

RECOLLECTION.

Through the open doors of memory
Float the visions of the past,
Faint and pale like clouds of vapor
 borne on evening's fugal blast.



THE END OF THE CONSPIRATORS.

by the guns of the Ferrato. The assailants hesitated in the breach that the militia were defending so obstinately.

The leader of the expedition saw that he must immediately retreat into the sea or expose his companions to certain and complete destruction.

But it was necessary to give these pirates a lesson they would never forget.

And under the orders of Pierre and Luigi, a hundred of the militia threw themselves on to the fugitives as they retreated to the shore.

Pierre and Luigi, amid the confusion, endeavored above all things, to take one man prisoner.

The Doctor, from his position on the nearest sident, had seen all this, and with his much fewer men could not attempt to stop it.

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Their chief, calm amid those who were falling at his side, directed the operation. Sarcany, close by, was exciting him to deliver the assault, and hurl several hundred men at the falling wall.

From the distance, Doctor Antekirtt and Pierre had recognized him, and he had recognized them.

And now the mass of besiegers began their advance to the wall, which had been beaten in sufficiently to let them through.

The hand-to-hand struggle at this point was terrible. Under the Doctor's orders, who stood as impassible in the danger as he was invulnerable amid the bullets, Pierre and his companions performed prodigies of valor.

The Hercules, with a knife in one hand, and an axe in the other, kept clear the spaces around him.

But the foe would not yield. After being many times driven out of the breach they had again swarmed on to the attack, and were slowly fighting through it, they suddenly found themselves attacked in the rear.

The Ferrato had managed to get into a commanding position, within three cable-lengths of the shore, and with her cannonades all brought to the one side, her long chase, her Hotchkiss cannon, and her Gatling mitrailleuses, she opened such a fire on the assailants that they were mowed down as the grass before the scythe.

whom the fertility of the soil would prove an attraction and a guarantee of well-being.

Meanwhile no far her obstacle existed to the marriage of Pierre and Sava. The ceremony had been fixed for the 9th of December; and it would take place on that date.

On the 6th of December, two days after the retreat of the Senonists, the Doctor ordered them to be brought to the Stadthaus.

Luigi advanced towards the judges, and began by addressing the Spaniard.

"Carpena," said he, "I am Luigi Ferrato, the son of the fisherman of Rovigno, whom you informed against and sent to prison at Stein, where he died."

Carpena drew himself up for an instant. A paroxysm of anger sent the blood to his eyes.

Pierre then advanced, and at first pointing to the banker he said: "Silas Torontal, I am Pierre Bathory, the son of Stephen Bathory, the Hungarian patriot, whom you, with your accomplice Sarcany, most shamefully betrayed to the Austrian police at Trieste, and sent to death!"

"I am Pierre Bathory, whom you tried to assassinate in the road at Ragusa. I am the intended husband of Sava, the daughter of Count Mathias Sandorf, whom you stole fifteen years ago from the Castle of Artekirta!"

Torontal was struck as by a crowbar when he recognized Pierre Bathory, whom he thought dead.

Sarcany stood with crossed arms, and except for a slight trembling of his eyelids, retained his impudent immobility.

Neither Torontal nor Sarcany said a word in reply. And what could they say to their victim who seemed to have risen from the tomb to accuse them?

But it was quite another thing when Doctor Antekirtt rose in his turn, and said in a grave voice: "And I, I am the companion of Ladislav Zathmar and Sava's father, whom your treachery caused to be shot in the dungeon of Pismo! I am the father of Sava, whom you stole to get possession of her fortune! I am Count Mathias Sandorf!"

This time the effect of the declaration was such that the knees of Silas Torontal bent to the ground, while Sarcany bent down as if he would sink into himself.

Then the three accused were examined one after the other. Their crimes they could not deny, and for their crimes no pardon was possible.

Great, therefore, was the rejoicing when they met together in the Stadthaus with Sava Sandorf, Maria Ferrato, Madame Bathory and her old servant Borik.

The Doctor proposed completing his system of defense without delay. Not only would Artekirt be promptly rendered secure from a sudden surprise but the island itself would nowhere afford a landing-place.

The three were taken away to the equisates and there kept under guard. How were the scoundrels to die!

Were they to be shot in some corner of the island? That would be to defile the soil of Antekirta with the blood of traitors! And it was decided that the execution should take place at Kenraf.

