LINES TO THE STARS.

How I have loved ye from my earliest days! And I remember, when a little chill, in that majestic hour of dying day, When the roscate flush on twilight's check Is melting into dreamy lavender, I sauntered far from boyhood's happy dis, And laid me in the long and summer grass, And watched ye as ye swam out one by one, And then methought ye beacons lit along The coasts of heaven, for huge ships of cloud That wandered the immensurable main, Piloted by pirates of the rugged winds! And then again that ye were characters Of some celestial tongue, the pen of God Had traced upon the table of the sky, Which, could I but translate, they would unfold The awful mystery of everything, They would reveal the destiny of man!

-Franklin E. Deuton, in the Current,



A SEQUEL TO MATHIAS SANDORF AND DOCTOR ANTEKIRTT.

By Jules Verne,

AUTHOR OF "JOURNEY TO THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH," "TRIP TO THE MOON," "AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS," "MICHAEL STROGOFF," "TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA," ETC., ETC.

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CHAPTER XX-CONTINUED.

With the Doctor's help Borik began to regain his consciousness.

"You, Mr. Pierre ! You ! Alive !" "Yes !" answered Pierre. "Yes ! alive ! Though it would be better if I were dead !"

In a few words the Doctor informed Borik of what had taken place at Ragusa. Then the old servant told him the story of those two months of misery.

"But," asked the Doctor at the outset, "was it her son's death that caused Madame Bathory to lose her reason?" "No, sir, no !" answered Borik.

And this is what he told them.

Madame Bathory, being alone in the world, had left Ragusa and went to live at the little village of Vinticello, where she had a few relatives. While there she had been planning how to dispose of her house, as she had no further intention of inhabiting it.

Six weeks afterwards, accompanied by Borik, she had returned to Ragusa to arrange all these matters, and when she reached the house in the Rue Marinella she found that a letter had been dropped into the box.

Having read the letter-and the reading seemed to have given her mind its first shock-Madame Bathory screamed and ran into the road, and down into the Stradone, and knocked at Toronthal's door, which opened immediately. "Toronthal's ?" exclaimed Pierre.

"Yes," answered Bor.k ; "and when I came up to Madame Bathory she did not recognize me. She was-"

tained, some salutary reaction might have been provoked, but nothing about it was known and nothing could be known.

"She must be cured! Yes, she must!" said the Doctor, who devoted himself to the task.

And the task was a difficult one, for Madame Bathory remained quite unconscious of her actions, and not a remembrance of her past life did she display. Could the power of suggestion that the Doctor possessed in co high a degree, be employed to change the mental state of the patient? Could she by magnetic influence be restored to reason, and kept in that state until the reaction

took place? Pierre adjured the Doctor to try even the impossible to cure his mother.

"No!" answered the Doctor ; "that would not do. Mad people are the most refractory subjects for the purpose! For the influence to act, your mother must have a will of her own, for which I can substitute mine! And I assure you I should have no influence over her."

"No! I will not admit it," said Pierre, who would not be convinced. "I will not admit that we shall not see the day when my mother will recognize me-her son she believes to be dead."

"Yes ! that she believes to be dead !" answered the Doctor; "but perhaps if she believed you to be alive, or if she saw you coming out of the grave; if she saw you appear-"

The Doctor paused at the thought. Why should not a sudden shock, provoked under favorable conditions, have some effect on Madame Bathory ?

"I will try it !" he exclaimed. And when he explained the experiment on which he based his hope of curing his mother, Pierre threw himself into the Doctor's arms.

From that day the scenery and surroundings to bring about the success of the attempt, were the object of anxious care. The idea was, to revive in Madame Bathory the effects of memory, of which her derangement had deprived her, and to revive it under such striking circumstances that a reaction would be caused

in her brain. The Doctor appealed to Borik and Point Pescade, so as to reproduce, with sufficient exactness, the appearance of the cemetery at Ragusa, and the monument which served as the tomb of the Bathory family. And in the cemetery of the island, about a mile from Artenak, under a group of trees, they built a small chapel as much as possible like that of Ragusa. Everything was done to produce the most striking resemblance between the two monuments; and on the wall there was placed a slab of black marble bearing the name of Stephen Bathory, with the date of his death, 1867.

