

usually, though not always, up to the level of the State's progress. Jefferson City itself is a prosperous town of seven thousand inhabitants, pleasantly situated on the south bank of the Missouri river, 125 miles west of St. Louis. It has been the capital since 1828, the seat of government having previously been rather peripatetic, making visits to St. Louis, St. Charles and Marion. The State House occupies a bluff, over-hanging the river; the handsome residence of the Governor, a crowded penitentiary, the Lincoln Institute, and the Court House are the other public buildings. There is abundant and admirable lime-stone in the vicinity, and this alone, so well adapted to the construction of serviceable public buildings, may induce the Missourians to locate the capital permanently at "Jefferson." The Democrats

have been for some time in power, and have distinguished themselves rather by a lack of progressive legislation than by any tendency to undo the advance already made. The State withheld itself from the cause of secession, and the memorable phrase of Gov. Stewart, in his valedictory in 1861, shows the independence and good sense of the masses in the commonwealth: "Missouri will hold to the Union so long as it is worth the effort to preserve it. She cannot be frightened by the past unfriendly legislation of the North, nor dragooned into secession by the restrictive legislation of the extreme South." To-day the best spirit prevails; old enemies work side by side in the upbuilding, and the animosities of the past are buried under the impressive and fascinating opportunities of the present.

THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND.

BY JULES VERNE.

CHAPTER VII.

GIDEON SPILETT was standing motionless on the shore, his arms crossed, gazing over the sea, the horizon of which was lost in the east with a thick black cloud which was spreading rapidly toward the zenith. The wind was already strong, and increased with the decline of day. All the sky was of a threatening aspect, and the first symptoms of a violent storm were clearly visible.

Harbert entered the Chimneys, and Pencroff went towards the reporter. The latter, deeply absorbed, did not see him approach.

"We are going to have a dirty night, Mr. Spilett!" said the sailor: "Petrels delight in wind and rain."

The reporter, turning at the moment, saw Pencroff, and his first words were:—

"At what distance, from the coast, would you say the car was, when the waves carried off our companion?"

The sailor had not expected this question. He reflected an instant, and replied,—

"Two cables' lengths, at the most."

"But what is a cable's length?" asked Gideon Spilett.

"About a hundred and twenty fathoms, or 600 feet."

"Then," said the reporter, "Cyrus Smith must have disappeared twelve hundred feet at the most from the shore?"

"About that," replied Pencroff.

"And his dog also?"

"Yes."

"What astonishes me," rejoined the reporter, "while admitting that our companion has perished, is that Top has also met his death, and that neither the body of the dog nor of his master has been cast on the shore!"

"It is not astonishing, with such a heavy sea," replied the sailor. "Besides, it is possible that currents have carried them further down the coast."

"Then, it is your opinion that our friend has perished in the waves?" again asked the reporter.

"That is my opinion."

"My own opinion," said Gideon Spilett, "with due deference to your experience, Pencroff, is that in the double fact of the absolute disappearance of Cyrus and Top,

living or dead, there is something unaccountable and unlikely."

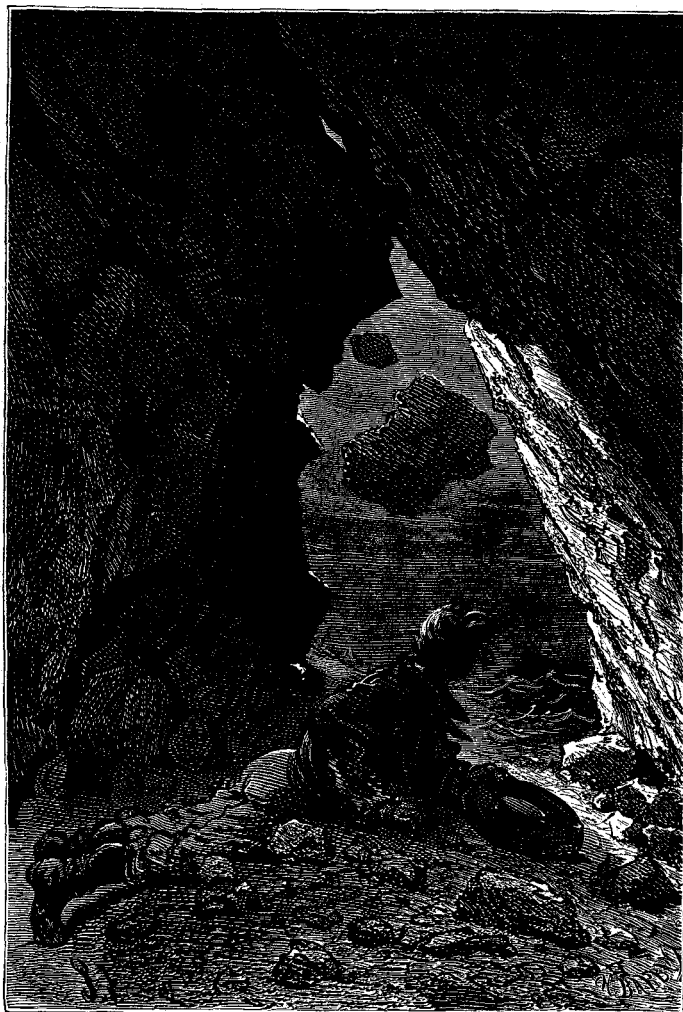
"I wish I could think like you, Mr. Spilett," replied Pencroff; "unhappily, my mind is made up on this point."

