#### ON THE THRESHOLD.

Now once more do our feet Stand on the threshold sweet Of days that show the year in her fair prime. O'er blossom-spangled sod Spring's flowery paths we trod And so have come again to Summer time.

By violets March displays, By April's primrose ways, By the fresh fragrance of May's cowslipped ground. We reach at length the day Towards which March, April, May,

Lead on the footsteps unto Summer bound. Through the door now ajar, Sweet, sweet the visions are Of treasures which the precincts do contain: Precincts where roses red

Are gally garlanded O'er dainty realms where silver lilles reign.

O days of golden balm, O nights of silent calm, Right well may ye the souls of men enthrall. Spring tide the promise gave, Fulfillment now we have, And royal Summer is the queen of all. -E. F. M. in St. James's Gazette.

Revenge. Sandorf's

A SEQUEL TO MATHIAS SANDORF AND DOCTOR ANTEKIRTT.

## By Jules Verne,

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

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### CHAPTER XXIII-CONTINUED.

Situated as they were, there would seem to be almost insurmountable difficulties in carrying off Sarcany or getting Sava away from Sidi Hazam's house. Force was not likely to succeed ; would stratagem? Would to-morrow's festival in any way assist? Probably it would, and this was the plan which had been suggested by Point Pescade, and had been under the consideration of the Doctor, Pierre and Laigi during the evening. In executing it Pescade would risk his life, but if he could enter the moquidem's bouns he might succeed in managing Sava's escape. Nothing seemed impossible with his courage and cleverness.

It was, then, in execution of this plan that the next day the Doctor and Pierre and Luigi were on the watch among the crowd on the plain of Soung-Ettelate, while Pescade and Matifou were preparing their parts.

There was then no sign of the noise and excitement with which the plain would be full beneath the glare of innumerable torches when the evening arrived. In the compact crowd they had scarce y noticed the Senousists who, in their simple costumes, communicated with each other only by masonic signs.

But it is desirable that we should know the Oriental, or rather African, legend of which the chief incidents were



PESCADE AND MATIFOU AT THE FEAST OF THE STORKS.

of the musketry, and the light from the torches with colored flames.

festival, and it was from it that he received the suggestion as to the part he her valet begging him not to continue intended to play, and by the aid of which he was to obtain admission to Sidi Hazam's house.

As soon as the sun set a gun from the rivals, fortress of Tripoli gave a signal so impatiently expected by the people on Soung-Ettelate. The Doctor, Pierre, and Luigi were at first almost deafened by the frightful noise which arose on every side, and were then nearly duty in the circuses of Europe, it seemed blinded by the thousands of lights that sprang up all over the plain.

When the gun was heard the crowd of nonnals were still busy at their evening meal. Here the roast mutton, the pilaw of fowls for those who were Turks and wished it to be seen; there the cousconsson for the well-to-do Arabs; farther off a simple bazinu, a sort of barleyflour boiled in oil, for the poorer people, whose pockets contained more mahbonbs of brass than mietals of gold ; and everywhere the "lagby," the juice of the date-palm, which, when it is taken as an alcoholic beer, is productive as the worst excesses of intoxication.

A few minutes after the gun had been heard, men, women, children, Turks, Arabs, and Negroes had finished their ing sonority to make themselves heard above the human tumult. In places horsemen were leaping about discharging their long guns and their saddle pistols, while fireworks were thrown about amid an uproar it would be impossible to describe.

amid the cheers of the spectators, the latitudes," according to the astounding uproar of the instruments, the reports programme of the famous Bracco troupe. These connoisseurs had already applanded the intrepid Mustapha, the Pescade knew the programme of this Samson of the Desert, the "man-cannon, to whom the Queen of England had sent

> his performance for fear of accident." But Cape Matifou was incomparable in his feats of strength, and feared no

> At last came the final exercise which was to raise to the highest pitch the enthusiasm of the cosmopolitan crowd that surrounded the European performers. Although it had done frequent that it was still unknown to the loungers of Tripoli. And the crowd crushed more and more round the ring to look at the acrobats who were at work by torchlight.