Sarcany, Torontal and Carpena saw that their time had come; and when they had been handed, Sarcany went up to Luigi and asked him: "Is it to be this evening?"

Luigi made no reply. The three doomed men were left all alone, and night had fallen when the Electric returned to Antekirta.

The island was now free from the presence of the traitors. That they could escape from Kenraf, which was twenty miles away from the mainland, was impossible.

"Believe me to-morrow," said Point Pescade, "they will have eaten each other!" "Porrah!" said Cape Matifou, in disgust.

The night passed at the Stadthaus. Count Sandorf had not a moment's repose. Looked in his room, he did not leave it until four o'clock in the morning, when he descended to the hall to meet Pierre and Luigi, who were immediately summoned.

A file of militia was waiting in the courtyard of the Stadthaus under orders to embark for Kenraf.

"Pierre Bathory, Luigi Ferrato," said Count Sandorf, "have these traitors been justly condemned to die?" "Yes they deserve it," answered Pierre.

"Yes," replied Luigi, "and the scoundrels deserve no mercy." "Then let justice be done, and may God give the pardon that man cannot!" He had scarcely finished speaking when a fearful explosion shook the Stadthaus, and the whole of the island as if an earthquake had taken place.

Count Sandorf and his companions rushed out, and the whole population in terror came streaming into the streets of Artekirt.

An immense sheet of flame, with enormous masses of rocks and showers of stones, was blazing to a prodigious height towards the sky. Then the masses of rock fell back round the islet, raising huge waves in the sea, and a thick cloud remained suspended in space.

Not a trace was left of the islet of Kenraf, nor of the three men whom the explosion had annihilated.

It will not have been forgotten that the island had been mined in preparation for the landing of the Senonists, and that in case the submarine cable which united it to Antekirta were put out of action, certain electrical batteries had been buried in the ground, so that the wires had only to be pressed by the feet to be brought in contact and fire the fougasses of panclastite.

What had happened was this. By chance, one of the doomed men had trodden on these wires. And hence the complete and instantaneous destruction of the islet.

Three days afterwards the marriage of Pierre and Sava was duly celebrated at the church at Artekirt. On that occasion Doctor Antekirtt signed his real name of Mathias Sandorf; which he would never again lay down now justice had been done.

Three weeks afterwards Sava Bathory was recognized as the heiress of the Sandorf property. The letter from Madame Torontal and a declaration obtained from the banker, in which the circumstances and the object of her being stolen were duly set forth, proved sufficient to establish her identity.

Count Sandorf himself could if he had chosen have entered into possession of this property, under an amnesty which had been issued in favor of political prisoners. But if he returned to public life as Mathias Sandorf he could not remain chief of the great family of Antekirta. And he wished to pass his life among those who loved him.

The little colony, thanks to his renewed efforts, began to flourish exceedingly. In less than a year it had doubled its population. Scientists and inventors, invited thither by Count Sandorf, had come to make good use of discoveries that would have remained barren without his advice, and the wealth of which he was the master.

Or Madame Bathory, Maria and Luigi Ferrato, and of Pierre and Sava, we need say no more; who do not feel that their lives were happy? Nor need we say more about Point Pescade and Matifou, who were now, perhaps, the most famous colonists of Antekirta.

If they regretted anything it was that they had no more occasion to display their devotion to him to whom they owed their happy existence.

Count Sandorf had accomplished his task, and had it not been for the remembrance of his two companions, Stephen Bathory and Ladislav Zathmar, he would have been as happy as a generous man can be on this earth when he is doing good around him.

In the whole Mediterranean, in all the other seas of the globe, even in the fortunate Islands—we may seek in vain for an island whose prosperity rivals that of Antekirta!

And when Cape Matifou, in the exuberance of his good fortune, thought fit to say: "Do you think we deserve to be so happy?" Point Pescade replied: "No, my Cap! I don't! But what can you do? Shall we resign?"

Idleness in German Universities.

The following is an extract from an open letter by Prof. Schmolter, one of the most influential men in the law faculty of the University of Berlin. Its publication has called forth a storm of controversy in the German newspapers.

The fact that German students frequently spend the first half of their university course in idleness is not denied, even by those who oppose the views of the learned professor, and their chief argument of defense is that those years of idleness make up the only season of romance in the otherwise unbroken life of examination and position-hunting to which German youths are doomed.

