

I LOVE YOU.

She climbed upon my willing knee,
And softly whispered unto me,
"I love you."

Her dainty arms were round my neck,
Her sunny curls were in my face;
And in her tender eyes I saw
The soul of innocence and grace.

And like a sunbeam glinting through
The clouds that hide the skies of blue,
Her smile found access to my heart,
And bade the shadows all depart.

O moment of apocalypse,
In which I saw the stately ships,
That erstwhile sailed away from me,
Come riding back across the sea,
I would you might return and stay
Within my lonely heart away.

God bless the darling little child,
Who looked up in my face and smiled;
And wrought upon my heart a spell
More sweet than songs of Israel.

O angels, listen while I pray
That you will make her life as sweet
As that brief moment was to me,
When'er I heard her lips repeat,
"I love you."

—James Chester Lockwell, in the Current.

Sandorf's Revenge.

A SEQUEL TO MATHIAS SANDORF AND
DOCTOR ANTEKIRTA.

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 XVII.—CONTINUED.

Point Pescade and Cape Matifou hurried after him. A hundred paces further on Toronthal stopped. He had jumped on to a rock which overhung a precipice whose base, hundreds of feet below, dropped deep into the sea.

"What was he going to do? Had the idea of suicide crossed his brain? Would he then end his miserable existence by hurling himself into the waves?"

"A thousand devils!" exclaimed Pescade; "we must have him alive! Catch him, Cape Matifou, and hold him tight!"

But they had not gone twenty yards before they saw a man appear to the right of the path, glide along the slope among the myrtles and lentisks, and clamber up so as to reach the rock on which Toronthal stood.

It was Sarcany.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Point Pescade. "He is going to give his friend something to send him from this world into the next! Hurry up, Matifou. You take one—I'll take the other!"

But Sarcany stopped. He risked being recognized. A curse escaped his lips. Then springing off to the right before Pescade could reach him, he vanished among the bushes.

An instant afterwards, as Toronthal had gathered himself together to jump from the rock, he was seized by Cape Matifou, and pulled back on the road.

"Let me go! Let me go!"

"Let you make a mistake, Mr. Toronthal? Oh, dear no!" answered Point Pescade.

He was quite unprepared for this incident, which his instructions had not foreseen. But although Sarcany had escaped, Toronthal was captured, and all that could now be done was to take him to Antekirta, where he would be received with all the honor that was his due.

"Will you forward the gentleman—at a reduced rate?" asked Point Pescade.

"With pleasure," said Matifou.

Toronthal, hardly knowing what had happened, made but very slight resistance. Pescade found a rough footpath leading to the beach, and down it he was followed by Cape Matifou, who sometimes carried and sometimes dragged his inert prisoner.

The descent was extremely difficult, and without Pescade's extraordinary activity and his friend's extraordinary strength, they would certainly have had a fatal fall. However, after risking their lives a score of times, they gained the rocks on the beach. There the shore is formed of a succession of small creeks, capriciously cut back into the sandstone, shut in by high reddish walls, and bordered by ferruginous reefs, tinting the waves bright blood-color as they curl over them.

Day had begun to break when Point Pescade found a shelter at the back of a deep ravine that had been cut down into the cliff in geologic ages. Here he left Toronthal in charge of Cape Matifou.

"You will stop here!" he said.

"As long as you like."

"Twelve hours even, if I am away?"

"Twelve hours."

"And without eating?"

"If I do not breakfast this morning, I shall dine this evening—and for both of us!"

"And if you do not have dinner for two, you shall have supper for four!"

And then Cape Matifou sat down on a rock, so as not to lose sight of his prisoner; and Point Pescade made his way along the shore from creek to creek towards Monaco. He was not away as long as he expected. In less than two hours he came upon the Electric moored in one of the deserted creeks; and an hour later that swift vessel had arrived off the ravine in which Cape Matifou, seen from the sea, looked like a mythological Proteus herding the sheep of Neptune.

A minute or two afterwards he and his prisoner were on board, and without having been noticed by the coast-guard or the fishermen, the Electric was off under full power, for Antekirta.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE EXAMINATION OF TORONTHAL.

