

WORSE THAN DEATH.

I saw her weep beside the grave,
As if her heart would break;
And pluck from it a little flower,
And wear it for his sake.

The tear-dimmed eyes, the poor pale lips
Seemed praying for release,
The sun for her gave no more light,
The earth held no more peace.

Methought that I would rather see,
My friend lie there at rest,
And know that we were each to each
The dearest and the best,

Than have him live and drift away
As friends have often done—
Than see another fill the place
That should be mine alone.

Ah, me! That would be far more pain
Than death could bring to me.
For then, indeed, my heart would break,
And sunlight cease to be.

Sandorf's Revenge.

A SEQUEL TO MATHIAS SANDORF AND DOCTOR ANTEKIRTI.

By Jules Verne.

AUTHOR OF "JOURNEY TO THE CENTER 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 XV—CONTINUED.

Did Toronthal listen to this advice—abundant as it was—connected with games of chance? No! He was overwhelmed, and he had then but one idea—to escape from this domination of Sarcany, to get away, and to get away so far that his conscience could not reproach him! But such a fit of resolution could not last long in his enervated, helpless nature. Besides, he was watched by his accomplice. Before he left him to himself, Sarcany wanted him until his marriage had taken place with Sava. Then he would get rid of Silas Toronthal, he would forget him, and he would not even remember that that feeble individual had ever existed, or that he had ever been associated with him in any enterprise whatever! Until then, it was necessary for the banker to remain under his thumb!

"Silas," continued Sarcany, "we have been unfortunate to day; chance was against us. To-morrow it will be for us!"

"And if I lose the little that is left?" answered Toronthal, who struggled in vain against these deplorable suggestions.

"There is still Sava, Toronthal!" answered Sarcany, quickly; "she is an ace of trumps, and you cannot over-trump her!"

"Yes! To-morrow! to-morrow!" said the banker, who was just in that mental condition in which a gambler would risk his head.

The two then entered their hotel, which was situated half-way down the road from Monte Carlo to La Condamine.

The port of Monaco lies between Point Focinana and Fort Antoine, and is an open bay exposed to the north-east and south-east winds. It rounds off between the rock on which stands the capital, and the plateau on which are the hotels and villas, at the foot of the superb Mont Agel, whose summit rises to 3500 feet towers boldly above the picturesque panorama of the Ligure coast. The town has a population of some one thousand two hundred inhabitants, and is situated on the rock of Monaco, surrounded on three of its sides by the sea. It lies hidden beneath the never-fading verdure of palms, pomegranates, cypresses, pear-trees, orange-trees, citron-trees, eucalyptuses and arborescent bushes of geraniums, aloes, myrtles, lentisks and palm-Christies, heaped all over the place in marvelous confusion.

At the other side of the harbor Monte Carlo faces the tiny capital with its curious pile of houses, built on all the ledges, its zig-zags of narrow climbing roads running up to the Corniche, suspending in mid-mountain its chessboard of gardens in perpetual bloom, its panorama of cottages of every shape, its villas of every style, of which some seem actually to hang over the limpid waters of this Mediterranean Bay.

Between Monaco and Monte Carlo, at the back of the harbor, from the beach up to the throat of the winding valley which divides the group of mountains is a third city, La Condamine.

Above to the right rises a large mountain, whose profile turned to the sea has gained the name of the Dog's Head. On this head there is now a fort which is said to be impregnable, and which has the honor to be French; for it marks the limits on that side of the Principality of Monaco.

From La Condamine to Monte Carlo vehicles have to ascend a superb hill, at the upper end of which are the private houses and the hotels, in one of which there were now staying Toronthal and Sarcany. From the windows of their apartment the view extended from La Condamine to beyond Monaco, and was only stopped by the Dog's Head, which seemed to be interrogating the Mediterranean as the Sphinx does the Libyan desert.