What I want to see done away with is the officially organized unit, which exacts my indignation on every time I have to carry it into execution. Every professor twice a year testifies that dozens of students have been present at his lectures, who, he knows, have never set foot in his room. It has happened repeatedly that students guilelessly presented to me Prof. Eck's pandects for me to sign, thereby admitting that they did not know that either Prof. Eck or me by sight. I don't want to force anybody to hear tedious lectures; I've cut many a lecture myself, and know well enough that hard reading and industry in his own room are in the end more important, perhaps, to a student than hearing the university courses. But I can not persuade myself that this industry is to be found in the case of those who attend no lectures the first two or three semesters and calculate from the very beginning on the ability of the paid "coach" to cram them up for examination.

The number of these men, however, is very large—among the law students certainly from one-fourth to one-third; and so the question simply is, Can not a system of marking, without compulsion, be employed? To all industrious students this would be a matter of indifference. Would it not save the majority of the lower layer of our future government officials from that "bumming" which must occur when one wastes from one to three years of his life? The academic freedom would not be affected in the least by this plan, only the right to conceal laziness from parents, guardians, and the university officers would be put an end to. I added that the carrying out of such a change would not be easy. If it be deemed unworthy of a student to be his daily controlled, let me merely call attention to our great military educational establishments. The officers in the war academy and in the artillery school, who are on the average much older than university students, who are in possession of offices and rank, and are many of them married men, must daily put up with having their attendance at courses of instructions marked.

The Berlin Reichsblatt, commenting editorially on this letter, is much sharper in its criticism: "If any form of life has remained in the rear of reform it is the academic, and only the romance of student life, and the easy-going partiality of wider circles in the outer world, have kept the public eye closed to this fact. There is a mistaken idea current as to the position of the better and more capable class of students in regard to the existing state of affairs. The general opinion is that this class would bitterly resent every change as an attack upon their traditional privileges. We should like to emphasize the fact that, on the contrary, a deep desire to reform the present evil circumstances has long been making itself felt in academic circles. There is great discontent and impatience, especially with the extraordinary arrangement of lecture courses, the lack of system, the indigestible and even the partial absence of spirit of the great mass of information ordered in the universities. One of the most alarming features in the complete irresponsibility of the professor for the intellectual progress of his hearers. From this result the willfulness with which every instructor, according to his personal inclinations, chooses and handles his subject, the dry, uninteresting tone which makes most lectures an abomination to the useful fermenting spirits of the auditors, and the remarkably slight personal relations which nowadays exist between professors and students, in scientific matters. One can boldly say that if a student really does any good work, he owes this to his own self-teaching industry, a good school preparation, or perhaps to the personal interest of some professor, but least of all, to the institutions of the university. When one adds to this the evils in the system of salaries, which have turned the office of private docent into a money speculation. In the one-sided education of whole professors, as of the philologists and theologians, who receive from the university as good as nothing for their practical calling in life, in the arrangement of examinations, in the social life of the students, as in the shuffling nomination, the awarding of scholarships, and so forth, one is forced to wish with all his soul that at last some Edipus might arise to undertake the solution of these complicated riddles. It is only a consequence of the want of earnestness with which, owing to all sorts of sentimental reminiscences, this subject is usually dealt with, that in no walk of life does an equal number of persons morally and physically go to ruin, as in the student world, before they have done anything for the good of the community. Statistics on this subject would bring some surprising facts to light—facts that would open the eyes of the blindest.

We believe that we are within the truth when we say that not half of our students reach that degree of attainment which they could through a quieter and more earnest development, and that a large proportion actually go to the bad. This is not a question of limiting academic freedom; it is a question of opportunity and time to form himself and his intellect in an individual way, but not until he has performed those duties which life with its necessities demands of him as a scholar. Only freedom based on fulfilled duty has any worth, but not a freedom associated with idleness and prinkings of conscience which often annihilates the noble powers in the very germ.

THE LAST RESORT

Sweet Canada! Into thy shores I fly For rest and recreation; Long Branch and Saratoga I pass by, Far, far removed from style and fashion I Will spend my long vacation.

Cape May and Old Point Comfort have for me No longer their attraction; No more do Hudson landscapes do I see The finest in the world, and unto thee I humbly make retraction.

From trouble, toil, and strife they say I'll find (Oh, how I wish) a disquiet rest; I turn all thoughts of business from my mind, I skip to thee and leave all cares behind, Also U. S. detectives.