On the 13th of November the time seemed come for beginning the preparatory attempt to revive Madame Bathory's censon.

About seven o'clock in the evening, Maria and Borik took the widow's arm, and leading her from the Stadthaus, walked out to the cemetery. There Madame Bathory remained before the threshold of the little chapel motionless and silent as always although by the light of the lamp which burned within, she could read the name of Stephen Bathory engraved on the muchle slab. Only when Maria and the old man knelt as they went along did she have a faint look of intelligence in her eyes, which almost instantly vanished.

ment of happy angury.

The night arrived-a night dark and closmy without a breath of wind, after a day that had been very warm in this low latitude of Antekirtta.

About half-past eight the patient, accompanied by Maria and Borik, left the Stadthaus. The Doctor, with Luigi and Point Pescade, followed, a few steps hehind.

The whole of the little colony was anxiously expectant of the success of what was going to happen. A few torches beuenth the trees threw a fuliginous light on the chapel and its surroundings. Afar at regular intervals the bell in Artenak church sounded a funeral knell.

Pierre was the only one absent from the procession which advanced slowly towards the cemetery. But if he was not there, it was because he was to appear in the closing scene of this final experiment.

It was about nine o'clock when Madame Bathory reached the cemetery. Suddenly she shook herself free from Maria's arm, and walked towards the little chapel. She was allowed to do as she pleased under the influence of this feeling, which seemed to have entire possession of her.

Amid a profound silence, broken only by the toll of the bell, Madame Bathory stopped, and remained motionless, Then she knelt on the first step, and bent down, and then they heard her weep

At this moment the railing of the chapel slowly opened. Wrapped in a white shroud, as if he had risen from his grave, Pierre appeared in the light, "My son! My son!" exclaimed Madame Bathory, who stretched out

her arms and fell senseless. It mattered little, Memory and thought had returned to her. The mother was awakened. She had recognized her son.

The Doctor soon revived her, and when she had recovered her consciousness, when her eyes rested on her son ; "Alive! My Pierre! Alive!" she exclaimed.

"Yes? Living for your sake, mother; living to love you."

"And to love her-her also !"

"Her ?"

"Her! Sava !" "Sava Toronthal?" exclaimed the

Doctor. "No ! Sava Sandorf !"

And Madame Bathory took from her pocket the crampled letter which con-

tained the last lines written by the hand of the dying Madame Toronthal, and held it out to the Doctor. The letter left no doubt as to Sava's birth! Sava was the child that had

been carried away from the castle of Artenak! Sava was the daughter of Count Mathias Sandorf!

CHAPTER XXI.

A SQUEEZE FROM CAPE MATIFOU.

Count Mathias, as we know, wished to remain Doctor Antekirtt to the whole colony except Pierre, until his

for himself, he must still continue to eall Sava Toronthal?

He must, before everything, find Sava, his daughter, whose name-added to that of the Countess Rena, his wife-he had given to the schooner Savarena, as he had given that of Ferrato to his steam yacht! But there was not a day to lose. Already Madame Bathory had been led back to the Stadthaus, when the Doctor came to visit her, accompanied by Pierre, whom he left to his alternations of joy and despair. Much enfeebled by the violent reaction whose effects had just been produced in her, but cured of hor illnoss, Madame Bathory was sitting at the window when the

Doctor and her son entered. Maria, seeing it would be better to leave them together, retired to the large saloon.

Doctor Antekirtt then approached her, and laid his hand on Pierre's shoulder. "Madame Bithory," he said, "I have already made your son my own ! But

what he is not yet through friendship, I will do all I can to make him through paternal love, in marrying him to Sava, my daughter." "Your daughter I" exclaimed Madame

Bathory.

