Nothing Under the Sun is New From the Clipper. Nothing under the aun is new—
The old was old in Solomon's day,
The false was false and the true was true;
As the false and true will be alway,

The Pharisee walks in the public place
With his broad phylacieries displayed,
And makes the prayers with a solemn face
That a thousand years ago he made.

The priest and the Levite still pass by.

While the wounded wretch, on the other side,
Appeals in vain with beseeching eye
For the helping hand so coldly denied.

Now Lazarus begs at Dives' gate
For the crumbs that fall from his ample feast;
And never a fear of his future fate
Disturbs the rich man's soul in the least. And Magdalen crouches in dumb despair,

Alone at the foot of the a tar stone, And nobody heeds her lying there, Or hears her prayer in its anguished moan.

So nothing under the sun is new— The old was old in Solomon's day: But where are the workers, faithful and true, Who lifted the fallen along the way?

Will the good Samaritan come no more?

Is the strength of the chosen weak and cold?

Are faith and hope and charity o'er?

In it only love that dies when old?

Nay, love survives, and brave souls live, And generous deeds are done by the few, While the many accept what the martyrs give, And nothing under the sun is new! VANDYKE BROWN

## Michael Strogoff,

THE COURIER OF THE CZAB.

By Jules Verne.

PART II. CHAPTER I -CONTINUED.

"Once at Tomsk," he repeated to himself to repress some feelings of impatience which he could not entirely master, "in a few minutes I should be beyond the outposts; and twelve hours gained on Feofar, twelve hours on Ogareff, that would be enough to give me a start of them to Irkutsk."

The thing that Michael dreaded more than anything else was the presence of Ivan Ogareff in the Tartar camp. Besides the danger of being recognized, he felt by a sort of instinct that this was the traitor whom it was especially necessary to precede. He understood too, that the union of Ogareti's troops with those of Feofar would complete the invading army, and the junction once effected the army would march en masse on the capital of Eastern Stheria. All his apprehensions, therefore, came from this quarter, and he dreaded every instant to hear some flourish of trumpets announcing the arrival of the lieutenant of the Emir.

To this was added the thought of his mother, of Nadia-the one a prisoner at Cmsk, the other dragged on board the Irtych boats, and no doubt a captive as Marfa Strogoff was He could do nothing for them. Should he over see them again?

At this question, to which he dared not re-

ply, his heart sank very low. At the same time with Michael Strogoff and many other prisoners, Harry Blount and Alcide Jolivet had also been taken to the Tartar camp. Their former traveling companion, captured like them at the telegraph office, k ca that they were penned up with him in the 1 closure, guarded by numerous sentinels, but he to not wish to accost them. It mattered little to him, at this time especially, what they me think of him since the affair at Ichim. Besides, he desired to be alone, that he might act alone if necessary. He therefore held himsen sloof from his former acquaintances.

attentions to him. During the J. urney from Kolyvan to the camp—that is to say for geveral hours-Blount, by leaning on his winpanion's arm, had been enabled to follow L'e rest of the prisoners. He had tried to make known that he was a British subject, but it had no effect on the barbarians, who only replied by prods with a lance or sword. The corre-pondent of the Daily Telegraph was therefore obliged to submit to the common lot resolving to protest later and to obtain

---ion for such treatment. But the Journey was not une less disagreeable to him for his wound caused him much pain, and without Alcide Jolivet's assistance he might never have reached the camp.

Jolivet, whose Fractical philosophy never abandoned him, had physically and morally strengthened his companion by every means in his power. His first care when they found themselves definitely established in the inclosure was to examine Blount's wound Having managed to draw off his coat, he found that the shoulder had been only grazed by

"This is nothing," he said—" a mere Ecratch! After two or three dressings you will be all to rights."

"But these dressings?" asked Blount.

"I will make them for you myself."

a Then you are something of a doctor?" " All Frenchmen are something of doc-

And on this affirmation, Alcide, tearing his handkerchief made lint of one piece, bandages of the other, took some water from a well dug in the middle of the inclosure, bathed the wound, which happily was not serious and skirfully placed the wet ray on Harry Blount's

shoulder,
"I treat you with wate", he said. "This liquid is the most eff—cacious sedative known for the treatment of wounds, and is the most of wounds, and is the most taken six thouemployed no. Doctors have taken six thousand ye as to discover that! Yes, six thouyears, in round numbers."

