

SYMPATHY.

As out into the night we stepped,
And turned our faces toward the town,
The stars (that hitherto had slept
Unseen) looked gayly down;



POINT PESCADE FINDS SAVA IN SIDI HAZAM'S HOUSE.

the moment it would not be prudent to
cross them, for a noise of many voices
was heard behind the door of this room.

Point Pescade hesitated a moment.
What he sought was the room in which
Sava was living, and he could only
trust to chance to find it.

Suddenly a light appeared at the
other end of the courtyard. A woman
marrying an Arab lantern had just come
out of the room in the far angle of the
courtyard, and turned along the gallery
into which the door of the skifa opened.

Point Pescade recognized her as
Namir.
As it was possible that the Moor was
going to the girl's room, it was necessary
to find the means of following her, and
in order to follow her, let her go by with-
out her seeing him. The moment was
decisive of the audacious attempt of
Point Pescade, and the fate of Sava
Sandorf.

Namir came on. Her lantern, swing-
ing almost on the ground, left the upper
part of the gallery in as deep a gloom as
the lower part was brightly lighted.
And as she passed along the arcade,
Point Pescade did not know what to do.
A ray from the lantern, however, showed
him that the upper part of the arcade
was ornamented with open arabesques
in Moorish fashion.

To climb the central column, seize
hold of one of these arabesques, draw
himself up by main force, and crouch in
the central oval, where he remained as
motionless as a saint in a niche, was the
work of a second.

Namir passed along the arcade with-
out seeing him, and crossed to the
opposite side of the gallery. Then,
when she reached the door of the skifa,
she opened it. A bright light shot
across the courtyard, and was instantly
extinguished as soon as the door was
shut.

Point Pescade set himself to reflect,
and where could he find a better position
for reflection?

In seeing a stranger standing near her
in that fantastic dress of the arabesque,
with his finger on his lips, and an
appealing look in his eyes, she was at
first bewildered rather than frightened.
But she arose, and had sufficient coolness
to make no sound.

"Silence!" said Point Pescade; "you
have nothing to fear from me! I have
come here to save you! Behind those
walls your friends are waiting for you,
friends who will give their lives to get
you out of Sarcany's hands! Pierre
Bathory is alive!"

"Pierre—alive?" exclaimed Sava,
restraining the beatings of her heart.
"Read!"
And Point Pescade gave the girl a
letter, which contained these words—

"Sava, trust him who risked his life
to reach you! I am alive! I am here!
PIERRE BATHORY."

Pierre was alive! He was at the foot
of these walls! By what miracle?
Sava would know later on! But Pierre
was there!

"Let us escape!" she said.
"Yes! Let us escape," answered
Pescade; "but let us have all the
chances on our side! One question:
Is Namir accustomed to spend the night
in this room?"

"No," answered Sava.
"Does she take the precaution of
locking you in when she is away?"
"Yes."
"Then she will come back?"
"Yes! Let us go!"
"Now," answered Pescade,
And first they must reach the stair-
case of the minaret to gain the terrace.
Once they got there, the rope that hung
down outside would render escape easy.

"Scoundrel!" she exclaimed.
"You will come with me! You will
come with me!" exclaimed Sarcany.
"Never!"
"Ah! Take care!"
And Sarcany, having seized the girl's
arm, was violently dragging her to-
wards the skifa, with Namir's help,
where Sidi Hazam and the imam were
waiting.

"Help! Help!" screamed Sava.
"Help me—Pierre Bathory!"
"Pierre Bathory!" exclaimed Sar-
cany. "You are calling a dead man to
your help!"
"No! He is alive! Help me—
Pierre!"

The answer was so unexpected by
Sarcany that he could not have been
more frightened had he seen Pierre's
ghost. But he was himself again soon.
Pierre alive! Pierre, whom he had
stabbed with his own hand, and seen
buried in the cemetery at Ragusa! In
truth, it could only be the idea of a mad
woman, and it was possible that Sava,
in the excess of her despair, had lost her
reason.

