

MY LOVED ONE SLEEPS.

My loved one lies asleep within her grave; Her voice is still, no more I hear...

Sandorf's Revenge.

A SEQUEL TO MATHIAS SANDORF AND DOCTOR ANTEKIRTI.

By Jules Verne.

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CHAPTER XVI—CONTINUED.

One, then, of the three traitors who had brought about the sanguinary collapse of the conspiracy of Trieste was in the hands of the Doctor. There were the other two still to be seized, and Carpes had just told where they could be found.

As the Doctor was known to Toronthal, and Pierre was known to Toronthal and Sarcany, it seemed best for them not to appear until they could do so with some chance of success. But now they were on the track of the accomplices, it was important not to lose sight of them until circumstances favored the attack.

As soon as they arrived they set to work. They had no difficulty in discovering the hotel in which Toronthal and Sarcany had taken up their quarters. While Cape Matifou walked about the neighborhood till the evening, Point Pescade kept watch. He saw the two friends come out at about one o'clock in the afternoon. It seemed that the banker was much depressed and spoke little, while Sarcany was particularly lively.

When Sarcany and Toronthal entered the hall of the Casino Pescade followed them; and when they entered the gaming saloons he was close behind.

It was then three o'clock in the afternoon. The play was growing animated. The banker and his companion first strolled round the rooms. For a minute or so they stopped at different tables and watched the game, but took no part in it.

Point Pescade strolled about among the spectators, but did not lose sight of them. He even thought it best, so as to disarm suspicion, to risk a few francs on the columns and dozens of dozens of roulette, and, as was proper, he lost them—with the most exemplary coolness. But he did not avail himself of the excellent advice given him in confidence by a professor of great merit.

"To succeed, sir, you should study to lose the small stakes and win the big ones! That is the secret!"

Four o'clock struck, and then Sarcany and Toronthal thought the time had come for them to try their luck. There were several vacant places at one of the roulette tables. They seated themselves facing each other, and the chief of the table soon saw himself surrounded not only by players, but by spectators eager to assist at the revenge of the famous losers of the night before.

For the first hour the chances seemed about equal. To divide them better Toronthal and Sarcany played independently of each other. They staked separately, and won a few large amounts, sometimes on simple combinations, sometimes on multiple combinations, and sometimes on many combinations at once. Luck decided neither for or against them. But between four and six o'clock it seemed to be running in their favor. At roulette the maximum is 6,000 francs, and this they gained several times on full numbers.

Toronthal's hands shook as he steeled them across the table to stake his money, or as he snatched from under the rake the gold and notes of the croupier. Sarcany was quite master of himself, and his countenance gave no sign of his emotions. He contented himself with encouraging his companion with his looks, and it was Toronthal whom chance then followed with most constancy.

Point Pescade, although rather dazzled by the constant movement of the gold and notes, kept close watch on them, and wondered if they would be prudent enough to keep the wealth

which was growing under their hands, and if they would stop in time. Then the thought occurred to him that if they had that good sense—which he doubted—they would leave Monte Carlo and fly to some other corner of Europe, where he would have to follow them. If money did not fail them they would not fall so easily into the power of Doctor Antekirti.

"Certainly," he thought, "in every way it will be better for them to get ruined, and I am very much mistaken if that scoundrel Sarcany is the man to stop, once he is in the swim!"

Whatever were Pescade's thoughts and fears the luck did not abandon the two friends; luck three times, in fact, that would have broken the bank, if the chief of the table had not thrown in an additional 20,000 francs.

The strife was quite an event among the spectators, the majority of whom were in favor of the players. Was not this in revenge for the insolent series of ronge by which the administration had so largely profited during the previous evening?

At half-past six, when they suspended their play, Toronthal and Sarcany had realized more than 20,000 pounds. They rose and left the roulette table. Toronthal walked with uncertain step, as if he were slightly intoxicated, intoxicated with emotion and cerebral fatigue. His companion, impassable as ever, watched him, thinking he would be tempted to escape with the money he had won, and withdraw himself from his influence.

Pescade followed them at a distance. As he came out he saw near one of the kiosks in the garden, Cape Matifou seated on a bench.

Point Pescade stopped up to him. "Has the time come?" asked Matifou. "What time?"

"To—"

"To come on the stage? No! not yet! you must wait at the wings! Have you had your dinner?"

"Yes."

"My compliments to you! My stomach is in my heels—and that is not the place for a stomach! But I will get it up again if I have time! Do not move from here till I get back!"

