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going, pa says. Cured him of rheumatism and me of earache—two drops.—Master Horace Brenizer, Clinton, Iowa.

PIVE OR SIX SHOTS WERE FIRED AFTER HIM, BUT THE BULLETS MISSED, AND TURNING

JULES VERNE. AUTHOR OF "JOURNEY TO THE CENTRE YS," "MICHAEL STROGOFF,"
TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGURS

UNDER THE SEA," ETC., ETC.

[TRANSLATION COPYRIGHTED, 1885.] [CHAPTER THISTEEN-CONCLUDED.] tisherman. 4 senty years before he had married a young girl of Sartene. Two years afterwards they had had a daughwho was christened Maria. The fisherman's calling is a rough one, par-ticularly when to the fishing for fish there is added the fishing for coral, which was to be sought for at the bottom of the most dangerous channels in the strait. But Andrea Ferrato was bold, robust, indefatigable, as clever with the net as with the trawl. His business prospered. His wife, active and intel-ligent, ruled the little house at Santa A hedge separated it from a brook about Manza to perfection. Both of them six feet broad, and beyond was the open knew how to read, write and calculate. and were fairly educated, if we compare them with the 150,000 who cannot write their names which statistics now reveal

to exist out of 260,000 inhabitants of the education—Andrea Ferrato was very French in his ideas and feelings, although he was of Italian origin, like the majority of the Corsicans. And at that time this

The canton in fact, situated at the southern extremity of the island, far from Bastia, far from Ajaccio, far from the chief centres of administration, is at heart very much opposed to everything that is not Italian or Sardinian—a regretable state of things that we hope to see the end of as the rising generation becomes better educated.

Hence, as we have said, there was more or less latent animosity against the Ferratos. In Corsica animosity and hatred are not very far apart. Certain things occurred which embittered this osity. One day Andrea, driven out of patience, in a moment of anger, killed a well-known vagabond who was threat-ening him, and he had to seek safety in

But Andrea Ferrato was not at all the man to take refuge in the maquis to live a life of daily strife as much against the police as against the companions and friends of the deceased, to penetrate a series of revenges which would end by reaching his own people. Resolving to expatriate himself, he managed to leave Corsica secretly, and reached the Sar-dinian coast. When his wife had realized their property, given up the house at Santa Manza, sold the furniture, the boat and the nets, she crossed over and joined him. They had given up their native land forever.

But the murder, although it was justi-flably committed in self-defence, weighed on Andrea's conscience. With the some-what superstitous ideas due to his origin he greatly desired to ransom it. He had heard that a man's death is never pardoned till the day when the murderer saves another life at the risk of his own. He made up his mind to save a life as soon as an occasion presented itself.

Andrea did not remain long in Sardinia, where he would easily have been recognized and discovered. Energetic and brave, aithough he did not fear for

himself he feared for those who belonged to him, he feared that the reprisals of family on family might reach them. He nerely waited till he could go without exciting suspicion, and then sailed for Italy, where at Ancona an opportunity offered him to cross the Adviatic to the Istrian coast, of which he availed

And that is the story of who the Corsican had settled at Rovigno. For seven-teen years he had followed his trade as a fisherman- and had become as well off s he had been. Nine years afterwards a son was born to him, who had been

named Luigi. His birth cost his mother Andrea Ferrato now lived entirely for his daughter and his son. Maria, then aged eighteen, acted as mother to the little boy of eight. And except the deep and constant grief for the loss of his wife the fisherman of Rovigno was as happy as he could be in his work and the consciousness of having done his duty. He was respected throughout the district. He was ever ready to help, and his advice was always valuable. was known to be clever at his trade. Among the long ridges of rocks which guard the Istrian shore he had no reason to regret the Guif of Santa Manza or the Straits of Bonifacio. He had become an excellent pilot in those parts where the same language is spoken as in Corsica. From his pilotage of the ships between Pola and Trieste he earned almost as much as from his fishing. And in his house the poor were not forgotten, and Maria did her best in works of charity. But the fisherman of Santa Manza had never forgotten his yow a life for a

tives presented themselves at his dear, diately checking the movement of anger guessing who they were, knowing the that seized him as he heard the hated penalty to which he was exposing him-self, he had not hesitated to say to them.

life! He had taken one man's life. He

would save another's.

"Come in," and adding in his thoughts, "And may heaven protect us all !"
The squadron of police passed the door and did not stop. Sandorf and Bathory could thus fancy they were safe

-at least for that night. The but was built not in the town itself, but about five hundred yards from its walls, below the harbor and on a ridge of rocks which commanded the beach. Beyond, at less than a cable's length, was the sea breaking on the sands and stretching away to the distant horizon Towards the southwest there jutted out the promontory whose curve shuts in the small roadstead of Roviguo.