"I am Count Mathias Saudorf." Madame Bathory jumped up and fell back into her son's arms. But if she could not speak she could hear. In a few words Pierre told her what she did not know, how Mathias Sandorf had been saved by the devotion of the fisherman Andrea Ferrato, why for tifteen years he had passed as dead, and how he had reappeared at Ragusa as Doctor Antekirtt. He told her how Sarcany and Toronthal had betrayed the Trieste conspirators, and related the treachery of Carpena of which Ladislas Zathmar and his father had been the victims, and how the Doctor had taken him from the cemetery of Ragusa to associate him in the work he had undertaken. He finished his story by stating that two of the scoundrels, the banker Toronthal and the Spaniard Carpena, were then in their power, but that the third, Sarcany, was still at large-the Sarcany who desired Sava Sandorf for his wife.

Bathory and her son went over in detail the facts regarding the young lady. Evidently Sarcany would stick at nothing to bring about Sava's consent to the marriage, which would bring him the wealth of Count Sandorf ; and this state of affairs was what principally exercised them during their interview. But if the plans of the past had now collapsed, those of the present promised to be even more formidable. Above everything, it was necessary to move heaven and earth

to recover Sava. It was in the first place agreed that Madame Bathory and Pierre should alone know that Mathias Sandorf was concealed under the name of Doctor Autekirtt. To reveal the secret would be to say that Sava was his daughter, and in the interest of the new search that was to be undertaken, it was necessary to keep this quiet.

"But where is Sava? Where are we

CUSTOMS AT A HANGING.

The Forms Observed When the Law Takes a Man's Life at the Tombs. A great many customs surround a hanging in New York. They have been modified by law, which allows only the sheriffs, a sheriff's jury, the judges of the higher courts, the district attorney, the doctors, and the hangman to be present. Formerly the coroner could bring a party of his friends as jurors, and the sheriff gave out cards of invitation as he would to a ball. That has been stopped, and Sheriff Grant keeps the number of spectators down to the lowest legal number. The reporters acted as both sheriff's and coroner's jury at Chacon's hanging. It is customary for the sheriff to present the man to be hanged. when he is poor, with a black suit to be hanged in. The care of the city for his burial goes no further than to see he gets to potter's field.

It is the duty of the sheriff to be personally present at a hanging. One sheriff dodged this duty once by going to Long Branch. In a case like that the under sheriff has charge. The hanging is set down for as early an hour as possible in the morning to avoid a crowd. The sheriff and his deputies, dressed in mourning, gather at the sheriff's office and march to the Tombs. Each bears his staff of office. At the hanging they take off their hats as soon as the weights fall, and put them on when the body is cut down.

In a case on the wall in the sheriff's office are a score of staves and two words. The staves have been present at every hanging since a time that no employe in the office can recall. They re about thirty inches long, and are made of dark hard wood. The middle is covered with thin, dark velvet. On each end is a brass tip shaped like an Indian arrowhead. The sheriff's staff has a crutch at one end instead of a dart, and the under sheriff's has a crook. The two swords have not been taken to a hanging for a long time. No matter where in the state a hanging may be the staves are sent for and For an hour the Doctor, Madame the sheriff's men carry them. They would as soon think of trying to have a hanging without a rope as without their staves. They are a relic of colonial days, when a hanging would draw as large an assemblage as a circus, and the officers who had charge of it appeared pompously in their official robes.

The same gallows, rope, noose, and veights are used time after time until they are lost or wore out. The gallows now in use is about four years old. The uprights are about five inches quare and lifteen feet high. The cross fece is the same size. The construcion is simple, and it is easy to take the gallows apart and put it away. The only trace left on the gallows by a hanging is the mark of the ax where it cuts through the rope that keeps the weight from falling. Two men do all the hangings in New

York. One is a short, lean man, with Hebrew features. He has a thin, full to look forher?" asked Madame Bathory. | beard that curls, dark hair, mild eyes, "We will know !" answered Pierre, and a shrinking face. He was in the whom despair had given place to an box at Chacon's hanging when, the rope was cut. The other man, who

