JULES VERNE.

An Absorbing Story by the Greatest of French Authors,

MATHIAS SANDORF.

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PART III.

CHAPTER I.

THE MEDITERRANEAN. "The Mediterranean is beautiful above all in two respects: harmonious setting and transparency of light and atmosphere. Such as it is, it is an admirable temperer of man. It gives him a hard unyielding strength; it produces the most substantial races."

Michelet has said this, and said truly. But it is fortunate for humanity, that nature, in place of Hercules, has separated the rock of Calpe from the rock of Abyla, to form the Strait of Gibraltar. It must even be admitted, in spite of the assertions of most geologists, that this strait has always ex-Without it, no Mediterranean. For, in truth, evaporation carries off from this sea three times as much water as is furnished it by tributary rivers, and in default of this Atlantic inflow, which diffusing through the strait regenerates it, it would have been, these many centuries back, no more than a kind of Dead sea, instead of

the Living sea par excellence.

It was one of the deepest retreats and least known, of this vast Mediterranean sea, that Count Mathias Sandorf—until the wished-for hour, until the entire fulfillment of his work, he should remain Doctor Antekirtt-had secluded himself, in order to profit by all the benefits which his supposed death had given him.

There are two Mediterraneans on the terrestial globe, one in the old world, the other restal globe, one in the old world, the other in the new. The American Mediterranean is the Gulf of Mexico; it covers not less than four million and a half kilometres. If the Latin Mediterranean having but an area of two million, eight hundred eighty-five thousand, five hundred and twenty-two square kilometres, be but the half of the other, it is more varied in general design, richer in harbors and distinct gulfs, in large hydrographical subdivisions which have merited the name of seas. Such as the Greek Archipelago, the Sea of Crete, above the island of that name, the Libvan sea below, the Adriatic, between Italy, Austria, Turkey and Greece, the Ionian, which washes Corfu, Zante, Cephalonia and other isles, the Tyrrhenian, in the west of Italy, the Aeolienne around the Liparis, the Gulf of Lyons hollowing ont Provence, the Gulf of Genoa indenting the Liqurias, the Gulf of Gabes hollowing out the Tunisian shores, the two Syrtes of such profound depth be-tween Cyrene and Tripoli, in the African

What secret place in or about this sea, of which many a landing is still but little known, had Doctor Antekirtt chosen as a dwelling place? There are islands by hundreds, islets by thousands on the periplus of this immense basin. One would seek in vain to count its caves and coves. How many people of different race. customs and political state throng forward to this seaboard, where the story of humanity has left its imprint for more than twenty centuries past—Frenchmen, Italians, Spaniards, Aus-Mans, Ottomans, Greeks, Arabians, Egyptians, Tripolitans, Tunisians, Algerians Moroccoans, even Englishmen, at Gibraltar, Malta and Cyprus. Three great continents embrace it with their shores; Europe, Asia and Africa. Where then had Count Mathias Sandorf become Doctor Antekirtt-a name dear to Oriental lands—sought the remote dwelling place, in which the program of his life should work itself out. This was what Pierre Bathory was bound to learn ere long.

After opening his eyes for an instant, he

had fallen back completely exhausted; as insensible as when the doctor had left him for dead in the house of Ragusa. It was then that the doctor had succeeded in one phenomena are no longer open to | name doubt. Gifted with a singular power of magnetism, he had been able, without the aid of a magnesium light or even a brilliant point of metal, simply by the penetration of his look, to cast the dying man into a hypnotic state, and substitute his own will for Pierre's. Pierre, enfeebled by the loss of blood, had lost every look of life, and had fallen asleep to wake when the doctor wished. But his life was well-nigh spent, and now it had to be revived. difficult task, and required the most minute care, and all the resources of the medical The doctor must not fail.

"He will live. I must have him live," erepeated. "Ah, why at Cattaro did I bt act on my first idea. Why did the arhe repeated. not act on my first idea. Why did the arrival of Sarcany at Ragusa prevent my snatching him from that accursed town. But I'll save him. In the time to come Pierre Bathory will be Mathias Sandorf's right hand.

And for fifteen years to punish and re ward had been the constant thought of Dr. Antekirtt. He had never forgotten what he owed to his companions, Stephen Bathory and Ladislas Zathmar. The time has come now to act, and that was why the Savarena had gone to Ragusa.

During these long years the doctor had so

altered in appearance that it was impossible to recognize him. His hair, worn short, had become white, and his complexion had turned deadly pale. He was one of those men of 50 who have kept the strength of their youth and acquired the convex and should be strengthed to the strength of their strength of their strength of the streng coolness and calm of ripe old age. The bushy hair, full complexion and Venetian mustache of the young Count Sandorf would never recur to those who looked at Dr. Antekirtt. But more rigidly refined one of those natures of iron of whom it can be said that with them the magnet swings only as they near it. Of Stephen Bathory's son he wished to make what he had made

For a long time Dr. Antekirtt had been the sole representative of the great family of Sandorfs. It will be remembered that he had a child, a daughter, who after his arrest had been intrusted to the care of the wife of Landeck, the steward of the Castle of Artenak. This little daughter, then only 2 years old, had been the count's sole heiress. To her when she was 18 was to come the half of her father goods, in accordance with the sentence which enjoined the con fiscation and the death penalty. The stew-ard Landeck had been retained as manager of that part of the Transylvanian domain put under sequestration, and his wife and he remained at the castle with the child, intending to devote their lives to her. But it seemed as though some fate pursued the Sandorf family, now reduced to this one small individual. A few months after the conviction of the Trieste conspirators, and the events which succeeded, the child had disappeared and it had proved impossible to find her. Her hat had been found on the bank of one of the numerous rivulets that run through the park. It was only too obvious that the little girl had fallen into one of the ravines into which run the torrents of the Carpathians, and not a tige of her could be found. Rosina Landeck, the steward's wife, took the loss so much to heart that she died a few weeks afterwards. The government made no change in the arrangements entered into at the time of the sentence. The sequestra-tion was maintained, and the possession of Count Sandorf would return to the state if the heiress, whose death had not been legally proved, did not return to zlaim them.

