My fancy presented to view, A miniature phase of the monster Who now measures just six feet two?



- Virginia C. Hollis.

A SEQUEL TO MATHIAS SANDORF ANI DOCTOR ANTEKIRTT.

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 DATS."

UNDER THE SEA," ETC., ETC.

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CHAPTER XIV-CONTINUED,

Suddenly at twenty-seven minutes to nine, the Doctor interrupted himself, and said:

"Carpena is now leaving the hospital !" And a minute afterwards he added:

"He has just passed through the gate of the penitentiary !"

The tone with which the words were pronounced had a strange effect on those around him. The governor alone continued to shake his head.

Then the conversation for and against began again, each one saying but a little at a time, until-at five minutes to nine -the Doctor interrupted them for the



CARPENA BEFORE THE GOVERNOR OF CENTA.

irresistible power. He tried to lift his feet, to move his arms, but he could not. The Doctor's will within him, nailed him to the ground. The governor looked at him for

minute or so ; then he said to his guest: "Well, Doctor, whether he is awake

or not, we must give in to the evidence!" "You are convinced, quite convinced ?" "Yes, quite convinced that there are

things we must believe in like the brutes! Now, Doctor Antekirtt, suggest to him to go back to the penitentiary ! Alfonso XIL commands it !" The governor had hardly finished the

sentence before Carpena, without uttering a sound, threw himself into the water. Was it an accident? Was it a voluntary act on his part? Had some fortuitous circumstance intervened to snatch him out of the Doctor's power? No one could say.

Immediately there was a general rush to the rocks, and the warders ran on to the beach. There was no trace of Carpena. Some fishing-boats came up, as did the boats from the yacht. All was useless. They did not even find the corpse, which the current would carry out to sea.

"I am very sorry, your Excellency," said the Doctor, "that our experiment has had so tragical an end, which it was impossible to anticipate.'

"But how do you account for it?" asked the governor. "The reason is, that in the exercise of this suggestive power, of which you cannot deny the effects, there are intermittances. That man escaped me for an instant, undoubtedly, and either from his being seized with vertigo or some other cause, he fell off the rocks! It is a great pity, for we have lost such a splendid specimen !"

very strange thing-it was in the height of summer, on the 16th of June, 1867-I know something about it !" Such was the conversation, or rather

the chorus of exclamation that was heard in the vestibule and peristyle of the Cercle des Etrangers at Monte Carlo, on the evening of the 3rd of October, eight days after the escape of Carpena from the Spanish penitentiary.

Among the crowd of gamblers-men and women of all nations, ages, and classes-there was quite an uproar of enthusiasm. They would willingly have greeted the red as the equal of the horse that had carried off the Epsom. Derby or the Longchamps Grand Prix. In fact, for the people that the Old and New Worlds daily pour into the principality of Monaco, this series of seventeen had quite the importance of a political event affecting the laws and quilibrium of Europe.

It will easily be believed that the red in its somewhat extraordinary obstinacy had made a good many victims, and that the winnings of the bank had been considerable. Nearly a million of francs, said some-which meant that nearly the whole of the players had become infuriated at the extraordinary series of passes. Between them, two foreigners had

lasts. paid a large part of what these gentlemen of the board of green cloth call the "deveine"-one, very cool, verv selfrestrained, although the emotions within him were traceable in his pallid face; the other with his features distorted. his hair in disorder, his look that of a madman or desperado-and these had just descended the steps of the peristyle, and were strolling out under the trees on the terrace.