Point Pescade had heard all that
passed. In telling Sarcany that Pierre
was alive, Sava had staked her life,
that was certain. And in case the
scoundrel offered any violence, he so
disposed his carpet as to be ready to
appear on the scene instantly, knife in
hand, and those who thought he would
hesitate to strike did not know Point
Pescade.

There was no necessity for him to do
so. Sarcany abruptly dragged Namir
out of the room. Then the key was
turned in the lock while the girl's fate
was being decided.

At a bound Pescade had thrown off
the carpet, and was by her side.
"Come!" said he.
As the lock was inside the room, to
uncover it by means of his knife was
neither a long, a difficult, nor a noisy
job.

As soon as the door was opened, and
then shut behind them, Pescade led the
way along the gallery round the court-
yard wall.

It was about half-past eleven. A few
beams of light filtered through the
skifa's bays. Pescade avoided crossing
them on his way to the passage that led
to the first courtyard.

They reached the passage and went
along it; but when they were only a
few yards from the minaret staircase,
Pescade suddenly stopped and held back
Sava, whose hand he had never left.

MR. DISNEY'S FAMILY.

To Has Had Twenty-two Sons and
Six Daughters and Thinks There
Is Nothing Like a House
Full of Children.

Mr. Snowden Disney can probably
claim to have been the father of
more children than any other man in
this section of the country, writes a
Baltimore correspondent of The New
York World. He has had the gratifica-
tion of having twenty-eight children
all his father—twenty-two sons and
six daughters. There are now living
fourteen—nine sons and five daughters.

Mr. Disney is a fine-looking, intelli-
gent old gentleman, straight as an
arrow and powerfully built. His eyes
are black and still sharp. His face is
entirely covered with a long, white
beard. He is very pleasant and cour-
teous and there is not a bit of old-fog-
gyism about him. Advancement is one
of his hobbies. He is a great favorite
with all the young people. He lives
about four miles from Baltimore, on
the old Hookstown road. The grounds
around the house are tastefully ar-
ranged, and the house itself is one of
those large, rambling, old-fashioned,
typical country-houses. Mr. Disney
has been married twice. His second
wife is much younger than he. When
first approached Mr. Disney seemed
somewhat loath to give a sketch of his
life, but after a little persuasion he
consented.

"I was born," he said, "in Anne Ar-
del county, this state, on Oct. 5, 1802,
which makes me nearly 84 years of age.
I married my first wife when I was 19,
by whom I had fourteen children. She
lived at the age of 36. About two years
after her death I made my first and
only trip outside the State of Maryland
to Harrisburg, Pa., where I married my
second wife, who is now living and
who has also borne me fourteen chil-
dren. My only regret is that I can not
say that I am the father of an even
three dozen.

"Have I had much trouble in raising
such a large family? Bless you! no;
they have never given me one moment's
uneasiness. Of course I fully un-
derstand what the croup, measles, chicken-
pox, colic, and the troublesomeness of
a child cutting teeth are, but outside of
these infantile troubles I can not com-
plain. All my children lived to be at
least 5 or 6 years old, but after reach-
ing that age one after another seemed
to drop off, until now I have but four-
teen living. My eldest child is 61 years
old and my youngest 8. Both are now
living. Neither of my wives ever had
twins, but I have a son whose wife has
had three sets of twins. As near as I
can remember, I have seventy-five
grandchildren, twenty great-grand-
children and five great-great-grand-
children. Some day I am going to have
them all come home, and I guess I will
then be able to say that there never was
a larger family gathered under one
roof.

"When I was 10 years old I witness-
ed the engagement between Fort Mc-
Henry and three English men-of-war.
I stood on the top of what is now
known as Lookout hill, in Druid Hill
park, and saw the engagement quite
plainly. My father and brother partici-
pated in that fight. I was not engag-
ed in any way in the late war, unless it
was to try to save my fruit and crops
from the soldiers, but I might as well
have spared myself the pains, for they
succeeded in this field, and the first
thing I knew they had stripped the
farm of everything they could lay their
hands on.