M I thank you, M. Jolivet,"answered Harry, stretching himself on a bed of dry leaves which his companion had arranged for him in the shade of a birch tree. "Bah! that's nothing! You would do as

much for me." "I am not quite so sure," said Blount, candidly.

"Nonsense, stupid! All English are gen-

"Doubtless; but the French!": "Well, the French—they are brutes, if you like But what redeems them, is that, they are French. Say nothing more about that, or rather, if you will take my advice, say nothing more at all. Rest is absolutely ne-

cereary for you." But Harry Blount had no wish to be silent. If the wound sin pruseuce required rest, the correspondent of the Daily Telegraph was not

the man to indulge himse f. "M. Jolivet," he asked "do you think that our last despatches have been able to pass the Russian frontier."

"Why not?" 'answered Alcide. "By this time you may be sure that my be oved cousin knows all about the anair at Kolyvan."

" How many copies does your cousin work off of her despatches!" asked Blount, for the first time putting this question direct to his companion.

like to be talked about, and who would be in have seen them both laying their plots in despair if she troubled the sleep of which you Russia littelf, in the government of Nijnia and made the sleep of which you Russia littelf, in the government of Nijnia and in need.

"Oh, do not let us talk politics!" cried Jolivet; "it is forbidden by the faculty. Nothing can be worse for wounds in the officer. She never forgot what she owed him, shoulder—unless it was to put you to and had devoted herself to his service, body

"Let us, then, talk of what we ought to do," replied Blount. "M. Jolivet, I have no intenion at all of remaining a prisoner to these Tartars for an indefinite time."

"No I either, by Jove!". "We will escape on the first opportunity?" "Yes, if there is no other way of regaining our liberty."

"Do you known of any other?" asked Blount looking at his companion.
"Certainly. We are not belligerents; we

are neutral, and we will claim our freedom." "From that brute of a Feofar-Khan?" "No; he would not understood," answered

"No doubt; but the villain is a Russian. He knows that it does not do to trifle with the rights of men; and he has no interest to retain us; on the contrary. But to ask a favor of that gentleman does not quite suit my taste."

"But that gentleman is not in the camp; or at least I have not seen him here," observed Blount.

"He will come. He will not fail to do that. He must join the Emir. Siberia is cut in two now, and very certaily Feefar's army is only waiting for him to advance on Irkutsk."

"And, once free, weat shall we do do?" "Once free, will continue our campaign, and follow the Tartars until the time comes when we can make our way into the Russian, camp. We must not give up the game. No indeed; we have only just begun. You, friend, have already had the honor of being wounded in the service of the Daily Telegraph, while I -I have as yet suffered nothing in my cousin service. Well, well! Good," murmured Alcide Jolivet; there he is asleep. A few hours' sleep and a few cold-water compresses are all that are required to set an Englishman on his legs again. These fellows are made of cast iron."

And while Harry Blount rested, Alcide watched near him, after having draw out his note-book, which he leaded with notes, deterof the Daily Telegraph. Events had united them one with the other. They were no longer jenlous of each other. that Michael Strogoff dreaded above everything was the most lively desire of the two correspondents. Ivan Ogareff's arrival would evidently be of use to them, tor, their quality of English and French correspondents once known, nothing could be more probable than that they would be set at liberty. The Emir's lieutenant would know how to make Feofar hear reason, though he would otherwise not have failed to treat the correspondents as ordinary spies. Blount and Jolivet's interest was, therefore, contrary to that of Michael. The latter well understood the situation, and it was one reason, added to many others, which prevented him from approaching his managed so as not be seen by them.