And now we must return to Antekirta. Toronthal and Carpena were in the



TORONTHAL CAPTURED AT MONTE CARLO.

Doctor's power, and the pursuit of Sarcany would be resumed as soon as opportunity offered. The agents entrusted with the discovery of Madame Bathory's retreat, were still unresting in their endeavors—but with no result. Since his mother had disappeared with only old Borik to help her, Pierre's anxiety had been constant. What consolation could the Doctor give to that twice-broken heart? When Pierre spoke of his mother how could he help thinking of Sava Toronthal, whose name was never mentioned between them?

Maria Ferrato occupied one of the prettiest houses in Artenak. It was close to the Stadthaus. There the Doctor's gratitude had endeavored to ensure her all the comforts of life. Her brother lived near her, when he was not at sea, occupied on some service of transport or surveillance. Not a day closed without her visiting the Doctor, or his going to see her. His affection for the children of the fisherman of Rovigne increased as he knew them better.

"How happy we are!" said Maria, very often; "if Pierre could only be so!" "He cannot be so," Luigi would answer, "until he finds his mother; but I have not lost all hope of that. Maria, with the Doctor's means, we ought to discover where Borik took Madame Bathory after they left Ragusa!"

"And I also have that hope, Luigi! But if he got back his mother, would he be happy?"

"No, Maria, that would be impossible, until Sava Toronthal is his wife!"

"Luigi," answered Maria, "is that which seems impossible to man, impossible to God?"

When Pierre had told Luigi that they were brothers, he did not then know Maria Ferrato, he did not know what a sister, tender and devoted, he would find in her! And when he had become able to appreciate her, he had confided to her all his troubles! It soothed him a little to talk them over to her. What he could not say to the Doctor, what he had been forbidden to say to him, he could say to Maria. He found, then, a loving heart, open to all compassion, a heart that understood him, that consoled him, a soul that trusted in God, and did not know despair.

In the casemates of Antekirta there was now a prisoner who knew what had become of Sava, and if she were still in Sarcany's power. It was the man who had passed her off as his daughter—Silas Toronthal. But out of respect to his father's memory, Pierre would never speak to him on the subject.

Ever since his capture, Toronthal had been in such a state of mind, in such physical and mental prostration that he could have told nothing, even if it had been to his interest to do so. But he would gain no advantage in revealing what he knew of Sava, for he did not know on the one hand that he was Doctor Antekirta's prisoner, and on the other, that Pierre Bathory was alive on this island of Antekirta, of which the name even was unknown to him.

So that, as Maria Ferrato said, God alone could unravel the mystery!

No sketch of the state of the colony would be complete without mention of Point Pescade and Cape Matifou.

Although Sarcany had managed to escape, although his track was lost, the capture of Toronthal had been of such importance that Point Pescade was overwhelmed with thanks. And when the Doctor was satisfied, the two friends were quite satisfied with themselves. They had again taken up their quarters in their pretty cottage, and waited ready for any services that might be required, hoping that they would still be of use to the good cause.

Since their return to Antekirta, they had visited Maria and Luigi Ferrato, and then they had called on several of the notables of Artenak. Everywhere they were warmly welcomed, for everywhere they were esteemed. It was worth a journey to see Cape Matifou under such solemn circumstances, always very much embarrassed at his enormous figure taking up nearly all the room.

"But I am so small that that makes up for it!" said Point Pescade.

His constant good-humor made him the delight of the colony. His intelligence and skill were at every one's disposal. And when everything had been settled to the general satisfaction, what entertainments would he not organize, what a programme of gaiety and attractions would he not keep going in the town and its neighborhood! Yes! If

necessary, Cape Matifou and Point Pescade would not hesitate to resume their old profession, and astonish their Antekirtan audiences with their wonders of acrobacy!

Till that happy day arrived, Point Pescade and Cape Matifou improved their garden under the shade of the huge trees, and their cottage was hidden beneath its masses of bloom. The work at the little dock began to grow into shape. To see Cape Matifou lifting and carrying the huge masses of rock, was convincing enough that the Provencal Hercules had lost none of his prodigious strength.