Having said this, the sailor returned to the Chimneys. A good fire crackled on the hearth. Harbert had just thrown on an armful of dry wood and the flame threw a bright light into the darkest parts of the passage.

Pencroff immediately began to prepare the dinner. It appeared best to introduce something solid in the bill of fare, for all needed to recruit their strength. The strings of couroucous were kept for the next day, but they plucked a couple of tétras, which were soon spitted on a stick, and roasting before a blazing fire.

At seven in the evening Neb had not returned. The prolonged absence of the negro made Pencroff very uneasy. It was to be feared that he had met with an accident on this unknown land, or that the unhappy fellow had been driven to some act of desperation. But Harbert drew very different conclusions from this absence. According to him, Neb's delay was caused by some new circumstances which had induced him to prolong his search. Also, everything new must be to the advantage of Cyrus Smith. Why had Neb not returned unless hope still detained him? Perhaps he had found some mark, a footstep, a trace which had put him in the right path. Perhaps he was at this moment on a certain track. Perhaps, even, he was near his master.

Thus the lad reasoned. Thus he spoke. His companions let him talk. The reporter alone approved with a gesture. But what Pencroff thought most probable was,



SHELTERED FROM THE STORM.

that Neb had pushed his researches on the shore further than the day before, and that he had not yet had time to return.

However Harbert, agitated by vague presentiments, several times manifested an intention to go to meet Neb; but Pencroff assured him that that would be a useless course; that in the darkness and deplorable weather he could not find any traces of Neb, and that it would be much better to wait. If Neb did not make his appearance by the next day, Pencroff would not hesitate to join him in his search.

Gideon Spilett coincided in the sailor's opinion that it was best not to divide, and Harbert was obliged to give up his project; but the sailor noticed that his eyes were filled with tears.



"ALL THREE RUSHED TOWARDS THE OPENING OF THE CHIMNEYS."

The reporter could not refrain from embracing the generous boy.

Bad weather now set in. A furious gale from the south-east passed over the coast. The sea roared as it beat over the reef. Heavy rain was dashed by the storm into particles like dust. Ragged masses of vapor drove along the beach, on which the tormented shingles sounded as if poured out in cart-loads, while the sand raised by the wind added, as it were, mineral dust to that which was liquid, and rendered the united attack insupportable. Between the river's mouth and the end of the cliff, eddies of wind whirled and gusts from this maelstrom lashed the water which ran through the narrow valley. The smoke from the fire-place was also driven back

through the opening, filling the passages and rendering them uninhabitable.

Therefore, since the tétas were cooked, Pencroff let the fire die away, and only preserved a few embers buried under the ashes.

At eight o'clock Neb had not appeared, but there was no doubt that the frightful weather alone hindered his return, and that he must have taken refuge in some cave to await the end of the storm or at least the return of day. As to going to meet him, or attempting to find him, it was impossible.

The game constituted the only dish at supper; the meat was excellent, and Pencroff and Harbert, whose long excursion had rendered them very hungry, devoured it with intense satisfaction.

Their meal concluded, each retired to the corner in which he had rested the preceding night, and Harbert was not long in going to sleep near the sailor, who had stretched himself beside the fire-place.

Outside, as the night advanced, the tempest also increased in strength, until it was equal to that which had carried the prisoners from Richmond to this land in the Pacific. The tempests, which are frequent during these seasons of the equinox, and which are so prolific in catastrophes, are especially terrible over this immense extent, which opposes no obstacle to their fury. No description can give an idea of the terrific violence of the gale as it beat upon this unprotected coast.

Happily the pile of rocks which formed the Chimneys was solid. It was composed of enormous blocks of granite, a few of which, insecurely balanced, seemed to tremble on their foundation, and Pencroff could feel rapid quiverings under his hand

as it rested on the side. But he repeated to himself, and rightly, that there was nothing to fear, and that their retreat would not give way. Still he heard the noise of stones torn from the summit of the plateau by the wind, falling down to the beach. A few even rolled on to the upper part of the Chimneys, or flew off in fragments when they were projected perpendicularly. Twice the sailor rose and entrenched himself at the opening of the passage, so as to take a look in safety at the outside. But there was nothing to be feared from these showers, which were not considerable, and he returned to his place before the fire where the embers glowed beneath the ashes.