Cape Matifou seized a pole nearly thirty feet long, and held it upright against his chest with his two hands, At the end of this pole Point Pescade, who had elimbed up like a monkey, began to balance himself in attitudes of astonishing andacity, and made it bend alarmingly.

But Cape Matifou remained undismayed, shifting about gradually so as to retain his equilibrium. Then, when he was close to the wall of Sidi Hazam's house, he summoned strength enough to lift the pole at arm's length while Point meals. The instruments of the barbarie Pescade assumed the attitude of a favororchestras necessarily rejoiced in alarm- ite actress throwing kisses to the public. The crowd of Arabs and negroes roared in transports of delight, clapped their hands and stamped their feet. Never had Samson of the Desert, the intrepid Mustapha, the boldest of the Touaregs, been raised to such a height! At this moment the report of a gun echoed over the plain from the fortress of Tripoli. At the signal the hundreds of storks suddenly delivered from the immense nets which kept them prisoners, rose in the air, and a shower of sham stones began to fall on the plain amid a deafening concert of aerial cries, to which the terrestrial concert gave back an equally noisy reply.

base of the walls of Sidi Hazam's house. Point Pescade had given a tremendous leap, as Matifor held the pole up at arm's length, and fallen on the parapet of one of the terraces at the foot of the minaret which commanded the different courtyards of the house.

On that dark night no one within or without had noticed him. He was not even observed from the skifa in the second courtyard, and in which were a few Khouans, some of whom were of the moquidem.

Point Pescade, be it understood, had really no definite plan. The interior treacherous animals," was the reply. arrangement of the house was unknown to him, and he did not know in what part the girl was detained, if she was knew." sufficient strength to help her escape, Hence he must act a little at a venture ; and this is what he thought:

"Anyhow, by force or stratagem, I must reach Sava Sandorf. If she cannot come with me immediately, if I cannot get her away to-night, she must be told that Pierre Bathory is alive, that he is here at the foot of these walls, that Doctor Antekirtt and his companions are ready to help her, and that if her escape must be delayed, she must not yield to any threats! I may of course be found out before I reach her ! But then I must take care of that."

Pescade's first care was to unwind a slender-knotted cord that he had hidden under his clown's dress; then he tied one end of this round the angle of one of the battlements, and then over the other, so that it hung down to the ground. This was only a measure of precaution, a good one, nevertheless. That done, Pescade, before going far, then lay down on his stomach. In this attitude, which prudence demanded, he waited without moving. If he had been seen the terrace would soon be invaded by Sidi Hazam's people, and then he would have to use the cord on his own account, instead of that of Sava Sandorf, as he intended.

Complete silence reigned in the moqaddem's house. As neither Sidi Hazam nor Sarcany, nor any of their people, had taken part in the feast of the storks, the door of the zaouya had not been opened since sunrise.

After waiting some minutes Point Pescade moved toward the angle from which arose the minaret. The stairway which led to the upper part of this minaret evidently ran down to the ground in the first courtyard. In fact, a door opening on to the terrace gave admission to the stairs leading to the rooms below.

This door was shut from the inside, not with a key, but with a bolt that it would be impossible to slip back from the outside unless a hole were made through the wood. This labor Point Pescade would have attempted, for he had in his pocket a many-bladed knife, a precious present from the Doctor, of which he could make good use. But that would be a long, and perhaps noisy, task.

It was unnecessary. Three feet above the terrace a window in the form of a loophole, opened in the minaret wall. If the window was small, Point Pescade was not large. Besides, was he not like a cat who can elongate herself to pass through where there seems to be no.

massage? And so he tried, and after

# SNOE-SNUBBING.

Worth is said to have made this remark to a laly who was dowdily Iressed: "Madame, I cannot risk my reputation on you."

An anxious inquirer asks: "Where would you advise me to go to learn how to play the cornet?" "To the woods, dear sir; to the deep, dark, damp, dangerous woods."

"Why are old maids so devoted to asleep, and some on the watch, by order their cats?" asked a young coxeomb of an eld-rly lady. "Because, having no husbands, they take to the most

"I declare," exclaimed Brown, "I beliewe I have forgoiten all I ever "Sorry to hear it." remarked alone or kept out of sight, or if he had Fogg. "However, you can take an hour some day and learn it all over nga n."

