- "I will weave it fine, I will weave it fair,
 And ah! how the colors will glow!" she said,
 "So fadeless and strong will I weave my web
 That perhaps it will live after I am dead."
 But the morning hours speed on apace;
 The air grew sweet with the breath of June;
 And young Love hid by the waiting loom,
 Tangled the threads as he hummed a time.
- "Ah! life is so rich and full," she orted,
 "And morn is so short though the days are
 long!
 This noon I will weave my beautiful web.
 I will weave it carefully, fine and strong."
 But the sun rode high in the cloudless sky;
 The burden and heat of the day she bore;
 And hither and thither she came and went,
 While the loom stood still as it stood before.
- "Ah! life is too busy at noon," she said;
 "My web must wait till the even tide,
 Till the common work of the day is done,
 And my heart grows calm in the silence wide."
 So, one by one, the hours passon on
 Till the creeping shanows had longer grown;
 Till the house was still, and the breezes slept,
 And her singing birds to their nests had flown.
- And now I will weave my web," she said,
- "I must wait, I think, till another morn;
 I must go to my rest with my work undone;
 It is growing too dark to weave," she cried,
 As lower and lower sank the sun
 She dropped the shuttle, the loom stood still;
 The weaver slept in the twilight gray.
 Dear heart. Will she weave her beautiful web
 In the golden light of a longer day?

Michael Strogoff,

THE COURIER OF THE CZAR.

A circumstance altogether natural, was the cause, from his arrival at Irkutsk, of there being frequent relations between Ivan Ogareff and one one of its bravest defenders, Wassili Feeder.

One knows with what anxiety this unbappy prisoner?

Wassili Feodor could not find any solace for his sorrow only when he had an opportunity of fighting against the Tartars-opportunities which were too seldom for his liking.

Now, when Wassili Feodor was informed of the unexpected arrival of a courier from the czar, he had a presentiment that this courier could give him some tidings of his paration for the diversion which had been daughter. It was only a very slight hope,

who availed himself of this opportunity to have daily relations with the commandant the grand duke that some attack was to be teared on that side. He knew, he said, that Did the renegade think he could turn that circumstance to his own profit? Did he judge all men by himself? Could he believe that a Russian, even a political exile, could be so mean as to betray his country?

Whatever was the case, Ivan Ogareff met with skillfully teigned eagerness all the ad- mendations, it was necessary to take some acropean Russia, and told him now what was

Ivan Ogareff did not know Nadia, although he had met her at the post-house of Ichim the | would be there only in a small number. Beday on which she was there with Michael Stro- sides, Ivan Ogareff was about to give to the goff. But then he had paid no more atten- diversion such importance that the grand duke tion to her than to the two journalists, who were at the same time in the post-house. possible forces. He could not therefore give any news of his daughter to Wassili Feodor.

had your daughter to leave Russiau ter-

"I quitted Moscow on the 15th of July." "And Nadia also had to leave Moscow on that date. Her letter told me so expressly. "She was at Moscow on the 15th of July?"

asked Ivan Ogareff.

"But, no; I was forgetting. to confound dates," added he. " It is, untortunately, too probable that your daughter has had to cross the frontier, and only one hope remains, that she may have stopped on re-

would prevent her setting off.

order forbidding any one to leave it, would without doubt draw this conclusion: that Nadia could not have been exposed to the dangers of an invasion, and that she was still,

Ivan Ogaroff, obeying his nature, which was that of a man whom the sufferings of others could not move, might have said that word.