Notwithstanding the fury of the hurricane, the uproar of the tempest, the thunder and the tumult, Harbert slept profoundly. Sleep at last took possession of Pencroff, whom a sea-faring life had habituated to anything. Gideon Spilett alone was kept awake by anxiety. He reproached himself with not having accompanied Neb. It was evident that he had not abandoned all hope. The presentiments which had troubled Harbert did not cease to agitate him also. His thoughts were concentrated on Neb. Why had Neb not returned? He tossed about on his sandy couch, scarcely giving a thought to the struggle of the elements.

Now and then, his eyes, heavy with fatigue, closed for an instant, but some rapid thought re-opened them almost immediately.

Meanwhile the night advanced, and it was perhaps two hours from morning when Pencroff, then sound asleep, was vigorously shaken.

"What's the matter?"

he cried, rousing himself, and collecting his ideas with the promptitude usual to seamen.

The reporter was leaning over him, and saying,—

"Listen, Pencroff, listen!"

The sailor strained his ears but could hear no noise beyond that caused by the storm.

"It is the wind," said he.

"No," replied Gideon Spilett, listening again, "I thought I heard—"

"What?"

"The barking of a dog!"

"A dog?" cried Pencroff, springing up.

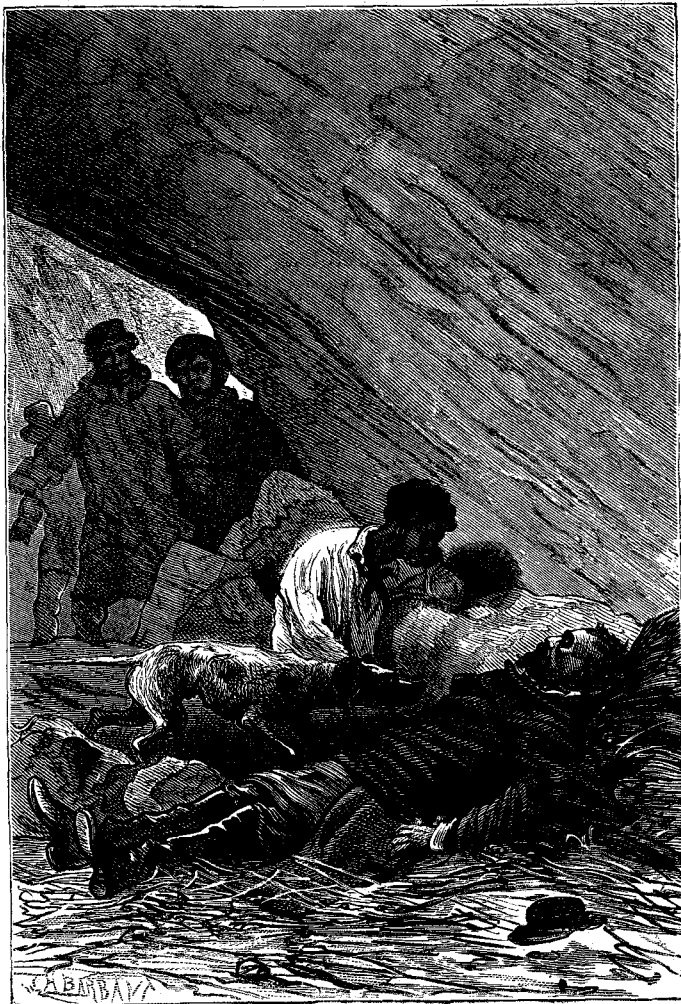
"Yes—barking—"

"It's not possible!" replied the sailor.

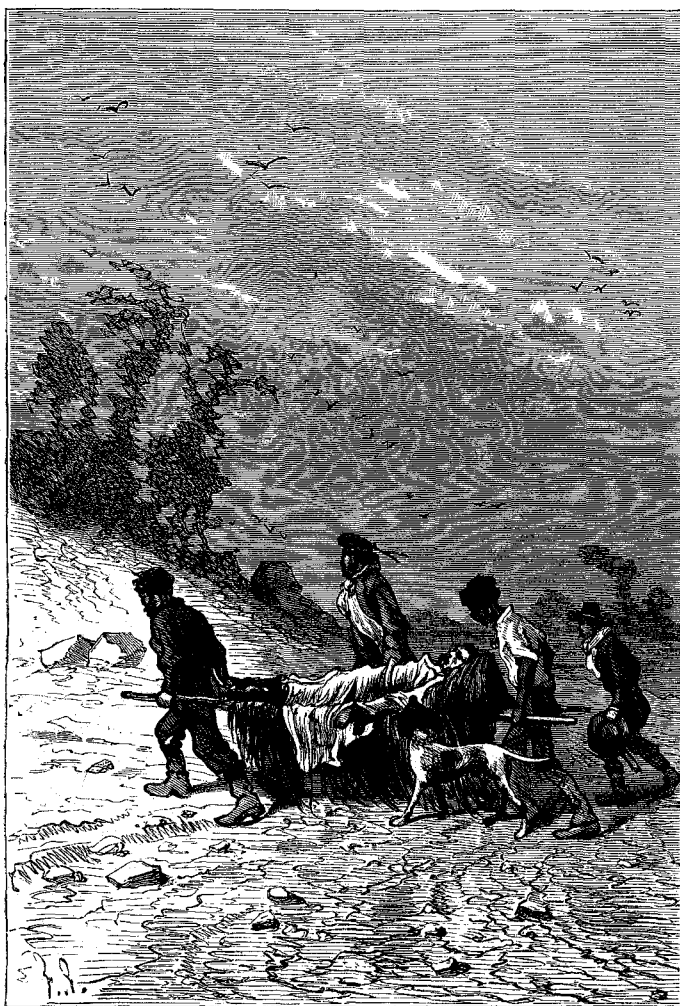
"Besides, how in the roaring of the storm—"