way. In France, in It dy, in Germany, in the great centres where chance keeps house in all its forms, on the Exchange, on the race course, in the clubs of the great capitals, in the watering-placet as in the seaside towns, Silas Toronthal had followed as Sarcany led, and had soon been reduced to a few hundred thousands of francs. While the banker slope both went to ruin at double quick time. What gamblers call the "deveine" had been dead against them, and it was not for want of trying every chance that offered. In short, their amusement cost them the best part of the millions received from the possessions of Count Sandorf, and it had even become neces-

sary to offer for sale the house in the Stradone at Ragusa. And so they had been at Monte Carlo

the tables of the club, trying the most infallible dodges, working out schemes that always went awry, studying the rotation of the cylinder of the roulette, when the croupier's hand was tiring during his last quarter hour of duty, loading to the maximum numbers which obstinately refused to come, combining simple combinations with multiple combinations, listening to the advice of ruined old stagers, becoming professional gamblers, trying, in fact, every imbecile device, employing every stupid fetish which could class the gambler between the child who has no reason, and the idiot who has for ever lost it. And not only did they risk their money. but they enfeebled their intelligence by imagining absurd combinations, and they compromised their personal dignity by the familiarity which the frequenting of the very mixed assembly imposed upon all. In short, at the close of the evening, which would hereafter be celebrated in the annals of Monte Carlo, owing to their obstinacy in struggling against a series of seventeen rouges at trente-et-quarante, they had left off with less than 200,000 francs between them. But if they were nearly ruined, they had not yet lost their senses, and while they were talking on the terrace they noticed a gambler who had become suddenly deranged, and who was running through the gardens shouting-

"It turns! It goes on turning !" The unfortunate man imagined that he had just put his money on the coming number, and that the cylinder in a movement of fantastic gyration was turning, and doomed to turn for ages ! He was mad!

"Have you become calmer, Silas ?" asked Sarcany, of his companion, "Does not that lunatic teach you to keep cool? We have not won, it is true, but the luck will turn, and without our doing anything to make it. Why try to better it ? It is dangerous, and besides, it is useless! You cannot change the run if it is bad, and you would not domestic intercourse. Thus passes the change it when it is good! Wait then, day, and they rise the next morning and when the luck turns, let us be bold and make our game while the run

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Child-Woman.

The Workingman's Friend.

"For my part," said Lord Macaulay, in discussing the ten-hour bill in the house of commons, "I have not the smallest doubt that if we and our ancestors had, during the last three centuries worked just as hard on Sundays as on the week day, we should have at risked his own money, Sarcany risked this moment a poorer people and a less the banker's, and down this double civilized people than we are, that there would have been less production than there has been, that the wages of the laborer would have been lower than they are, and that some other nation would have been now making cotton and woolen stuffs and cutlery for the whole world."

The Sabbath is a necessity for the best interest of the working classes. Suppose the day to be abstracted from the world, and how sad to this importfor the last three weeks, never leaving ant portion of the community would be the result. Think of the labor thus going on in one monotonous and continuous and eternal cycle, limbs forever on the rack, fingers forever playing, the eye-balls forever straining, the brow forever sweating, the feet forever plodding, the brain forever throbbing, the shoulders forever stooping, the loins forever aching, and the mind forever scheming. Think of the beauty it would efface, of the merry-heartedness it would exhaust, of aspirations it would crush, of the sickness it would breed, of the projects it would wreck, of the groans t would extort, of lives it would immolate, of the cheerless graves it would prematurely dig. Think of what tollng and moiling there would be, what sweating and fretting, grinding and newing, weaving and spinning, sowing and gathering, mowing and reaping, raising and building, digging and planting, unloading and storing, striving and struggling, in the garden and in the field, in the granery and on the farm, in the factory and the mill, in the warehouse and in the shop, on the mountain and in the ditch, on the roadside and in woods, in the city and in the country, on the sea and on the hore, on the earth in days of brightest sunlight and in day of gloom, and no day of rest! Now, in contrast with this state of things, think of the blessing which the

Sabbath brings with it to the class we are describing. How do they rejoice when the cares and perplexities of the week are ended, so that they may withdraw themselves for a little while from life's busy scene. The day of rest dawns upon them with benignant lustre. It rescues them from everything painful in the inferiority of their allotment for a season, and reminds them that, whatever be the depression of their civil cond tion, they may still be the Lord's freedmen. They visit the same sanctuary, and join in the same songs of praise with those on whom they fell themselves in a measure dependont. They enjoy the happiness of with a peaceful bosom and an invigorated frame, sustained by a feeling of self-respect and braced by a feeling of contentment, to resume the duties of their proper calling. Unquestionably, therefore, the Sabbath is the workingman's friend, and to deprive him of it would be to rob him of one of the rich-

Poor little Caroline Terbass spe est boons that heaven has conferred

Laconic Courtship. Negro courtship in the country is

ery brief. A young man meets a young woman

in the road. "H+ ?"