Sarcany and Toronthal had retired to their rooms. There they examined the situation, each from his own point of view. Had the vicissitudes of fortune broken the community of interests which for fifteen years had bound them so closely together?

Sarcany when he entered had found a letter addressed to him. It came from Tetuan, and he hastily tore it open.

In a few lines Namir told him of the two things that interested him deeply. The first was the death of Carpena, drowned in the harbor of Ceuta under such extraordinary circumstances; the second was the appearance of Doctor

Antekirti on the Moorish Coast, the way in which he had dealt with the Spaniard, and then his immediate disappearance.

Having read the letter, Sarcany opened the window. Leaning on the balcony he looked out into space and set himself to think.

"Carpena dead? Nothing could be more opportune! Now his secrets are drowned with him! On that side I am at ease! Nothing more to fear there!"

Then coming to the second passage of his letter, "As to the appearance of Doctor Antekirti at Ceuta, that is more serious! Who is this man? It would not matter much after all, if I had not found him for some time more or less mixed up in my concerns! At Ragusa his interviews with the Bathory family; at Catania, the trap he laid for Zirona; at Ceuta, this interference which has cost the life of Carpena! Then he is very near Tetuan, but it does not seem that he has gone there, nor that he has discovered Sava's retreat. That would be the most terrible blow, and it may yet come! We shall see if we cannot keep him off, not only in the future but in the present. The Senenists will soon be masters of the Cyrenaic, and there is only an arm of the sea to cross to get at Antekirti! If they must be urged on—I know well."

It was evident that Sarcany's horizon was not without its black spots. In the dark schemes which he followed out step by step in face of the object he had set himself and which he had almost attained, he might stumble over the very smallest stone in his path and perhaps never get up again. Not only was this invention of Doctor Antekirti enough to unsettle him, but the position of Toronthal was also beginning to cause him anxiety.

"Yes," he said to himself, "we are in a corner! To-morrow we must stake everything! Either the bank goes, or we go! If I am ruined, by his ruin I know how to reconquer myself! But for Silas it is different! He may become dangerous, he may talk, he may let out the secret on which all my future rests! I have been his master up to now, but he may become my master!"

The position was exactly as Sarcany had described it. He was under no mistake as to the moral courage of his accomplice. He had his lesson before. Silas Toronthal, when he had nothing to lose, would only use him to make money out of him.

Sarcany pondered over what was best to be done. Absorbed in his reflections, he did not see what was happening at the entrance to the harbor at Monaco a few hundred feet beneath him.

About half a cable-length away a long hall without mast or funnel came gliding through the waves. Altogether, it did not show for more than three feet above the water-level. Soon after, gradually nearing Point Focinana, it slipped into smoother water near the beach. Then there shot off from it a little boat, which had appeared like an incrustation on the side of the almost invisible hull. Three men were in the boat. In a few strokes of the sculls they reached the shore; two of them landed, and the third took back the boat. A few minutes afterwards the mysterious craft, which had not betrayed its presence, either by light or sound, was lost in the darkness and had left no trace of its passage.

The two men as soon as they had left the beach went along by the edge of the rocks towards the railway station, and then went up the Avenue des Spelunges, which runs round the gardens of Monte Carlo.

Sarcany had seen nothing of this. His thoughts were far away from Monaco—at Tetuan. But he would not go there alone, he would compel his accomplice to go with him.

"Silas, my master!" he repeated. "Silas being able to checkmate me with a word! Never! If to-morrow the game does not give us back what it has taken away from us, I shall be obliged to make him follow me! Yes! To follow me to Tetuan, and then on the coast of Morocco, if Silas Toronthal goes trouble, Silas Toronthal will disappear!"

As we know, Sarcany was not the man to recoil at one crime, more particularly when circumstances, the distance of the country, the wildness of the inhabitants, and the impossibility of seeking and finding the criminal, rendered its accomplishment so easy.