He did not s y it.
Wassili Feeder withdrew heart-broken After that interview his last hope was des-

several times asked for the pretended Michael Strogoff, and had him repeat all that he had heard in the imperial cabinet of the new palace. Ivan Ogareff, prepared for all those questions, answered without ever hesitating. He did not conceal designedly that the government of

sufficient to repeal the invaders. Afterwards, Ivan Ogareff, entirely free in his movements, began to study Irkutsk, the state of its fortifications, their weak points, in order eventually to make use of those observations if any circumstance should prevent the consumption of his treason He devoted himself more particularly to the examination of the Batchaia gate which he intended treacher-

stout there without any fear of exposing himself to the missiles of the bestegers, whose first posts were at less than a verst from the. ramparts. He knew well that he was not exposed—nay even that he was recognized. He had a glimpse of a shudow which had glided to the foot of the ramparts.

Sangarre, risking her life, had just come to try to put herself in communication with Ivan

Ogareff. Besides, the besieged for two days had enjoyed a tranquility to which they had not been ccustomed since the Tartars first invested

It was by order of Ivan Ogareff. The lieutenant of Keofar-Khan had wished that all attempts to carry the town by sheer force should be suspended. Thus, after his arrival at Irkutsk, the artillery was absolutely silent. Perhaps-at least he hoped so-the vigilance of the besieged would be somewhat relaxed. In any case, at the outposts several thousand Tartars were ready to hurl themselves against the gate when deprived of its defenders when Ivan Ogareff should let them know the hour for action.

Meanwhile, that could not be long delayed. They must make an end of it before the Russian corps should arrive in sight of Irkutsk. The resolution of Ivan Ogareff was taken, and that very night, from the top of up above as also down below the point the rampart, a note fell into the hands of San-

It was the following night, the night from the 5th to the 6th of October, at two o'clock in the morning, that Ivan Ogareff had fixed tor delivering up Irkutsk to the Tartars.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE plans of Ivan Ogareff had been laid with the greatest care, and, unless some unlikely circumstance should occur they must succeed. It was necessary that the Bolchaia gate should be without defenders, at the moment when he should deliver it up to the Tartars. Thus at that moment, it would be indespensable that the attention of the besieged should be drawn to another point of the city. Hence, a diversion agreed upon by the emir.

That diversion had to take place along the suburbs of Irkutsk, up and down the right bank of the river. The attack on those two points would be made very earnestly, and, at the same time, a feigned attempt to cross the Angara on its left bank. The Bolchaia gate would then be probably abandoned, especially as on that side the advance posts, which were said to be at some distance off, would seem to have been collected together.

The 5th day of October had come. Before twenty-four hours, the capital of Eastern Siberia ought to be in the hands of the emir, and the grand duke in the power of Ivan Ogareff.

During all that day, an unusual movement was taking place in the camp of the Angara. From the windows of the palace, and from the houses of the right bank, one could see distinctly that important preparations were being made on the opposite heights. Numerous Tartar detachments were seen moving towards the camp, and thus hourly reinforcing the troops of the emir. This was the preagreed upon, and it was being made in the most ostentatious manner.

Moreover, Ivan Ogareff did not conceal from an assault would be made at the two extremities of the town along the river, and becounseled the grand duke to reinforce those two points more directly menaced.

The preparations that had been noticed, coming to the support of Ivan Ogareff a recomvances made to him by the father of Nadia. | count of them. Thus after a council of war

> He evidently did not reckon that the Bolchaia gate would remain without defenders, but they would be obliged to oppose it with all his dis-

And, indeed, an incident of an exceptionable gravity, devised by Ivan Ogareff, was to power-"But at that time," asked Ivan Ogareff, fully aid in the accomplishment of his projects. For even if Irkutsk had not been attacked at points distant from the bolchaia gate, and "At nearly the same time as you," replied along the right bank of the river, that incident would have sufficed to draw the chief body of the defenders to the place where Ivan Ogareff wished precisely to bring them. It would cause at the same time a most terrible catastrophe.