The Doctor's correspondents had found no trace of Madame Bathory, and they were equally unsuccessful with regard to Sarcany. They could find no trace of his movements since he left Monte Carlo.

Did Toronthal know what had become of him? It was at the least doubtful, considering the circumstances under which they had separated on the road to Nice. And admitting that he knew, would he consent to say? Impatiently did the Doctor wait until the banker was in a fit state to be questioned.

It was in a fort at the north-west angle of Artenak that Toronthal and Carpena had been secured in the most rigorous secrecy. They were known to each other, but by name only, for the banker had never been mixed up with Sarcany's Sicilian affairs. And so there was a formal order against their being allowed to suspect each other's presence in this fort. They occupied two casemates far apart from each other, and they came out for exercise at different hours in different courts. Sure of the fidelity of those who had charge of them—two of the militia sergeants of Antekirta—the Doctor could take place between them.

And there was no indiscretion to fear, for none of the questions from Toronthal and Carpena as to where they were, had been replied to, or would be replied to. And there was nothing to lead them to suppose that they had fallen into the hands of the mysterious Doctor Antekirta, whom Toronthal had once or twice met at Ragusa.

But to find Sarcany, to carry him off like his accomplices, was now the Doctor's object. And on the 10th of October, having learned that Toronthal was now strong enough to reply to any questions that might be put to him, he resolved to proceed with his examination.

To begin with, the subject was talked over by the Doctor, Pierre and Luigi and Point Pescade, whose advice was not to be despised.

The Doctor informed them of his intentions.

"But," said Luigi, "but to ask Toronthal if he knows anything about Sarcany is enough to make him suspect that we want to get hold of him."

"Well," replied the Doctor, "what does it matter if Toronthal does know, that now he cannot escape us?"

"One thing," answered Luigi, "is that Toronthal might think it to be to his interest to say nothing that might damage Sarcany."

"And why?"

"Because it might damage him."

"May I make an observation?" asked Pescade, who was seated a little apart.

"Certainly, my friend!" said the Doctor.

"Owing," said Point Pescade, "to the peculiar circumstances under which these gentlemen parted, I have reason to believe that they are not likely to care very much for each other. Mr. Toronthal must very cordially hate Mr. Sarcany for leading him to his ruin. If, then, Mr. Toronthal knows where Mr. Sarcany is to be found, he will have no hesitation in telling you—at least I think not. If he says nothing, it is because he has nothing to say."

The reasoning was at least plausible. It was very likely that if the banker did know where Sarcany had gone to, he would willingly reveal the secret, for his true interest was to break with him.

"We shall know to-day," said the Doctor; "and if Toronthal knows nothing, or will tell us nothing, I will see what next to do. But as he must be kept ignorant that he is in the power of Doctor Antekirta, and that Pierre Bathory is alive, it must be Luigi's task to examine him."

"I am at your orders, Doctor," said the mate.

Luigi then went to the fort, and was admitted into the casemate which served as Toronthal's prison.

The banker was seated in a corner at a table. He had just left his bed. There could be no doubt that he was in much better health. It was not of his ruin that he was now thinking, nor of Sarcany. What was troubling him was why and where he was in prison, and who was the powerful individual that had carried him off.

When he saw Luigi Ferrato enter, he arose; but at a sign he resumed his seat. The following dialogue then ensued:

"You are Silas Toronthal, formerly a banker at Trieste, and lately living at Ragusa?"

"I have no reply to that question. It is for those that keep me prisoner to know who I am."

"They do know."

"Who are they?"

"You will learn in due time."

"And who are you?"

"A man who has been sent to interrogate you."

"By whom?"

"By those with whom you have accounts to settle."

"Once more, who are they?"

"I shall not tell you."

"In that case, I shall not reply."

"Be it so! You were at Monte Carlo with a man you have known for many years, and who has not left you since your departure from Ragusa. This man is a Tripolitan by birth and his name is Sarcany. He escaped at the moment you were arrested on the road to Nice. Now this is what I have been sent to ask you: Do you know where that man now is, and if you know, will you tell me?"