"Howdy?"

They pass on without saying anything more. Several days afterward they meet again.

"Hy," says the man.

"Howdy?"

"Whut yer trable 'bout dis white nan's country so much fur?" "Nobody's bizness how much I trab-

es 'bout. "Whut's yer name, honey?" "Doan yer call me honey," she in-

dingnantly exclaims.

"What'll yer do?" "Mash yer black mouf fur yer. dat's vhat'll do.

"Yer wouldn, hit me, ez good er frien' ter ver ez I is,'

"Ain' no frien' o' mine. Huh, I doan know yer from a crow."

"Does yer want ter know me?"

"Ain't hankerin'.

"My name is Mr. Mose Smith. What's yerse'f's entitlement an' er dress?"

"Miss May Buck."

"W'y, how yer do sister Buck?" "Toler'ble. I thanks yer, bruder Smith.'

"Whar ger residencin' at de pressen' er casion?

"Ober on de Jones plan, ation."

"Wall, I'll drap ober dar some time an' see yer. Good-bye."

The next Sunday he calls on Miss Buck. They greet each other cordially, and after a few rambling remarks, Mr. Smith says:

"Look heah, why doan yer git married?"

"Case nobody wont hab me." "Uh, ur, I knows better den dat."

"Ef yer know'd whut made yer ax me?

"Jis ter see ef yer'd tell de truf er bout it. "Wall, I did."

"Didn't.'

"Did."

I Knows somebody dat'll mair yer." "Doan know whar yer'll fine him." "I does." "Whar?"

"Right heah."

"Who, yese'f?"

"Dat's me."

"Yer's foolish."

"Dat mout be, but I lubs yer." "Oh, go on' quit yer foolishness." "I'se in 'arnest."

"Sho nuff?"

"Dat's whut I said."

"Didn' think yer wanted me." "But 1 does. What yer say?"

"I'se ergreeible. They are married .- Arkansaw Trave-

Dosing a Horse.

Michael is the name of a good-naturd Hibernian who has the care of the horses owned by a well-known resident of Enclid avenue. Not long ago one of his charges fell sick and refused to eat. Michael is a firm believer in the virtues of home remedies, and has a profound contempt for the average horse doctor. He knew exactly what to give the animal, but the latter steadily and firmly

"Carpena is at the front door."

Almost immediately afterwards one of the servants entered the drawing-room and told the governor that a man dressed like a convict was waiting below and insisted on seeing him.

"Let him come in !" replied the govern r, whose incredulity began to vanish in face of the facts.

"As nine o'clock struck, Carpena apeated at the door of the drawing-room. Without appearing to see any of those present, although his eyes were wide open, he walked up to the governor, and, kneeling before him, said:

"Sire, I ask you to pardon me." The governor, absolutely dumbfounded, as if be himself was under an hallue nation, knew not what to say.

"You can pardon him," said the Doeor with a smile; " he will have no recollection of all this !"

"I grant you your pardon !" said the governor, with all the dignity of the King of all the Spains.

"And to that pardon, Sire," said Carpena, still bending low, "will you add he cross of Labella ?"

"I give it you !"

And then Carpena made as though to take something from the governor's hand and attach the imaginary cross to his breast. Then he rose, and walking backwards quitted the room.

This time the whole company followed him to the front door.

"I will go with him, I will see him go back to the hospital," said the governor, struggling with himself as if loath to rield to the evidence of his senses.

"Come, then !" said the Doctor. And the governor, Pierre Bathory, Doctor Antekirtt and the rest, followed after Carpena as he went along the road towards the town. Namir, who had watched him since he left the penitontiary, glided along in the shadow and

continued to watch. The night was rather dark. The Spaniard walked along at a regular pace with no hesitation in his stride. The governor and his guests were twenty paces behind him, with the two warders who had received orders to keep him in sight.