Such was the last blow that had reached the Sandorf race, now doomed to extinction by the disappearance of the last representative of the family. Time was gradually accomplishing its work, and oblivion was throwing its shade over this event, as well as over all the other facts of the con-

spiracy of Trieste.

It was at Otranto, where he was living in the strictest incognite, that Sandorf heard of his child's death. With his little daughter there disappeared all that remained to him of the Countess Rena, who had died so soon, and whom he had loved so much. Then he left Otranto, as unknown as when he arrived there, and no one could tell where

he began his life anew. Fifteen years later, when Sandorf had

reappeared on the scene, no one suspected that he was playing the part of Dr. Antekirtt. Thenceforth Sandorf could devote himself entirely to his work. Now he was alone in the world with a task to perform— a task regarded as sacred. Many years after he had left Otranto, powerful by all the power that immense wealth gives, acquired under circumstances which will soon be ascertained, forgotten and concealed by his incognito, he had put himself on the track of those he had sworn to punish and reward. Already in his thoughts Pierre Bathory had

been associated in the work of justice. Agents were stationed in the different coast towns of the Mediterranean. Well paid and sworn to secrecy, they corresponded only with the doctor either by the swift launches we know of, or the submarine cable which joined Antekirtta to Malta, and Malta to Europe.

It was in verifying the statement of his

agents that the doctor had discovered the traces of all those who directly or indirectly had been mixed up in Sandorf's conspiracy. He could then watch them from afar, and let them have their run, as it were, uninterfered with for four or five years. Toronthal he knew had left Trieste and settled at Ragusa with his wife daughter. Sarcany he traced to the principal cities of Europe where he wasted his fortune, and then to Sicily, to the Eastern "Ah! That's provinces where he and his companion Zirone were meditating some new scheme to nothing in Italy or Austria—the florins he had gained by his information permitting him to live in idleness.

Andrea Ferrato he would have helped to escape from the prison of Stein in the Ty-rol—where he was expiating his generous conduct toward the fugitives of Pisino-had not death delivered the honest fisherman from his fetters a few months after he was sent there. His children Maria and Luigi had left Rovigno, and were now probably having a hard struggle for had disappeared and he had not yet been able to come upon any trace of them. Madame Bathory at Ragusa, with her son Pierre, and Borik, the old servant of Ladislas Zathmar, the doctor had never lost sight, and we know how he had sent them a considerable sum of money which was not accepted by the proud, courageous woman. But the hour had come for the doctor to begin his difficult campaign. Assuring himself that he would never be recognized fifteen years' absence, after his his supposed death, he arrived in Ragusa, and found Stephen Bathory's son in love with Silas Toronthal's daughter. It will be remembered how Sarcany had intervened and thrust them apart, how Pierre had been taken to his mother's house, how Doctor Antekirtt had acted when he was on the point of death, and how he had called him back to life to reveal himself to him under his real name of Mathias Santell him what he did not know, how treachery had delivered over his father and his companions, to acquaint hlm with the names of the traitors, to win over his help in the work the doctor had set himself to. of dealing out justice far beyond that ordinary justice of which he had been the vic-

In the first place then, Pierre had to be restored to health, and it was to the restoration that he entirely devoted himself. the first eight days after his arrival in the island Pierre literally hung in the life and death. Not was his wound very serious, but his mental state was even more so. The thought of Sava being now Sarcany's wife, the thought of his mother grieving for him, the resur-rection of Count Mathias Sandorf as Doctor Antekirtt—Sandorf, the most devoted of all his father's friends—all was enough to unsettle a mind already sorely shaken. Day and night the doctor did not leave him. He heard him in his delirium repeat the name of Sava Toronthal. He learnt how deep and true was his love for her, and how her marriage was torturing him. He asked if this love would not prove resistless even when he learnt that Sava was the daughter of the man who had sold and killed his father. The doctor would tell him never-He had made up his mind to do theless. so. It was his duty.

Again and again Pierre almost suc-

cumbed. Doubly injured, in mind and body, he was so near to death that he did of those physiologic experiments in which the will plays so important a part, and of had not even strength to whisper Sava's

But skillful care prevailed and the reac-

Youth gained the mastery. The sick man was cured in body before he was cured in mind. His wound began to heal, his lungs regained their normal powers, and on the 17th of July the doctor knew that Pierre was saved.

That day the young man recognized him.

In a voice still weak he called him by his true name.

"To you my son I am Mathias Sandorf,"

was the reply, "but to you alone."

And as Pierre by his looks seemed to ask for explanations which he was naturally anxious to hear-

"Later on," added the doctor, "later on." It was in a beautiful room with the winlows opening to the fresh sea breezes be neath the shade of lovely trees which the running streams kept evergreen, that Pierre swiftly and surely grew convalescent. The doctor was untiring in his attention, he was with him every momeut, but as the recovery became assured there was nothing strange in his calling in an assistant, in whose kindness and intelligence he had absolute confidence.

This was Point Pescade, as devoted to Pierre as he was to the doctor. We need hardly say that he and Cape Matifou had kept profoundly secret what had taken place at the cemetery of Ragusa, and that they had revealed to none that the young man had been snatched alive from the

Point Pescade had been rather closely connected with the facts which had been brought out during this period of several months. In consequence he was seized with a lively interest in his patient. This love affair of Pierre Bathory, thwarted by the interference of Sarcany—an impudent fellow who had inspired him with justifia ble antipathy—the meeting of the funeral procession and the wedding carriages before the hotel of Stradone, the exhumation in the Ragusa cemetery, all these had deeply affected this good being, and the more so because he felt himself associated, without understanding their purpose, with the designs of Dr. Antekirtt.

the cemetery of Ragusa!"