From the moment that harry Blount had things being in anywise altered. The prison Ivan Ogareff dismounted, entered, and stood things being in anywise altered. The prison Ivan Ogareff dismounted, entered, and stood ers heard no talk of the breaking up of the before the Emir. Tartar camp. They were strictly guarded. It would have been impossible for them to pass the cordon of foot and horse soldiers which watched them night and day. As to the food which was given them, it was barely sufficient. Twice in the twenty-four hours they we, e thrown a piece of the intestines of goats griller on the coals, or a few bits of that cheese called ." kroute," made of sour ewes' milk, and which, scaked in mares' milk, forms the Kirguin dish, commonly called "konmyss." And this was all. It may be added that the weather had become detestable. There were considerable atmospheric commotions, bringing squalls mingled with rain. The unfortunate prisoners, destitute of shelter, had to bear all the inclemencies of the weather, nor was there the slightest allevintion to their misery. Several wounded women and children died, and the prisoners were themselves compelled to dig graves for the bodies of those whom their jailors would not even take the trouble to bury.

Was this state of things to last! Would Feofar-Khan, satisfied with his first success. wait some before marching on Irkutsk? Such, it was to be feared, would be the case. But it was not so. The event so much wished for by Jolivet, and Brount and so much dreaded "that, occurred on the morning of the

12th of Aug. St. On that day the fruithlits sounded, the drums beat, the cannon roared. A buge cloud of and swept along the road from Koly-

Ivan Ogareff, followed by several thousand men, made his entry into the Tartar camp.

## CHAPTER U.

IVAN OGAREFE was bringing up the main body of the army to the Emir. The cavalry and infantry now under him had formed part of the column which had taken Omsk. Ogareff, not having been able to reduce the high town, in which, it must be remembered, the governor and garrison had sought refuge, had decided to pass on, not wishing to delay operations which ought to lead to the conquest of Eastern Siberies

Ivan Ogareff's soldiers halted at the outposts of the camp. They received no orders to bivousc. Their chief's plan, doubtless, was not to halt there, but to press on and reach Tomsk in the shortest possible time, it being an important town, naturally intended to become the centre of future operations.

This army had not come from Omsk and Kolyvan without bringing in its train the usual crowd of beggars, freebooters, peddlers and gypsies, which compose the rear-guard of an army on the march

All these people lived on the country liaversed, and left little of anything Behind them. There was, therefore, a necessity for pushing forward, if only to secure provisions for the troops. The whole region between the Ichim and the Obi, now completely devastated, no longer offered any resources The Tartars left a desert behind them, which the Russians could not cross without diffi-

Conspicuous among the gypsier, who had hastened from the western provinces was the Taigane troop, which had accompanied Michael Strogoff as fall as Perm. Sangarre "Well," answered Alcide, laughing, "my was there. This fierce apy, the tool of Ivan

county is a very discrect person who does not Ogareff, had not deserted her master. We despair if she troubled the sleep of which you Russia itrelf, in the government of Ministry are in need."

"I don't wish to sleep," replied the English had been separated for a few days only.

"I don't wish to sleep," replied the English had been separated for a few days only.

"Ogareff had traveled rapidly to Ichim, while Sangaire and her band had proceeded to of Russia?"

"That they seem for the time in a bad way.

But, ban! the Muscovite Government is this woman was to Ogareff. With her gipsy powerful. It cannot be really uneasy at an bend she could penetrate anywhere hearing hovesion of barbarians, and Siberia will not be lost."

"Too much ambition has lost the greatest in the very heart of the invaded provinces." Explanation has lost the greatest in the very heart of the invaded provinces. There were a hundred eyes, a hundred ears, always open in his service. Besides, he paid liberally for this espionage, from which he derived so much advantage.

Once Sangarre, being implicated in a very serious affair, had been sayed by the Russian.

and soul. When Ivan Ogareff entered on the path of treason, he saw at once how he might turn, this woman to account. Whatever order he might give her, Sangarre would execute it. An inexplicable instinct; more : powerful still than that of gratitude, had urged her to make herself the slave of the traitor to whom she was attached since the very beginning of his exile in siberia.

Confidant and accomplice, Sangarre, without country, without family, had been delighted to put her vagabond life to the service of the invaders thrown by Ogareff on Siberia. To the wonderful cunning natural to her race she Jolivet; "but from his lieutenant, Ivan Oga-reff."

"He is a villain!"

added a wild energy, which knew neither for-giveness nor pity. She was a savage, worthy to share the wigwam of an Apache or the hut of an Andaman.

