

AFTER THE STORM.

The mavis in the hickory
Was warbling on the weather,
The rain had passed, the skies were glassed.

Sandorf's Revenge.

A SEQUEL TO MATHIAS SANDORF AND DOCTOR ANTEKIRIT.
By Jules Verne.

AUTHOR OF "JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH," "TRIP TO THE MOON," "AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS," "MICHAEL STROGOFF," "TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA," ETC., ETC.

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CHAPTER XXII—CONTINUED.

Suddenly the Doctor stepped up to a small brazier which stood on a tripod in a corner of the room.

Had Sava written them? And surprised by the hurried departure had she burnt the letter before she left Tetuan?

Pierre had watched the Doctor's look as he bent over the brazier. What had he found?

On the fragments of paper that a breath would reduce to dust, a few words stood out in black—among others these, unfortunately incomplete:

"Mad—Bath—"
Had Sava attempted to write to her as the only person in the world to whom she could appeal for help not knowing and not being able to know that she had disappeared from Ragusa?

Then after Madame Bathory's name another could be deciphered—that of her son.

Pierre held his breath, and tried to find some other word still legible. But his look was troubled. He could see no more.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE YEAST OF THE STORKS.

On the 23rd of November the plain of Soung-Ettelate, around the walls of Tripoli, afforded a curious spectacle.

Were they only Tripolitans that had gathered on the plain? No. The environs of the capital were crowded with merchants from Ghadames and Sokna, escorted by their black slaves; Jews and Jewesses of the province, with uncovered faces; negroes from the neighboring villages, who had come from their cabins of rushes and palms to assist in the general gaiety, poorer in linen than in jewelry, large brass bracelets, shell-work collars, strings of teeth, rings of silver in their ears and their noses; and Benoulies and Awaguira, from the shores of the Syrtes, to whom the date-palm of their country



SANDORF FINDS THE BURNED LETTER IN THE HOUSE AT TETUAN.

yielded its wine, its fruit, its bread and its preserves. Among this agglomeration of Moors, Berbers, Turks, Bedouins and Mizaffirs, who are Europeans, were pushas, sheiks, cadis, all the lords in the land walking through the crowds of mayas which opened, humbly and prudently, before the drawn swords of the soldiers, or the truncheons of the police, or the zapatas as there passed in

haughty indifference, the governor-general of this African eyalet, of this province of the Turkish empire, whose administration belongs to the Sultan.

If there are more than 1,500,000 in Tripoli, with 6000 soldiers—1000 for the Djebel and 500 for the Cyrenaic—the town of Tripoli itself has not more than 20,000 to 24,000 souls.

On this occasion it appeared as though the population had been at least doubled by the crowd of spectators, coming from all parts of the territory.

These ruralists had not, it is true, entered the capital of the Regency. Within the walls of the fortifications neither the houses, which through the worthlessness of their materials soon fall into ruins, nor the neighboring mole with its consulates, nor the western quarter inhabited by the Jews, nor the rest of the town inhabited by the Mussulmans, were equal to such an invasion.

But the plain of Soung-Ettelate was large enough for the crowd of spectators attracted to this feast of the storks, whose legend always receives due honor in the eastern countries of Africa.

This plain—a small fragment of the Sahara, with its yellow sand often invaded by the sea, during the violent winds from the east—surrounds the town on three sides, and is about 1000 yards across.

In strong contrast to the oasis of Menchie, with its white-walled houses, its gardens watered by the leather-chain pump worked by a skinny cow, its woods of orange-trees, citrus, dates, its green clumps of shrubs and flowers, its antelopes, gazelles, fennecs and flamingoes—a huge patch of ground in which live not less than 30,000 people. Beyond is the desert, which in no part of Africa comes nearer to the Mediterranean, the desert and its shifting sand hills, its immense carpet of sand on which, says Baron Krafft, "the wind raises the waves as easily as on the ocean," the Libyan ocean with its mists of impalpable dust.

Tripoli—a country almost as large as France—is bounded by Tunis and Egypt and by the Sahara at a distance of one hundred and ninety miles from the Mediterranean coast.

tion was not shaken. Neither the threats of Namir nor the rage of Sarcany had had any effect on her.

At its departure from Tetuan the caravan already numbered fifty of the brethren, or Khouans, under the leadership of an imam, who had organized it in military fashion.

The coast of Algeria and Tunis forms an arc up to the western coast of the grand Syrtes, where it drops abruptly to the south. The most direct road from Tetuan to Tripoli is along the chord of this arc, and that does not run higher than Laghouat, one of the most distant French towns on the border of the Sahara.