At these words, Pierre Bathory felt himbellows then that Point Pescade acle acgregate the task of nursing the interpretable that he place of its arms of the Pisino fortress.

"Before me." resumed the doctor, "lay the sea as far as the Italian seaboard. Good environment of the place of its arms of the Pisino fortress.

"Before me." resumed the doctor, "lay the sea as far as the Italian seaboard. Good environment of the place of its arms of the Pisino fortress. It follows then that Point Pescade cepted eagerly the task of nursing the inat the same time divert him as much as possible by cheerful humor. He did not fail Besides, since the fete of Gravosa, he considered Pierre Bathory as a creditor, and, on that occasion he had resolved to. n one way or another, discharge the indebtedness.

This, then, is why Point Pescade, installed at the side of the convalescent, made | defend it, if possible,' the attempt to divert his thoughts, and by chatting and jabbering not to allow him

time for reflection.

It was under these circumstances, that It was under these circumstances, that one day, by direct demand of Pierre, he was led to tell how he made the acquaint-was led to tell how he made the acquaint-was then about half-past nine at I rocken that I swam away from

of Cape Matifou!" Pierre had by no means forgotten the grave event which had marked the fete of Gravosa, on the arrival of the pleasure within me a strength of resistance, a tenvacht: but he was unaware that at the

But what we owe to the Doctor should not cause us to forget what we owe to you!"

well as he had paid for his place!"

And Point Pescade recalled to Pierre

Bathory how, at the moment for entering the Provencal arena, he had suddenly dis-

upon all that had occurred since that day. In thinking of Sava, whom he believed, whom he had to believe married, a bitter anguish seized him and he was tempted to curse those who had snatched him from

death! Point Pescade saw quickly that this fete of Gravosa recalled sad memories. He did not therefore persist, he even remained silent, saying to himself, "a half-teaspoonful of good humor, to be administered every five minutes to my patient; yes, a very good doctor's prescription, but not easy to follow!

It was Pierre, who opening his eyes again some minutes later, re-began conversation. "And so, Point Pesdade," he said, "before the trabacolo affair, you did not know

Doctor Antekirtt?"

"We never had seen him, Mr. Pierre," replied Point Pescade, "and were ignorant even of his name.' "Since that day, you have never left

him?" "Never, unless upon errands with which

he has charged me."

"And in what country are we now?
Could you tell me that, Point Pescade?"

Could you tell me that, Point Pescade?" "I have reason to believe, Mr. Pierre, that we are on an island, for the sea surrounds us. "Undoubtedly. But in what part of the

"Ah! That's it! South, north, east, or west," said Point Pescade, "that is just what I do not know at all. After that, it matters little! What is certain is, that we matters little! What is certain is, that we a dull, distant booming arose in the east—a booming that I could not explain. A light flacked through my eyelids, which had this island, whose situati know?" Pierre questioned. situation you do not

ber any island of the Mediterranean with such a name, and he looked at Point Pes-

"Yes, Mr. Pierre, yes!" responded the honest fellow. "Antekirtta—nothing at all of longitude and still less latitude; the Mediterranean. It is to this address that would write to me, if I had an uncle, but this far heaven has denied me that blessing. After all it is not surprising that this island should be called Antekirtta. for it belongs to Dr. Antekirtt. for me to tell you whether the doctor took his name from the island or the island from the doctor would be impossible, even if I were general secretary of the geographical

society. Nevertheless, Pierre's convalescence pursued its due course. None of the complications one might have feared, made an ap-With substantial, yet judicious pearance. diet, the invalid recovered his strength perceptibly from day to day. The doctor visited him often and conversed with him upon all subjects save those in which he was most interested. And Pierre, not wishing to provoke premature confidences, waited until it should please him to give them.

Point Pescade had always faithfully reported to the doctor the fragments of conversation exchanged by himself and his patient. Evidently the incognito which covered not only Mathias Sandorf, but even the island he inhabited, quite engrossed Pierre Bathory. It was equally evident that he constantly thought of Sava Toronthal, now so far away from him, since all communica tion between Antekirtta and the rest of the European continent seemed broken off. But the time approached when he should be

strong enough to hear all.

Yes! To hear all, and that day, like the surgeon who operates, the doctor would be insensible to the cries of the patient. Several days slipped by. The yman's wound was completely healed. ready he could rise and seat himself at the window of his chamber. The Mediterranean sunshine came to caress him there, the quickening sea breeze filled his lungs and gave him health and vigor. In spite of all, he felt himself renewed. Then his eves would fasten obstinately on the limits horizon, beyond which he would have gladly pierced, and reason was still sick him. This vast extent of water around the unknown isle, was almost al-Some coasters, Xebecs or Tartans or Polacks would appear in the distance, but never turn or veer about to come alongside. Never any great trading vessel, never any of the steamships, whose paths traverse the great European lake in every

direction. One had said truly that Antekirtta was banished to the confines of the world. The 24th of July the doctor announced to Pierre Bathory that upon the following afternoon he might take a walk, and offered to accompany him in his first outing. said Pierre, "if I have strength

enough to go out, I should have strength rough to listen to you."
"To listen to me, Pierre? What do you

"I mean that you know all my history, and I do not know yours!"

The doctor regarded him attentively, not as friend, but as physician who is about to decide if he shall apply steel or fire to the quick-flesh of the patient. Then, seating himself near to him:

"You wish to know my history, Pierre? Then listen to me!"

