

ON THE THRESHOLD.

Now once more do our feet
Stand on the threshold sweet
Of days that show the year in her fair prime...

Sandorf's Revenge.

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

AUTHOR OF "JOURNEY TO THE CENTRE 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 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.

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.

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.

There came a day when the prophet Suleyman attempted, not to attack, but to convert these Djins.

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.

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.

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.

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 Hamada.

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.



PESCADE AND MATIFOU AT THE FEAST OF THE STORKS.

amid the cheers of the spectators, the uproar of the instruments, the reports of the musketry, and the light from the torches with colored flames.

Pescade knew the programme of this festival, and it was from it that he received the suggestion as to the part he 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 fortress of Tripoli gave a signal so impatiently expected by the people on Soung-Ettelate.

When the gun was heard the crowd of nomads 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 cous-couson for the well-to-do Arabs; farther off a simple bazin, a sort of barley-flour boiled in oil, for the poorer people.

A few minutes after the gun had been heard, men, women, children, Turks, Arabs, and Negroes had finished their meals. The instruments of the barbaric orchestras necessarily rejoiced in alarming sonority to make themselves heard above the human tumult.

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 convulsions women who beat them with their hands.

Two men were there—one large, the other small—two acrobats whose acrobatic feats of strength and agility amid a quadruple row of spectators 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 artists.

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

"No, raw?"

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

latitudes," according to the astounding programme of the famous Bracco troupe. These connoisseurs had already applauded the intrepid Mustapha, the Samson of the Desert, the "man-cannon," to whom the Queen of England had sent her valet begging him not to continue his performance for fear of accident.

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.

Cape Matifou seized a pole nearly thirty feet long, and held it upright against his chest with his two hands.

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 Pescade assumed the attitude of a favorite actress throwing kisses to the public.

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.

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.

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.

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 chosen his post of observation at the base of the walls of Sidi Hazam's house.

base of the walls of Sidi Hazam's house. Point Pescade had given a tremendous leap, as Matifou 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.

Point Pescade, be it understood, had really no definite plan. The interior arrangement of the house was unknown to him, and he did not know in what part the girl was detained, if she was alone or kept out of sight, or if he had sufficient strength to help her escape.

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.

This door was slant 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.

It was unnecessary. Three feet above the terrace a window in the form of a loophole, opened in the minaret wall.

Attention! Candidates.

An Unsuccessful Failure.

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

Exactly, young man. I'm telling you straight that some of them flies was as big as spring chickens, and you'd better have had a bull-dog bite you.

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

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 \$500 and \$800 for their services having been presented.

SNOB-SNUBBING.

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

"Why are old maids so devoted to their cats?" asked a young coxcomb of an elderly lady.

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

He slipped quietly in at the door, but catching sight of an inquiring face over the stair-rail, said: "Sorry so late, my dear; couldn't get a car before."

At dinner she had a doctor on either hand, one of them remarked that they were well served, since they had a duck between them.

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."

An old gentleman finding a couple of his nieces fencng with broomsticks, said: "Come, come, my dears, that kind of an accomplishment will not help you in getting husbands."

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

"Speaking of horse-flies," said the blacksmith as he brought his hand down upon an old plover with green head and blue-tipped wings, "this isn't a fast-rate year for 'em—not nigh as good as last. The idea that they don't flourish and grow fat in the city is all hosh, though I do reckon they bloom earlier and grow bigger in the country. Look at them!"

He mashed another which was fastened to the left shoulder of a truck horse and continued:

"The country horses bring 'em in by the dozen, and one of these that feller 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 July, and he was all right. I went out again the 15th, and he was all run down. He stood in green grass a foot high, and I could not understand what the trouble was until I hung around a bit. Then I saw it was horse-flies. A drove of about seventy-five of 'em tackled him while I was there. The munit they lit down that hoss started, and he run eight times around a ten-acre lot before he let up. Then I went over and clubbed 'em off."

Exactly, young man. I'm telling you straight that some of them flies was as big as spring chickens, and you'd better have had a bull-dog bite you.

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, earthquakes and sich, to the utter exclusion of the horse-fly. Where does he come from? What good is he? Why doesn't he chew grass or grain instead of horse-flesh? Jest you open up on these vital questions and you'll increase your circulation by 20,000 in no time at all. The horse-fly subject is one of national 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 from a grocer's horse to one owned by a baker, missed him by an inch, and went back to his work on a new shoe.

Tribute to a Great Painter.

LEGAL TENDERS.

Mag-no-li-a—who said she was? A toe that never kicks—mosqui-to. Hazel eyes 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 die.

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 bread 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 cannot 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 baseball pitcher 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 complaint; 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 want sea.

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 ails 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 hay.

All London is agog over Mrs. Wm. K. Vanderbilt's \$100,000 necklace. A barrel of crackers would heat it in a time of famine.—Chicago Ledger.

QUEER DRUNKS.

A Chance for a Prophet to Distinguish Himself. "There seems to be something in the atmosphere that drives people to drink," said a tall, slim policeman as he stopped 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.