It had but four rooms, two at the front nd two at the back, but there was a leau-to of boards in which the fishing and other tackle was kept. Such was the dwelling of Andrea Ferrato. His boat was a balancello with a square stern, about thirty feet long, rigged with a mainsail and foresail-a description of Loat well adapted for trawling. When she was not in use she was moored inside the rocks, and a little boat drawn up on the beach was used in journeying to and from her. Behind the house was an enclosure of about balf an acre, in which a few vegetables grew among the

Such was this humble but hospitable dwelling to which Providence had led the fugitives; such was the host who As soon as the door closed on them Sandorf and Bathory examined the room into which the fisherman had welcomed

It was the principal room of the house furnished in a way that showed the taste and assiduity of a careful housekeeper. "First of all you want something to cat?" said Andrea. "Yes, we are dying with hunger!"

answered Sandorf. "For twelve hours we have had no food." "You understand, Maria." And in a few minutes Maria had put on the table some salt pork, some boiled fish

a flask of the local wine of the dry grape with two glasses, two plates and a white table cloth. A "veglione," a sort of lamp with three wicks fed with oil, gave light in the room. Sandorf and Bathory sat down to the

table; they were quite exhausted. "But you?" said they to the fisherman.
"We have had our meal," answered

The two famished men devouredthat is the proper word—the provisions which were offered with such simplicity and heartiness. But as they ate they kept their eyes on the fisherman, his daughter and his

son who sat in a corner of the room and looked at them back without saving a word. Andrea was then about forty-two a man of severe expression, even a little sorrowful, with expressive features, a sunburnt face, black eyes and a keen look. He were the dress of the fishermen of the Adriatic, and was evidently of active, powerful build. Maria-whose face and figure recalled

her mother-was tall, graceful, pretty rather than handsome, with bright black eyes, brown hair and a complexion lightly tinted by the vivacity of her Corsican blood. Serious by reason of the duties she had fulfilled from her childhood, having in her attitude and ovements the serenity a reflective nature gives, everything about her showed an energy that would never fail no matter in what circumstances she might be placed. Many times she had been sought in marriage by the young fishermen of the country, but in vain. Did not all her life belong to her father and the child who was so dear to him? That boy Luigi was already an experienced sailor—hard-working, brave and resolute. Bareheaded in wind and rain accompanied Andrea in his fishing

and piloting. Later on he promised to be a vigorous man, well trained and well milt, more than bold, even audacious ready for snything and careless of dan-He loved his father. He adored Count Sandorf had been keenly examlining these three, united in such touching affection. That he was among people he could trust he felt sure. When the meal was finished Andrea

ose and approaching Sandorf said

"the and sleep, gentlemen. No one knows you are here. To-morrow we can "No, Andrea Ferrato, no !" said San-"Our hunger is now appeased! We have recovered our strength! Let our presence is so dangerous to you and

"Yes, let us leave," added Bathory. "And may heaven reward you for what you have done," "Go and sleep; it is necessary," said the fisherman. "The beach is watched to-night. An embargo has been put

oan do nothing now."
"Be it so, if you wish it," answered "I wish it." "One word only. When was our

upon all the ports on the coast. You

escape known?"
"This morning." answered Andrea. "But there were four prisoners in the donjon of Pisino. You are only two. The third, they say, was set free."
"Sarcany" exclaimed Sandorf, immediately checking the movement of anger

"And the fourth ?" asked Bathory,

without daring to finish the sentence. "The fourth is still living," answered Ferrato. "His execution has been put

"Living!" exclaimed Bathory.
"Yes," answered Sandorf, ironically 'They are keeping him till they have got us, to give us the pleasure of dying

together."
"Maria," said Ferrato, "take our guests to the room at the back, but do not have a light. The window must not show from without that there is a light in the room. You can then go to bed, Luigi and I will watch." "Yes, father," answered the boy.
"Come, sirs, said the girl.

A moment afterwards Sandorf and his companion exchanged a cordial shake of the hand with the tisherman. Then they passed into the chamber where they found two good mattresses of maize on which they could rest after so many

. But already Andrea had left the house with Luigi. He wished to assure himself that no one was prowling round the neighborhood, neither on the beach nor beyond the brook. The fugitives then could sleep in peace till the morning.

The night peace till the morning.

The night peaced without adventure.

The fisherman had frequently been out.

He had seen nothing suspicious.