And Pescade rushed off down the hill after Toronthal and Sarcany. When he found that they were at dinner in their rooms, he sat down at the table d'hotel. He was only just in time, and in half an hour, as he said, he had brought back his stomach to the normal place that that organ occupies in the human machine.

Then he went out with a capital cigar in his mouth and took up his position opposite the hotel.

"Assuredly," he said, to himself, "I must have been made for a policeman! I have mistaken my profession!"

The question he then asked himself was: Were these gentlemen going back to the Casino this evening?

About eight o'clock they appeared at the hotel door.

Pescade saw and heard that they were in eager discussion.

Apparently the banker was trying to resist once more the entreaties and injunctions of his accomplice, for Sarcany in an imperious voice, was heard to say: "You must, Silas! I will have it so!"

They walked up the hill to the gardens of Monte Carlo. Point Pescade followed them, without being able to overhear the rest of their conversation—much to his regret.

But this is what Sarcany was saying, in a tone which admitted of no reply, to the banker whose resistance was growing feebler every minute:

"To stop, Silas, when luck is with us is madness! You must have lost your head! In the 'devoine' we faced our game like fools, and in the 'veine' we must face it like wise men. We have an opportunity—the only one perhaps—an opportunity that may never occur again, to be masters of our fate, masters of fortune, and by our own fault we shall let it escape us! Silas, do you not feel that luck—"

"If it is not exhausted," said Toronthal.

"No! a hundred times, no!" replied Sarcany; "it cannot be explained, but it can be felt, and it thrills you even to your spinal cord! A million is waiting for us to-night at the Casino tables. Yes, a million, and I will not let it slip!"

"You play, then, Sarcany."

"Me! play alone? No! Play with you, Silas? Yes; and if we have to choose between us I will yield you my place. The 'veine' is personal, and it is manifest that to you it has returned. Play on then, and win!"

In fact, what Sarcany wished was that Toronthal should not be content with the few hundred thousand francs that would allow him to escape from his power; but that he would either become the millionaire he had been, or be reduced to nothing. Rich, he would continue his former life. Ruined, he would have to follow Sarcany where he pleased. In either case, he would be unable to injure him.

Resist as he might, Toronthal felt all the passions of the gambler rising within him. In the miserable abasement into which he had fallen he felt afraid to go, and at the same time longed to go back to the tables. Sarcany's words set his blood on fire. Visibly, luck had declared in his favor, and during the last few hours with such constancy that it would be unpardonable to stop.

The madman! Like all gamblers he spoke in the present when he should have spoken only in the past! Instead of saying, "I have been lucky"—which was true—he said "I am lucky," which was false. And in his brain, as in that of all who trust to chance, there was no other reasoning! They forget what was recently said by one of the greatest mathematicians of France, "Chance has its caprices, it has not its habits."

Sarcany and Toronthal walked on to the Casino, followed by Pescade; there they stopped for a moment.

"Silas," said Sarcany, "no hesitation! You have resolved to play, have you not?"

everything!" replied the banker, in whom hesitation had ceased, when he found himself on the steps of the peristyle.

"It is not for me to influence you!" continued Sarcany; "trust to your own inspiration, not to mine—it will not lead you astray. Are you going for roulette?"

"No—trente-et-quarante!" said Toronthal, as he entered the hall.

"You are right, Silas! listen only to yourself. Roulette has almost given you a fortune! Trente-et-quarante will do the rest!"

They entered the saloons, and walked around them; ten minutes afterwards Pescade saw them seat themselves at one of the trente-et-quarante tables.

There, in fact, they could play more boldly, for if the chances of the game are simple, the maximum is 12,000 francs, and a few passes can give considerable differences in gain and loss. Hence it is the favorite game with desperate players, and at it wealth and poverty can be made with a vertiginous rapidity sufficient to raise the envy of all the Stock Exchanges of the world.

CHAPTER XVII.

A CHECK FOR SARCANI.

Toronthal lost his fear as soon as he was seated at the trente-et-quarante table. There was no timidity now about his play; he staked his money like a man in a fury. And Sarcany watched his every movement, deeply interested in this supreme crisis, deeply interested in the issue.

For the first hour the alternations of loss and gain almost balanced each other, the advantage being on Toronthal's side, Sarcany and he imagined they were sure of success. They grew excited, and staked higher and higher until they staked only the maximum. But soon the luck returned to the impetuous bank which, by this maximum protects its interests in no inconsiderable measure, and which knows no transports of folly.