Having decided on his plans, Sarcany shut the window, went to bed, and was soon asleep without being in the least troubled by his conscience.

It was not so with Toronthal. He passed a horrible night. Of his former fortune what had he left? Hardly 200,000 francs—and these were to be squandered in play. It was the last throw! So his accomplice wished, and so he himself wished. His enfeebled brain, filled with chimerical calculations, was no longer able to reason coolly nor justly. He was even incapable—at this moment at least—of understanding his real position with regard to Sarcany.

He could not see that the parts had shifted, and that he who held him in his power was now in his power. He only saw the present with its immediate ruin, and only dreamed of the morrow, which might float him again or plunge him into the depths of misery.

Thus passed the night for the two associates. One was permitted to spend it in repose, the other to struggle with all the anguish of insomnia.

In the morning, about ten o'clock, Sarcany joined Toronthal; the banker was seated before a table, covering the pages of his note-book with figures and formulas.

"Well, Silas," said he, in a caressing tone—the tone of a man who would not assign more importance to the world's miseries than he could help—"well, Silas, in your dreams did you give the preference to the red or the black?"

"I did not sleep a wink!" replied the banker.

"So much the worse, Silas, so much the worse; to-day you must be cool, and a few hours repose were what you wanted. Look at me! I have had a little, and I am in the best condition to struggle with fortune! She is a woman

after all, and she loves best the man who can command her."

"Silas has betrayed us all the same!"

"Bah! Merely caprice! and the caprice will pass, and she will smile on us!"

Toronthal made no reply. Did he even understand what Sarcany had said to him, while his eyes were fixed on the pages of his note-book and the useless combinations?

"What are you doing there?" asked Sarcany; "tips? Diddles! Tut tut. You are ill, Silas! You can't mix up mathematics and luck; it is luck alone we want to-day!"

"Be it so!" said Toronthal, shutting up his book.

"Eh! Of course, Silas! I only know one way to go to work," said Sarcany, ironically. "But to do that we must have made special studies—and our education has been neglected on that point! Then stick to Chance! She stuck to the bank yesterday; she may desert it to-day; and if she does, she'll give back all she took!"

"All!"

"Yes, all, Silas! But don't be cast down! Cheer up and keep cool!"

"And to-night, if we are ruined?" asked the banker, looking straight at Sarcany.

"Well, we'll clear out of Monaco!"

"Where to?" exclaimed Toronthal.

"Cursed be the day I knew you, Sarcany! Cursed be the day I employed you! I should never have been where I am if it hadn't been for you!"

"It is too late to abuse me, my dear fellow, and it is not quite the thing to quarrel with people who are going to help you!"

"Be careful!" said the banker.

"I am careful!" said Sarcany.

And Toronthal's threat confirmed him in his scheme to put it out of his power to injure him.

"My dear Silas," he continued, "do not worry yourself! Why should you? It excites your nerves, and you must not be nervous to-day! Have confidence, and don't despair about me! If, unfortunately, the devils goes against us, think of the other millions that are waiting for me, in which you will share."

"Yes! yes! I must have my revenge!" said Toronthal, with the gambler's instinct. "The bank was too lucky yesterday—and to-night—"

"To-night we shall be rich, very rich," said Sarcany; "and I engage that we shall get back all we have lost! and then we shall leave Monaco and start for—"

"For where?"

"For Tetuan, where we have another part to play! And that is the finest and the best!"

CHAPTER XVI.

THE LAST STAKE.

The salon of the Cercle des Etrangers—otherwise the Casino—had been open since eleven o'clock. The number of players was still low, but some of the roulette tables were already in operation.

The equilibrium of these tables had previously been rectified, it being important that their horizontality should be perfect. In fact, the slightest flaw affecting the ball thrown into the turning cylinder would be remarked and utilized to the detriment of the bank.