"PAST AND PRESENT." And from the first the history of Dr. Antekirtt, which begins at the moment when Count Mathias Sandorf precipitated

himself into the waters of the Adriatic. "Through the midst of this hail of shot, with which the last discharge of police agents covered me, I passed safe and s The night was very dark. They could not see me. The current carried me out, and I could not return even had I wished. I did not wish it moreover. Far better to die than be taken again and thrown into—perhaps slaughtered in the donjon of Pisino. Should I succumb, all was ended. Should I succeed in saving myself, I could at least pass

"Naught would longer impede me in the ork of justice, which I had sworn to Count Zathmar, to your father, and to my self, to accomplish, and which I shall accomplish.'

"A work of justice?" repeated Pierre, whose eyes shone at this word so unlooked

for. "Yes, Pierre, and this work—you will associate you know, for it is in order to associate you with myself in it, that I have snatched you, dead like myself, yet living as myself, from the cemetery of Ragusa!

swimmer as I was, I could not pretend to traverse it. Unless providentially succored, either by grasping some wrecked flotsam or by a strange vessel perceiving me on board. I was destined to perish. But when one has risked one's life, one is very strong to

"At first I dived once or twice to escape from the bullets. Then when I was sure I was not seen I kept at the surface and swam out to sea. My clothes were not

night. I reckon that I swam away from the shore for about an hour; and I saw the But he had to leave Brindisi without de he replied. "You ought to remember. The the shore for about an hour; and I saw the trabacolo affair, which so easily made a hero lights of Rovigno vanish one after the

"Where was I going and what was my acity, a superhuman will which sustained Dector's proposing it, the two aerobats had abandoned their calling to go over to his save, but my future work I sought to do. At that moment had a fishing-boat passed by I would have dived to avoid her! On "Yes, Mr. Bathory," said Point Pescade.
"Yes, that is it, and the devotion of Cape
"Yes, that is it, and the devotion of Cape
Matifou has been a stroke of fortune for us!

Matifou has been a stroke of fortune for us! for a reward as Carpena had done Andrea

To you, Mr. Pierre, to you, who that day just missed becoming our public:—that is to mention a sum of two florins we had not earned, since our public was missing, well as he had paid for his place!" but instinctively I turned over again ready to disappear. A fishing boat bound for an Istrian port could hardly be otherwise than

wind, and I was carried out to sea on the

wide sweeping surge. "Sometimes swimming, sometimes floating, I kept on farther and farther for about another hour. I saw but the object to attain, and not the road to reach it. Fifty miles to cross the Adriatic! Yes! And I was willing to swim them! Yes! I would swim them. Ah! Pierre, you must go through such trials before you know of what man is capable, before you know what the human machine can do when all its mental and physical forces are combined!

"For the second hour I thus kept afloat. The Adriatic seemed absolutely deserted. The last birds had left it to regain the ledges in the rocks. Overhead the gulls and mews no longer circled, giving forth their plaintive screams. "Although I felt no fatigue my arms be-

came heavy, my legs seemed like lead. My ingers began to open, and I found it most difficult to keep my hands together. My head felt as if it were a shot on my shoulders, and I began to lose the power of keeping myself afloat.

"A kind of hallucination seized on me. The guidance of my thoughts escaped me. Strange associations of ideas arose in my troubled brain. I felt that I could no longer hear or see properly, but I fancied that some distance away from me a noise was being produced, and a light was approaching, and I was right in its road. And that

light flashed through my eyelids, which had shut in spite of all I could do. I tried to raise my head, and I could not do so without letting myself almost sink. Then I

know?" Pierre questioned.
"The name of it? Oh. certainly," answered Point Pescade. "The name of it it is necessary you should know them, and through them know me as well."
"There is no need of that, doctor—none!"

answered the young man. "Do you think my mother has never told me what sort of a man was Mathias Sandorf ? 'She may have known Mathias Sandorf, Pierre, but Dr. Antekirtt she does not know. And he it is you must know! Listen, then!

Hear me out!"
"The noise I had heard was made by a vessel coming from the east and bound for the Italian coast. The light was her white light hanging on her forestay — which showed her to be a steamer. Her side lights I also saw, red at port and green at starboard, and as I saw them both together the steamer must have been bearing straight down on me.

"That moment was a critical one. In fact, the chances were that the steamer was an Austrian bound outwards from Trieste. To ask help from her was to put myself again in the power of the gendarmes of Rovigno. I resolved to do nothing of the kind, but to take advantage of another means of safety that I had thought of. 'The steamer was a fast one. She grew

rapidly larger as she neared me, and I saw the foam furrowed off white from her bows. In less than two minutes she had cut through the place where I lay motionless. "That the steamer was an Austrian I had no doubt. But there was nothing impossible in her destination being Brindisi and Otranto, or, at least, she might call there. If so, she would arrive in less than twenty-four hours.

"My decision was taken, and I waited. Sure of being unseen in the darkness, I kept myself in the steamer's path, and for tunately she slowed slightly as she gently

rose and fell with the surge.
"At length the steamer reached me, her bow some twenty feet from the sea towered above me. I was wrapped in foam as she cleft the wave, but I was not struck. Was grazed by the long iron hull, and I pushed myself away from it with my hands as it passed me. That only lasted for a second or so. Then I found her lines be-That only lasted for a gin to curve in for the run, and at the risk of being cut by the screw, I caught hold of

the rudder.
"Fortunately the steamer had a full cargo, and her screw was deep down and did not strike above the water, else I should not have been able to get out of the eddy or retain my hold of the support to which I had clung. Like all steamships she had a pair of chains hanging from her stern and fixed on to the rudder, and I had seized one of these chains, pulled myself up to the ring to which it hung, and there I sat on the chain close to the sternpost and just a few inches above the sea. I was in compara-

"Three hours elapsed and day broke. reckoned I would have to remain where I was for another twenty hours if the steamer was going to call at Brindisi or Otranto.
What I should have to suffer most from would be hunger and thirst. The important thing for me was that I could not be seen from the deck nor even from the boat hung by the stern davits. Some vessel meeting us might, it is true, see me and sig-But very few ships met us that nal me. day, and they passed too far off for them to notice a man hanging to the rudder-chains.