The presidio of Cartagena is a stone building, with two or three quadrangles, not a stone's throw from the famous dockyard and arsenal. Passing to it the stranger hears the clank of chains and the measured trend of convicts. The prisoners are chained two and two. They wear a coarse brown jacket and trousers of coarse cloth. Each holds up his own share of the chain by which they are manacled around the ancle. For each offense an extra fourteen pounds of iron is placed on the chain, adding considerably to their difficulty in walking and working. There are constant quarrels and fights. The contractor gives the poor wretches only beans and hot water in lieu of beans and oil or bacon. Hundreds die or become semi-idiotic from this statvation, as the body especially in Spain, needs fatty matter. Another abuse almost as great as the herding together. the contract system, the absence of books or papers, is the terrible power put into the hands of the sergeants, or abos de varra. These are themselves prisoners who are physically strong and have behaved fairly well. They are put in charge of the prisoners, superintend their work, and have unlimited authority. Each carries a stout ashen cudgel and they beat their fellow prisoners in the most cruel manner, even taking an infernal pleasure in the sound of the blows they administer. Two striking sights may now and then be witnessed within the walls of a Spanish presidio. On feast days a brass band of prisoners plays its way into the inner courtyard and there takes its stand. From workshop and sleep and smoke the motley groups come hurrying to catch this little gleam of light in their dull and wearying

lives. They form an orderly semicircle, beat time, sing a little, and thoroughly enjoy the blare and rattle of their rough music. The other spectacle is of a sadder character. At night a prisoner under sentence of death for the morrow is pinioned and handcuffed, and a crucifix s put between his bound hands. He is led to the chapel seated in front of the altar, a priest hears his confession, and he then sits through the weary nightwatches waiting for that sun to rise of which his eyes may not behold the setting. Sentence is, however, even at this last awful moment, often commuted, through the intervention of the church, to that of cadena perpetua. When the capital sentence is carried out by the garrote the prisoner is pinoned in a chair in a waste spot outside the city and is executed at sunrise. I do not like to continue this subject. I have been told enough about Spanish prisons to enable me to take my read-

ers from the lock-up to the jail, from jail to the convict establishment. We could almost share the unhappy felon's mess of pottage; see the prison chapels unopened, the images dusty and rusting, the battles with knives within the prison walls; the prisoners gambling day and night until some have gambled away all their rations, and are foodless for forty-eight hours; the awful amount of crime committed within the walls of some prisons; the utter want of occupation within the jails; the total absence of any private ministrations of religion in the large convict establishments. If anyone is curious as to the sentences pronounced, I can but tell him that murder is punished with from seventeen years four months and one day to death, and robbery very much in accordance to the value of the article stolen. In proportion to the population the number of convicts in he various jails, prisons, and convict establishments is enormous, but-and I am glad to say it-marvelously few women are found in prison.

But why did my mother go to Toronthal's? Yes! Why?" asked Pierre, looking at the old servant as if he were quite mystified.

"She probably desired to speak with Mr. Toronthal," answered Borik, "and two days before Mr. Toronthal had left his house with his daughter, and no one knew where he had gone."

"And this letter? this letter?"

"I have not been able to find it, Mr. Pierre," answered the old man; "Madame Bathory must have lost it or destroyed it, or had it taken from her; and I do not know what it was about."

There was some mystery here. The Doctor, who had been listening without sayin; a word, could see no reason for this act of Madame Bathory's. What imperious motive had urged her to the house in the Stradone, which everything would have made her avoid ; and why, when she learned that Toronthal had disappeared, had she received so violent a shock as to drive her mad?

Borik's story only took a few minutes. He succeeded in keeping Madame Bathory's mental state secret, and busied himself in realizing her property. The calm, gentle mania of the unhappy widow allowed him to act without suspicion. His only object, then, was to leave Ragusa, and obtain shelter in some distant town, it mattered not where, provided it was far away from that accursed place. A few days afterwards, he took Madame Bathory on board one of the steamers that trade with the Mediterranean coast, and arrived at Tunis, or rather La Gouletta. There he resolved to stop.