At each of the six tables of roulette 16,000 francs in gold, silver and notes had been placed; on each of the two tables of trente-et-quarante, 150,000. This is the usual stake of the bank during the season, and it is very seldom that the administration has to replenish the starting fund. Except with a drawn game or a zero, the bank must win—and it always wins. The game is immoral in itself, but it is more than that, it is stupid, for its conditions are unfair.

Round each of the roulette tables are eight croupiers, rake in hand, occupying the places reserved for them. By their side, sitting or standing, are the players and spectators. In the saloons the inspectors stroll to and fro, watching the croupiers and the stakes, while the waiters move about for the service of the public and the administration, which employs not less than one hundred and fifty people to look after the tables.

About half-past twelve the train from Nice brings its customary contingent of players. To-day they were, perhaps, rather numerous. The series of seven-teen for the rouge had produced its natural result. It was a new attraction, and all who worshipped chance came to follow its vicissitudes with increased ardor.

An hour afterwards the rooms had filled. The talk was chiefly of that extraordinary run, but it was carried on in subdued voices. In these immense rooms with their prodigality of gilding, their wealth of ornamentation, the luxury of their furniture, the profusion of the lustres that poured forth their floods of gaslight, to say nothing of the long suspenders from which the green-shaded oil-lamps more especially illuminated the gaming-tables, the dominating sound, notwithstanding the crowd of visitors, was not that of conversation; it was the clatter and clinking of the gold and silver pieces as they were counted or thrown on the table, the rustling of the bank-notes, and the incessant "Rouge gagne et couleur," or "dixsept, noir, impair et manque" in the indifferent voices of the croupiers—and a very sad sound it was!

Two of the losers who had been amongst the most prominent the evening before, had not yet appeared in the saloons. Already some of the players were following the different chances, endeavoring to tap the run of luck, some at roulette, others at trente-et-quarante. But the alterations of gain and loss seemed to be pretty equal, and it did not look as though the phenomenon of the night before would be repeated.

It was not till three o'clock that Sarcany and Toronthal entered the Casino. Before entering the gaming room they took a stroll in the hall, where they were the object of a little public curiosity. The crowd looked at them and watched them, and wondered if they would again try a struggle with this chance which had cost them so dear. Several of the profession would willingly have taken

advantage of the occasion to favor them with infallible dodges—for a consideration—they seemed more accessible. The banker, with a wild look in his eyes, did not seem to notice what was passing around him. Sarcany was cooler and firmer than ever. Both shrank for a time from trying their last stake.

Among the people who were watching them with that special curiosity accorded chiefly to patients or convicts, there was one stranger who seemed resolved never to lose sight of them. He was a knowing-looking young man of about three-and-twenty, with a thin face and pointed nose—one of those noses that seem to look at you. His eyes, of singular vivacity, were sheltered behind spectacles merely of preserved glass. As if he had live money in his veins, he kept his hands in his coat pocket to prevent their gesticulating, and he kept his feet close together in the first position, to make sure of remaining in his place. He was fashionably dressed, without any sacrifices to the latest exigencies of dandyism, and he gave himself no airs—but probably felt very ill at ease in his well-fitting clothes. For the young man—there could be no doubt about it—was nobody else but Point Pescade!

Outside, in the gardens, Cape Matifou was in attendance. The person on whose behalf these two had come on a special mission to this heaven or hell of Monte Carlo was Doctor Antekirti.

The vessel that had dropped them the night before at Monte Carlo point was Electric No. 2 of the flotilla of Antekirta, and this was their object:

Two days after the kidnapping on board the Ferrato, Carpena had been brought ashore, and in spite of his protests imprisoned in one of the casemates on the island. There he found that he had only changed one prison for another. Instead of being in the penitentiary of Ceuta, he was, although he knew it not, in the power of Doctor Antekirti. Where was he? He could not tell. Had he gained by the change? He wondered much, and not without anxiety. He resolved, at any rate, to do all he could to improve his position.

And to the first question propounded by the Doctor, he replied with the utmost frankness.