Toronthal took a long time to reply. If they want to know, he thought, where Sarcany is, it is obvious that they want to get hold of him as they have got hold of me. Why? Is it for something we have both been concerned in during the years gone by, and particularly for our schemes in the Trieste conspiracy? But how can these things have been found out, and who is there interested in avenging Mathias Sandorf and his two friends who died fifteen years ago? These were the banker's first thoughts. Then, he went on to himself, it cannot be any properly constituted authority that threatens me and my companion—and that is serious. And so, although he had no doubt that Sarcany had fled to Tetuan to Namir, where he was trying his third game and forcing it as much as he could, he resolved to say nothing about it. If later on he could gain anything by speaking, he would speak. Now he would be as reserved as possible.

"Well?" asked Luigi, after giving him time to reflect.

"Sir," answered Toronthal, "I could tell you that I know where Sarcany is, and that I will not say; but in reality I do not know."

"That is your only reply?"

"My only reply and the truth."

Then Luigi returned to inform the Doctor of what had passed. As there was nothing inadmissible in the reply, they had to be content with it. And to discover Sarcany's retreat, all that could be done was to press on the search and spare neither pains nor money.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Russian Lady Doctors.

However slowly civilization may travel in the land of the czar, there is at any rate one thing in which Russia is further advanced than most European countries, and this is the opening of the learned professions to women. Particularly anxious is the government to make the study of medicine as easy as possible to women, and there appears to be a real demand for female medics all over the country. The *St. Petersburg Gazette*, commenting on certain resolutions which have lately been passed by the St. Petersburg municipal council on the subject, says that the medical faculty for women sprung up without a proper organization, without secured resources, and before the state had recognized its existence. It was hoped that the institution would live and develop merely by the aid of benevolence. This went on for a time, thanks chiefly to the patronage which the war ministry had extended to the women. The young women flocked to the institution, and notwithstanding the perilous position in which they found themselves, and which became even more precarious after they had finished their studies, they have braved all dangers, misery and calumny, and have succeeded by the mere force of perseverance and devotion to their work. At present no one questions the desirability of having female doctors, who are the indispensable complement of the male medical personnel. It is particularly in the villages that the women doctors are most in demand, and there are places where they alone are trusted. The fact is, that they have acquired a stable position in private practice as well as in hospitals. This victory of the Russian women has been made in the course of the last decade, and at present no one denies their usefulness. The government has now resolved to admit the schools of medicine for women among the number of high constitutional schools with a fixed organization and the right to give diplomas. A project for the organization is now before the minister of education. A municipal council of St. Petersburg, considering that it is incumbent on the government, and not on the town, to take this institution under its protection, has proposed a joint arrangement, by which the town undertakes to pay annually the sum of 15,000 rubles towards the maintenance of the institution, the procuring of a house for the installation of lecture-rooms, museums, etc., and by extending the right to female students to pursue their practical studies in all the St. Petersburg hospitals on the condition that the professors are chosen from among the physicians of these hospitals. Thus the material position of the medical faculty for women is safe, headquarters, money, and hospitals being provided. The *Gazette* hopes that other towns will follow the generous example of the capital, and we hope that other countries as well will profit by the lesson.

HERE AND THERE.

A salt well was recently sunk near Alexander, N. Y.

A New York sign is: "Boiled Clam-Juice on Draught."

Sprawberry vines are still bearing in Sumter county, Fla.

A forty-five-inch sunflower is being exhibited at Travers, Cal.

Vermont elects state officers, legislature, and congressmen Sept. 7.

Thirty-five firms in Barre, Vt., are engaged in the granite business.

A large number of colored people are patronizing Saratoga this year.

Los Angeles, Cal., is considering the proposition to change the city charter.

A collection of eight thousand buttons is owned by a Halem, N. Y., woman.

Miss Leah Brooks, of Seneca, N. Y., who is only 9 years old, weighs 129 pounds.

A Canadian claims to have found a piece of barbed wire in a hen's egg recently.

Over ten car-loads of salmon have been shipped this season from Oregon to the east.

Promenading on the beach after dark is one of the things Asbury Park will not tolerate.