Since her arrival at Omsk, where she had rejoined him with her Tsiganes, Sangarre had not again left Ogareff. The circumstance that Michael and Marfa Strogoff had met was known to her. She knew and shared Ogareff's fears concerning the journey of a courier of the Czar. Having Maria Strogoff in her power she would have been the woman to torture her with all the refinement of a red-skin in order to wrest her secret from her. But the hour had not yet come in which Ogaress wished the old Siberian to speak. Sangarre had to wait, and she waited, without losing sight gestures, her slightest words, endeavoring to catch the word "son" escaping from her lips, but as yet always bafiled by Marfa's taciturnity.

At the first flourish of the trumpets, several efficers of high rank, followed by a brilliant escort of Usbeck horsemen, moved to the front of the camp to receive Ivan Ogareff. Arrived in his presence, they paid him the greatest respect, and invited him to accom-

pany them to Feofar-Kahn's tent. Imperturbable as usual, Ogareff replied coldly to the deference paid to him. He was plainly dressed; but, from a sort of impudent bravado, he still wore the uniform of a Rus-

sian officer. As he was about to ride on to pass the en-

" Nothing

" Have patience." "Is the time approaching when you will

force the old woman to speak?

"It is approaching, Sangarre."
"When will the old woman speak?"

"When we reach Tomsk."

"And we shall be there-" " In three days."

A strange gleam shot from Sangarre's great black eyes, and she retired with a calm step. Ogareff pressed his spurs into his horse's flanks and followed by his staff of Tartur officers rode toward the Emir's tent.

Feofar Khan was expecting his lientenant. former traveling companions. He therefore, The council, composed of the bearer of the royal seal, the khodjs, and some high officers,

Feofar-in was a man of forty, tall, rather pale, of a fierce countenance, and eyes of an evil expression. A curly black beard flowed over his chest. With his war costume, coat of mail of gold and silver, cross-belt glistening with precious stones, scabbard curved like a vataghan, and set with sparkling gems, boots with golden spurs, helmet ornamented with an aigrette of brilliant diamonds, Feofar presented an aspect rather strange than imposing for a Tartar Sardanapalus, an undisputed sove reign, who directs at his pleasure he life and fortune of his subjects-whose power is unlimited, and to whom at Bokhara, by special privilege, the title of Emir is

When Ivan Ogareff appeared, the great dignitaries remained segred on their gold embroidered cushions; but Feofar rose from a rich divan which occupied the back part of the tent, the ground being hidden under the thick velvet pile of a Bokharian carpet.

The Emir approached Ogar eff and gave him a kiss, the meaning of r which he could not mistake. This kiss mad him the lieutenant chief of the courci', and placed him temporatily above the k nodja.

Then Feofar, addr essing himself to Ivan Ogarefi':

"I have no ner a to question you," said he; speak Ivan. You will find here cars very

ready to liste a to you."

"Takhsi c," answered Ogareff, "this is what I have to make known to you." Ive a Ogareff spoke in the Tartar language,

giving to his phrases the emphatic turn which distinguishes the language of the Orientals. "Takhsir, this is not the time for unnecessary words. What I have done at the head of your troops, you know. The lines of the Ichim and the Irtych are now in our power; and the Turcoman horsemen can bathe their horses in the now Tartar waters. The Kirghiz hordes rose at the voice of Feofar-Khan, and the principal Siberian route from Ichim to Tomsk belongs to you. You can therefore push on your troops as well toward the east, where the sun rises, as toward the west, where

he sets." " And if I march with the sun?" asked the Emir, who listened without his countenance

betraying any of his thoughts. "To march with the sun," answered Ogareff, " is to throw yourself toward Europe ; is to conquer rapidly the Sinerian provinces of Tobolsk as far as the Ural mountains." "And if I go to meet this luminary of the beavens?

"It is to sublife to the Tartar dominion, with Irkutsk, the richest countries of Gentral Asia."

" But the armie's of the Spiran of St. Petersburg?" shid Feofar-Khan, designating the Emperor of Cussia by this strange title.

"You have nothing to fear nom them, either from the east or from the west," replied Ivan Ogar off. "The invasion has been sudden; ar d before the Russian army can succor them Irkutsk, or Tobolsk will likve fallen into your power. The Canr's troops have been overwhelmed at Kolyvan, as they will be everyvhere where yours their their."