"A scorching sun soon dried my clothes. Andrea Ferrato's three hundred florins were in my belt; they made me feel safe once got to land. There I should have nothin to fear. In a foreign country Count Ma-thias Sandorf would have nothing to fear from the Austrian police. There is no extradition for political refugees. But it was not enough that they should think my life was saved. I wished them to think I was dead. No one should know that the last fugitive from the donjon of Pisino had set

foot on Italian soil.
"What I wished happened. The day passed without adventure. Night came. About 10 o'clock in the evening I saw a light at regular intervals away to the south-west. It was the lighthouse at Brindisi. Two hours afterward the steamer was just outside the harbor.

But then before the pilot came on board. when we were about a mile from the land, after making a parcel of my clothes and tying them to my neck, I slipped off the

rudder-chain into the sea.

A minute afterwards I had lost sight of the steamer, whose steam-whistle had begun its shricking. In half an hour I had gun its shrieking. reached the shore, hidden among the rocks esumed my clothes, and on a bed of seaweed had fallen asleep. In the morning entered Brindisi, found one of the humbles hotels in the place, and there awaited events before settling on the plan of an entirely new life.

"Two days afterwards, Pierre, the new papers informed me that the conspiracy of Trieste was at an end. They said that the search for Count Sandorf's body had been fruitless. I was held to be dead—as dead as if I had fallen with my two companions, Ladislas Zathmar and your father Stephen Bathory, in the donjon of Pisino. "I dead!-No, Pierre-and they shall see

Pierre had listened greedily to the doctor's story. He was as deeply moved by it as if the story had been told him from the tomb. Yes! It was Count Mathias Sandorf who thus had spoken. In the presence of him, the living portrait of his father the doctor's habitual coldness had gradually abandoned him, he had revealed his real character, he had shown himself as he really was, after years of disguise. What he had said about his audacious voyage across the Adriatic was true in the min-utest detail. It was thus that he arrived at Brindisi, where Mathias Sandorf remained

lay. The town is only a transfer station. People come to it merely to embark for In dia or land for Europe. It is generally empty, except on the two days of the week when the P. and O. boats come in.

The doctor had no further fear for his

life, but it was important that his death should be believed in. Thus ran his thoughts on the morning after his arrival as he was walking at the foot of the terrace which overlooks the column of Cleopatra at the very spot where the old Appian Way begins. Already he had formed his plans. He would go the East in search of wealth and power. But to embark on one of the steamboats trading to Asia Minor among a crowd of passengers of all nations would not be wise. He wanted some more secret means of transport than he could find at Brindisi. And that evening he took the train for Otranto.

In an hour and a half the train reached

The young man had lost recollection of this incident, but he answered Point Pescade with a smile. A sad smile, for he also remembered that he had only mingled with the crowd in order to once again most.

hidden in the mist. A few days afterwards, after a voyage without incident. Cape Matapan at the extremity of Southern Greece was doubled and Smyrna safely

reached. The doctor had succinctly related to Pierre this part of his voyage and also how he had learnt from the newspapers of the unexpected death of his daughter, leaving him alone in the world.
"At last," he said, "I was in the land of

Asia Minor where for so many years I was to live unknown. It was in studies of medicine, chemistry, natural science, that I had delighted during my youth at the to these studies that I was to trust for my of whom he had never lost sight and among means of livelihood.

"I was fortunate enough to succeed and Borik. more promptly than I had hoped. I settled sician. Some unexpected cures brought me into connection with the richest people of those countries in which the medical art is still in a rudimentary state. I then made up my mind to leave the town. And like the doctors of the days gone by, healing at the same time as I taught the art of healing, studying the almost unknown therapeutics of the talebs of Asia Minor and the pundits of India, I traveled through the whole of those provinces, stopping here a from suicide few weeks, there a few months, called to Karahissar, Binder, Adana, Haleb, Tripoli, Damas, ever preceded by a renown which increased without ceasing and brought me a fortune that increased with my renown. "But that was not enough. wanted was unbounded power, such as that possessed by the wealthy rajahs of India,

whose knowledge is equal to their wealth. "My opportunity came.
"There was at Homs in Northern Syria a man dying of a slow disease. No physician had been able to tell what was the matter with him. Hence none of them knew how to treat him. The man was Faz-Rhat, and he had occupied very high posts in the Turkish empire. He was then 45 years of age and an immense fortune allowed him to enjoy all the pleasures of

life. "Faz-Rhat had heard of me, for at the time my reputation was at its height. He invited me to Homs, and I accepted the invitation.

"'Doctor,' said he, 'the half of my fortune is yours if you will give me back my

life!'
"'Keep the half of your fortune,' I said,
"'Keep the half of your fortune,' I said, 'I will take care of you and cure you if heaven permits.'

"I carefully studied the malady the physicians had abandoned. A few months at the outside was all they had given him to But I was lucky enough to discover what ailed him. For three weeks I remained with Faz-Rhat so as to follow the effects of the treatment I had prescribed. His cure was complete, When he wished threw himself into the waves of the to pay me I would accept only what seemed to me to be reasonable. And then I left Hans.

"Three years later by an accident when hunting Faz-Rhat lost his life. He had no relatives whatever and his will made me the sole heir of all his possessions. Their value was certainly not less than fifty millions of florins.

"Thirteen years had then elapsed since the fugitive of Pisino had taken refuge in Asia Minor. The name of Dr. Antekirtt, although somewhat legendary, was known throughout Europe. I had obtained the result I wished. And now I was ready to set to work at the object of my life.'

CHAPTER III. THE PRESENT.