"I have never smoked or chewed to-
bacco in my life, and I never drank
any kind of liquor but once, and that
was when I was but 4 years old.
Father, together with some hands, was
working in the field, and sent me to
bring them a jug of whisky, but I
thought I would try some before taking
it to the field, so when I reached an old
tree a short way from the house I sat
down and took a drink; after awhile I
took another, and the next thing I
knew father was waking me up. He
says when he found me the jug was
half empty and I was drunker than any-
one he had ever seen. Well, it took
me six weeks to get over that drunk,
and to this day the smell of whisky
makes me very sick. I have never
tasted a drop from that day to this.

"In politics I have been a democrat
all my life. I cast my first presidential
vote for James Monroe and my last for
Grover Cleveland. I have not missed
a single election since I was of age.

"With the exception of slight attacks
of rheumatism I don't know what a
sick day is. I frequently walk twenty
miles a day and feel able to do a big
day's work in the bargain. A few
years ago the railroad laid their tracks
through the center of my place. I
went to law with them, but they beat
me, and I then made a vow that I
would not put my foot on their cursed
cars as long as I lived, and I have kept
my word. Whenever I want to go in-
to town I walk both ways. Twenty
years ago this place was a dense woods,
and I have cleared it all myself. I
have about twenty acres and do all the
work without any outside help. Of
course I only raise enough for my fam-
ily and stock, but you can see it re-
quires no little work to keep this place
in trim.

THE CHESTNUT BELL.

A Boston Writer Who Thinks It Is
Time to Call It In.

It is a pity, says The Boston Globe,
that when Edgar Allan Poe wrote his
poem on "The Bells" he could not
have had a prophetic eye to this tintin-
nulating nuisance of the period. If
he had we should possibly have had a
stanza something like this:

Hear the noisy chestnut bells—
Nicked bells!
What a world of merry chat their iddity dispels!
At the table, on the street,
Where'er we chance to meet,
How they fill our souls with terror
With their bearing,
Lest we fall into the error
Of repeating,
And one and all keep mum,
Savily dully,

For fear that some cheap "bum"
Will ring us down.

It is, indeed, high time that the
chestnut bell should be itself "rung in."
At present it is the blight of conver-
sation, the destroyer of good com-
panionship, a first-class social nuisance.
What excuse is there for it, anyway?
Solomon found out that there was no
new mankind have been wisely content
to see and hear and enjoy a good thing
more than once. Take away from the
world all its old music, paintings, art
works, and literature, and the logic of
the chestnut bell would, we suppose,
be satisfied. But what an empty world
it would be to be sure? From our crad-
les to our graves our path of life is
made pleasant for us by chestnuts.
The lullabies which soothed the infants
of ten centuries ago are still being sung
to the babies of to-day. The songs of
our great grandfathers are among the
sweetest we know. The best laws we
have, and all the means of justice af-
forded by our courts, come down to us
with modifications from the early ages
of civilization. Trial by jury is a thou-
sand years old, and habeas corpus,
which means personal liberty, has been
a chestnut for over two centuries. All
the classics, ancient and modern, from
Virgil to Goethe inclusive, are chest-
nuts. The best plays and operas are
equally fit subjects for the "ringing-in"
imbecility of the hour. Shakespeare
and Sheridan, Beethoven and Bellini
are alike under the ban of the new bell.
And the authors of whom we have been
in the habit of saying that they wrote
for no one age but for all time—Scott,
Rabelais, Dickens, Hugo, and the rest
—must all be consigned to the limbo of
forgotten greatness, if the chestnut
theory is to stand.