"Stop—listen—" said the reporter.

Pencroff listened more attentively, and



"NEB WAS THERE, KNEELING BESIDE A BODY."



BACK TO THE CHIMNEYS.

really thought he heard, during a lull, a distant barking.

"Well!" said the reporter, pressing the sailor's hand.

"Yes—yes!" replied Pencroff.

"It's Top! It's Top!" cried Harbert, who had just awoke, and all three rushed towards the opening of the Chimneys. They had great difficulty in getting out. The wind drove them back. But at last they succeeded, and could only remain standing by leaning against the rocks. They looked about, but could not speak. The darkness was intense. The sea, the sky, the land were all mingled in one black mass. Not a speck of light was visible.

The reporter and his companions remained thus for a few minutes, over-

whelmed by the wind, drenched by the rain, and blinded by the sand.

Then, in a pause of the tumult, they again heard the barking, which they found must be at some distance.

It could only be Top! But was he alone or accompanied? He was most probably alone, for, if Neb had been with him, he would have made his way more directly towards the Chimneys. The sailor squeezed the reporter's hand, for he could not make himself heard, in a way that signified "Wait!" Then he re-entered the passage.

An instant after he issued with a lighted fagot, which he threw into the darkness, whistling shrilly.

It appeared as if this signal had been waited for; the barking immediately came nearer, and soon a dog bounded into the passage. Pencroff, Harbert and Spilett entered after him.

An armful of dry wood was thrown on the embers. The

passage was lighted up with a bright flame.

"It's Top!" cried Harbert.

It was indeed Top, a magnificent Anglo-Norman, who derived from these two races crossed, the swiftness of foot and acuteness of smell which are the preëminent qualities of coursing dogs. It was the dog of the engineer, Cyrus Smith. But he was alone! Neither Neb nor his master accompanied him.

How was it that his instinct had guided him straight to the Chimneys, which he did not know? It appeared inexplicable, above all, in the midst of this black night, and in such a tempest! But what was more inexplicable was, that Top was neither tired, nor exhausted, nor even soiled with mud

or sand! Harbert had drawn him towards him, and was patting his head, the dog rubbing his neck against the lad's hands.

"If the dog is found, the master will be found also!" said the reporter.

"God grant it!" responded Harbert. "Let us set off! Top will guide us!"

Pencroff did not make any objection. He felt that Top's arrival contradicted his conjectures. "Come along then!" said he.

Pencroff carefully covered the embers on the hearth. He placed a few pieces of wood amongst them, so as to keep in the fire until their return. Then, preceded by the dog, who seemed to invite them by short barks to come with him, and followed by the reporter and the boy, he dashed out, after having placed in his handkerchief the remains of the supper.

The storm was then in all its violence, and, perhaps, at its height. Not a single ray of light from the moon pierced through the clouds. To follow a straight course was difficult. It was best to rely on Top's instinct. They did so. The reporter and Harbert walked behind the dog, and the sailor brought up the rear. It was impossible to exchange a word. The rain was not very heavy, but the wind was terrific.

However, one circumstance favored the seaman and his two companions. The wind being south-east, consequently blew on their backs. The clouds of sand, which otherwise would have been insupportable, were then received from behind, and therefore did not impede their progress. Indeed, they sometimes went faster than they liked, and had some difficulty in keeping their feet; but hope gave them strength, for it was not at random this time that they climbed the shore. They had no doubt that Neb had found his master, and that he had sent them the faithful dog. But was the engineer living, or had Neb only sent for his companions that they might render the last duties to the corpse of the unfortunate Smith?

After having passed the precipice, Harbert, the reporter, and Pencroff prudently stepped aside to stop and take breath. The turn of the rocks sheltered them from the wind, and they could breathe after this walk, or rather run, of a quarter of an hour.

They could now hear and reply to each other, and the lad having pronounced the name of Cyrus Smith, Top gave a few short barks, as much as to say that his master was saved.