"I had resolved to return to Europe, or at least to some point of the Mediterranean. visited the African coast and for a considerable sum I became the owner of an important island, rich, fertile and in every way for a small colony—this island of Antekirtta. Here, Pierre, I am sovereign, absolute master, king without subjects, but with a people devoted to me body and soul, with means of defense that will be very formidable when I have finished them, with means of communication that link me to different points of the Mediter-ranean border, with a flotilla of such speed that I may almost say I have made this sea my dominion!"
"Where is Antekirtta situated?" asked

Pierre. "In the neighborhood of the Syrtis Major, which has had an evil reputation from the remotest antiquity, in the south of the sea which the north wind makes so dangerous even to modern ships, in the deenest ! bend of the gulf of Sidra which cuts back into the African coast between Tripoli and the cell of the donjon, and explained the

There at the north of the group of the the names of the traitors. Syrtic Islands is the island of Antekirtta. A few years before the doctor had traveled through the Tripolitan coasts, and visited Souza the old port of Cryene, the Barca councry, the towns that have replaced the old Ptolemais, Berenice, Adrianopolis, and in a word that old Pentapolis, formerly Greek, Macedonian, Roman, Persian, Saracenic, and now Arabic and belonging to the Pachalik of Tripoli. The chances of his voyage-for he went to a certain extent where he was called—took him among the numerous archipelagoes off the Lybian sea-board, Pharos and Anthiroda, the Plinthine twins, Enesipte, and the Tyndaric rocks, Pyrgos, Platea, Ilos. the Hyphales, the Pontians, the White Islands, and last of all

the Syrtics.

In the Gulf of Sidra about thirty miles southwest of the vilayet of Ben Ghazi, the nearest point on the mainland, he found the isle of Antekirtta. It was large enougheighteen miles in circumference-to accommodate all those he thought necessary for his plans; sufficiently elevated, consisting chiefly of a conical hill, towering up some eight hundred feet from the sea, and commanding the whole sweep of the gulf; and sufficiently varied in its productions, and watered by its streams, to satisfy the wants of several thousand inhabitants. Besides it was In that sea, terrible on account of its storms, which in pre-historic times had been fatal to the Argonauts, whose perils were sung by Apollonius of Rhodes, Horace, Virgil, Propertius, Valerius Flaccus, Lucan, and by so many others who were more geopraphers than poets, such as Polybius, Sallust, Strabo, Meia, Pliny and Procopius.

The doctor was the island's absolute He had obtained the freehold for a considerable sum, clear of every feudal and other obligation; and the deed of cession which made him sovereign proposed been fully ratified by the Sultan.

For three years the doctor had lived in this island. About 300 European and the patient were about to succumb under the patient were about the patient were abou which made him sovereign proprietor had this island. About 300 European and Arabic families attracted by his offers and

the guarantee of a happy life formed small colony of some 2,000 souls. They were not slaves, nor were they subjects; they were companions devoted to their chief. and none the less so because that small corner of that terrestrial globe had become their new home. Gradually a regular administration had

been organized, with a militia for the defense of the island, and a magistrate chosen from among the notables, who very seldom found his services required. Then according to plans sent by the doctor to the leading members of England, France and America, he had had constructed his wonderful fleet of steamers, schooners, and "Electrics" for his rapid passages across the Mediterranean. At the same time fiortifications began to be thrown up round Antekirtta, but they were not yet finished, although the doctor for serious reasons was

urging on the works.

Had then Antekirtta some enemy to fear in the vicinity of the Gulf of Sidra? Yes. A formidable sect, or rather a society of natred a foreigner founding a colony off the Lybian coast. This sect was the Mussulman Brother-

hood of Sidi Mohammed Ben Ali Es Senoussi. In this year (1300 of the Hegira) it had become much more menacing than formerly, and its geographical dominion embraced some 3,000,000 of adherents. His zaouiyas, his vilayets, his centers of activity established in Egypt, in the Turkish Empire in Europe and Asia, in Eastern Nigritia, Tunis, Algeria, Morocco and the independent Sahara up to the frontiers of Western Nigritia, existed in still greater numbers in Barca and Tripoli. They were a source of serious danger to the European establishments of Northern Africa, including Algeria destined to become hereafter the richest country in the world, and specially to Antekirtta, and hence the doctor was only acting with ordinary prudence in availing himself of every modern means of protection and de-

which followed and which taught him many other things as well. It was to the isle of Antekirtta that he had been brought, to the Syrtic sea, as to one of the most forsaken corners of the ancient world, many hundred miles from Ragusa, where he had left behind two whose memory would never leave him—his mother and Sava Toronthal. In a few words the doctor completed the details concerning the second half of his existence. While he was making his arrangements for assuring the security of his island, while he was developing the riches of the soil, and providing for the material and mental wants of the little colony, he whom were Madame Bathory, her son and

Pierre then learnt why the Savarena had first at Smyrna where for seven or eight arrived at Gravosa under conditions that so years I obtained great reputation as a phywhy the doctor had visited Madame Bathroy, how and why her son had not been informed of his visit, how the money put at his mother's disposal had been refused by her, and how the doctor had arrived in time to snatch Pierre from the tomb to which he had been carried when in his magnetic take place as soon as the state of her health

sleep.
"You, my son," he added. "Yes! You lost your head entirely and did not recoil

At this word Pierre in a movement of anger found strength enough to sit up. "Suicide!" he exclaimed. "Do you then think I stabbed myself?" "Pierre—in a moment of despair---"
"Despair? Yes! I was! I thought I had

been abandoned even by you, my father's friend, after the promises you had made! In despair? Yes! and I am now! But Heaven does not give death to those in despair! It says live-and be avenged!"