"And what advice does your devotion to the Tartar cause suggest?" asked the Emir, after a few moment's silence. ".This form of address is the fourtaint to the "suffans of Bokhara."

"My advice" answered Ivan Ogareff; However, in consequence of the arrival of really his name! Are you sure of it my quickly "is to march to meet the sun. It is Ivan Ogareff, and in the fear of being recogn daughter?"

Ivan Ogareff, and in the fear of being recogn daughter?"

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Ivan Ogareff, and in the fear of being recogn daughter?"

Ivan Ogareff, and in the fear of being recogn daughter?"

Ivan Ogareff, and in the fear of being recogn daughter? -Irkutsk, the capital of the eastern provinces, and with it a hostage, the possession of whom is worth a whole country. In the place of the Czar, the grand dake, his brother, must fall into your hands!

This was the great result aimed at by tyan Ogareff. To listen to him, one would have

taken him for one of the cruel descendants of Stephen Razine, the celebrated pirate who ravaged Southern Russia in the eighteenth century. To seise the grand duke, murder him pitilessly, would fully satisfy his hatred. Besides, with the capture of Irkutsk, all Eastern Siberia would pass under the Tartar dominion.

"It shall be thus Ivan," replied Feofar. "What are your orders, Takhsir ?" "To-day our headquarters shall be removed

to Tomsk Ogareff bowed, and, followed by the househbegui, he retired to execute the Emir's orders-As he was about to mount his horse, to return to the outposts, a tumult broke out at some distance, in the part of the camp reserved for the prisoners. Shouts were heard, and two or three shots fired. Perhaps it was

be summarily suppressed. Ivan Ogures's and the househ-begui walked forward a few steps, and immediately two men, whom the soldiers had not been able to keep back, appeared before them.

an attempt at revolt or escape, which must

The househ-begui, without more information, made a sign which was an order for death, and the heads of the two prisoners would have rolled on the ground, had not Ogareff uttered a few words which arrested the sword already raised.

The Russian had perceived that these prisoners were strangers, and he ordered them to be brought up to him.

They were Harry Blount and Alcide Jolivet. On Ogareff's arrival in camp, they had demanded to be conducted to his presence. The

which happily missed the two correspondents, but their execution would not have been long delayed, if it had not been for the intervention of the Emir's lieutenant. The latter observed the prisoners for some moments, they being absolutely unknown to him. They had been present at that scene in the post-house at Ichim, in which Michael

Strogoff had been struck by Ogareff; but the brutal traveler had paid no attention to the persons then collected in the common room. Blount and Jolivet, on the contrary, recognized him at once, and the latter said in a low voice. "Hullo! It seems that Colonel Ogareff and the rude personage of Ichim are

Then he added in his companion's ear "Explain our affair, Blount. You will do me a service. This Russian colonel in the midst of a Tartar camp disgusts me; and although thanks to him, my head is still on my shoulders, my eyes would exhibit my feelings were I to attempt to look him in the face."
So saying, Alcide Jolivet assumed a lock of

complete and haughty indifference. Whether or not Ivan Ogareff perceived that the prisoner's attitude was insulting toward

him, he did not let it appear. "Who are you, gentlemen?" he asked in Russian, in a cold tone, but free from its rude-

"Two correspondents of English and French newspapers," replied Blount, laconicaliy.

"You have doubtless, papers which will es-

tablish your identity?" "Here are letters which accredit us in Russia, from the English and French chancellor's office.' Ivan Ogareff took the letters which Blount

held out to him, and read them attentively. " You ask," said he, " the authorization to follow our military operations in Siberia?

"We ack to be free, that is all," answered "sh correspondent dryly. "You are so, centlett en," answered Ogareff, "You are so, continue to read your articles and I shall be cu. " the Eug.

"Sir," reylied Harry L. is sixpence a imperturbable coolness, "1. number, including postage."