Then came blow after blow. The winnings during the afternoon went heap by heap. Toronthal was an awful spectacle; his face became congested, his eyes grew haggard, he clung to the table, to his chair, to the rolls of notes, and the rouleaux of gold that his hand would hardly yield over with the twitchings and convulsions of a drowning man! And no one was there to stop him on the brink of the chasm! Not a hand was stretched out to help him! Not an effort from Sarcany to tear him from the place before he was lost, before he finally sank beneath the wave of ruin!

At ten o'clock Toronthal had risked his last stake, his last maximum. He won! Then he staked again—and again—and lost. And then he rose, dazed and scared and fiercely wishing that the very walls would crumble and crush the crowd around him; he had nothing left—nothing of all the millions that had been left in the bank when the millions of Count Sandorf had poured in to its aid.

Toronthal, accompanied by Sarcany, who acted as his juler, left the gaming-room, crossed the hall, and hurried out of the Casino. Then they fled across the square to the footpaths leading to La Turbie.

Point Pescade was already on their track, and as he passed had shaken up Cape Matifou as he lay half asleep on his bench, with a shout of—

"Wake up! eyes and legs!"

And Cape Matifou had come along with him, on a trail it would not do to lose.

Sarcany and Toronthal continued to hurry on, side by side, and gradually mounted the paths which twist and wind on the flank of the mountain among the olive and orange gardens. The capricious zig-zags allowed Pescade and Matifou to keep them in view, although they could not get near enough to hear them.

"Come back to the hotel, Silas!" Sarcany continued to repeat, in an imperious tone; "come back, and be cool again!"

"No! we are ruined! Let us part! I do not want to see you again! I do not want—"

"Part? and why? You will follow me, Silas! To-morrow we will leave Morocco! We have enough to take us to Tetuan, and there we will finish our work!"

"No! no! Leave me, Sarcany, leave me!" said Toronthal.

And he pushed him violently aside as he tried to catch on; then he darted off at such speed that Sarcany had some trouble in keeping up. Unconscious of his acts, Toronthal at every step risked falling into the deep ravines above which the winding footpaths lay unrolled. Only one idea possessed him; to escape from Sarcany whose counsels had led him to misery, to escape without caring where he went or what became of him.

Sarcany felt that his accomplice was at last beyond him, that he was going to escape him! Ah! if the banker had not known those secrets that might ruin him, or at least irretrievably compromise the third game he wished to play, how little anxiety he would have felt for the man he had dragged to the brink of destruction! But, before he fell, Toronthal might give a last cry, and that cry he must stifle at all hazards!

Then, from the thought of the crime on which he had resolved, to its immediate execution, was only a step, and this step Sarcany did not hesitate to take. That which he had intended to do on the road to Tetuan in the solitude of Morocco, might be done here, this very night, on this very spot which would soon be deserted!

But just at present between Monte Carlo and La Turbie a few belated way-farers were along the slopes. A cry from Silas might bring them to his help, and the murderer intended the murder to be committed in such a way that it would never be suspected. And so he had to wait. Higher up, beyond La Turbie and the frontier of Monaco, along the Corniche clinging to the lower buttresses of the Alps, 2,000 feet above the sea, Sarcany could strike a far surer blow. Who could then come to his

victim's help? How at the foot of such precipices as barrier that road could Toronthal's corpse be found?

But, for the last time, Sarcany tried to stop his accomplice and tempt him back to Monte Carlo.

"Come, Silas, come," said he, seizing him by the arm; "to-morrow we will begin again! I have some money left."

"No! Leave me! Leave me!" exclaimed Toronthal, with an angry gesture.

And if he had been strong enough to struggle with Sarcany, if he had been armed, he might not even have hesitated to take vengeance on his old Tripolitan broker for all the evil he had done him. With a hand that anger made the stronger, Toronthal thrust him aside; and he rushed towards the last turn of the path and ran up a few steps roughly cut in the rock between the little gardens. Soon he reached the main road of La Turbie, along the narrow neck which divides the Dog's Head from Mont Agel, the old frontier line between Italy and France.

"Go, then, Silas!" exclaimed Sarcany. "Go! but you will not go far!"

Then turning off to the right he scrambled over a stone hedge, scaled a garden wall, and ran on in front so as to precede Toronthal along the road.

Pescade and Matifou, although they had not heard what had passed, had seen the banker thrust Sarcany away and Sarcany disappear in the shade.