"Saved, isn't he?" repeated Harbert; "saved, Top?"

And the dog barked in reply.

They once more set out. The tide began to rise, and urged by the wind, it threatened to be unusually high, as it was a spring tide. Great billows thundered against the reef with such violence that they probably passed entirely over the islet, then quite invisible. This mole did not protect the coast, which was directly exposed to the attacks of the open sea.

As soon as the sailor and his companions left the precipice, the wind struck them again with renewed fury. Though bent under the gale, they walked very quickly, following Top, who did not hesitate as to what direction to take.

They ascended towards the north, having on their left an interminable extent of billows, which broke with a deafening noise, and on their right a dark country, the aspect of which it was impossible to guess. But they felt that it was comparatively flat, for the wind passed completely over them, without being driven back, as it was when it came in contact with the cliff.

At four o'clock in the morning they reckoned that they had cleared about five miles. The clouds were slightly raised, and the wind, though less damp, was very sharp and cold. Insufficiently protected by their clothing, Pencroff, Harbert and Spilett, suffered severely, but not a complaint escaped their lips. They were determined to follow Top, wherever that intelligent animal wished to lead them.

Towards five o'clock day began to break. At the zenith, where the fog was less thick, gray shades bordered the clouds; and under an opaque belt, a luminous line clearly traced the horizon. The crests of the billows were tipped with a wild light, and the foam regained its whiteness. At the same time, on the left, the hilly parts of the coast could be seen, though very indistinctly.

At six o'clock day had broken. The clouds rapidly lifted. The seaman and his companions were then about six miles from the Chimneys. They were following a very flat shore, bounded by a reef of rocks, whose heads scarcely emerged from the sea, for they were in deep water. On the left, the country appeared to be one vast extent of sandy downs, bristling with thistles. There was no cliff, and the shore offered no resistance to the ocean but a

chain of irregular hillocks. Here and there grew two or three trees, inclined towards the west, their branches projecting in that direction. Quite behind, in the south-west, extended the border of the forest.

At this moment, Top became very excited. He ran forward, returned, and then seemed to entreat them to hasten their steps. He then left the beach, and guided by his wonderful instinct, without showing the least hesitation, went straight in amongst the downs. The three followed him. The country appeared an absolute desert. Not a living creature was to be seen.

The downs, the extent of which was large, were composed of hillocks and even of hills, very irregularly distributed. They resembled a Switzerland modeled in sand, and only an amazing instinct could have possibly recognized the way.

Five minutes after having left the beach, the reporter and his two companions arrived at a sort of excavation, hollowed out at the back of a high mound. There Top stopped, and gave a loud, clear bark. Spilett, Harbert and Pencroff dashed into the cave.

Neb was there, kneeling beside a body extended on a bed of grass.

The body was that of the engineer, Cyrus Smith!

CHAPTER VIII.

NEB did not move. Pencroff only uttered one word.

"Living?" he cried.

Neb did not reply. Spilett and the sailor turned pale. Harbert clasped his hands, and remained motionless. The poor negro, absorbed in his grief, evidently had neither seen his companions, nor heard the sailor speak.

The reporter knelt down beside the motionless body, and placed his ear to the engineer's chest, having first torn open his clothes.

A minute — an age! — passed, during which he endeavored to catch the faintest throb of the heart.

Neb had raised himself a little and gazed without seeing. Despair had completely changed his countenance. He could scarcely be recognized. Exhausted with fatigue, broken with grief, he believed his master was dead.

After a long and attentive examination Gideon Spilett at last rose.

"He is alive!" said he.

Pencroff knelt in his turn before the engineer, and also heard a throbbing, and even felt a slight breath on his cheek.

Harbert, at a word from the reporter, ran out to look for water. He found, a hundred feet off, a limpid stream, which seemed to have been greatly increased by the rains, and which filtered through the sand; but nothing in which to put the water, not even a shell, amongst the downs. The lad was obliged to content himself with dipping his handkerchief into the stream, and hastened back with it to the grotto.

Happily the wet handkerchief was enough for Gideon Spilett, who only wished to wet the engineer's lips. The cold water produced an almost immediate effect. His chest heaved, and he seemed to try to speak.

"We will save him!" exclaimed the reporter.

At these words, hope revived in Neb's heart. He undressed his master to see if he was wounded, but not so much as a bruise was to be found, either on the head, body, or limbs, which was surprising, as he must have been dashed against the rocks; even the hands were uninjured, and it was difficult to explain how the engineer showed no traces of the efforts which he must have made to get out of reach of the breakers.

But the explanation would come later. When Cyrus was able to speak he would say what had happened. For the present the question was, how to recall him to life, and it appeared likely that rubbing would bring this about; so they set to work with the sailor's jersey.