In the morning of the 18th of June, while his guests were still asleep, Andrea went out for news into the centre of the town and along the wharves. There were many groups talking over the events of the past day. The placard stack up the evening before relating the escape, the penalties incurred and the reward promised formed the general subject of conversation. Some were gossiping, some detailing the latest news, some repeating the rumors in vague terms which meant nothing in particular. There was nothing to show that Sandorf and his companion had been seen in the neighborhood, nor even that there was any suspicion of their presence in the province. About ten o'clock, when the sergeant and his men entered Roviguo after their night expedition, a

the Leme Canal. The district from there to the sea had been searched for them in vain. There was not a vestige of their visit. Had they then reached the coast, possessed themselves of a boat and gone to some other part of Istria, or had they crossed the Austrian frontier? It would seem so. "Good," said one of the men. "There

are five thousand florins saved to the treasury.' "Money that might be better spent than in paying rascally informers!"

"And they have managed to escape?"
"Escape? Yes. And they are safe
on the other side of the Adriatic." From this conversation, which took place among a group of peasants, workingmen and shopkeepers who were standing in front of one of the placards, it seemed that public opinion was rather in favor of the fugitives—at least among the people of Istria, who are either Sclaves or Italians by birth. The Austrian officials could hardly count on their being betrayed to them.

But they were doing all they could to recover the fugitives. All the squadrons of police and companies of gendarmerie had been afoot since the evening, and an ncessant exchange of despate taking place between Rovigno, Pisino and Trieste.

When Andrea returned home about eleven o'clock he brought back the news, which was thus rather favorable than Sandorf and Bathory had had their preakiast taken them into their room

by Maria, and were finishing it as he appeared. The few hours' sleep, the good food and the careful attention entirely recovered them from their fatigues.
"Well, my good friend?" asked Count Sandorf as soon as Andrea closed the

"Gentlemen, I do not think you have anything to be afraid of at present."

"But what do they say in the town?" asked Bathory.
"They are talking a good deal about two strangers who were seen yesterday morning when they landed on the bank

of the Lame Canal and that concerns "It does concern us," answered Bathory. "A man, a saltworker in the neighborhood has seen and reported us." And Andrea Ferrato was told of what

had passed at the ruined farm while they were in hiding. "And you do not know who this informer was?" asked the fisherman.
"We did not see him," replied Sandorf; "we could only hear him."

"That is a pity," said Ferrato. "But the important thing is that they have lost trace of you, and if it is supposed that you have taken refuge in my house I do not think any one would betray you. The promise of one is binding on all in these parts." "Yes," answered Sandorf, "and I am not surprised at that. A fine lot of fel-

ows are the people of these provinces! But we have to do with the Austrian officials, and they will not leave a stone unturned to retake us."
"There is one thing in your favor,"

said the fisherman, 'and that is the pretty general opinion that you have already crossed the Adriatic." "And would to heaven they had!" added Maria, who had joined her hands

as if in prayer.
"That we shall do, my dear child," said Sandorf, in a tone of entire confience, "that we shall do with heaven's

And mine, Count," replied Andrea. Now I am going on with my work as usual. People are accustomed to see us getting our nets ready on the beach, or cleaning up the balancello, and we must not alter that. Besides I must go and study the weather before I decide what to do. You remain in this room. Do not leave it on any pretext. If necessary you can open the window on to the yard, but remain at the back of the room and do not let yourselves be seen. I will come back in an hour or two."

ied by Luigi, and Maria busied herself with the housework as usual. A few fishermen were on the beach As a matter of precaution he went and exchanged a few words with them before beginning on his nets.
"The wind is pretty steady now,"

Andrea then left the house accompan-

said one of them. "Yes," answered Andrea, "that last storm cleared the weather for us." 'Hum!" added another, "the breeze will freshen towards evening and turn to a storm if the bora joins in with it. Good! Then the wind will blow off the land, and the sea will not be so lively

among the rocks."

We shall see !" "Are you going fishing to-night, "Cortainly, if the weather will let

But the embargo?" The embargo is only on big ships, on coast ng boats." "All the better; for we have got a re port that shoals of tunnies are coming up from the south and there is no time to lose in getting out the madragues. "Good," said Andrea. "But we shall lose nothing.

"Eh? Perhaps not."