"Eh!" exclaimed Pescade. "Perhaps the best of them has gone! Anyhow Toronthal is worth something; and we have no choice! Come on, Cape; forward away!"

And in a few rapid strides they were close to Toronthal, who was hurrying up the road. Leaving to the left the little knoll with the tower of Augustus, he passed at a run the houses, then closed for the night, and at length came out on the Corniche.

Point Pescade and Cape Matifou followed him less than fifty yards behind.

But of Sarcany they thought no more. He had either taken the crest of the slope to the right, or abandoned his accomplice to return to Monte Carlo. The Corniche is an old Roman road. When it leaves La Turbie, it drops towards Nice, running in mid-mountains by magnificent rocks, isolated cones, and profound precipices that cleave their ravines down to the railway line along the shore. Beyond, on this starry night by the light of the moon, then rising in the east, there showed forth confusedly the six gulfs, the isle of Sainte-Hospice, the mouth of the Var, the peninsula of Garonne, the Cape of Antibes, the Juan Gulf, the Leries Islands, the Gulf of Napoule, and the Gulf of Cannes, with the mountains of Esterel in the background. Here shone the harbor lights of Beaulieu in front of Monte Lenzu, and yonder the lamps of the fishing-boats reflected on the calm waters of the open sea.

It was just after midnight. Toronthal, as soon as he had got out of the La Turbie, left the Corniche, and dashed down a little road leading directly to Eza, a sort of eagle's nest with a half-savage population, boldly placed on a rock above a mass of pines and carob trees.

The road was quite deserted. The madman kept on for some time without slackening his pace or turning his head; suddenly he threw himself off to the left, down a narrow foot-path running close to the high cliff along the shore, under which the railway and carriage-road pass by the tunnel.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Met His Wife on the Battlefield. Apropos of romantic marriages, there is no man in congress who can show a better record than Representative William J. Stone of Kentucky, who takes Oscar Turner's place in the house.

The story of Stone's terrible wound on the battlefield was told not long ago, but the best part of the story was left out. The battle where he lost his leg was near Cynthia, Ky. He was in the Confederate service, and after that battle was lying on the field gasping for water, with his leg shot away almost to the hip. A Federal soldier saw him and asked him if he was not thirsty. He replied that he was, and the Yankee went off and brought back a canteen full of water. He raised the wounded man and gave him a drink, and then in kindness left his own canteen by the side of what he thought to be the dying rebel. Said he, "I will leave this, as you may want to drink again after awhile." Stone thanked him. As he turned to go away another Union soldier came up and said: "Hello! my man, is that rebel dead?" The first Yankee replied he was not, but he thought he was dying. The newcomer then said: "Stand aside and I'll finish him," and with that he raised his musket. The kind-hearted Yankee stepped in front of him and told him if he shot the rebel he would shoot him. This ended the matter, and the good and the bad Union soldier went away together. This much of the story has already been told.

Mr. Stone lay upon the battle field for some time, hugging the canteen to him. The troops had now all left the field, and none but the dead and dying remained. At this a number of young ladies from the town of Cynthia came to visit the battlefield. They had gathered up the ramrods scattered among the dead, and one of them, finding Mr. Stone still alive, and the sun beating down upon him, took a bundle of these ramrods and stuck them into the earth, making a half-moon of paling fence about his head. Over this she spread her shawl and did what she could to ease him. This young woman is now Mrs. Stone, one of the accomplished women of our Congressional society. Stone fell in love with her on the battlefield, and after his recovery he succeeded in winning her. The story, if told in the shape of a novel, would be considered improbable. But truth is stranger than fiction, and there are more romances all around us than there are on the book shelves.—Carp in Cleveland Leader.

A resident of Santa Barbara, Cal., has a cage of eight domesticated humming birds.

GOING TO CONGRESS.