And then, in this deserted marabout, he devoted himself to the care of Madame Bathory, who seemed to have lost her speech as well as her senses. But his resources were so slight that he could see the time coming when they would both be reduced to the last misery.

It was then that the old servant thought of Doctor Antekirtt, of the interest he had always taken in the Bathory family. But Borik did not know his usual address. He, however, wrote, and the letter he trussed, in despair, to Providence, and it appeared that Providence had brought the letter into the Doctor's hands.

There could be no doubt what was next to be done. Madame Bathory, without any resistance on her part, was placed in the carriage with Borik and Pierre and Maria. And then the Doctor and Luigi walked back by way of the road to La Goulette.

An hour afterwards they all embarked on the yacht, which was under steam. The anchor was immediately weighed, and as soon as she had doubled Cape Bon the Ferrato steered so as to sight the lights of Pantellaria. The day after the next, in the early morning, she ran into harbor at Autokirtta.

Madame Bathory was taken ashore at once, led to Artenak, and installed in one of the rooms at the Stadthaus.

Another sorrow for Pierre Bathory ! His mother deprived of reason, become mad under circumstances which would bably remain inexplicable! If the us of this madness could be ascer-

An hour afterwards, she was taken back to the Stadthaus, followed by a crowd who had come to join the procession at this first experiment.

The next and succeeding mornings the experiments were continued, but without result. Pierre looked on with poignant emotion and despaired of their success, although the Doctor told him that time would be his most useful auxiliary. He did not intend to strike his last blow until Madame Bathory had been sufficiently prepared to feel its full force.

Each time she visited the cometery a slight but unmistakable change took place in her; and one evening when Borik and Maria were kneeling at the chapel door, she had come slowly forward, put her hand on the iron grating, looked at the wall beyond brightly illuminated by the lamp, and harriedly run back.

Maria, returning to her, heard her murmur a name several times.

It was the first time for months that her lips had opened to speak.

But what was the astonishmentmore than the astonishment-the stupe-

faction of those who heard her ! The name was not that of Pierre-it was the name of Sava !

If we can understand what Pierre felt, who can describe what passed in the Doctor's soul when he heard this unexpected invocation of Sava Toronthal? But he made no observation ; he gave no sign of what he felt.

Another ovening the experiment was repeated. This time, as if she had been led by an invisible hand, Madame Bathory went and knelt on the chapel step. She bowed her head, a sigh escaped her, and tears fell from her eyes. But that evening not a name escaped her lips, and it seemed as though she had forgotten Sava

She was taken back to the Stadthaus, and there showed herself a prey to unusual nervous agitation. The calm hitherto characteristic of her mental state gave place to singular exaltation. Some work of vitality was evidently going on in her brain, and this looked hopeful.

The night proved troubled and restless. She several times uttered vague words which Maria could ccareely hear, but it was evident she was dreaming. And if she dreamt, reason was coming back, and she might be cured if her reason would only stay with her till she woke.

Then the Doctor decided to make a fresh attempt on the morrow, of which the surroundings should be more strik-

During the whole of this 18th she continued under violent mental excitement, Maria was much struck with her state, and Pierre, who spent nearly all his time with his mother, felt a presenti-

ork had been accomplished. When his daughter's name was suddenly pronounced by Madame Bathory, he had sufficient control over himself to suppress his emotion. But his heart for a moment ceased to beat, and he fell on the threshold of the chapel as if he had been struck by lightning.

And so his daughter was alive! And she loved Pierre, and she was loved! And it was Mathias Sandorf who had been doing everything to prevent the marriage ! And the secret which gave Sava back to him would never have been discovered had not Madame Bathory's reason been restored to her as by a

miracle. But what had happened fifteen years ago at the castle of Artenak ? That was obvious enough ! This child, the sole heiress of Count Sandorf's wealth. whose death had never been proved, had been stolen by Toronthal; and shortly afterwards when the banker settled at Ragusa, Madame Toronthal had to bring up Sava Sandorf as her own daughter.