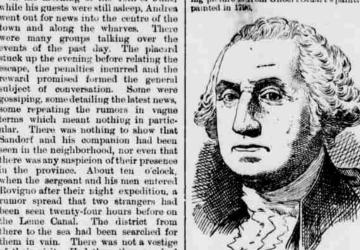
ON THE 22D OF FEBRUARY, ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FOUR

YEARS AGO. of the Many Representations of the

Hero Whose Birthday We Honor, How Composite Photographs are Made. No other American has been so often a subject for the painter's brush as George Washington. Artists and sculptors, native and foreign, have expended their skill upon him with results which refuse to agree. Each picture and bust represents a different man in looks and character. No two resemble each other. But for the fact shadow of cellpse.

that they are labeled "Washington," it Mock with brazen throated laughter on this glorious

would be impossible to guess who the original had been. statues of the great Pater Patrice by painters and sculotors who were distinguished in Roman, with a nose that equals the bravest of them in contour and a month as grim as a stone wall; again they make him a sinister old barrister, a wily diplomat, a bespangled-brigand, or a smirking courtier. The follow-ing picture is from Gilbert Stuart's painting painted in 1799.



It was long since discovered that every one put some of his personality and even his pationality into his work. When the work is picture making, particularly portrait mak-ing, the subject undergoes a denationalizing process and comes out, when the picture is finished, a countryman of the artist. This

finished, a countryman of the artist. This isn't a fancy; it's an undeniable and rather tragic fact. Photography will do the same thing for its subjects.

Washington has suffered this kind of transformation with greater frequency and

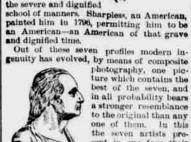
transformation with greater frequency and cruelty than any other martyr dead or alive. He, the grandest Amercan of all, the truest patriot, has been sent out on canvas and in marble as a Frenchman, a Dutchman an Englishman, and every other kind of a man that he was not. In order to demonstrate this fact, we reproduce here a few of the pictures of Washington by artists of different nationality. A bust made in 1792 by Ceracchi, an Italian,

Ceracchi, an Italian, makes an inflexible Roman of him, stern and grim as Cato, Uncon-ciously the Italian artist Italianized him. A picture by Wright, an Englishman, made in 1790, transforms him into a haughty old

Briton De Brehau, a Frenchman, made a bust of him in 1789, which depicts him as a French hero. Houden also French, in 1875, completed a Washing-ton bust which could well be mistaken as having had for its model a refined and ele-

gant French scientist. In 1779 Du Simitière painted a Washington portrait, which is a blandly French that it must have astonished the great American patriot himself. St. Memin, in 1708, almost excelled him in the peculiar art of painting an American into a Frenchman. His picture is the typical old French nobleman, of the severe and dignified

the severe and dignified school of manners, Sharpless, an American, painted him in 1796, permitting him to be an American—an American of that grave



one of them. In this
the seven artists present, in one face, their
impressions of the great
Washington's appearance. Each artist contributes only one sevtributes only one enth of the whoie

This photograph is the work of W. Curtis Taylor, a leading pho-tographer of Philadel-phia, who found his subjects among the colsubjects among the col Baker, of that city. Possibly all the world may not yet know that

gleans from many the best and builds up represents the spirit of many. Its efforts are not confined to pictures of the same subject.

From many faces it can evolve one that will have the benuties of all that contributed to it, and none of their defects.

A composite photoposing a plate an instant to one face, an in-stant to another, and -sc on until as many

tribute to the compo-Trumbull, another American artist. painted Washington in 1790. He was from Connecticut, and he has made his subject a Yankee — an elegant Yankee, to be sure, but still a Yankee.

Gilbert Stuart's portrait of Washington minted in 1706, is the one the American pub



metrical and

strength, beroism and calm wisdom which di -

1886.

and wintry air,
Shine, O stars, in fields of saure; on the deeds which
placed thee there.

Never hand of thine hadst carved thee out a path to

For for Freedom thou unsheathed it, and its at

When thy patriot hand withdrew it from the hiding scabbard's shade. Shone the gilnt of Freedom's sunburst on the glory of its blade.

Bright it flashed at storied Trenton, smoke-

Not till Phrygian copped was Freedom's brows with

We shall see the breath of cannon, when from

Lapse with requiems, O Potomac on Mt. Vernon'

ever shall his name rank lower on Fame's mighty

Mary Washington lived in an age when the mothers of great men and women were not such objects of interest to the world as they are now. But little was thought in the

ure.

Enough is known to support the supposition that from her he inherited his strongest mental qualities and splendid physique. After he became the military hero of his country everything pertaining to his paternal ancestry was gathered and treasured with zealous care, but no one thought of the maternal supposition.

with zealous care, but no one thought of the maternal genealogy.

Mary Ball was the daughter of a well-to-do Virginia planter. She was born in 1706, was carefully brought up and religiously trained. On March 5, 1730, at the age of 24, she became the second wife of Augustine Washington, a friend and neighbor of her father. The wedding was celebrated with the old time generous hospitality of Virginia.