The engineer, revived by this rude shampooing, moved his arm slightly, and began to breathe more regularly. He was sinking from exhaustion, and certainly, had not the reporter and his companions arrived, it would have been all over with Cyrus Smith.

"You thought your master was dead, didn't you?" said the seaman to Neb.

"Yes, quite dead!" replied Neb, "and if Top had not found you, and brought you here, I should have buried my master and then laid down on his grave to die!"

It had indeed been a narrow escape for Cyrus Smith!

Neb then recounted what had happened. The day before, after having left the Chim-

neys at day-break, he had ascended the coast in a northerly direction, and had reached that part of the shore which he had visited before.

There, without any hope, he acknowledged, Neb had searched along the beach and among the rocks for the smallest trace to guide him. He examined particularly that part of the beach which was not covered by the high tide, for near the sea the water would have obliterated all marks. Neb did not expect to find his master living. It was for a corpse that he searched, a corpse which he wished to bury with his own hands!

He sought long in vain. This desert coast appeared never to have been visited by a human creature. The shells, those which the sea had not reached, and which might be met with by millions above high water mark, were untouched. Not a shell was broken.

Neb then resolved to walk along the beach for some miles. It was possible that the waves had carried the body to quite a distant point. When a corpse floats a little distance from a low shore, it rarely happens that the tide does not throw it up, sooner or later. This Neb knew, and he wished to see his master again for the last time.

"I went along the coast for another two miles, carefully examining the beach, both at high and low water, and I had despaired of finding anything, when yesterday, about five in the evening, I saw foot-prints on the sand."

"Foot-prints?" exclaimed Pencroff.

"Yes!" replied Neb.

"Did these foot-prints begin at the water's edge?" asked the reporter.

"No," replied Neb, "only above high water mark, for the others must have been washed out by the tide."

"Go on, Neb," said Spilett.

"I went half crazy when I saw these foot-prints. They were very clear, and went towards the downs. I followed them for a quarter of a mile, running, but taking care not to destroy them. Five minutes after, as it was getting dark, I heard the barking of a dog. It was Top, and Top brought me here, to my master!"

Neb ended his account by saying what had been his grief at finding the inanimate body, in which he vainly sought for the least sign of life. Now that he had found him dead he longed for him to be alive. All his efforts were useless! Nothing re-

mained to be done but to render the last duties to the one whom he had loved so much! Neb then thought of his companions. They, no doubt, would wish to see the unfortunate man again. Top was there. Could he not rely on the sagacity of the faithful animal? Neb several times pronounced the name of the reporter, the one among his companions whom Top knew best. Then he pointed to the south, and the dog bounded off in the direction indicated to him.

We have heard how, guided by an instinct which might be looked upon almost as supernatural, Top had found them.

Neb's companions had listened with great attention to this account.

It was unaccountable to them how Cyrus Smith, after the efforts which he must have made to escape from the waves by crossing the rocks, had not received even a scratch. And what could not be explained either, was how the engineer had managed to get to this cave in the downs, more than a mile from the shore.

"So, Neb," said the reporter, "it was not you who brought your master to this place?"

"No, it was not I," replied the negro.

"It's very clear that the Captain came by himself," said Pencroff.

"It is clear in reality," observed Spilett, "but it is not credible!"

The explanation of this fact could only be procured from the engineer's own lips, and they must wait for that till speech returned. Rubbing had re-established the circulation of the blood. Cyrus Smith moved his arm again, then his head, and a few incomprehensible words escaped him.

Neb, who was bending over him, spoke, but the engineer did not appear to hear, and his eyes remained closed. Life was only exhibited in him by movement; the senses had not yet recovered.

Pencroff much regretted not having either fire, or the means of procuring it, for he had, unfortunately, forgotten to bring the burnt linen, which would easily have ignited from the spark produced by striking together two flints. As to the engineer's pockets, they were entirely empty, except that of his waistcoat, which contained his watch. It was necessary to carry Smith to the Chimneys, and that as soon as possible. This was the opinion of all.

Meanwhile, the care which was lavished on the engineer brought him back to con-

sciousness sooner than they could have expected. The water with which they wet his lips revived him gradually. Pencroff also thought of mixing with the water some moisture from the tétra's flesh which he had brought. Harbert ran to the beach and returned with two large bivalve shells. The sailor composed a sort of mixture, and introduced it between the engineer's lips, who eagerly sucked it in.

His eyes then opened. Neb and the reporter were leaning over him.

"My master! my master!" cried Neb.

The engineer heard him. He recognized Neb and Spilett, then his other two companions, and his hand slightly pressed theirs.

A few words again escaped him—words which, doubtless, he already had uttered, and which showed what thoughts were, even then, troubling his brain. This time his words were understood.

"Island or continent?" he murmured.

"Bother the continent," cried Pencroff, hastily; "there is time enough to see about that, Captain. We don't care for anything, provided you are living."

The engineer nodded faintly, and then appeared to sleep.