All the chances were then that the gate, being free at the hour fixed, would be given up to the thousands of Tartars who were waiting under the thick cover of the forest on the During that day the garrison and population

of Irkutsk were constantly on the alert. All the measures, which were required to repel an attack on points never before threatened, were taken. The grand duke and General Voranzoff visited the various posts which had been strengthened by their orders. The picked corps of Wassili Feodor occupied the north of the town, but with the injunction to most pressing. The right bank of the Angera was protected by the only artillety at their disposal. With these measures, taken in time, thanks to the opportune recommendations of Ivan Ogareff, there was every reason to hope that the prepared attack would not succeed In that case, the Tartars, discouraged for the time, without doubt would defer for a few days any new attack against the town. Besides, the troops expected by the grand duke might arrive any hour. The safety or the loss of irkutsk hung on a thread.

Ou that day the sun, which had risen at twenty minutes past six, had set at 5:40. Twilight would still have to struggle with night for two hours. Then, space would be filled with thick darkness, for heavy clouds hung still in the air, and the mood would not appear. This profound obscurity would favor more

completely the plans of Ivan Ogareff. Already, for some days, an extremely keen frost had come as a prelude to the rigors of the Siberian winter, and, on that night, the cold was still more piercing. The soldiers, posted on the right bank of the Angara, being forced to bide their presence, had not kindled any fires. They therefore suffered dreadfully from great lowering of the temperature. At some feet below them the ice blocks floated past, following the current of the river. During all that day, they had seen them in close ranks floating rapidly between the two banks. That circumstance, observed by the grand duke and his officers, had been considered as fortunate It was evident that if the bed of the river became obstructed, the passage of it would become altogether impracticable. The Tartars would not be able to manage either rafts or heats As for attempting to cross the river over the blocks of ice, when the cold should have joined them, that was not possible. The field newly cemented would not have been strong enough for the passage over it of an

cumstance, although it appeared favorable Michael Strogoff was touching at last his companied by some officers, showed himself on the defenders of Irkutsk. For the goal! He was at Irkutsk! the threshold. traitor knew well that the Tartars were not seeking to cross the Angara, and that at to Nadia. least on that side the attempt would only be a lin less t

foint. Nevertheless, towards ten o'clock at night, the state of the river visibly changed, to the extreme surprise of the besieged, and now to however, their being a ble to set the structure their disadvantage. The passage, up to that time impracticable, suddenly became possible. The bed of the Angara soon became free. The floating ice, which for some days had come down the river in great quantities, disappeared and very little could be seen between the two banks.

The Russian officers, who had noticed this change in the state of the river, made it known to the grand duke. Besides it was explained in this way: that at some narrow portion of the Angara the floating ice had accumulated and

formed a barrier. We know that such was the case.

The passage of the Angara was therefore open to the besiegers. Hence the necessity for the Russians to watch with greater attention than ever.

In the camp of the Angara there was plenty of agitation as was proved by the lights constantly flitting about. At a verst where the fortification slopes down to the river, there was a dull murmur, which proved that the Tartars were on foot, waiting for some

signal.

Again an hour passed by. Nothing new.
Two o'clock in the morning was about to
strike from the clock tower of the cathedral of Irkutsk, and no movement had taken place to disclose the hostile intentions of the be-

siegers. The grand duke and his officers began to ask themselves if they had not been led into error, if it had really entered into the plan of the Tartar to attempt to surprise the town The preceding nights had not by any means been so calm. Firing had been kept up from the advanced posts, and shells had hissed through the air, and this time there was nothing of the kind.

The grand duke, General Voranzoff, stances.

It has been stated that Ivan Ogaress occupied a room in the palace. It was a pretty large room situated on the ground floor, and its windows opened out upon a side terrace. One need only step a few paces on this terrace to overlook the course of the Angara.

A profound darkness reigned in that room.

Ivan Ogareff, standing near a window, was waiting for the hour of action to arrive. Evidently, the signal could only come from him. Once this signal was given, when most of the defenders of Irkutsk should have been called to the points openly attacked, his plan was to leave the palace, and go to accomplish his work.

He waited, then, in the dark, like a tiger ready to spring upon its prey.