A Connecticut editor was compelled to apologize for referring to a court as a Lime-Kiln club.

Caterpillars are said to be doing considerable damage in the cotton-fields near Avoyelles, La.

Over \$3,000,000 have been stolen by Philadelphia cashiers, clerks and others during the past five years.

It has been figured out that it costs \$1,900 every time the roll is called in the house of representatives.

Steamers are carrying cargoes of California watermelons to Portland, Oregon, which sell at \$3 a dozen.

Frank McDonald, aged 15 years, and Essie O'Neal, aged 13 years, were married recently at Knoxville, Tenn.

A Bucksport, Me., idiot recently won a wager of \$1 by driving his horse and buggy off the wharf into the river.

Two Parkersburg, W. Va., young ladies have started on a drive to Clarksville, a distance of one hundred miles.

The \$10,000 floats figured in the Albany N. Y., bicentennial celebration were sold at auction recently for \$65.

A tunnel 2,300 feet in length is being cut through the hill at Bridgeport, Conn., for the new water-works system.

A colored woman at Lewiston, Va., gave birth to triplets last Thursday. Their aggregate weight was seventeen pounds.

Cat-tails stained red, blue, purple, and other colors are being sold by the Boston small boy as specimens of rural ingenuity.

A New York brewer threatens to close up his brewery unless the quality of water in the public-service pipes is improved.

The grand jury which adjourned at Santa Fe, New Mexico, on the last day of July found 250 indictments, mostly on land cases.

The Curtis house, aged 250 years, was torn down recently at West Roxbury, Mass., to make room for modern improvements.

Fifty-seven of the one hundred regular guests of a Niagara Falls summer hotel are foreigners, and twenty of those are titled.

A Hartford, Conn., man circumvents the gas company by storing his meter in a safe-deposit vault when he goes off for the summer.

The fishermen of Long Island sound are having rare sport these days in the capture of bluefish, which are countless in number.

The people of Schenectady, N. Y., are making preparations to celebrate the anniversary of the burning of that town by the Indians.

A couple of sword fish were recently captured in Long Island sound, off Bridgehampton, N. Y. These fish are rarely seen in those waters.

In Augusta, Ga., the churches have rules which forbid gentlemen from sitting on the right side of the house, as that part is occupied by ladies.

Mobile, Ala., has the distinction of being the only city of the world which, having tried the electric light for street-lighting, has gone back to gas.

John Slaughter, a colored citizen of Lodsday, Ky., was severely stabbed on August 10th by accidentally treading on the corns of a white person.

The Atlantic city hotel pays \$310 a week for its band and boards it. The amount spent for music at the various hotels this season will reach \$25,000.

A New London oyster-dealer has invented a dredge with which starfish, the greatest enemies of the oyster, can be taken from a bed without disturbing the pysters.

New Jersey people are having an unpleasant experience with mosquitoes this year. In number they are countless, and their viciousness has never been equalled.

It is a pocket in the clothes of a drowned man found in the canal at St. John's, Quebec, was a note-book, on a page of which was written: "Will be found drowned; last drunk."

Since the merchant-tailors of Pittsburgh, Pa., published a black-list old bills are being paid up rapidly and new ones are not allowed to accumulate as rapidly as formerly.

A colony of bugs besieged the stores at Patchogue, L. I., one day last week. In order to escape the insects the merchants were obliged to close their buildings an hour earlier than usual.

THE TELEPHONE INSPECTOR.

A Tennessee Judge Who Wished To Be Accommodated.

Judge F— is a very quiet, easy-going man when everything runs smoothly, but let him once get rattled and the neighborhood can not pacify him. He will snarl at his best friend when annoyed, and the man who plays a practical joke on him had better emigrate. Yesterday, as the clock struck 1, he was seated in his office, very much worried over a chancery case in which he is counsel, and his desk was fairly littered with papers, while he was hurrying through with a certain part of his work before dinner hour. Suddenly the telephone bell rang a gentle summons, just as though the girl in the central office knew the judge was busy and hated to disturb him, but was, nevertheless, compelled to, in order to satisfy the individual at the other end of the wire. The judge rose hurriedly, jerked the receiver from the hook, and yelled "Hello!"