Did he know Silas Toronthal and Sarcany?

Toronthal, no; Sarcany, yes—but he had only seen him at rare intervals.

Had Sarcany been in communication with Zirona and his band while they were in the neighborhood of Catania?

Yes, Sarcany was expected in Sicily, and he would certainly have come, if it had not been for the unfortunate expedition which ended in the death of Zirona.

Where was he now?

At Monte Carlo at least, unless he had left that town, where he had been living for some time, and very likely with Silas Toronthal.

Carpena knew no more. But what he had just told the Doctor was sufficient information for a fresh campaign.

Of course the Spaniard did not know what object the Doctor had in helping him to escape from Ceuta and carrying him off; he did not know that his treachery to Andrea Ferrato was known to him who interrogated him; and he did not know that Luigi was the son of the fisherman of Rovigno. In his casement he was as strictly guarded as had been in the penitentiary of Ceuta, without being able to communicate with any one until his fate had been decided.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Imprisoned for Ages.

Mr. Samuel B. Hoopman, of Baltimore, has in his possession two winged bats preserved in alcohol which have a remarkable history. They were found some time ago imbedded in bituminous coal at Swanton mine, Barton, Allegany County, Md., by Anthony Rees, who says they were taken by him from a solid lump of coal alive, and that they lived nine days after they were released. He also says that the impression of the bats was clearly formed in the coal. These statements were made by the miner in writing to Mr. Hoopman. Mr. Rees states also that he is willing to make affidavit to the same. He informs Mr. Hoopman that there was no crevice by which the bats could have crept into the coal-bed, and that plaster casts of the impression were made at the time the bats were released. These casts Mr. Hoopman is trying to obtain. The subject will be brought before the Maryland Academy of Sciences, of which Mr. Hoopman was formerly a member. Cases have been from time to time reported of toads being found in coal-beds, where it is supposed they have been imprisoned for ages. This is the first time Mr. Hoopman has ever heard of bats under the same circumstances. A son of Mr. Stephen S. Lee, one of the owners of the mine, is said to be conversant with the facts in this case as stated above, and to have seen the bats alive and their impress in the coal, which was unfortunately permitted to be broken or disintegrated in the open air.—*Baltimore Sun.*

Cause of the Rush.

"My gracious," exclaimed a man who had just arrived in an Arkansas town, "whether are all the men Rushing? Say, hold on there a moment!"

The fellow stopped and the visitor asked:

"Is there any epidemic in town?"

"Noch," the fellow replied, starting off.

"Hold on, I tell you. Has a show struck the town?"

"Noch," again starting off.

"Well, confound it, tell me what's the matter?"

"An't got time to explain. Other fellers will get ahead of me."

"How?"

"Well, I'll tell you what causes the rush and then you'll know all about it. This user be a prohibition town, but now she ain't—saloons will open in about five minutes from now. Whoop!" and striking a brisk run he endeavored to overtake the man whose gray hair was streaming in the wind.—*Arkansas Tropic.*

HOW TO PREVENT HYDROPHOBIA.

Gen. Beale Relates How He Escaped an Attack by Mere Wolf Power—His Daughter's Experience.