"No—punish!" answered the doctor. "But, Pierre, who stabbed you then?" "A man I hate," replied Pierre, "a man who on that night I met by chance in a deserted road by the side of the walls of gusa! Perhaps he thought I was going to quarrel with him! But he prevented me! He stabbed me! This man, this Sarcany

Pierre could not finish the sentence. the thought of the wretch in whom he saw the husband of Sava, his brain seemed to fail him, his eyes closed and life seemed to leave him as if his wound had been re-

In a moment the doctor had restored him consciousness and looking at fixedly:

"Sarcany! Sarcany!" he whispered to himself. It was advisable for Pierre to take some rest after the shock he had just received.

rest after the same He declined to do so. He declined to do so. "You told me to begin and the Dr. Antekirtt which begins when Mathias Sandorf "Yes, Pierre."

"Then there is something else I ought to know about Count Mathias Sandorf. "Are you strong enough to hear it?" 'Speak.

"Be it so," replied the doctor. "It is better to finish will the secrets that you have a right to know, with all the terrible past that will never return. Pierre, you thought I had abandoned you because I had left Gravosa! Listen then and judge for yourself.
"You know, Pierre, that on the evening

of the day fixed for our execution my companions and I attempted to escape from the fortress of Pisino; but Ladilas Zathmar was caught by the warders just as he was going to join us at the foot of the donjon. Your father and I, swept away by the torrent of the Buco, were already out of their reach. "After miraculously escaping from the

whirlpools of the Foiba, when we set foot

on the Leme Canal we were noticed by a

scoundrel who did not hesitate to sell our

heads to the government who had just put Discovered in the house a price on them. of a Ravigno fisherman just as he was about to take us across the Adriatic your father was arrested and returned to Pisino. I was more fortunate and escaped! You know that? But this you do not know. Before the information given to the police by this Spaniard named Carpena—information which cost Ferrato, the fisher-man his liberty, and a few months after-

wards, his life-two men had sold the secret of the conspirators of Trieste "Their names," interrupted Pierre.
"First of all ask me how their treachery was discovered," said the doctor. And he hurriedly told what had passed in

acoustic phenomenon which had revealed "Their names, doctor!" exclaimed Pierre. "You will not refuse to give me their

"I will tell you."

"Who are they?" "One os them was the accountant who had introduced himself as a spy into Zathmar's house! The man who tried to assas-

sinate you! Sarcany!"
"Sarcany!" exclaimed Pierre, who found sufficient strength to rise and walk towards the doctor. "Sarcany! That scoundre!! And you knew it! And you, the companion of Stephen Bathory; you, who offered his son your protection; you, to whom I had entrusted the secret of my love; you, who had encouraged me, you allowed him to introduce himself into Silas Toronthal's house when you could have kept him out with a And by your silence you have auword! thorized this crime-yes! this crime-which has delivered over that unfortunate girl to

Sarcany! 'Yes, Pierre, I did all that!"

"And why?"
"Because she can never be your wife!" "She can never be my wife! "Because if Pierre Bathory marries Miss.

abominable crime!"
"But why? Why?" asked Pierre in a paroxysm of anguish.
"Because Sarcany had an accomplice! Yes, an accomplice in the horrible scheme which sent your father to his death! And that accomplice—it is neeessary that you should know it—was the banker of Trieste, Silas Toronthal!"

Pierre heard and understood! He could

make no reply. A spasm contracted his lips. He sank, crushed to the earth, and horror completely paralyzed him. His pupils dilated and his look seemed to be plunged into unfathomable darkness.

mitted him.
But Pierre's nature was as energetic as his own. He gained the mastery over his tortured feelings. Tears welled up into his eyes. Then he fell back into his chair his eyes. Then he fell back into his chair and held out his hand to the doctor, who said to him in a gentle, serious voice:
"Pierre, to the whole world you and I

with no friend, no child! Will you be my And the father and son sat clasped in each other's arms.

CHAPTER IV.

EVENTS AT RAGUSA.

Now I am alone in the world

are dead!

Meanwhile what was taking place at Ragusa? Madame Bathory no longer lived there. After her son's death, Borik and a few of her friends had persuaded her to shut up the house in the Rue Marinella. At first it

seemed as though the unhappy mother had A formidable sect, or rather a society of been driven mad; and strong-minded pirates, who had not seen without envy and though she was, she had really given signs of derangement that alarmed cians. Under their advice she was moved to the little village of Vinticello, where a friend of her family was living. There she would receive every attention, but what consolation could they offer to the mother and the wife who had suffered twice over in her love for her husband and

become her humble and assiduous confidant

in sorrow.

They had ceased to trouble themselves about Sava Toronthal and were even unaware that the marriage had been put off for some time. And in fact the young lady's health necessitated her keeping to her bed. She had received a blow as unex-pected as it was terrible to her. He whom she loved was dead-dead of despair proba-

was leaving the [house on her way to her hateful wedding! For ten days, that is till the 16th of July, Sava was in the most alarming state. Her mother would not leave hor. Moreover, that care and attention was the last her mother could give, for she herself had received a a fatal shock During these long hours what thoughts were interchanged between mother and daughter? We can imagine, and we need not enlarge on them. Two names were of constant recurrence amid their sobs and tears—one, that of Sarcany, to be cursed, the other, that of Pierre, to be wept over. From these conversations in which Silas Toronthal refrained from taking part-for schools and universities of Hungary—where had kept himself acquainted with all that your father gained his renown—and it was was going on respecting his former friends he even avoided seeing his daughter—it resulted that Madame Toronthal made one more appeal to her husband. She asked consent to break off a marriage him to which Sava regarded only with fear and

> The banker remained unmoved in his resolution. Had he been left to himself he might perhaps have yielded, but he was in the power of his accomplice, more even than may be imagined, and he refused to listen to his wife. The marriage of Sava and Sarcany was decided on, and it would would allow.
>
> It is easy to imagine what was Sarcany's

> irritation when this unexpected incident in-tervened, with what ill-dissembled anger he saw his game interfered with, and with what persistency he attacked Toronthal. It was only a delay, doubtless, but the delay if prolonged would lead to the collapse of the whole scheme on which he had arranged his future. And, besides, he knew that Sava felt for him nothing but insur-

> And what would this aversion become if the young lady suspected that Pierre Bathory had been stabbed by the man who was forced upon her as her husband? For his part he was only too pleased at having had the chance of getting rid of his rival. Not a shade of remorse did he feel, so dead was he to every human sentiment. "It is lucky," said he one day to Toron-

> thal, "that that fellow thought of killing himself! There might have been too many Bathorys! Heaven does indeed protect And who was there left of these three families of Sandorf, Zathmar and Bathory!