A silvery voice—a girlish wont-you-oblige-me accent—betrayed that one of the fair sex was the caller. The judge toned down and inquired, "Well?"

"Is that Judge F.'s?" said the sweet-toned voice.

"Yes," was wafted back.

"Oh! I am so glad. This is Miss N—, and I have been given charge of all complaints on the line. Before making out our new list I wish to learn how your instrument works."

"Just like a charm," replied the gallant judge. "I have no fault to find either with the instrument or service."

"Thank you," was the sweet rejoinder, "but you know how the managers would appreciate a few words of commendation from you, so, if you are not too busy, would it be asking too much if you would devote fifteen minutes toward a thorough test of your instrument?"

When there is a lady in the case the judge is never in a hurry, and in his blandest tones he announced himself at the young lady's bidding.

Another vote of thanks came over the wire, and the soft voice inquired if he could place his ear about ten inches higher than the transmitter in order to test the power of hearing distinctly.

Unfortunately, the judge is large in circumference, but not far from the ground, and he could not reach his arm above the ear-trumpet rack, much less place his head up there.

He was a man, however, who was not to be overcome by trifles, and an idea struck him. He determined to oblige the telephone girl, and he proceeded to inform her to hold the telephone just a minute and he would be ready.

Again the bewitching voice uttered thanks, and the judge put his plan into operation. The telephone was alongside the office window, about half-way up the casing was a stout nail; a revolving bookcase stood on the floor. It was quickly rolled over toward the window; the judge mounted it, grasped the nail on the window-casing with one hand, the ear-trumpet with the other and sang out "All ready."

There was no response, and the judge nearly twisted his neck out of joint as he leaned down and repeated the words through the transmitter.

The sweet voice answered in a low tone, and the judge strained his ears in listening. "Now, judge," came the message, "listen attentively and repeat the following words back to me, so that I may know you heard them distinctly." "What part of speech is the word trans-mo-ri-fica-tion-a-l-i-t-y?"

It was too much, even for the judge. On the tenth syllable he squirmed; the nail broke; he made a grab for the telephone box; the bookcase revolved, and the renters in the story below thought the roof had fallen in. When several of them came running into the room the judge was lying in the middle of the floor, the law books from the case between his knees, while in his hand he hugged the fatal ear-trumpet, which he had clung to in his fall, and the cord of which had been snapped in twain.

The matter was given into the hands of a detective, who last night reported to the judge that the telephone company employed no inspectors or testers of instruments, and further, that the call came from a private residence where the judge's wife was spending the day. An air of unusual coolness permeates the judge's home now, and the telephone company has lost a subscriber.—*Nashville Union.*

Courting in Fancy Dress.

It would seem as if there were no satisfying the changeable mind of women. Everybody knows the disastrous effect produced on the simple village maiden when the versatile Lord of Burleigh dropped the role of painter and showed himself in his true colors.

Taking warning by this young lady's sad fate, Mr. Conway, a thoughtful butler, determined to reverse the order of things in the Lord of Burleigh's cruel proceedings. So he went to America, called himself the Hon. Seymour Conway, and wooed and won a high-born maiden to be his wife. He then brought his wife to his buttery in England, where he of course dropped the Hon. Seymour part of himself and prepared to settle down to domestic life. But instead of being delighted at this little surprise the lady is terribly annoyed. It is true she has not died, but she has done the next best thing, and instituted divorce proceedings.

Courting in fancy dress seems not to be a success whichever way it is tried.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

The Texan Away from Home.

Stranger (to bartender)—I'm three days from Texas, mister, whar I was bo'n an' raised, an' I want er drink Gimme suthin hot.

Bartender—I can give you some powdered glass and arsenic, sir, with pepper-sauce and furniture-polish.

Stranger—No live hornets?

Bartender—Not a live hornet in the place.

Stranger—Well, gimme what you've got. A man can drink 'most anythin', but I did want suthin ter warm me up. I start fer Texas ter-morrer, stranger.

—*New York Sun.*