Meanwhile, some minutes before two o'clock the grand duke asked that Michael Strogoffit was the only name he could give Ivan Ogareff-should be brought to him. An aidde-camp came to his room, the door of which was closed. He called him.

Ivan Ogareff, motionless near the window, and invisible in the darkness, took good care not to answer.

The grand duke was then informed that the courier of the Czarwas not at that moment in the place. Two o'clock struck. It was the moment

that action had been agreed on with the Tartars, who were ready for the assault. Ivan Ogareff opened the window of his

room, and he placed himself at the north angle of the side-terrace. Below him, in the shade, flowed the waters of the Angara, which roared as they broke | him.

against the plies of the buttresses. Ivan Ogareff drew a flint from his pocket, and lit with it a piece of cotton wool, impreg-

nated with priming powder, which he threw into the river. It was by the order of Ivan Ogareff that torrents of mineral oil had been cast on the

surface of the Angara! Springs of naptha had been discovered above Irkutsk, on the right bank, between the village of Poshkavsk and the town. Ivan

Ogarest had resolved to employ this terrible means for setting fire to Irkutsk. He therefore made use of the immense reservoir which contained the conbustible liquid. He had only to make a few canals to draw in streams into the river. There he had made that very night, some

hours before, and this is why the raft which was carrying the true courier of the Czar, Nadia and the fugitives, was floating on a current of mineral oil.

The cotton wool had been cast on the waters of the Augara. In an instant, as if the current had been made of alcohol, all the river became a mass of flames, up and down the stream, with the rapidity of electricity. Volumes of blue flames covered the whole surface of the river, and shot far up into the sky. The few blocks of ice that came floating down the river, being seized by the burning liquid, melted like wax on the surface of the furnace, and the water, sent off as a vapor, rose hissing to the clouds.

At that very moment, the firing began at the north and the south of the town. The batteries of the camp of the Angara threw an uninterrupted volley of shot and shell. Many thousand Tartars rushed to the assault of the ramparts. The houses along the high banks, constructed of wood, took fire in every direction. An immense light dissipated the shades

of night.

At last!" said Ivan Ogareff. And he had good reason to applaud. The diversion which he had planned was terrible. The defenders saw themselves placed between the attack of the Tartars and the disasters of an immense conflagration. The bells sounded, and every able-bodied man of the population hastened to the points attacked, and to the houses which were being devoured by the fire, and which was threatening to communicate

itself to the whole city. The Bolchnia gate was almost free. It was with difficulty that any defenders had been left there.

Ivan Ogareff re-entered his room, then brilliantly lit up by the flames from the Angara; that over-topped the balustrades of the ramparts. Then he prepared to leave it. But scarcely had he opened the door, when

woman rushed into the room, with her garments dripping wet, her bair in disorder. "Sangarrel" cried Ivan Ogareff in the first could be any other woman than the Tsigane.

It was not Sangarre: it was Nadial At the moment when, seeking refuge on the block of ice, the young girl bad uttered that cry when she saw the fire spread over the current of the Angata. Michael Strogoff had seized her in his arms, and he had dived with her to seek, even in the depths of the river, a

shelter from the flames. After having swam under the waters, Michael Strogoff had fortunately first put his foot on ground at the quay, and he had Nadia

"To the palace of the gov /ernor !" said he In less than ten minute is afterwards both arrived at the entrance to that palace, the massive stone walls of wl sich werebeing licked,

on fire. Beyond, the hous son the bank were all in

by the long flames from the Angara, without,

flames. Michael Strogo' f and Nadia entered without difficulty into the at passee which was open for all. In the mi dst of the general confusion no one noticed t'nem, although their clotheswere dripping we'c.

A crowd, of officers came for orders, and soldiers running to execute them blocked up the graud saloon on the ground floor. There, Michfel Strogoff and the young girl, in the mid st of so great a crowd, found themselves

ser, arated from each other.