Gen. Beale is visiting the Grants at their cottage at this place, writes a Long Branch correspondent of *The New York World*. Last Sunday I heard the general give an interesting account of his once fighting off an attack of hydrophobia. It is the first case I ever heard of a man's being able by mere will power to throw off this formidable and terrible disease. The general apparently believes that hydrophobia is but a creation, to a certain extent, of the imagination. When he was a young man he was surveyor general in southern California. During his residence there, through the purchase of land, he laid the foundation for his present fortune. His favorite sport at that time was the hunting of wolves. Immediately following the attack one wolf would always leave the dogs and come to attack the hunter. The general said one day when a wolf came toward him the lance, with which he could keep off and destroy any wolf making an ordinary attack, broke. As his lance broke he started to kick the wolf under the jaw. His foot missed its aim, and instead was caught in the wolf's mouth. The wolf bit clear through his moccasins and wounded him severely. So grim was the grip of the wolf that he did not even release his hold when killed. The muscles supporting his jaws had to be cut before his teeth could be relaxed from this terrible grip. When the general returned to camp, as he was alone during his experience, he was met by a cheerful companion, who told him the bite of an enraged wolf was certain to produce hydrophobia. The wolf was undoubtedly in a condition to communicate the rabies, as he had been worried to a great extent by the dogs before he attacked the general. Gen. Beale says that he did not have any opportunity of cauterizing the wounds, and had attached no particular importance to the bite until he had returned to camp.

He said after that there was hardly a day passed but what his companion referred to cases of hydrophobia arising from wolf-bites. The result of this continued talk upon the subject was to produce a great depression in Gen. Beale's mind. Within a short time he began to feel symptoms of an approaching attack of hydrophobia. He had the most extraordinary avers on to water. It was with difficulty that he could swallow. A swelling came in his throat which threatened to close it whenever he sought to drink. It was only by an extraordinary effort of the will that he could force himself to swallow. One day the general said to himself that unless he combated this growing feeling he felt certain he would have an attack of hydrophobia. So one morning he walked deliberately to a spring and thrust his head into the water. He said as he approached his head to the water he felt the most intense desire to jump and scream and run away from it. But he held himself right there and moved his head up and down in the water until he conquered this impulse and the aversion. He followed up this practice until he felt the swelling in the throat going down and his aversion to water lessening. He felt that he was getting control, and this encouraged him. In a short time all symptoms of the disease had disappeared. The general was firmly convinced that if he had for one moment relaxed his will power during that trying time he would have passed directly into a fit of the wildest kind of hydrophobia. He has never suffered from the bite of the wolf since that time, although it occurred over twenty-five years ago.

It is a singular fact in this connection that another member of his family who has been bitten by a dog which was undoubtedly mad had also escaped hydrophobia. His daughter Mary married a distinguished Russian, a member of the diplomatic service of his native country. Several years ago they were living in Paris. The husband was connected with the Russian legation. Gen. Beale's daughter had at one time a staghead of unusual size and purity of breed. It was very docile and her favorite companion. He nearly always went out with her. One day the dog disappeared. As he was a great pet and a dog of unusual value they advertised for him, and sought through the police to recover him. One night while the Russian diplomat and his wife were seated about an open fire in their salon after returning from the opera, there was a knock at the door. This was so unusual at this late hour of the night that the Russian went himself to answer the knock. As the door opened two men entered having the lost dog attached to a stout stick, which held him between them, but yet kept them at a safe distance. Gen. Beale's son-in-law was delighted to see the dog again. The dog's mistress was especially pleased. The dog, however, showed no sign of pleasure or recognition. He went over into an opposite corner and would not pay any attention to their calls. They thought that he might feel strange and so paid no further attention to him. Suddenly, without even a bark of warning, this great dog sprang and bit his mistress right through the upper lip, and then on her cheek before her husband could reach the stout collar which still encircled the dog's neck. The Russian succeeded in half a moment in dragging the dog off from his mistress and then he had a terrific fight with the infuriated animal. If he had not been very muscular he would not have succeeded in subduing him. He succeeded finally in dragging him into a bathroom and locking him up, but not until his right arm was bitten and torn from shoulder to wrist.