There is a certain fascination to a young or old man, in being "talked of," as the man who ought to go to congress from his district, and the congressional bee is buzzing in thousands of bonnets all over the country. Men there are, who think the world would have no further ambitions for them, if they could once go to congress, and they will work and wait, and plan, and humiliate themselves, and bargain and sell and buy, until finally, after years of the dirtiest and most detestable work they will get the nomination, when they will work night and day, and lie, cheat, steal, get drunk and debase themselves, and be elected. Then they think the trouble is over, and they will have two years of peace, associating with the great men of the nation. A few days since a paper published a long list of members of congress who had positively asserted that they would not under any circumstances be re-elected, and that money could not hire them to serve another term in congress. Many who have not investigated the annoyances of a congressman, wonder why men who have been there should not have the same desire to go again. It looks as though congress would be a splendid place for a man to go, who wanted to amount to something. It seems as if a wealthy man who wanted to retire from business, could be elected to congress and be perfectly happy. Well, the happy member of congress is one that is dead. There is no position more trying to a man. He is the body servant of any man in his district who wants anything at Washington, from a post office to a package of pumpkin seeds. The congressman necessarily makes many promises of attention to his constituents, and he goes to Washington hoping that the constituent has forgotten about it, but the constituent never forgets. If he does not want anything himself he hunts up someone who does, so that he may bring it before the congressman, and show his influence with the great man. If told that the matter is not worth taking the time of the congressman, he will say, "Gosh, our congressman will do anything for me. I don't want it to get out but confidentially, if it hadn't been for me, he would have been beaten. He told me after election, says he, Jim, I lay the success to you, and you can draw on me at sight, for anything!" There may be a hundred such friends that the congressman has made in his district, and he knows that on the least appearance of lukewarmness on his part, they will go back on him, and talk it over at the corner grocery, how he has got too big for his boots. Men get mad at their congressman because he does not write to them, whether he has any business with them or not. They remember that he used to write to them when he wanted work done. Then if he writes to them, by the aid of a secretary, they say he is getting above his business. If he sends a letter to a constituent, printed with a type writer, they get mad and say they want him to understand they can read "writin'," and it isn't necessary for him to print his letters to them. If he sends a package of garden seeds to one, and another hears of it, and none came to him, he is mad, and says they will teach the congressman a lesson next time. His votes are watched closely, and a congressman can make life long enemies of his friends by votes that are of no importance at all. One member tried for a week to explain how it was that he voted to adjourn at two o'clock in the afternoon, when he ought to work till supper time. The fact that he worked until after midnight on a committee, had nothing to do with the case, and the constituent voted for the opposing candidate, because he believed the old congressman was a shirk. Besides, he had sent a neighbor a sack of cabbage seed from the agricultural department, and the indignant constituent had not received any. A man, with a million dollars, who never let business bother him any more, and who has a lovely home, surrounded by every comfort, and friends innumerable, and who is perfectly happy, allows himself to be elected to congress, and he takes his wife and goes to Washington, and they take rooms at a hotel. At home the wife is loved and respected by all who know her, and her house is the center of social affairs. After living in Washington a month she had four calls from persons she never heard of before, who are wives of members from different parts of the country. She has made the acquaintance in the hotel parlors, of the wives of two members, and four females, whom she believes to be lobbyists, who have designs on her husband's votes, and she is the "homesickiest" woman on earth. In two months she has got acquainted with the wives of three members from her own state, two of whom she don't like; has attended one White House reception, and seen her name in a Washington society paper spelled wrong, but it was announced that she was lovely in a low corsage and diamonds, when she knows she is bony, and never had a low dress in the past thirty years. She tries to prevent any of the society papers going to her home, fearing her friends will laugh at her. In three months she is sick and discouraged, and the society papers announce that the loving and accomplished wife of Congressman So-and-so has returned to her home to prepare for social festivities at the capital later in the season. She returns to have a fit of sickness, and wishes to heaven her husband had never thought of going to congress. In the meantime the congressman, whose life was so quiet at home, and so full of enjoyment, is humping himself night and day to keep up with the demands of his constituents. He shadows the pension office until he is called a bore, he works the postoffice department for offices, and is the tired servant of everybody, walking miles every day, attends sessions and committee meetings, introduces constituents from home to the president, though he is in doubt whether the president knows who he is, shows a gang of visitors through the capitol building, and utters a phrase of interest, as though he were a guide instead of a statesman. He loses his appetite, and maybe takes to stimulants; perhaps he dies of malaria, but if he lives he goes home to be

re-elected, sick, disgusted, but desiring to be vindicated by a second term. He finds that in his absence every public act of his has been misconstrued, and many of his former friends have gone back on him, and if he is re-elected he has to buy his election, which he does, and then he serves out his second term carelessly, and don't want a reelection and generally does not get it. He returns to his home broken down, his temper injured so he can't enjoy himself if he wanted to, his wealth is no good to him, and he dies, finally, leaving to his family the legend that "pa was in congress once." The glory of statesmanship is small.—Peach's Sun.