Nadia, distracted, ran along the lower rooms, called her companion, and asked to be led before the grand duke.

A door leading into a room that was inundated with light, opened itself before her. She entered, and she found herself unexpectedly face to face with him whom she had seen at Ichim, whom she had seen at Tomsk, in the presence of that man whose cursed hand, an instant later, would have delivered up the city.

"Ivan Ogareff!" cried she. On hearing his name pronounced, the

miserable wretch trembled. His true name being once known, all his plans would be rained. He had only one thing to do; to kill the being, whoever it

might be, who had just pronounced it. Ivan Ogareff threw himself on Nadia; but the young girl, with a knife in her hand, placed her back to the wall, resolved to defend herself.

"Ivan Ogareff!" cried again. Nadia; knowing well that detested name would bring succor to her. "Ah! you shall be silent!" said the

traitor. "Ivan Ogareff!" cried, a third time, the intrepid young girl, in a voice whose hate had

increased tenfold the force. Drunk with fury, Ivan Ogaress drew a dagger from his belt, rushed upon Nadia, and forced her back into a corner of the room.

It was all over with her, when the wretch, suddenly knocked down by a tremendous

blow, rolled to the ground. "Michael!" cried Nadia.

It was Michael Strogoff. Michael Strogoff had heard the appeal of Nadia. Guided by her voice he had arived at the room of Ivan Ogareff, and he had entered by the door which had been left open.

"Fear nothing, Nadia," he said, as he placed himself between her and Ivan Ogareff. "Ah!" screamed the young girl, "take care. brother! The traitor is armed! He can see well l"

Ivan Ogareff had risen, and believing that he had the advantage over a blind man, he threw himself upon Michael Strogoff.

But with one hand he seized the arm of him who could see well, and with the other. turning aside his weapon, he threw him a second time to the ground. Ivan Ogareff, pale with fury and shame, re-

membered that he was carrying a sword. He drew it from the scabbard and returned to the combat. He had also recognized Michael Strogoff A blind man! He had only, in short, to deal

with a blind man! Nadia, terrified at the danger which threatened her companion in such an unequal struggle, ran to the door calling help!

"Shut that door, Nadia!" said Michael Strogoff. "Do not call any one, and let me do it! The courier of the Czar has nothing to fear to-day from this wretch. Let him come at me, if he dare! I am waiting for

Meanwhile, Ivan Ogareff, gathering himself together, as it were, like a tiger, did not utter a word. The noise of his step, his very breathing, he would have wished to keep back from the ear of the blind man. He wished to strike him before even he had any warning of his approach, to strike him with a certain

The traitor did not dream of fighting, but of assassinating him whose name he had

stolen. Nadia, frightened, yet at the same time confideut, contemplated with a sort of admiration that terrible scene. It seemed that the old coolness had come back to him. Michael Strogoff had as his only weapon his Siberian knife, and he could not see his adversary, who was even armed with a sword. But by what favor from heaven was he able to overpower

him? Ivan Ogareff glanced at his adversary with a visible anxiety. The superhuman calmness worked upon him. In vain, appealing to his reason, he kept saying that in the inequality of such a combat, all the advantage was in his favor. That immovableness of the blind man completely froze him. He had sought with his eyes the place where he must strike his victim. He had found it! Who then was preventing him from giving the finishing

blow? At length he made a bound, and thrust his sword full at the breast of Michael Strogoff. An imperceptible movement of the knife of the blind man turned the blow. Michael Strogoff had not been touched, and, he coolly seemed to wait another attack, without how-

ever challenging it. A cold sweat ran from the face of Ivan Ogareff. He recoiled a pace, then made another thrust. But the second blow, like, the first, fell harmless. A simple parrying with the large knife had sufficed to turn aside the sword of the traitor.

The latter, mad with rage and terror before that living statue, fixed his terrified look on the large open eyes of the blind man. Those eyes, that seemed to read the very bottom of his heart, and which could see, those eves seemed to have for him an awful fascina-

Suddenly Ivan Ogareff gave a cry. An unexpected light had entered his brain. "He can see," cried he, "he can see !"