And thereupon Blount returned to panion, who appeared to approve comp. of his replies. Ivan Ogareff, without frowning, mounted

his horse, and going to the head of his escort, soon atsappeared in a cloud of dust. . Well, Monsieur Jolivet, what do you think of Colonel Ivan Ogareff, general-in-chief of

the Tartar troops? asked Blount. "I think, my dear friend," replied Alcide, smiling, " that the housch-begui made a very graceful gesture when he gave the order for our heads to be cut off."

to act thus in regard to the two correspondents guess that a bond of gratitude connected this they were free, and could rove at their pleasure over the scene of war. Their intention was not to leave it. The sort of antipathy which formerly they had entertained for each other had give place to a sincere friendship. Circumstances having brought them together, they no longer thought of separating. petty questions of rivalry were forever extinguished. Harry Blount could never forget It was an instinctive sympathy for that part of hand, never tried to remind him of it. This friendship, too, assisted the reporting operations, and was thus to the advantage of their

readers. "And now," asked Blount, what shall we do with our liberty?" "

"Take advantage of it, of course," replied Alcide, "and go quietly to Tomsk to see what is going on there." " Until the time-very near, I hope-when

we may rejoin a Russian regiment." "As you say, my dear Blount, it won't do to Tatarize ourselves too much. The best side is that of the most civilized army, and it is evident that that the people of Central Asia will have everything to lose and absolutely nothing of sorrow. to gain from this invasion, while the Russians will soon repulse them. It is only a matter

of time." The arrival of Ivan Ogareff, which had given The arrival of Ivan Ogareff, which had given
Jolivet and Blount their liberty, was to Mitwo unfortunate liberty.

Two unfortunate liberty which to them apger. Should charge bring the Czarls courier ato Ogareff's presence, the latter could not full to recognize in him the traveler whom he had so brutally treated at the Ichim posthouse; and although Michael had not replied to the insult as he would have done under any other circumstances, attention would be drawn to him, and at once the accomplishment of his plans would be rendered more

difficult. "This was the unpleasant side of the business. A favorable result of his arrival, however, was the order which was given to raise the camp that very day, and remove the headquarters to Tomsk.

This was the accomplishment of Michael's most fervent desire. His intention, as has been said, was to reach Tomsk concealed among the other prisoners; that is to say, without any risk of fall-

ing into the hands of the scouts who swarmed

not be better to give up his first plan and attempt to escape during the journey.

Michael would, no doubt, have kept to the latter plan, had he not learned that Feolar-Khan and Ivan Ogareff had already set out for the town at the head of some thousands of horsemen.

A Journal of the was fearless, my daughter. You have proved that he has been so," said heat, unless some exceptional opportunity for escape occurs. The adverse chances are numerous on this side of Tomsk, while beyond the favorable increase, since I shall in a few hours have passed the most advanced.

Then she resumed:

"Pld you not say that nothing stopped him few hours have passed the most advanced."

which the prisoners, under the guard of a numerous detachment of Tartars, were to make across the steppe. A hundred and fifty versis lay between the camp and the town an easy march for the Emir's soldiers, who wanted for nothing, but a wretched journey for these unhappy people, enfeebled by privations. More than one corpse would show the road they had traversed.

It was two o'clock in the afternoon, on the 12th of August, under a hot sun and cloudless sky, that the topschi-basch gave the order to

Alcide and Blount having bought horses, had already taken the road to Tomsk, where events were to reunite the principal personages of this story.

Among the prisoners brought by Ivan Ogareff to the Tartar camp was an old woman whose taciturnity seemed to keep her apart from all those who shared her fate. Not a murmur issued from her lips. She was like a statue of grief. This woman was more strictly guarded than any one else, and without her appearing to notice or even to suspect, was constantly watched by the Tsigane Sangarre. Notwithstanding her age she was compelled to follow the convoy of prisoners on foot, without any alleviation of her suffering.

However, a kind Providence had placed soldiers had refused. In consequence, a near her a courageous kind-hearted being to struggle, an attempt at flight, shots fired comfort and assist her. Among her companions in misfortune a young girl, remarkable for her beauty and a taciturnity equal to that of the Siberian, seemed to have given herself the task of watching over her. No words had been exchanged between the two captives, but the girl was always found at the old woman's side just when her help was useful. At first the mute assistance of the stranger was not accepted without some mistrust. Gradually, however, the young girl's clear glance, her reserve, and the mysterious sympathy which draws together those who are in

misfortune, thawed Marfa's coldness. Nadia-for it was she-was thus able, with out knowing it, to render to the mother those attentions which she had herself received from the son. Her instinctive kindness had doubly inspired her. In devoting herself to her service, Nadia secured to her youth and beauty the protection afforded by the age of