Such had been the scheme devised by Sarcany and executed by his accomplice Namir. Sarcany knew perfectly that Sava would come into passession of a considerable fortune when she reached eighteen; and when she had become his wife, he would then procure her acknowledgment as the heiress of Sandorf's estates. This was to be the erowning triumph of his abominable existence. He would become the master of Artenak!

Had he then foiled this odious scheme? Yes, undoubtedly. If the marriage had taken place Sarcany would already have availed himself of all its advantages.

And now how great was the Doctor's grief! Was it not owing to him that there had been brought about this deplorable chain of events ; at first in refusing his help to Pierre, then in allowing Sarcany to pursue his plans, then in not rendering him harmless at the meeting at Cattaro, then in not giving back to Madame Bathory the son he had snatched from death. In fact, what misfortunes would have been avoided had Pierre been with his mother when Madame Toronthal's letter had reached the house in the Rue Marinella ! Knowing that Sava was Sandorf's daughter, would not Pierre have known how to get her away from the violence of Sarcany and Toronthal?

Where was Sava Sandorf now? In the power of Sarcany, of course! But where was she hidden? How could they get her away? And besides, in a few weeks she would attain her eighteenth yearthe limit fixed for the time during which she could be the heiress-and that fact would impel Sarcany to use every effort to make her consent to the marriage !

In an instant this succession of thoughts passed Doctor Antekirtt's mind. As he built together the past, as Madame Bathory and Pierre were themselves doing, he felt the reproaches, anmerited assuredly, that Stephen Bathory's wife and son might be tempted to assail him with. And now as things had turned out, would he be able to bring ogether Pierre and her, who for all and

energy that nothing could quench.

"Yes! we will know!" said the Doctor ; "and in admitting that Silas Toronthal does not know where Sarcany is, we cannot suppose that he does not know where my daughter-"And if he knows he must tell!" said

Pierre. "Yes! he must speak !" answered # Doctor.

" Now ?" "Now !"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Julius Tower.

The celebrated Julius tower, containing the German war treasures, is in the innermost defenses of the fortress of Spandau, near Berlin. This treasure is inspected annually by two officials, in company with the commander of the stronghold, and the entrance is affected by the simultaneous insertion of two neatly-made small keys. The door once opened, they entered the rotunda, in which are stored the 120,000,000 pire's emergency. This enormous sum is divided into twelve parts, every one of which is again subdivided into ten sections, containing each 1,000,000 marks, put up in ten bags of 100,000 marks each-two-thirds in 20 and the remaining one-third in 10 mark pieces. At the inspection the part and the section to be counted are chosen at random, a detachment of soldiers being detailed for the annual work of the count, which is pretty quickly disposed of. After going through two or three of the bags, this part of the revision is considered sufficient. Then comes the turn of the remaining three imperial fundsnamely, the invalids' provident, the fortification, and the parliament building fund, mostly represented by bonds, with interest coupons attached, the numbers, eries, etc., of every one of which are closely collated. This done, the inspection report is drawn up then and there, signed by both inspectors, the two keys are once more inserted simultaneously to allow them to get out of the enchanted tower, and the annual task is at an end. The weight of the treasure is estimated at above five thousand tons of gold and seventy tons of silver, and this vast amount is always held in reserve for urgent military purposes.

No Obligations.

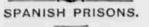
Man (to friend)-You don't seem to treat that gentleman with politeness." Friend-"I spoke rather roughly, I admit."

Man-"You have changed toward im. The other day I saw you cordially shaking hands with him.

Friend-"Yes, he owed me then, but he has paid me, consequently you see that I am no longer under obligations to him. - Arkansaw Traveler.

A cheese factory is to be started at Caraccas, South America. The natives will then live no doubt on Caraccas and cheese .- Pitta burg Chronicis.

oulled the cap over Chacon's head, is a short, stout German, partially bald, with a black-gray mustache. He is in charge. These two men have a number of names. They do not want to be known, and the sheriff himself has nothing further to do with them than to give them charge of the arrangements and to pay the bill. The one man is commonly known as Isaacs, the other as Minzesheimer. The bills are made out to Joseph B. Atkinson. The cost of hanging varies from \$200 to \$500. The men are hangmen not only in New York, but they travel around over the state and country. Hauging s their trade.