The road as it approaches the town, bends round a small creek, forming the second harbor on that side of the rock. On the black, motionless water, flickered the reflection of two or three lights, They came from the ports and lanterns of the Ferrato, whose hull loomed large in the darkness.

As he reached this spot, Carpena left the road and inclined to the right towards a heap of rocks which rose from the shore a dozon foet away. Doubtless s gesture from the Doctor, unseen by any one-perhaps a simple suggestion of his will-had obliged the Spaniard to leave the path.

The warders prepared to close up so as to send him back ; but the governor, knowing that no escape from that side was possible, ordered them to leave him to himself.

However, Carpena halfed on one of the rocks as if he had been struck motionless, and fixed there by some

"We have lost a scamp-nothing more I' said the governor, philosophically.

And that was Carpena's funeral oration !

The Doctor and Pierre then took leave of the governor. They had to start before day-break for Autekirtta, and they were profuse in their thanks to their host for the hospitable welcome he had given them in the Spanish colony,

The governor shook the Doctor's hand, wished him a pleasant journey, and after promising to come and see him, returned to his house.

Perhaps it may be said that Doctor Antekirtt had somewhat abused the good faith of the Governor of Ceuta. His conduct under the circumstances is certainly open to criticism. But we should not forget the work to which Count Sandorf had consecrated his life. "A thousand roads-one end!" And this was one of the thousand roads he had to take.

A few minutes afterwards, one of the boats of the Ferrato had taken them on board. Luigi was waiting for them as they came up the side.

"That man ?" asked the Doctor.

"According to your orders," said Luigi, "our boat was near the rocks and picked him up after his fall, and he is under lock and key in the fore-cabin."

"He has said nothing ?" asked Pierre. "How could he say anything? He seems asleep and unconscious of his nots."

"Good," answered the Doctor; "I willed that Carpena should fall from those rocks, and he fell ! I willed that he should sleep, and he sleeps ! When I will that he wakes, he shall wake! And now, Luigi, up anchor and away !" The steam was up, and a few minutes afterwards the Ferrato was off, heading

out to sea straight for Antekirtta.

CHAPTER XV.

BEVENTEEN TIMES !

"Seventeen times ?"

"Seventeen times!" "Yes, the red has passed seventeen

times 1 "Is it possible ?"

"It may be impossible, but it is !"

"And the players are mad against it ?" "More than 900,000 francs won by

the bank !" "Seventeen times! Seventeen times!"

"At roulette or trente-et-quarante?"

"At trente-et-quarante."

"It is fifteen years since anything like it !"

"Fifteen years, three months, and fourteen,hours," coolly remarked an old gambler, belonging to the honorable class of the ruined. "Yes, sir, and a he had lost his own fortune in a similar lery. "but I'd never be so mean."

" That makes more than 400,000 francs that the cursed series has cost us," said the eldest.

"You may as well say 413,060," said the younger, in the tone of a cashier easting a column.

"And now I have only got 200,000and hardly that," said the first gambler. "One hundred and ninety-seven thousand," said the other, in the same

"Yes! of nearly two millions that I once had, when you made me come with you !"

"One million seven hundred and seventy-five thousand frames !'

"And that in less than two months!" "In one month and sixteen days!"

"Sarcany !" exclaimed the eldest, whom his companion's coolness seemed to exasperate as much as the ironical precision with which he rolled out the evphers.

"Well, Silas?"

Toronthal and Sarcany wore the speakers. Since leaving Ragusa, in the short space of three months they had reached the verge of ruin. After dissipating all that they had received as the reward of their abominable treachery, Sarcany had hunted his accomplice out of Ragusa, taking Sava with them, and then had enticed him into gambling and every dissipation in which he could Three sisters had grown to tall and squander his wealth. It is only just, fine-looking women, while little Carohowever, to say that the old banker, line halted at eleven's mile stone; one daring speculator as he was, had in days gone by more than once risked his fortune in hazardons adventures in which luck was his only guide.