> An old woman whose days were numbered!
> Yes! Heaven did seem to protect the scoundrels, and assuredly would carry its protection to its extreme limits the day that Sarcany became the husband of Sava Toronthal! Nevertheless it appears as though heaven

were trying people's patience very much, for the delay as to the marriage grew more and more prolonged. No sooner had Sava recovered—physically that is—and Sarcany was again thinking of realizing his projects, than Madame Toronthal fell ill. indeed lived out her life. After all that had occurred at Trieste when she learnt to what a scoundrel she was bound, after all her troubles about Pierre in whom she had tried to repair the wrong done to his family, after all she had suffered since Sarcany's unwelcome return, her illness could hardly be wondered at. From the first it was evident that her malady would be fatal. A few days of life

were all that her doctors could promise her. She was dving of exhaustion. Nothing could save her, even if Pierre Bathory were to rise from his grave to become her daughter's husband. Sava could now return with interest the care and attention she had received from her, and she never left her bedside by night

What Sarcany felt at this new delay can be imagined. Daily he came to abuse the banker, who like him was powerless. All they could do was to wait for the end.
On the 29th of July Madame Toronthal seemed to have recovered a little of her strength, and she then fell into a burning

fever, which threatened to carry her off in forty-eight hours. In this fever she was seized with delirium; she beganoto wander in her mind, and many unintelligible phrases escaped her. One word-one name repeated inces

santly-came as a surprise to Sava. It was

that of Bathory—not the name of the young man, but that of his mother that the sick woman appealed to, prayed to and returned to again and again, as if she were assailed with remorse. Pardon! madame! Forgive me!" And when madame during a lull in the fever was interrogated by her daughter,—

"Hush! Sava! Hush! I said nothing!" she exclaimed in terror. The night between the 30th and 31st of July arrived. For a time the doctors might think that the fever having reached its maximum was about to subside. ing the day she had been better, there had been no mental troubles, and the change in

the patient seemed somewhat surprising. night promised to be as fair as the day. But it so, it was because Madame Tor-onthal on the point of death discovered an energy of which she had previously thought herself incapable. She had made her peace with God, and taken a resolution which she

only waited for the opportunity to carry out. That night she insisted that Sava should go to bed for a few hours. Although she strongly objected to leave her, yet she did not think it right to disobey her mother's commands: and about 11 o'clock she went to her own room.

Madame Toronthal was then alone. All

in the house were asleep, and the silence reigned which has been aptly named the silence of death. Madame Toronthal rose from her bed. and this sick woman whom all thought too feeble to make even the slightest move-

front of her writing-table.

There she took a sheet of letter paper and with trembling hand wrote a few lines and signed them. Then she slipped the Toronthal he will be guilty of a still more letter into an envelope, which she sealed and which she thus addressed:-"Mme. Bathory, Rue Marinella, Stradone, Ragusa. Mme. Toronthal then making a great

effort to overcome the fatigue she had thus caused herself, opened the door of her room, descended the main staircase, crossed the courtyard, and by the small side gate let herself out into the Stradone. The Stradone was then dark and deserted. for it was nearly midnight. With tottering steps Mme. Toronthal

went along the pavement to the left for some fifty yards or so and stopped before a post-box. Into it she threw her letter. And then she returned to the hotel. But all her strength was now exhausted; and she fell helpless and motionless on the step of the side gate. There an hour afterward she was found. There Foronthal and Sava were brought to recognize her,

and from there they took her back to her room before she had recovered her con-The next day Toronthal informed Sarcany of what had happened. Neither one nor the other suspected that Madame Toronthal had gone that night to post a letter in the Stradone. But why, had she gone out of the house? They were unable

ject of great anxiety. The sick woman lingered for another twenty-four hours. She gave no sign of life except an occasional convulsive sob, that showed her end was near. Sava held her hand as if to hold her back to the world where she had found herself so cast away. But her mother was now silent, and the name of Bathory no longer escaped from her lips. Doubtless her conscience had been quieted, her last wish had been accomplished, and she had neither prayer to make nor pardon to ask.

[Continued Next Sunday.] Millions read the "Wants" each week, Always finding what they seek.

A Cow Flying a Kite. A boy was flying his kite on the com-

her son? mons near Ceder avenue, east of the Cleve-Her old servant would not leave her, and land and Pittsburg railroad, Saturday the house in the Rue Marinella having been shut up, he had followed to Vinticello to cows, and the cow in the lead got entangled in the kite string. Away she went and in the right direction to catch the wind. The kite soared aloft about fifteen feet above The boy did not want to lose his kite, and he, with some men, joined in pursuit. scene was ludicrous in the extreme to observers.—From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Points the "Wants" will every day give to those who work their way.

the crowd in order to once again meet Sava ("Almost breathlessly I came to the surface and struck out towards the west. The His eyes closed once more. He reflected to the surface and struck out towards the west. The breeze fell lighter, the waves fell with the coast the Acroceraunian mountains were fense.

bly! And it was his corpse they were takSo Pierre learnt from the conversation ing to the grave at the very moment she

to explain, and it proved to them a sub-