And like a deer trying to re-enter its cave, step by step, terrified, he retreated to the lower end of the room. Then the statue took life, the blind man walked straight to Ivan Ogareff, and placing

himself in front of him: "Yes, I see!' said he. "I see the blow of the knout with which I have marked you, traitor and coward! I see the place where I am going to strike you! Defend your life! It is a duel which I condescend to offer moment of surprise, and not imagining that it you! My knife will suffice me against your sword !"

"He sees!" said Nadia. "God of mercy! is it possible?" Ivan Ogareff felt himself to be lost. But

suddenly taking courage, sword in front, he rushed upon his impassable adversary. The two blades crossed; but at the first clash of the knife of Michael Strogoff, grasped firmly in the hand of the Siberian hunter, the sword flow in pieces, and the wretch, pierced through the heart, tell dead to the ground.

At that moment the door of the room, pushed from the outside, opened. The grand duke, ac- | tary.

The grand duke advanced. He recognized on the ground the dead body of him whom he thought to be the courier of the Czar.

And then, in a threatehing voice : "Who has slain this man?" he asked.

"I," replied Michael Strogoff. One of the officers placed a revolver to his

head, ready to fire.
"Your name?" asked the grand duke, before giving the order to shoot him dead. "Your highness," answered Michael Stro-

goff, "ask-me rather the name of the man stretched at your feet!" "That man I have recognized. He is a servant of my brother. He is the czar's cour-

"That man, your highness, is not a courier from the czar! He is Ivan Ogareff!"

"Ivan Ogareff" cried the grand duke.

"Yes; Ivan the traitor!"

"But you, who are you?" "Michael Strogoff!"

CHAPTER XV.

MICHAEL STROGOFF was not, had never been blind. A purely human phenomenon, at once moral and physical, had neutralized the action of the red-hot blade which the execu-

tioner of Feofar had passed over his eyes. One remembers that at the moment of that terrible punishment Marfa Strogoff was there, stretching out her hands towards her son. Michael Strogoff looked at her as a son can look at his mother when it is for the last time. Streams of tears welled up from his heart to his eyes, which his high spirit tried in vain to restrain, and, filling the sockets of his eyes had thus saved his sight. The action of the heat had been destroyed just in the same manner as when a smelter, after having plunged his hand iuto water, thrusts it with

impunity into molten iron. Michael Strogoff had at once understood the danger he would have to run in making known his secret to any one. He realized the advantages which he might gain from this situation for the accomplishment of his projects. It is because they would believe him to be blind that they would leave him his liberty. It was necessary, then, that he should be blind, that he should be so for all, even for Nadia-in short, that he should be so everywhere, and that not a gesture, at any moment, could cause any doubt or the sincerity of his role. His resolution was taken. Even his very life must be risked in order to give to all the proof of his blindness, and one knows how he risked it.

His mother alone knew the truth, and it was on the square of Tomsk that he had whispered it in her ear, when, bending over her in

the shade, he had covered her with his kisses. We can now understand how, when Ivan Ogareff had placed the emperor's letter before his eyes, which he believed to be blind, Michael Strogoff had been able to read, had read, that letter which disclosed the hateful designs of the traitor. Hence thar energy which he displayed during the second part of the journey-hence that unchanging will to reach Irkutsk, and, on arriving there, to fulfil with his own voice his mission. He knew that the town was to be given up by the traitor! He knew that the life of the grand duke was threatened! The safety of the brother of the czar and of Siberia was still in his hands. In a few words, all this history was recounted to the grand duke, and Michael Strogoff told also, and with what emotion! the part which Nadia had taken in these events.