The Washingtons were planters of considerable means in Westmoreland county. Mary Washington found herself the stepmother of several children and the mistress of one of the most comfortable homes that section of the country afforded. It was a one-steried frame house with a steep roof, four large rooms, and an entrance hall of old-fashioned width. At each end of the house on the outside was an enormous chimney. It was situated on an eminence about her to the country afforded on the missing the steep of the house on the outside was an enormous chimney. It was situated on an eminence about her to the country afforded on the house on the outside was an emormous chimney.

was born. Six chaires were eventually born to them. They were named respec-tively, George, Betty interward Mrs. Lewis, Samuel, John Augustine, Charles and Mil-dred. The last named died in Infancy. The

The washingtons swined many stays, rad issessioning wheel and loom and sewing room required constant care from Mrs. Washington. It was a religious household. Both Mr. and Mrs. Washington were members of the Episcopal church, and family prayers, at which all the servants were present, were the rate of the house.

The mother was a serious, earnest person, whose reproofs to her children was a free.

her stepchildren as well as her own, intrust-ed with the revenues of their property until they severally came of age, a trust she con-scientiously fuffilled.

day of her death. She was dignified to the point of being severely stately. From her, doubtless, Gen. Washington inherited the

numor and imagination: both were silent, reserved, self-contained and serious. George frequently spent his holidays on Mount Vernen with his brother Lawrence, who was largely responsible for putting him in the way of a military career, and who bequeathed to him Mount Vernen. Whom he was but 14 years old a midshipmans position on a British man-of-war could have been secured for him, but his mother refused her consent. This little incident doubtless saved him from obscurity. Later she cheerfully assented to his departure to the French.

saved him from obscurity. Later she cheerfully assented to his departure to the French and Indian war, and from that time on he only saw her on occasional visits.

Before starting north to assume command: Washington visited his mother, and during his absence wrote her repeatedly. When she heard him extravagantly preased she answered that Providence ordered all things; or said simply that he had been a good son at all she believed he had done his duty as a near should. She did not see him for six years.

Continued on the page

generation since it was painted as the ideal Washington. It comes up to our conception of what he must have been. The features are firm and strong. The face is sym-Columbia Bogar

in the "Business Directory" column, oliar a year for each line. can and he has made

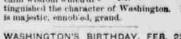


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Transient or Local notices, ten cents a line, reg

Executor's, Administrator's, and Audit lors three dollars.



WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY, FEB. 22,

Send a thund'rous sound. O cannon! from your throat and from lips
To the life that led chained Freedom from the shadow of eclipse.

natal morn.

Sounds of woe and buttle-travall, 'midst which Free dom's state was born.

homage need — We who reap the glorious harvest from thy sowing of the seed.

For thy fame shall grow in Juster as is added age to Through the splendor of the scutcheon, which thou left as heritage,

THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON.

then new country of the mother's share in producing and developing an immortal fig-

chinney. It was situated on an eminence about half a mile from the Potomac river, commanding a view of the Maryland shore for miles.

Here, on Feb. 22, 1732, George, the first child of Mary and Augustine Washington, was born. Six children were eventually horn, La them. Thay were against a samely samely.

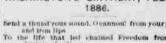
three sons inherited separate plantations in Virginia from their father, and there lived and died. When George was 6 years old the Washingtons removed to a large plantation or farm on the Rappabannock river, opposite Fredericksburg. The Washingtons owned many slaves, and

The mother was a serious, earnest person, whose reproofs to her children were often made in scriptural language. Honor thy father and mother! was a command so thoroughly instilled into their young minds that they were as obscient and reverent in their later as in their earlier years. Mrs. Washington was left a widow when George was but 11 years old. She was the guardian of her stepchildren as well as her own, intrust-

She ruled kindly but firmly, exacting deference as well as obedionce, and this, it is said, her children willingly paid to the doubless, Gen. Washington inherited the awe-inspiring manner he was said to possess. There is an old story describing the discomfiture of a man, an official of high rank, too, who once familiarly put his hand on Washington's shoulder. He said he wouldn't do it again to save his own life.

That mother and son were much alike in character, appearance and conduct, there can be no doubt. Both were lacking in humor and imagination; both were silent, reserved, self-contained and serious.

she to comes up to our conception of what be must have been. The features are firm and strong. The face is symmetrical and grand, the express bead is majestic at of granity. The



Over three hundred portraits, busts and Bloom with red and white, O banners on the cold

their day are in existence. They depict their immortal subject in as many different guiser. Sometimes they make him a noble

n despet's red-That through him whose birth ye honor ye are men before your (tod.