Cruel Treatment of the wretches Confined in Them-Punishment for Murder and Robbery.

I hear that there is a great deal of diri, eruelty, misery, and mismanagement in Spanish prisons, writes a Paris correspondent. In nearly every promarks hard eash reserved for the em- vincial town there is a prevencion or carcet, under the authority of the alcalde, and in the hands of the civil gaurds and town police. This stone building, which you enter by an openbarred gate, against which some prisoners are idly feaning smoking their paper cigarettes, consists of two or three stone-flagged chambers above and the same number below stairs. The upper chambers are devoted to women the lower to men, caught in flagrante delictu, who await there the mandate of the authorities, which shall either free or send them to the nearest prison or carcet proper, there to lie herded with a host of malefactors until their trials shall be concluded. The prisoners in these lock-ups fare badly indeed. In the summer scorched with heat, eaten by vermin in the winter, sleeping without either bed or rug on the cold stones, with but one meal a day of coarse rancho or pottage, they pass their time leaning against the bars scoffing at passers by in the street. They curse and swear, gamble away their clothes, and in the intervals between these pastimes call on God, on heaven, and the Virgin to deliver them. They are kept there it may be a few days and it may be for six or seven years. The conversation is made up of blasphemy and obsecuity; the dirt is appalling, the allotted food wretched. brought to these dens merely as suspected accomplices of some crime, and they are kept there and thus hardly treated until they have confessed all they know. With the women the hard treatment, the exposure, the absence of decency, often bring about the desired effect, and they confess and betray all. With the men a flogging coupled with this bad fare and all the rest of it, often extracts a confession.

So much for the common jails of Spain. As for the convict establishments, where those sentenced to longer the country never gets sick. terms of seclusion are contined, the heard o' the country takin' a pill in my best are those of Cartagena and Seville. |life."-Goodall's Sun.

Our Indians-A Suggestion.

1

The Indians in our souhtern borders are reported to have a habit among them of tightening up their belts whenever they miss a meal. That is, if they miss breakfast they tighten up the belt one hole. If they miss dinner they repeat the tightening, thus seeking to dim nish the size of the eavity on the inside of them, which is usually filled up at meal times by eating, by pressure from without. Those familiar with the Indians and their way of life hold that the practice is a good substitute for the missed meals. but it is only for temporary benefit. You can't go on always drawing in the belt. worst will come at last; yet it does help some, so they say, and that being the case, the Herald in its solicitude for the welfare of certain United States officials who will be deprived of a hearty meal or so, through Congress cutting down the Utah appropriations, calls the attention of those certain officials of this practice among the half-starved Southern Utes. Draw up your belts, gentlemen, a hole or too, and console vourself with the reflection that republies are ungrateful to their servants any way .- Salt Lake Herald.

The Immunity of Physicians.

It is a prevalent popular impression that some special providence surrounds the physician with protective agencies, and that, although daily exposed to disease in its most malignant forms, he escapes when others are attacked. Dr. Ogle, of England, finds that while the lawyers die at the rate of 20, the clergy at the rate of 16, the doctors' mortality is 25 per 1,000. In a million adults other than physicians 16 died of scarlet fever, 14 of diphtheria, and 238 of typhoid fever; while of an equal number of physicians, 59 succumbed to scarlet fever, 59 to diphtheria, and 311 to typhoid fever. Small-pox, on the other hand, claims more victims among the laity than in the medical profession; due, doubtless, to the fact that physicians have sufficient confidence in the protective influence of vaccination to keep themselves insusceptible to the attacks of small-pox.

Not a Sickly Country.

"Isn't this a sickly country?" said a stranger to an Arkansaw man.

"No, sir." "Then why is it that nearly everyone I see is sick?"

"Oh, the people is sorter sickly, but Never