Loved Canada! Encouraged in thy cool climate, With thee for my protector, I'll spend in sweet security my time, Some checks, too, I think I'll spend, for I'm A defunct bank director.

The Peppermint King.

This potentate was born in Oneida county, New York, on June 10, 1810, says The Farm and Household, and his name, which has for many years been kept standing in type in the chief market journals of the world, is Hiram G. Hotchkiss. Now 75 years old, he is robust and plump, bustling with activity among his peppermint bottles during the season of oil production, and in every way a master of his speciality. When he was 7 years old his parents removed from Oneida county to Otter county, which adjoins Wayne, and settled in the town of Phelps. At the age of 18 he started a small country store, to which later he attached a flouring-mill, thereby becoming a general furnisher of food material. About 1837, ten to twelve years after Burnett had put a practical appraisal on the value of the most famous Wayne county weed, Mr. Hotchkiss began to buy peppermint oil of the farmers about Lyons, who took it to him as the most enterprising merchant they knew. He also got into the business of buying the raw material, as it would be offered to him in connection with wheat taken to his mill, and distilling the oil himself. He presently saw a future for Wayne county peppermint, and, disposing of his business in Phelps, removed in 1841 to Lyons, here gradually to assert dominion over the peppermint-oil business of the world. There are two or three other dealers in the county, but the bulk of the crop goes to market through the hands of Mr. Hotchkiss.

The mint is raised chiefly in the towns of Huron, Sedus, Galen, Marion, Arcadia, Williamson, Lyons, and Rose. The loam soil of the flat lands of these towns is naturally adapted to it, but the richness of the plant in oil varies so greatly that producers can not mix their crops for distilling, taking a pro rata share of the oil, as dairymen mix their milk in a common pool at the cheese factory, and take a pro rata share of the cheese. The mint acreage of the county this year is estimated to be about four thousand acres, and this area is said to be only about one-half what it would have been if the season had been favorable. Mr. Hotchkiss estimates the total product of oil this year to be worth \$120,000. In a fairly good season it rises much beyond this amount. The crop is now, of course, all in, and much of it has been sent on its way to the candy factories, the bakeries, and theaching stomachs of the world.

Peppermint long ago ceased to be looked upon as a weed in these parts. It is a legitimate agricultural product, planted and attended to as systematically as a crop of wheat or potatoes. The oil is sent to market from Lyons in wholesale quantities, but a small part of each year's product is put up in phials to give away to my "colicky friends," as Mr. Hotchkiss says. The bottles for commerce contain twenty ounces, and eighteen bottles are packed in a case, the current worth of a case at first hand being \$28. Mint farmers, who during the season of shipping and packing frequent Mr. Hotchkiss' factory, say that peppermint-raising is considerably more profitable than wheat raising, and is a surer crop, the average of seasons and the market considered, than almost anything else they could produce on their available mint soil.

A Lost Papa.

The following true story is sent us by a correspondent in Rhode Island: Three little children rode down to the station with papa, who was going "to town" for family supplies. Papa had always worn heavy whiskers and moustache. He visited the barber and came home with closely-cropped locks and closely-trimmed moustache only. The loss of the luxuriant beard actually transformed him, so that his "best friends" would have scarcely known him. The children, being accustomed to strangers, chatted with him on his return, and nothing strange was noticed, until they began to worry lest papa was not coming home that night!

"Why, papa has come home," said mamma in wondering tones. "Why don't he come to the house?" "Why, he has been in; don't you remember he brought you some peanuts?" "That gentleman? That's company?" In vain mamma explained, and when papa came into the house again he was told the children's grief at his non-return. He tried to convince them, but it was not possible; the positive temperament they had inherited from him was not to be argued with successfully. Gravely they noticed that he actually received all papa's privileges, and seemed scandalized that he put them to bed, and occupied papa's room, and waited on them just a papa used to do! Gradually they fell in the habit of calling him papa, but to them he was the "new papa," and they sadly wondered for months if the "old papa" would "went to town" would never, never come home any more.—Babyhood.

What They Died Of.

Misses (to applicant to cook)— "What experience have you had as cook?" Applicant—"I was seven months in me last place, mum." Misses—"Why did you leave there?" Applicant—"The masher and masher both died, mum." Misses—"What did they die of?" Applicant—"Indigestion, mum."