The scene that followed is dramatic enough for the most sensational of plays. The moment the door was locked the Russian returned. He glanced quickly at the fireplace, where he saw the poker was imbedded in the coals and was fortunately nearly at a white heat. He drew it once from its bed and said to his wife: "The dog is mad. This is our only chance to escape a horrible death. These wounds must be

cauterized at once." The brave American woman never flinched. With the courage of her soldier father she submitted to have the flaming iron burn most cruelly the flesh of her fair face. A moment's delay upon her part or cowardice would have made the operation upon her husband's arm useless. The moment after cauterizing her wounds the Russian turned to his own arm and thoroughly burned every break made in his flesh by the dog. After this had been done as completely as it was possible they sent for the surgeon of the Russian legation. He was one of the finest surgeons in Europe. He came and examined them. He brought his irons to perform the operation of cauterizing, but he said after he came that he had nothing to do. The young Russian diplomat had performed the work as well as if he had been a skillful surgeon. The surgeon also added that there was no danger.

The dog was undoubtedly mad. It tore everything to pieces in the room where it was confined, and died in horrible agony. Gen. Beale says that neither his daughter nor her husband have ever felt the slightest symptoms of trouble resulting from this accident. He says that his daughter determined from the first that she would not allow her mind to dwell upon it. She remembered how her father had courageously fought off hydrophobia, and she was fully resolved that no mental disturbance or worry upon her part should throw open the gate to the approach of this terrible disease. Gen. Beale did not mean to say that there was no such thing as real hydrophobia upon the part of human beings, but he sincerely believes that in the majority of cases it results largely from fright and mental depression.

The Resweating of the Weed to Meet a Popular Craze.

One of the latest tricks in the tobacco trade, says *The Pittsburgh Times*, is the artificial resweating of the weed to meet the popular craze for dark-colored cigars. The craze arises from the false impression that, because all good cigars are dark-colored, all dark-colored cigars are good. The ground taken for this latter impression is that the dark color is an indication that the tobacco has been naturally sweated through about three summers, and has thus reached perfection of flavor.

The color was formally an indication that this was the fact, but it is so no longer, for the increased demand for tobacco of the requisite age caused manufacturers to find a way of aging it, or giving it the appearance of age, artificially. This was at first done by painting, but a speedier and more wholesale process has been invented within the last three or four years called resweating. The fact that tobacco sweats is well known. The first summer after it is cut, tobacco sweats very heavily so that it can be twisted and tied in knot like "kill-me-quick" tobies. The next summer it sweats much less, and the third summer the sweat is hardly noticeable. After each summer's sweat the leaf assumes a darker color, until it reaches the hue of the best Havana brands.

In order to sweat tobacco the box is opened and the leaf "ceased" or dampened, one "hand" or layer at a time, by dipping it in water. The tobacco is then repacked in the box and the box placed in a steam tight receptacle a few inches from the floor. A jet of steam rises through the floor of this chest, right underneath the box, and the steam is allowed to play incessantly on it for seventy-two hours, producing as profuse a sweat as that of a fat man running up hill with the thermometer at 100 degrees in the shade. The box is then taken out and the tobacco shaken out and allowed to cool off. It is then repacked and is ready for use. Great care has to be exercised after sweating tobacco to prevent it from becoming moldy. If it is found to mold it is often dipped in beer to kill the mold. Here is a probable explanation of the inebriating effects of some cigars. The tobacco must always have passed through one summer's sweat before being resweated.

This process ages the tobacco three or four years, but whether it improves the quality proportionately is an open question with the trade. Some say that as resweating has the same effect as the natural sweat, resweated tobacco is perfectly equal to that which has aged naturally, others say that it injures the flavor. Others, again, say that it does not affect the flavor prejudicially or favorably. All agree that it makes the leaf tender and difficult to work and thereby causes loss to the manufacturer. What is admitted by all judges is that a natural sweat invariably improves the quality so that the question remains how to distinguish tobacco naturally sweated from that which has been artificially resweated. It is a difficult one to answer, the only guide being that artificial sweating often makes the leaf almost black, and always makes it a darker color than the natural sweat produces.

The Pittsburgher's delight, the toby, is usually made of tobacco which has stood one summer's sweat, but at the present time the crop of 1885, which is now undergoing that natural process, is being used. Hence the great elasticity and dampness of many tobies now on sale.