"Yaas." said young Smythe. "I suppose everything created has some use; but, 'pon me honah, it is deuced hard to believe sometimes, don't cher know?" "Yes," she replied, looking him over critically, "it is, indeed!"

"Friend: "What on earth are you photographing the umbrella for, dear boy? Amateur photographer: "You said you wanted to borrow it to go home with, and I'm getting something to remember it by, that's all.

An American millionaire, who was looking at a level tract of land which he had just bought at an extravagant pr ce, said to the agent who had sold it to him. "I do admire a rich green flat." "So do 1," significantly replied the agent.

He slipped quietly in at the door, but tching sight of an inquing face over he stair-rail, said: "Sorry so late, my dear; couldn't get a car before." So the cars were full' too," said the wife; and further remarks were unnecessary.

At dinner she had a doctor on either and, one of them remarked that they were well served, since they had a duck etween them. 'Yes," she broke inher wit is of the sort that comes in flashes-vand I am between two quacks." Then silence fell.

Young wife: "I am determined to learn at just what hour my husband comes home at night, yet, do what I will, I cannot keep awake, and he is always careful not to make a particle of noise. Is there any drug which pro-duces wakefulness?" Old wife: "No need to buy drugs. Sprinkle the floor with tacks.

An old gentleman finding a couple of his neices feneing with broomsticks, "Come, come, my dears, that mid: kind of an accomplishment will not help you in getting husbands." "I know it, uncle," responded one of the gitls, as she gave alonge, "but it will help to keep our husbands in order when we have got 'em.'

She wanted to break her husband of he habit of drinking brandy, and began to cook his food in a little of it, laving heard that it would prove effectual. He did not say anything on the first day; he showed no sign of noticng the change on the second day, but after supper on the third day he said to her. "Maria, you don't know how A Chance for a Prophet to Distinyou've improved in your cooking during the last three days!"-chicago Ledger.

## Attention! Candidates.

# LEGAL TENDERS.

Mag-no-li-a-who said she was? A toe that never kicks-mosqui-to. Hazel eves sometimes witch hazels. The young ladies' tree-the gum

tree. A net warmer than a shawl-the hor-net.

If you sow bird seed will you raise birds?

The bravest of birds is the fly-It's bound to get there or due.

The sun shines-it cannot do anyolse

Should have been a girl's name-Thee-a-dore.

The newspaper men are the nation's videttes.

It's the pill-age of war that suits the doctors best.

In George Washington's day the saloon was a groggery.

Honor is not bought, but earned, peace may be bought.

Men are very loyal to the source of the r brend and butter.

Never deserted by hope-the politician and the old maid.

What is more dismal than the store that doesn't advertise?

If you are rich enough at a thousand, don't try for more.

The rain falls this way because it can-

not fall any other way. When the halter threatens, how

lamblike are anarchists. Women that paint are born to blush

unseen"--- if they blush. The sailor pitches to float. The base-

ballist pitches to bat.

If our work were in a line of pleasure it would be better done.

Is John Bright, English orator, the inventor of Bright's disease?

Bridge-jumping is a summer com-plaint; they don't have it in winter.

When the rain doesn't come, needn't blame the rain-it will come when it can

The eye is the organ of sight, except in the potato, where it's the organ of sprout.

The vidette who has forgotten the countersign may get it right from the first passer.

Little boy (in a-swimming)-Say, mum. look not this way; here is a sea-you don't wanter see.

Mrs. McLane must be a lover of the male race, as she has one hundred mail routes in daily practice.

There is something very suggestive about coffee-beans. Something alls the coffee. Perhaps it knows beans.

"Make hay when the sun shines." The hay grows when the sun shines. If it were not for sunshine there would not be much hav

All London is agog over Mrs Wm. K. Vanderbilt's \$109,000 necklace. A barrel of crackers would beat it in a time of famine. - Chicago Ledger.

#### QUEER DRUNKS.

guish IIImself.

\*There seems to be something in the atmosphere that drives people to drink," said a tall, slim policeman as he stop-

reproduced in the feast of the storks, which is the "great attraction" for the Mohammedana.