"Who is this young girl?" asked the grand duke. "The daughter of the exiled Wassili Feo-

dor," answered Michael Strogoff. "Te daughter of Commander Feodor, said the grand duke, " has ceased to be the daughter of an exile. There are no more

exiles at Irkutsk!" Nadia, less strong in joy than she had been in sorrow, fell at the feet of the grand duke, who raised her with one hand, while he held out the other to Michael Strogoff.

of her father. Michael Strogoff, Nadia, Wassili Feodor, were reunited. It was on all sides complete

happiness. The Tartars had been repulsed in their double attack upon the town. Wassili Feodor, with his little troop, had crushed the first assailants who had presented themselves at the Bolchaia gate with the expectation of

finding it open. At the same time that the Tartars were driven back, the besieged had rendered them-

selves masters of the fire. Before day-break the troops of Feofar-Khan had returned to their encumpments, leaving a good number of dead under the ramparts.

Among the dead was the Tsigane Sangarre

who had tried in vain to rejoin Ivan Ogareff. For two days the besiegers attempted no new assault. They were discouraged by the death of Ivan Ogareff. That man was the soul of the invasion, and he alone, by his long continued plots, had sufficient influence over the khans and their hordes as to be able to lead them to the conquest of Asiatic Russia. Meanwhile, the detenders of Irkutsk held

themselves on their guard, and the investment continued. But on the 7th of October, from the first streaks of day, the boom of cannon resounded on the heights around Irkutsk.

It was the relieving army, which had arrived under the orders of General Kisselef. who thus signaled his presence to the grand duke.

The Tartars did not stay any longer They did not wish to risk a battle under the walls of Irkutsk. The camp of the Angara was immediately raised. Irkutsk was at last delivered. With the first Russian soldiers two friends

of Michael Strogoff had entered the town They were the inseparable Blount and Jolivet. By gaining the right bank of the Angara along the barrier of ice, they and the other fugitives had been able to escape before the flames of the Augara had reached the raft. This had been put down by Alcide Jolivet in his note book, and in this manner: "Was near ending like a lemon in a bowl of punch!"

Their joy was great to once more find Nadia and Michael Strogoff safe and sound, especially when they learned that their brave companion was not blind; a statement which led Harry Blount to jot down this observatiou:

"A red-hot iron is perhaps insufficient to destroy the optic nerve. To be modified." Afterward, the two correspondents, well in-

stalled at Irkutsk, occupied themselves in putting in order the impressions of their iourney. From thence two interesting chrouicles of the Tartar invasion were sent to Loudon and Paris, and which, strange to say, only contradicted each other on points of less

For the rest, the campaign was bad for the emir and his allies. That invasion, useless, as are all those that attack collosal Russia, was most fatal to them. They soon found themselves cut off by the troops of the czar who retook successively all the conquered towns. Besides, the winter was terrible, and of those hordes decimated by the cold, only a small number returned to the steppes of Tar-

The route from Irkutsk to the Ural Mountains was free. The grand duke was in haste to return to Moscow, but he delayed his journey in order to assist at a touching ceremony which took place some days after the entry of

the Russian troops. Michael Strogoff had sought out Nadia, and, in the presence of her father, had said to her:
"Nadia, my sister still, when you left Riga to come to Irkutsk, had you no other regret

but that of leaving behind you your mother?"
"No," replied Nadia, none whatever." "So that not any part of your heart has re-mained down there?"

" None, brother." "Then, Nadia," said Michael Strogon, "I do not believe but that God in bringing us together, in allowing us to pass through these great trials together, has wished us to be united

forever." "Ah!" said Nadia, as she fell into the arms

of Michael Strogoff. And turning toward Wassili Feedor:

"My father!" she said, blushing deeply.
"Nadia," said Wassili Feodor, "my joy will

be to call you both my children!" The marriage ceremony took place in the cathedral of Irkutsk. It was very simple in its preparations, but very beautiful in the concourse of the military and civil population. which thus wished to show its gratitude to the young couple, whose strange journey had now

become legendary. Alcide Jolivet and Harry Blount of course assisted at the marriage, of which they wished

to give an account to their readers. "And does not that make you envious to imitate them?" asked Alcide Jolivet of his com-

panion. "Pshaw!" exclaimed Harry Blount. "If. like you, I had a cousin!" " My cousin is not any longer mariageable!"