How could Toronthal resist? Was he not more than ever in the power of the Tripolitan broker? Sometimes he revolted, but Sarcany had obtained an irresistible ascendency over him, and the wretched man fell so heavily that strength almost failed him to rise again. so that Sarcany was not at all nneasy about the occasional fancies that Toronthal had to withdraw from his influence. The brutality of his retorts and the implacability of his logic soon brought Toronthal back beneath the yoke.

In leaving Ragusa, under circumstances which will not have been forgotten, their first care had been to put Sava in some safe place under the charge of Namir, And now, in this retreat at Tetuan, on the borders of Morocco, it would have been difficult, if not impossible, to find her, There, Sarcany's pitiless companion undertook to break down the girl's resolution, and tear from her her consent to the marriage. Unshaken in her repulsion and j strengthened by the recollection of Pierre, Sava hitherto had obstinately

resisted. But could she always do so ? In the meantime Sarcany never ceased in a wedding service. "I could," came exciting his companion to plunge into the follies of the gaming-table, although | the voice of a young man from the gal-

trying to reach a woman's estate, and then gave up the vain endeavor and died. Up to her twelvth year, says The

became a woman, and when the coro- us."

ner called to view her remains, she the face of age.

For many years Miss Terbass was a familiar figure on Fifth avenue, in the cat?" neighborhood of the reservoir, and many people talked about the child-

woman who lived at the corner of Forty- does. first street. Nobody*could guess her age, for there was not a light streak in the dark tresses which she could nearly walk upon, they being four feet long, while she was only four feet three inches in height. The kindly face was

had few of the wrinkles belonging to her great age. Sometimes people a block away heard her shricks and woncaused her to ery out when simply touched and to yell when washed. of them, Mrs. Louisa Barnum, was married, but none of them was unfaithful to her sisterly trust. They cared tenderly for the bright-witted little freak, and when over a year ago her eries made something of a nuisance. they moved to a less thickly populated neighborhood in East Seventy-fifth street. For about a year the sensitiveness extended to the nails, which Caroline has not allowed to be touched. Lately she has been somewhat demented, and she died suddenly before the family physician could be called. Coroner Messemer took the case, there being undoubledly great medical interest in it, and performed an autopsy in the presence of Dr. Manning and Dr. F. C. Anthes. Beyond the uncut toe and finger nails and certain organic peculiarities, he found the perfectly formed body of an apparent girl of 11. The

seventy-six years and seven months upon him.-Presbyterian Encyclopedia.

Mountain Cats.

A party of men while out fishing New York World, she was apparently stopped at the house of old Zeb Foster like other girls; then she suddenly and asked to be served with dinner. stopped, never to grow again. Al- "We have not succeeded in catching though living some years beyond the any fish." said one of the men, "and if average of human life, the girl never you have any on hand cook them for

Old Foster reflected for a moment having died without medical atten- and replied: "I hates ter diserp'int dance, he found the body of a girl of dem uder genermen, but I reckons dat 11 topped by the head of maturity and I'll hafter. How would some o' de fines' mountain cats suit ver?"

Are they anything like a channel

"Oh, no, sah, not er tall. Better den any channel cats yer eber seed, but da comes sorter high, dese mountain cats

"All right, cook them."

"De bes' way ter cook 'em, sah, is ter stew 'em, take out all de bones and den frv 'em.

"Go ahead, I tell you."

"Dat's what I'se gwine ter do. Jes' wants ter let yer know dat yer'll haf somewhat sharp and aquiline, but it ter pay putty well -er dollar er piece.' "All right."

The dinner was served. The gentlemen agreed that they had never before eaton such excellent fish and they made dered. They did not know how mar- the old negro promise that he would, velously sensitive her skin was, which when sent for, come to town and cook for the Blue Blood Club. Just as the gentlemen arose from the meal-after naving paid old Foster who at once retired to the kitchen-a boy came in and began to erv.