ART IN AMERICA.

The Two Monticellis—One a Lombard, the Other a Frenchman.

Amateurship in America has been the prop of many French painters without earning their gratitude. Legislation by congress a year or so ago gave them a better reason for their openly expressed contempt that they once had. America's ready purse has kept some from starving, and raised others to a position which princes rightly envy. America has also greatness: Barye, the sculptor, Jean Francois Millet, were better understood and better treated by Americans than by their own countrymen. Go to Paris to-day and ask for Monticelli. It will be a very well-informed artist who can tell you who he is. There are two Monticellis, one a Lombard, who paints genre pictures, nowise different from the ordinary atrocity of modern Italy; and the other a Frenchman of Marseilles, who is probably the greatest colorist alive. A riotous early life, great reserve, complete withdrawal from the world, and present incapacity to equal every work—when Diaz lived and was charged with keeping this eccentric painter concealed in order to profit by his work and counsel—make the recognition of Monticelli by the men of the day nearly impossible. Where was he recognized? In America. Where are his best pictures? In America. By some occult means he inherited the palette which slipped so early from the hand of Marihat; without any known excursions into the true orient he seems to have found in Provence the glowing and deeply harmonious colors of the best old oriental rugs and carpets. This, to be sure, conveys but faint praise to some minds who ask that a definite story shall be told in every picture, and who use the term "decorative" as a slur. Such will find little to admire in Monticelli. The Bacchanalian scene here produced—a vision of a dance in that Italian garden to which the pleasure-loving Florentines who told the stories of the Decameron withdrew—is not by any means the important point in the original. The groups are at first indistinct; only gradually do they announce themselves to the brooding eye; slowly they resolve into three separate rings of dancers, and one great cluster of quiet spectators grouped before the ruined temple on the left. In Monticelli it is the wonderful color that attracts, a color composed of an apparently haphazard but really deeply felt intermingling of cream whites, lemons, subdued blues and reds. Early Italian pictures often show this heaping up of accident, this tapestry-like mingling of low colors, and this high finish in the faces. It is a sensuous tumult of color that arises from the ample gowns and flowing cloaks of devil-may-care dancers, as they pace along ecstatic, or fling their limbs in a sudden burst to the thrumming of a Provençal Mephisto seated on the left. No painter like Monticelli for startling and really grieving honest, orderly souls, who wish to take their fine arts serenely, with circumspection, with instant grasp of all the painter meant. To enjoy Monticelli best it is well to have his picture at the foot of one's bed, and open the eyes on it during the white first hours of the morning, when the spirit is still half in dreamland, and the amazing depth and subtlety of his color-values have a chance to penetrate before the hard conventionalities of wide-awake day draw the blinds upon the senses and open the doors to reason. Monticelli at his best, as when he painted this, is a workman for poets and for amateurs who will not give a fig for rules—who are at once wide enough and bold enough to appreciate extremes in the art. And to say that is to say a great deal.—Magazine of Art.

Had Gone Up.

Colonel Moley sent a recently employed colored man to the postoffice for fifty cents worth of postage stamps.

"Look here, Simon," said the colonel when the man returned, "you have only brought me thirty cents' worth of stamps. How's that?"

"I paid him fifty cents fur 'em, sah."

"No, you didn't. You have kept twenty cents. Stamps are two cents apiece, and you have only brought me fifteen, instead of twenty-five."

"Look heah, boss. I see powerful sorry ter see dat yer don keep up wid de market. De price o' stamps hab dun riz."

"What?"

"Dun riz, I tells yer."

"Give me twenty cents, Simon."

"How ken I gin yer de amount when da charged so much fur de stamps? Co an' wheat an' oats an' rye an' stamps is all dun gone up, an' heah yer comes makin' er mouf er bout twenty cents. Neber seed de like in mer life. Es pusson kaint lib in dis heah country widout gittin' inter trouble. Taint my fault dat de market changes. Reekin dat if I went out ter buy some meat fur yer I'd be 'cuzed o' stealin'. Neber seed de like. I spize er white man no how."—Arkansas Traveler.

His Ruling Passion.

A certain editor of a weekly newspaper made a practice of "stopping the press to announce," if he had nothing more important to notice than a dog fight. One week everything was dull as a patent office report, but the ruling passion cropped out as follows: "We stop the press to announce that nothing has occurred since we went to press of sufficient interest to induce us to stop the press to announce it."—Texas Siftings.