The whole idea is absurd, and in its
current application is an offensive
fad. A group of half a dozen gentlemen
are enjoying themselves at the dinner
table or in the club parlor. One of
them begins a good story by way of
illustrating a point in the conversation.
Four out of five of the listeners have
most likely not heard it, but the fifth
has. Forthwith he must strike his
chestnut gong, and the pleasant rela-
tion which would have amused all the
others, is cut short. This sort of thing
is insufferable. The man who thus
lays in wait to interrupt "the feast of
reason and the flow of soul" is reduc-
ing rudeness to a fine art and is the
champion boor of the day. When it
is employed to shut off a story that smells
of the gutter or suggests the hog-pen
we may welcome and applaud the
chestnut bell. They can not ring too
often on whatever is gross and grovel-
ing. But beyond that they perform no
useful service, and their effect is to
check the easy, natural current of fam-
ilar talk. It may be confidentially
asserted that it is in the interests of
sociability, and of all that tends to
make life cheerful and worth living,
that old stories, old jokes, old witticisms,
and old bits of humor should be
often repeated, to the end that they
may not be lost to coming generations.
A vast amount of the very best wit and
humor in the world is outside of writ-
ten books, passing on from mouth to
mouth, told by fathers to sons, and
carried by travelers from one country
to another. The bell-fend of the peri-
od, if he had his way, would soon call
in all this fractional currency of con-
versation, and mankind would lose ir-
reparably by the operation.

Industrial Progress in the South.

The south is making important in-
dustrial progress of which the whole
country is justly proud, but it is not
wise to overestimate the effect of this.
Doubtless there are certain conditions
favorable to manufacture there that
make substantial, if not phenomenal,
advance for years to come probable,
but it by no means follows that other
parts of the country will suffer on ac-
count of this. A good deal of iron will
be produced at the south, but there is
no reason to believe that this means the
closing up of profitable mines else-
where. The chief significance of this
is in the fact that more iron will be
produced and used in the country than
ever before, and so it will be in other
industries.

One argument—that is, cheaper
labor at the south—will gradually lose
its force. As there comes to be large
bodies of skilled workmen located
there, they will expect and demand
substantially the same wages as are
paid elsewhere. If anything will keep
up a permanent difference in wages,
it will be that the cost of living is a
little less there than in the north and
west. But in the end the southern
farmer may be depended upon to base
his demands on the demands of those
similarly engaged elsewhere.—Ameri-
can Machinist.

Funny Work.

"It looks as if there was going to be
a great deal of humor in this cam-
paign," said a gentleman to a party of
friends.

Sandorf's Revenge.

A SEQUEL TO NATHAN SANDORF AND
DOCTOR ANTEKIRTI.

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 XXIV—CONTINUED.

As he went down the winding stairs of
the minaret, Point Pescade glided
rather than stepped, so that his weight
would not cause the wooden stairs to
creak. At the bottom he found a second
door. It was shut; but he had only to
push it for it to open.

The door opened on to a gallery of
little columns, by which access was given
to a certain number of rooms. After the
complete darkness of the minaret, the
gallery seemed light to Point Pescade;
but there was no light in the interior,
and not a sound.

In the centre of the courtyard was a
basin of running water surrounded by
large pots of shrubs, pepper-trees, palms,
laurel-roses and cacti, the thick foliage
forming a clump of verdure round the
edge.

Point Pescade stole round this gallery
like a wolf, stopping before each room.
It seemed they were inhabited. Not all
of them, however; but behind one of
the doors he distinctly heard the mur-
mur of a voice he knew.

He stepped back. It was Sarcany's
voice! The voice he had often heard at
Ragusa; but although he kept his ear
to the door, he could hear nothing of
what was going on.

At this moment there suddenly came
a loud noise, and Point Pescade had
only just time to slip behind one of the
flower-pots round the water.

Sarcany came out of the room. An
Arab of tall stature accompanied him.
They continued their conversation,
walking up and down the gallery of the
courtyard.