"What's the matter Bub?" "Pap'li whup me of I tells yer."

"We won't let him whip you."

"Wall, yer oughter gin me some money too, fur one o' dem cats what yer eat wuz mine.' "Did you catch it?"

"No, sah, but I found it in de big road wunst an' it follered me home. It had de sore eyes an' mur put some grease on 'em an' da got well.

The men "gagged" and with simultaneous impulse, rushed into the kitchen. The old man was not there, but they found the heads and skins of two cats. As they were driving toward home, just as they were passing under a bluff, old Foster poked his head from behind a rock, high above the road, and called:

"Say, down dar, what's yer hurry?" The wagon was stopped and one of the men seized a gun. The head disappeared, but the voice was not silent:

"Said yer wanted mountain cats an' yer got 'em. Bof o' dem cats wuz raised up ou de mountain er long time er go. Genermen mus' be gitten hard ter pleasu dese days. Oh, I know all o' the family he made no examination of yer. Yer 'longs' ter the State Central

Dimocratic Committee. Got erhead o' de dimocrats one time, shu'. Dribe on, genermen. Kain't talk ter yer no longer. Got ter go back an fry some bass for some 'Publican frien's o' mine. Say, lemme know when dat club wants some cats. I se got my eye on er valler one dat yer ken heah squawl er mile." -Arkansaw Traveler.

refused to be dosed. Over and over again did the patient Irishman try to coax the horse into swallowing the medicinal powders, but the beast resisted every effort. Then Michael set his wits to work to circumvent the horse. At last a brilliant scheme flashed upon him; he would procure a tube, fill it with the powder, insert it in the beast's mouth, and blow it down his throat. The rest of the story shall be told in Michael's own words. "I found a long tin tube in the kitchen, d've mind, an' I poured in a big dose of thim midicin[†] powders, an' holdin' one hand over the lower ind to kape the sthuff' from spillin', I went out to the shtable an' approached the harse. Wid some difficulty I got the lower ind of the tube in his mouth, and thin put my lips to the upper ind. I drew in a good long breath for a big blow, an' was just agoin' to let fly a terrible puff, whin-holy murther of Moses! that bloody basie gave a cough! Whoop! The dirty shtuff filled my eyes, an' nose, an' throat; an' blinded, an' strangled, an' choked me. It got down into my stomach, an' I was the sickest Irishman you ever la d your two eyes on! You bet your life, the next time Mike Murphy blows down a tube into a horse's mouth some one ilse will find the breath."-Cleveland

Ceylon Tea.

Sun.

China may be proud of her Pekoe and may set aside her choicest Bohea for the cultivated throats of mandarins, but events seem to hint, says The London Telegraph, that it is no longer her destiny to fill the breakfast urns of "foreign devils" with those sun-dried leaves that have for so long formed her staple trade. In Assam, to the south, and further down yet in Hindoostan, where the black Deccan soil dips away in noble terraces, to the teeming plains of the Madras lowlands there are districts where the tea shrub can be, and is, as well and successfully cultivated as it ever was beside the canals and willow trees of the Celestial kingdom. Ceylon, again, a little thrown back by her short crops, now finds she can grow good tea, and, what is equally important, can dry and cure it to the curious and different tastes of Europe. The industry is rising rapidly within the limits of that brightest jewel of the English crown, and the island hillsides, where the diseased-swept piles of coffee bushes stood a year or two ago, have now put on a new livery of verdure and prosperity, and the "flush" of new caves which marks the commencement of each season finds a counterpart, we must hope, in the cash account of Englishmen who have been down to the very bottom of the well of despondency till this new enterprise rescued them.

This Cevion tea is not a mere fancy article. It is good sterling "stuff, commanding a high price in open market, of recognized strength, cured with the best knowledge of modern timesas regards the best samples, at leastpacked judiciously in well chosen wood, and to be had for the asking in a steady and constant stream.

spine was straight, and there was no outward deformity. At the request of he brain. "Who giveth this woman away?" asked the Rural American clorgyman