There was formerly on the African continent a race of Diins. Under the name of Bou-Chebris, these Djins ocenpied a vast territory situated on the borders of the desert of Hammada, between Tripoli and the kingdom of Fezzan. They were a powerful people, fearless and feared. They were unjust, perfidious, aggressive, inhuman, and no African monarch had been able to suppress them.

There came a day when the prophet Suleyman attempted, not to attack, but to convert these Djins. And with this object he sent one of his apostles to preach to them the love of good and the hatred of evil. Vain effort ! The ferocious horde seized the missionary and put him to death. The Djins showed so much audacity because their country was isolated and difficult of access, and they knew that no neighboring ruler would dare to venture there with his armies. Besides, they thought that no messenger would carry to the prophet Suleyman the news of what they had done to his apostle. They were mistaken.

In the country were a great number of storks. As we know, storks are birds of good manners, of unusual intelligence, and above all things of great common sense, for the legend affirms that they never inhabit a country the name of which appears on a piece of money-for money is the source of all wickedness and the great power that draws all men to the abyss of their evil passions,

These storks, then, seeing the perverse way in which the Djins lived, mustered one day in deliberative assembly, and decided to despatch one of their number to the prophet Suleyman, so as to procure his just vengeance on the missionary's assassins,

And so the prophet called the hoopoe, his favorite courier, and ordered him to collect in the upper zones of the African sky all the storks on earth. This was done, and when the innumerable flocks of these birds were gathered before the prophet Suleyman the legend says they formed a cloud which put in shadow all the land between Mezda and Mourzouk.

Then each one, taking a stone in its beak, flew towards the country of the Djins; and from above they stoned to death the unhappy race whose souls are now imprisoned for all eternity in the desert of Hammada.

Such is the fable which has given rise to the festival of the day. Many hundreds of storks had been got together under huge nets stretched over the surface of the plain of Soung-Ettelate. And there, for the most part standing on one leg, they waited for the hour of their deliverance, and the clicking of their beaks caused a sound in the air as if a tambourine was being beaten. t the given signal they would be set

e to fly off, dropping harmlass stones 'ay among the crowd of the faithful.

Here in the torch-light, to the rattling of the wooden drum, and the intonation of a monotonous chant, a negro chief, fantastically dressed with a rattling belt of bones, his face hidden beneath a diabolical mask, was exciting to the dance some thirty blacks, grimacing in a circle of convulsionary women who beat them with their hands. And then savage Aissassonas, in the last stage of religious exaltation and alcoholic intoxication, with froth on their faces, and eyes out of their orbits, were biting at wood, chewing iron, gashing their skins, juggling with live coals, and wrapping themselves with the long serpents which bit their hands, their cheeks their lips, and like them devoured their blood.

But soon the crowd hurried with extraordinary eagerness to the house of Sidi Hazam, as though some new spectacle had attracted them.

Two men were there-one large, the other small-two acrobats whose curious feats of strength and agility smid a quadruple row of spectators were calling forth the most noisy cheers that could escape from Tripolitan throats.

It was Point Pescade and Cape Matifou. They had taken up their stand only a few paces from Sidi Hazam's house. Both on this occasion had resumed their characters as foreign artistes. Their dresses cut out of Arab materials, they were again in quest of SILCCESS.

"You have not got rusty?" Point Pescade had previously asked Cape Matifou.

" No !"

"And you will not shrink from anything that may amuse the imbeciles?"

"Mo ! Shrink !" "If even you have to chew pebbles

with your teeth and swallow serpents I" "Cooked ?" asked Cape Matifou.

" No, raw."

" Raw ?"

" And living !"

Cape Matifou made a grimace, but if necessary he resolved to eat a snake like a simple Assassou

The Doctor, Pierre, and Luigi mingled in the crowd of spectators, and did not lose sight of the two friends.

No! Cape Matifou was not rusty ; he had lost nothing of his prodigious strength. At first the shoulders of five or six robust Arabs, who had risked a fall with him, were laid on the ground.

Then followed the juggling, which astonished the Arabs, above all when the flaming torches were launched from Pescade to Matifou, coming and resoming in their zigzags of fire.