the old prisoner. On the crowd of unhappy poople, embitered by sufferings, this silent pair—one seeming to be the grandmother, the other the

granddaughter—imposed a sort of respect. After being carried off by the Tartar scouts on the Irtych, Nadia had been taken to Omsk. Kept prisoner in the town, she shared the fate of all those captured by Ivan Ogareff, and con-

sequently that of Maria Strogoff.
If Nadia had been less energetic she would have succumbed to this double blow. The interruption to her journey, the death of Michael, made her both desperate and excited. Divided perhaps forever from her father, after so many happy efforts had brought them nearer together, and to crown her grief, se-parated from the intrevid companion whom God seemed to have placed in her way to lead her, and at the same time and with the same blow she bad lost all. The image of Michael Strogoff, struck before her eyes with a lance, and disappearing beneath the waters of the

tych, never left her thoughts. Could such a man have died thus? For whom was God reserving his miracles if this good man, whom a noble object was urging onward, had been allowed to perish so miserably? Then anger would prevail over grief. in the vaily Telegraph. Yount, with the most The scene of the affront so strangely borne by her companion at the Ichim relay returned to her memory. Her blood boiled at the recol-

lection. "Who will avenge him who can no longer

avenge himself?" she said. And in her heart she cried, "May it be I!" -hed in these thoughts, it can be under-"dia could remain insensible to

stood how have the captivity.

the miseries even of her captivity.

Thus chance had under to Marfa Strogoff without her having the least auspicion of who she was. How could she imagine that this old woman, a prisoner like herself was the mother of her companion, whom she only for "I her devotion to her. She could have knew as the merchant Nicholas Korpanoff? Whatever was the motive which led Ogaren | And on the other hand, how could Marfa |

young stranger with her son? The thing that first struck Nadia in Marfa Strogoff was the similarity in the way in which each bore ber hard fate. This stoicism of the old woman under the daily hardships, this contempt of bodily suffering could only The be caused by a moral grief equal to her own. So Nadia thought; and she was not mistaken. whathe owed his companion, who, on the other her misery which Marfa did not show which first drew Nadia toward her. This way of bearing her sorrow went to the proud heart of son." the young girl. She did not offer her services; she gave them. Marfa had neither to refuse nor accept them. In the difficult parts of the journey, the girl was there to support her. When the provisions were given out, the old woman would not have moved, but Nadis shared her small portion with her; and th this painful journey was performed. The auks to her young companion, María Strog at was able to follow the soldiers who gur aded the

> May God reward you have daughter, for what you have done for my old age!" said other could know, is that Michael Strogod, Marfa Strogoff once, and for some time these taken at Kolyvan, was one of the same convoy. were the only wor as exchanged between the and was bound like themselves for Tomsk.

wretches, and thus dragged r long this road

peared like contuctes, it would seem that the old woman and the girl would have been led happy men, Russians and Siberians, soldiers to speak of their situation. But Maria Stroto speak of their situation. But Maria Strogoff. it im a caution which may be easily un- formed a column of several verses in lengthders' cod, never spoke about herself except Amorg them were some who, considered as with the greatest brevity She never made the smallest allusion to her son, nor to the unfortunate meeting.

However, one day her heart overflowed, and she told, without concealing anything, all the events which had occurred from her di- to keep a certain order, and there were no parture from Wladimir to the death of loiterers but those who fell never to rise Nicholas Korpanoff. All that her young com- again." panion told infensely interested the old Si-

"Nicholas Korpanoff!" said she. "Tell me about the approaches to this important town. | ished me. Nicholas Korpanoff! Was that | could not, therefore, suspect in this convok

"Yes, yes," said Nadia. "Brother, sister. mother-he has been all to me!" "And defended you like a lion!"
"A lion indeed!" replied Nadia. "Yes a

lion, a hero l'

"My son; my son it thought the old Si. berian. "But do you say that he has submitted to a terrible affront in the post-house

of Ichim?" "He has borne with it !" answered Nadia

lowering her head. "Has he submitted to it?" murmured Marfa Strogoff, trembling with fear.