Being careful not to wake him, the reporter began immediately to make arrangements for transporting Smith to a more comfortable place. Neb, Harbert and Pencroff left the cave and directed their steps towards a high mound, crowned with a few distorted trees. On the way the sailor could not help repeating:

"Island or continent! To think of that, when one is at the last gasp! What a man!"

Arrived at the summit of the mound, Pencroff and his two companions set to work, with no other tools than their hands, to despoil of its principal branches a rather sickly tree, a sort of marine fir; with these branches they made a litter, which, covered with grass and leaves, would do to carry the engineer.

This occupied them nearly forty minutes, and it was ten o'clock when they returned to Cyrus Smith, whom Spilett had not left.

The engineer was just awaking from the sleep, or rather from the drowsiness, in which they had found him. The color was returning to his cheeks, which till now had been as pale as death. He raised himself a little, looked around him, and appeared to ask where he was.

"Can you listen to me without tiring yourself, Cyrus?" asked the reporter.

"Yes," replied the engineer.

"It's my opinion," said the sailor, "that Captain Smith will be able to listen to you still better, if he will have some more tétra jelly;—for we have téttras, Captain," added he, presenting him with a little of this jelly, with which this time he mingled a few particles of flesh.

Cyrus Smith chewed the pieces of tétra, and the rest was divided among his companions, who found it but a meager breakfast, for they were suffering extremely from hunger.

"Well," said the sailor, "there is plenty of food at the Chimneys; for you must know, Captain, that down there, in the south, we have a house, with rooms, beds and fireplace, and in the pantry several dozens of birds, which our Harbert calls couroucous. Your litter is ready, and as soon as you feel strong enough we will carry you home."

"Thanks, my friend," replied the engineer; "wait another hour or two, and then we will set out. And now speak, Spilett."

The reporter then told him all that had occurred. He recounted all the events with which Cyrus was unacquainted, the last fall of the balloon; the landing on this unknown land, which appeared a desert; whatever it was, whether island or continent; the discovery of the Chimneys; the researches undertaken to find the engineer; Neb's devotion; what they owed to the intelligence of the faithful Top, etc.

"But," asked Smith, in a still feeble voice, "you did not then pick me up on the beach?"

"No," replied the reporter.

"And did you not bring me to this cave?"

"No."

"At what distance is this cave from the sea?"

"About a mile," replied Pencroff; "and if you are astonished, Captain, we are not less surprised ourselves at seeing you in this place!"

"Indeed," said the engineer, who was recovering gradually, and who took great interest in these details, "indeed it is very singular!"

"But," resumed the sailor, "can you tell us what happened after you were carried off by the sea?"

Cyrus Smith considered. He knew very little. The wave had torn him from the balloon net. He sank at first several

fathoms. On returning to the surface, in the dim light, he felt a living creature struggling near him. It was Top, who had sprung to his help. He saw nothing of the balloon, which, lightened both of his weight and that of the dog, had darted away like an arrow.

There he was, in the midst of the angry sea, at a distance which could not be less than half a mile from the shore. He attempted to struggle against the billows by swimming vigorously. Top held him up by his clothes; but a strong current seized him and drove him towards the north, and after half an hour of exertion, he sank, dragging Top with him into the depths. From that moment to the moment in which he recovered to find himself in the arms of his friends he remembered nothing.

"However," remarked Pencroff, "you must have been thrown upon the beach, and you must have had strength enough to walk here, since Neb found your foot-marks!"

"Yes . . . of course . . ." replied the engineer, thoughtfully; "and you found no traces of human beings on this coast?"

"Not a trace," replied the reporter; "besides, if by chance you had met with some deliverer there, just in the nick of time, why should he have abandoned you after having saved you from the waves?"

"You are right, my dear Spilett. Tell me, Neb," added the engineer, turning to his servant, "it was not you who . . . you can't have had a moment of unconsciousness . . . during which . . . No, that's absurd . . . Do any of the footsteps still remain?" asked Smith.

"Yes, master," replied Neb; "here, at the entrance, at the back of the mound, in a place sheltered from the rain and wind. The storm has destroyed the others."

"Pencroff," said Cyrus Smith, "will you take my shoe and see if it fits exactly to the foot-prints?"

The sailor did as the engineer requested. While he and Harbert, guided by Neb, went to the place where the foot-prints were to be found, Cyrus remarked to the reporter,—

"It is a most extraordinary thing!"

"Perfectly inexplicable!" replied Gideon Spilett.

"But do not dwell upon it just now, my dear Spilett, we will talk about it by and by."

A moment after the others entered.

"There was no doubt about it. The

engineer's shoe fitted exactly to the foot-marks. It was therefore Cyrus Smith who had left them on the sand.

"Come," said he, "it was I who must have experienced this hallucination, this unconsciousness which I attributed to Neb. I must have walked like a somnambulist, without any knowledge of my steps, and it was Top, who in his instinct guided me here, after having dragged me from the waves . . . Come, Top! Come, old dog!"