The caravan, on leaving the empire of Morocco, skirted the boundary of Algeria, and in Beni Matan, in Oulad Nail, in Charfat-el-Hamel, secured a goodly number of recruits, so that when it reached the Tunisian coast at the Syrtes Magna, it numbered more than three hundred men.

There, then, Sava Sandorf was a prisoner. Since the Doctor had been at Ragusa the father and daughter had never been so near together. But now an impassable wall lay between them.

To get her away Pierre would have consented to everything, even to agree to Sarcany's terms. Count Sandorf and he were ready to abandon the fortune which the scoundrel coveted. And this, although he did not forget that justice ought to be done on the betrayer of Stephen Bathory and Ladislas Zathmar.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Nation's Dead.

A recent report shows that the nation's dead are buried in 79 national cemeteries, of which only 12 are in the Northern States.

- Arlington, Va., 16,264, of whom 4,349 are unknown;
Beaufort, S. C., 9,241, of whom 4,493 are unknown.

In all, the remains of 300,000 men who fought for the stars and stripes find guarded graves in our national cemeteries.

It is not pleasant to contemplate that an American woman, and a smart one, Lady Churchill, is helping the wrong side in the British Parliamentary campaign, but when Brother Hester unlimbers his home-rule battery Americans will be better represented in the fight.—Washington Republic.

A MARINE COFFER DAM.

The Work of Repairing the Steamship Werra at South Boston.
The ocean steamship Werra, which was disabled in her recent passage to this country by the breaking of her shaft, is in the New England dock at South Boston for repairs.

When the Doctor and his companions came ashore, not at the quay, but on the rocks outside the harbor, where they were no longer five Europeans entering Tripoli territory, they were five Orientals whose garb would attract no attention.

The work of restoration is of special interest because it is to be done by means of a coffer dam. Notwithstanding that Boston is praised, and justly, for the many facilities which the port offers for ocean steamer traffic, one very important matter is lacking, and that is a dry-dock long enough to contain a first-class ocean steamer.

The dam is a structure of strong timbers and planks, and its shape or form is that of the bottom, two sides, and one end of a square wooden box.

This end or bulkhead is built in two parts and the inner edge of each part is shaped to fit exactly the convex and concave line of the vessel's hull below the water.

The work of putting the coffer dam into position was begun at 8 A. M. yesterday, and by 4:30 P. M. the dam was sufficiently clear of water to expose the ship's stern nearly to the depth of the keel.

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A Plain, Simple Man.
"Gentlemen," he said to the reporters, as the sheriff put the knot where it would do the most good, "will you grant me one last request before I die?"

GRANITE.

How It is Quarried and Prepared for Use—Where the Stone Comes From.

A reporter of The Cincinnati Sun, in an interview with an old-time contractor or obtained the following information in regard to granite: "In the first place, granite appears to be the fundamental rock of the earth's crust, and is nearly always found in its perfect state in mountainous regions.

"Then granite has grain?"
"Yes, a sort of grain—enough, anyhow, to make it split accurately by proper manipulation.

"Then he blasts it out and that's all there is of it?"
"Scarcely. When he has drilled around a section ten or twenty feet wide by forty to eighty long he takes a lot of half round irons, pointed like the drills, and sets them in the holes in pairs, flat sides together, of course.

"Is the granite then hauled to the cities to be worked up?"
"No. Do you suppose they have derricks up there on the mountains big enough to lift two or three thousand tons? The same process is renewed along long strips, and it is then broken apart laterally by sharp tools and hammers.

"Where does our paving granite come from, to be plain?"
"Rockport and Quincy, Mass., and the coast of Maine are furnishing the most of what we are using here; but fine paving and building granite is found in the Thousand Islands and in New Brunswick."

"How is it shipped?"
"Pretty much as it is laid on the sidewalks, only not in as great a bulk. A box-car will hold 1,300 blocks, which are worth only about \$120 a car.

"Another thing the people don't generally know is that many of the so-called precious stones are nothing but quartz—one of the principal constituents of granite. Agate, amethyst, carnelian, cat's paw, chalcodony, grolite, and Jasper are all quartz formations, and our pleasure traps and garbage carts are trundling over acres of such rubbish every day.

He Carried the Convention.
"Well, Charley, did you ask for the hand of old Slickmore's daughter, last night?"

"You bet I did. I secured the nomination on the first ballot."
"So you are to be married soon."
"No, siree."
"Who?"
"Who?"
"Who?"
"Who?"
"Who?"
"Who?"