Dresser on Moustaches.

"Oh, yes," said young Miss Sniffles. "By the way, did you notice my Charley's moustache?"

"No," said Miss Sarcast, "I never knew he had one."

"You didn't? Why, it's just lovely."

"Why, I didn't think," said Miss Sarcast, "that there was enough hair on his upper lip to get wet, much less to be noticeable."

"Huh," said Miss Sniffles, "I wish I had a dollar for every hair on Charley's upper lip."

A friend of Charley's told him of the above conversation, and the next day he had it cut off, and after much figuring it was decided that Miss Sniffles was entitled to three dollars and a half, allowing all perquisites.—*National Weekly.*

cauterized at once." The brave American woman never flinched. With the courage of her soldier father she submitted to have the flaming iron burn most cruelly the flesh of her fair face. A moment's delay upon her part or cowardice would have made the operation upon her husband's arm useless. The moment after cauterizing her wounds the Russian turned to his own arm and thoroughly burned every break made in his flesh by the dog. After this had been done as completely as it was possible they sent for the surgeon of the Russian legation. He was one of the finest surgeons in Europe. He came and examined them. He brought his irons to perform the operation of cauterizing, but he said after he came that he had nothing to do. The young Russian diplomat had performed the work as well as if he had been a skillful surgeon. The surgeon also added that there was no danger.

The dog was undoubtedly mad. It tore everything to pieces in the room where it was confined, and died in horrible agony. Gen. Beale says that neither his daughter nor her husband have ever felt the slightest symptoms of trouble resulting from this accident. He says that his daughter determined from the first that she would not allow her mind to dwell upon it. She remembered how her father had courageously fought off hydrophobia, and she was fully resolved that no mental disturbance or worry upon her part should throw open the gate to the approach of this terrible disease. Gen. Beale did not mean to say that there was no such thing as real hydrophobia upon the part of human beings, but he sincerely believes that in the majority of cases it results largely from fright and mental depression.

DARK COLORED TOBACCO.

The Resweating of the Weed to Meet a Popular Craze.

One of the latest tricks in the tobacco trade, says *The Pittsburgh Times*, is the artificial resweating of the weed to meet the popular craze for dark-colored cigars. The craze arises from the false impression that, because all good cigars are dark-colored, all dark-colored cigars are good. The ground taken for this latter impression is that the dark color is an indication that the tobacco has been naturally sweated through about three summers, and has thus reached perfection of flavor.

The color was formally an indication that this was the fact, but it is so no longer, for the increased demand for tobacco of the requisite age caused manufacturers to find a way of aging it, or giving it the appearance of age, artificially. This was at first done by painting, but a speedier and more wholesale process has been invented within the last three or four years called resweating. The fact that tobacco sweats is well known. The first summer after it is cut, tobacco sweats very heavily so that it can be twisted and tied in knot like "kill-me-quick" tobies. The next summer it sweats much less, and the third summer the sweat is hardly noticeable. After each summer's sweat the leaf assumes a darker color, until it reaches the hue of the best Havana brands.

In order to sweat tobacco the box is opened and the leaf "ceased" or dampened, one "hand" or layer at a time, by dipping it in water. The tobacco is then repacked in the box and the box placed in a steam tight receptacle a few inches from the floor. A jet of steam rises through the floor of this chest, right underneath the box, and the steam is allowed to play incessantly on it for seventy-two hours, producing as profuse a sweat as that of a fat man running up hill with the thermometer at 100 degrees in the shade. The box is then taken out and the tobacco shaken out and allowed to cool off. It is then repacked and is ready for use. Great care has to be exercised after sweating tobacco to prevent it from becoming moldy. If it is found to mold it is often dipped in beer to kill the mold. Here is a probable explanation of the inebriating effects of some cigars. The tobacco must always have passed through one summer's sweat before being resweated.