And the public might well be critical. There were there a goodly number of the admirers of the Touaregs, those semisavages "whose agility is equal to that

This was the paroxysm of the festival. It seemed as though all the mad-houses in the old continent had been emptied onto Soung-Ettelate !

But, as if it was deaf and mute, the moqaddem's house had remained obstinately closed during those hours of public rejoicing, and not one of Sidi Hazam's people had shown themselves at the gate, or on the terraces.

But, strange to relate! at the moment the torches were extinguished, after the flight of the storks, Point Pescade had suddenly disappeared, as if he had been borne upwards to the sky by the faithful birds of the prophet of the Suleyman. What had become of him?

Cape Matifou did not seem at all concerned at the disappearance. He threw the pole into the air, caught it adroitly by the other end, and turned it as a drum-major does his cane. Point Pescade's performance seemed to him to be the most natural thing in the world.

The astonishment of the spectators was unbounded, and their entitusiasm displayed itself in an immense hurrah, which extended far beyond the limits of the oasis. None of them doubted but what the active acrobat had jumped off into space, on his way to the kingdom of the storks.

What charms the multitude most? Is it not that which they are unable to explain?

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

#### THE HOUSE OF SIDI HAZAM.

It was about nine o'clock. Musketry, music, shouting-all had suddenly ceased. The crowd had begun to disperse ; some went back to Tripoli, others regained the oasis of Menchie and the neighboring villages. In an hour the plain of Soung-Ettelate would be silent and empty. Tents would be folded up, camps would be raised, negroes and Berbers were already on the road to the different Tripolitan districts, while the Secoulists were off towards the Cyrenaic. and more especially towards the vilavet of Ben Ghazi, to join the concentration of the Caliph's forces.

The Doctor, Pierre and Luigi were the only people that did not leave the place during the night. Ready for all that might happen since the disappearance of Point Pescade, each of them had of the most formidable animals in these chosen his post of observation at the

some squeezing of the shoulders he found himself in the minaret.

"Cape Matifon could not have done that !" he thought. Then feeling his way round, ho returned to the door, and unbolted it,

so that it remained unfastened in case he had to return by the same road. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

# An Unsuccessful Failure.

The habit of failing with full pockets got something in the nature of a backset not long since in a small Texas town.

The unfortunate man kept a small grocery store. He sold out the stock the town, called on the bankrupt. He there was a gritty sort of a look about him.

"You say there are no assets," he remasked.

"Nairy durned asset."

"I think there should be some assets, and that I ought to be a preferred creditor.

"There are no assets and all my creditors are deferred creditors. The only aset that I've got for my creditors is a Waterbury wateh, and it will take six. months to wind it up. You can have it, if you want it."

"I want no humbug about this, Where is the money you got from the ale of the groceries?

"It's right here in my pocket," said the bankrupt.

"Well, you are a cool one."

"I've got the money right here, and I'm going to keep it," replied the bank-

rupt, tapping his pocket. "Got it in your pocket?"

'Yes, in greenbacks.'

The creditor placed his hand in his bankrupt, said: "I've got my pistol in my pocket-

don't you move-and it never fails. If norket I'll give you the contents of mine," and before the ast in shed bankrupt could reply he was looking down ie as big as a flour barrel.

The Houston man got his money. The unfortunate bankrupt says that his failure was the most complete faila tack hammer. - Texas Siftings.

Some of the doctors who were called to attend the police officers injured in the Anarchist riot in Chicago are endeavoring to obtain generous portions of the relief fund for themselves, bills as high as \$600 and \$500 for their services having been presented.

A character can be blackened by a shrug of the shoulders.-Hebrew Standard.

"Speaking of hoss-flies," said the blacksmith as he brought his hand down upon an old pioneer with green head and blue tipped wings, "this isn't a fust-rate year for 'em-not nigh as good as last. The idea that they don't flourat them!

He mashed another which was fastend to the left shoulder of a truck horse low zero or taking a recess at 103 and continued:

will bite to lift 'em right off' their feet. In June I sent my sorrel out to pasture. I was out to see him about the 1st of for each, put the money in his pocket, agin the 15th, and he was all run down. and settled down to have a nice quiet He stood in green grass a foot high. time of it. His principal creditor, a and I could not understand what the Houston merchant, having arrived in trouble was until I hung around a bit. Then I saw it was hoss-flies. A drove of about seventy-live of 'em tackled was a well dressed gentleman, but him while I was there. The minit they lit down that hoss started, and he run high times around a ten-acre lot before bed 'em off.