The magnificent animal bounded, barking to his master, and caresses were lavished on him. It was agreed that there was no other way of accounting for the rescue of Cyrus Smith, and that Top deserved all the honor of the affair.

Towards twelve o'clock, Pencroff having asked the engineer if they could now remove him, Smith, instead of replying, and by an effort which exhibited the most energetic will, got up. But he was obliged to lean on the sailor, or he would have fallen.

"Well done!" said Pencroff; "bring the captain's litter."

The litter was brought; the transverse branches had been covered with leaves and long grass. Smith was laid on it, and Pencroff having taken his place at one end and Neb at the other, they started towards the coast. There was a distance of eight miles to be accomplished; but, as they could not go fast, and it would perhaps be necessary to stop frequently, they reckoned that it would take at least six hours to reach the Chimneys. The wind was still strong, but fortunately it did not rain. Although lying down, the engineer, leaning on his elbow, observed the coast, particularly inland. He did not speak, but he gazed; and, no doubt, the outline of the country, with its inequalities of ground, its forests, its various productions, were engrained upon his mind. However, after traveling for two hours, fatigue overcame him, and he slept.

At half-past five the little band arrived at the precipice, and a short time after at the Chimneys.

They stopped, and the litter was placed on the sand; Cyrus Smith was sleeping profoundly, and did not awake.

Pencroff, to his extreme surprise, found that the terrible storm had quite altered the aspect of the place. Important changes had occurred; great blocks of stone lay on the beach, which was also covered with a thick carpet of sea-weed, algæ, and wrack. Evidently the sea, passing over the islet, had been carried right up to the foot of the

enormous curtain of granite. The soil in front of the cave had been torn away by the violence of the waves. A horrid pre-sentiment flashed across Pencroff's mind. He rushed into the passage, but returned almost immediately, and stood motionless, staring at his companions. . . . The fire

was out; the drowned cinders were nothing but mud; the burnt linen, which was to have served as tinder, had disappeared! The sea had penetrated to the end of the passages, and everything was overthrown and destroyed in the interior of the Chimneys!

(To be continued.)

A FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

PART II.

WHEN Wilhelm and Annette returned, they found Karl asleep on the sofa, and Margaret sitting close by his side, her face pale and full of distress. It had been a terrible hour for her. As soon as she saw Wilhelm and Annette, she burst into tears, exclaiming, "Oh, thank God, you have come; he is not quite in his senses, and I have not known what to do."

Hardly daring to breathe, lest they should waken the sleeper, the three sat motionless for an hour.

At Karl's first movement, Wilhelm threw himself on his knees, and clasped him to his heart; no word was spoken; but the two men sobbed like women. While they were in each other's arms, Margaret stole softly away.

When Karl looked up he said, "The four leaf of clover, where has she gone?" Wilhelm did not understand the first words, but replied simply to the last, "She has gone to her room. It is the good teacher, Miss Margaret; she lives with us. You will love her as we all do."

Karl smiled,

The next morning, when Margaret came into the sitting room, Karl, still lying on the lounge, fixed his blue eyes steadily on her face, and said abruptly, "It was then that I so frightened you, to make your cheeks so white, last night. To-day they are red, like red lilies and white lilies in one field," and the blue eyes dwelt on the face till the red lilies had driven all the white lilies away.

Margaret passed her hand impatiently across her cheek. "Oh, I always have color," she said. It did not please her that Wilhelm Reutner's brother should have looked at her in that manner. In a

second more, her kindliness of heart triumphed over the slight unworthiness of resentment, and going nearer him, she added, "I was indeed very much frightened about you last night. You seemed very ill, and I was all alone with Mary. I hope you are better; you look better."

Karl's eyes had fallen to the ground. As clearly as if it had been written in letters on Margaret's brow, he had read her first thought, and had been pained.

"Yes, I am better; I am well. It is the home which could cure me," he said, in a tone, whose grave simplicity was like Wilhelm's, and had in it an inexpressible charm.

In a moment more, he said, earnestly, "Have you ever found one four leaf of clover?" and, taking out his pocket-book, he turned its leaves over slowly, searching for something.

"Oh dear," thought Margaret, "he is certainly crazy. That was what he was talking about, last night. Poor fellow!"

"Oh yes, Mr. Reutner," she replied, "Four-leaved clovers are very common. I have often found whole handfuls of them."

"I thought you had. And have you ever one dream at night that you find the hands full of them, and give them to some one?"

Margaret looked puzzled, and was about to reply, when Wilhelm and the children entered the room. Karl laid a little folded paper, which he had held in his hand, back into the pocket-book, and opened his arms to the children, who sprang into them, and covered him with kisses until he was forced to cry out for mercy.

All day long Margaret was haunted by the words, and the voice in which they