"Mother! mother!" cried Nadia;" do not condemn him. There is a secret there of which God alone is the judge at the present "And," said Marfa, raising her head and

looking at Nadia as though she desired to read the depth of her soul, in this hour of humiliation, " have you despised this Nicholas Korpanoff? I have admired him without understand-

ing him," answered the young girl. "I have never felt him to be more worthy of respect than he is at the present moment!" The old woman was silent for a moment.

" Was he tall?" she asked. " Very tall."

son!

"And very handsome-is it not so? Come, tell me, my girl." "He was very handsome," answered Nadia

blushing deeply.

"It was my son! I tell you it was my son! exclaimed the old woman, embracing Nadia. "Your son!" said Nadia, amazed; "your

"Come," said Marfa; "let us get to the bottom of this, my child. Your companien, your friend, your protector had a mother Did he never speak to you of his mother?" "Of his mother," said Nadia. "He spoke to me of his mother as I spoke to him of my

father-often, always. He adored her. "Nadia, Nadia, you have just told me about my son," said the old woman. And she added impetuously:

"Was he not going to see his mother, whom you say he loved, on his way through Qmsk?" "No," answered Nadia; "no, he was not?"

"Not!" cried Marfa. "You dare to tell me not? "I have said it, but it remains for me to inform you that from motives unknown to me, and which had to guide him before every other consideration, I was given to understand that Nicholas Korpanoff had to traverse the country in the most absolute secrecy. It was for him a question of life and of death.

and more sacred still a question of duty and honor." "Of duty, in reality, of imperious duty, said the old Siberian, "of that kind for which a person secrifices everything, for the accomplishment of which he would deny himself everything, even the joy of coming to give a kiss, the last, perhaps to his old mother! All that you do not know, Nadis, all that I did not know myself, at this moment I know! You made me understand all! But the light which you have thrown into the deepest darkness of my heart, that light, alas! I may not cause to enter your own. The secret of my son. Nadia, since he has not told it to you. must keep for him! Forgive me, Nadia, the

good deed you have done me, I cannot return to you!" " Mother, Task nothing from you," answered.

All was thus explained to the old Siberian all, even the inexplicable conduct of her son with regard to herself, in the inn at Omsk, in presence of the witnesses of their meeting. There was no doubt that the young girl's companion was Michael Strogoff, and that a secret mission, some important dispatch to be carried across the invaded country, obliged him to conceal his quality of the czar's

"Ab, my brave boy," thought Marla. "No, I will not betray you, and tortures shall not wrest from me the avowal that it was you

whom I saw at Omsk." Marfa could with a word have paid Nadia told her that her companion, Nicholas Kor-names, or rame Michael Strogoff, had net perished in the waters of the things since it was some days after that incident that she bad niet him, that she had spoken to him? But she restrained herself, she was silent, and:

contented herself with saying. "Hope my child! Misfertune will not overwhelm you. You will see your father again; I feel it; and perhaps he who gave you the name of sister is not dead. God cannot have allowed y our brave companion to perish. Hope, mr, child, hope! Do as I do.
The mourning which I wear is not yet for my

## CHAPTER III.

ocu was now the situation of Marfa Strosoft and Nadia toward each other. The old Siberian had understood all, and if the years girl was ignorant of the fact that her companion so much regretted still lived, she knew at least the relationship which he held toward her whom she had made her mother, prisoners without being fastened to a saddle-how, as were many other unfortunate that joy and pleasure thus to be able to re-that joy and pleasure thus to be able to replace at the side of the prisoner that son

whom she had lost. But that which neither the one nor the

The prisoners led by Ivan Ogareff had been joined to those who were guarded by the Emir at the camp of the Tartars. These unmore dangerous than others, had been fastened by manacles to a long chain. There were also women and oblidien, bound or suspended Nadia also, if not completety silent, spoke to the pommels of the saddles, who were dragged without pity along the route! They were driven along like human cattle. The horsemen who formed the escort obliged them

From this disposition of the route, this was the result "Michael Strogoff, placed in the first ranks of those who quitted the camp again about Nicholas. I know only one man, of the Tartars, namely, among the prisoners one alone, amongst all the youth of the time, of Kolyvan, could not mingle with those who in whom such conduct would not have aston- had come from Omsk, their last place. Ho