"Clubbed?"

Exactly, young man. I'm telling you straight that some of them flies was as big as spring chickens, and von'd better have had a bull-dog bite you. Some of 'em actually turned on me and showed fight, and when I got through mashing 'em that hoss was a bloody sight to see. There's a country plug over in the corner. See him hump and gather. It's hoss-flies at work on mortal spots. Come over and examine.

There were seven big horse-flies drawing blood from the animal, and the blacksmith brushed 'em off with the remark:

"They've taken a clean pint o' blood out of his system, and five bushels of oats won't put it back. It's a wonder to me that you newspaper men fool around so much with the Eastern question, the Mexican affair, carthquakes own pocket, and looking steadily at the and sich, to the utter exclusion of the hoss-fly. Where does he come from? What good is he? Why doesn't he chaw grass or grain instead of hossyou don't give me the contents of your desh? Jest you open up on these vital questions and you'll increase your circulation by 20,000 in no time at all. The hoss-fly subject is one of national | chances are ten to one they will not." he muzzle of a pistol that seemed to importance, and I'll vote for no candidate not pledged to keep down the green heads."

And he made a wicked pass with his sledge hammer at a fly sailing over ure on record, and he feels as sore as a from a grocer's horse to one owned by man who has pounded his finger with a baker, m sed him by an inch, and went back to his work on a new shoe.

-Detroit bree Press.

#### Tribute to a Great Fainter.

These magnificent early autumn suns is do not hold a candle to the superb carmine hus with which Secretary trade is objectionable." Bayard's hired man. Arthur G. Sedgw ck, has pa uted the historic old City of Mexico. - Chicago News.

ed on the corner of Chestnut street and Broadway last evening, and watched a typical swell who had a frail hold on his power of locomotion trying to cross the street. "But it may be sometime before it is discovered just what atmosish and grow fat in the city is all bosh. pheric cond tion most stimulates the though I do reckon they bloom earlier convivial tastes. It is not the extremes and grow bigger in the country. Look of heat or cold, for I have seen drunkards go in shoals when the mercury was neither shivering at 20 degrees be above. But whatever it is the problem "The country hosses bring 'em in by can be solved only by watching the the dozen, and one the size of that feller street, for you can never tell by the police court record when a time of drunkenness is on the town. The police court has its regular attendants-July, and he was all right. I went out the genus tough who gets a trifle too much and sets out to paint the townbut beyond these it seldom handles a man on the plain charge of drunk. It is the 'genteel,' the 'merry-go-round,' the 'harmless and amusing drunk' that becomes numerous by spells, and no one knows anything about it but those who are close observers of the streets and the public resorts. Now, a rage he let up. Then I went over and club- for stimulants has been on the drinking men for nearly a week, and during that time there have been more men under the influence than for four weeks before. Scores of young men and not a few who are not young pass along Broadway every evening, silent, and almost unable to walk, or, if it effects them the other way, singing or talking loud and fast, as they wear an air of importance that they would not think of putting on if they had been taking ice-water straight. They are clerks, bookkeepers, business men, and some professional men, and they seldom become quarrelsome or too lond. If they do some of their friends succeed in toning them down or else take them home

"It is very easy to account for a period of drunkenness during excessively hot weather, but when they come on in the cool autumn I am puzzled. You see, men do not eat much in very hot weather, and they get thirsty often. When they drink it is almost always on an empty stomach, and they are clownish before they know it. They don't want to go home early, and they take another drink, and about 9 o'clock they conclude not to go home before morning, and if their companions are out the -New York Herald.

#### A Father's Advice.

"Learn any trade, my son, that you may desire, but there is one trade that I wish you to avoid."

"And what is that, father?"

"The carpenter's trade."

"The very one I would prefer," exclaimed the son.

"Take my advice and give up the idea of being a carpenter.

"Kindly tell me father why that

"The carpenter, my son, has more vices than any other man?"-National Weeky.