laughingly auswered Alcide Jolivet. "All the better," added Harry Blount. "for they speak of difficulties which are about to

rise between London and Peking. "Would you not like to go to see what is pass-

ing there?"
"Why, my dear Blount," cried Alcide Jolivet 'I was about to propose it to you." This is how the two inseparables set out for

Chinal Some days after the ceremony, Michael and Nadia Strogoff, accompanied by Wassili Feodor, started on their journey to Europe. That road of sorrows was only one of happiness on their return. They traveled very rapidly with one of those trains which glide like an express over the frozen steppes of

Meanwhile arrived at the banks of the Dinka, just opposita Birskoe, they stopped

there one day. Michael Strogoff sought out the place where he had interred poor Nicholas. A cross was planted there, and Nadia prayed for the last time on the tomb of the humble and heroic soul which neither the one nor the other would ever forget.

At Omsk, old Marfa was awaiting them in

the little house of the Strogoffs. She pressed

in her arms that noble girl whom in her heart she had already a hundred times called her daughter. The brave Siberian, on that day, had the right to own herson, and to say that she was proud of him. After some days passed at Omsk, Michael and Nadia Strogoff returned to Europe, and Wassili Feodor being well fixed at Saint

Petersburg, neither his son nor his daughter had any occasion ever to leave him, only when they went to see their old mother. The young courier had been received by the Czar, who attached him specially to his per-

son, and decorated him with the cross of Saint George. Michael Strogoff afterwards attained to a nigh post in the empire. But it is not the history of his successes, but the history of his trials, which has deserved to be chron-

icled.

THE END. at the other to Michael Strogoff. An hour afterwards, Nadia was in the arms RETURNED FROM THE GRAVE

By MRS. HENRY WOOD:

Author of "East Lynne," "Oswald Gray," &c.

CHAPTER II .- CONTINUED. Richard Ravinsbird, however, had nothing of the antiquarry about him, or of romance either; few men less; he was constituted of hard, practical reality. He looked keenly around in the nooks and corners, satisfied himself with pretty good certainty that no interlopers were lurking there, and then he crossed the open building and emerged by the opposite door, which brought bim out on the heights within a few yards of the brow. He walked over those few yards, and stood looking down at the sea underneath: he was not so much above it there as he would have been in some other parts, for the chapel lay rather in a dell. Close under the rocks was a narrow strip of beach, extending for some miles on either side; when the tide was at its height, for two hours, this beach would be covered with the water, but at other times the preventive men paced it,—for tales were told,

there. These preventive-men had reached hismarked beat, extending about a mile in length, and their pacings were so timed (or ought to he) that they met at the given boundary at a certain moment, exchanged the signal " All right," and then turned away again. Scandalmongers said that they sometimes lingered in each other's company at these meetingpoints longer than they ought to have done, took their seats under the friendly shelter of the rocks, produced pipes and a substantial black buttle from their pockets, and made themselves comfortable. The supervisor heard the rumor, and said they had better let

and believed, of smugglers' work being done

him catch them at it. A sad event had occurred the week before. The man on this particular beat, underneath the chapel, fell asleep, as was supposed, on his post, and the tide overwhelmed him, and carried him out to sea. The body was washed ashore the next day, and a subscription was now being raised for the widowand children, Lord Dane having headed it with

As Ravensbird stood looking down, the preventive man on duty that night came slowly round the point where the rocks projected.

"But you Michael?"

"Don't you know my voice, Michael?"

take care of that. We think it's just about in this very spot as he must have sat down and yielded to drowsiness-if he did yield to it. We have been talking pretty freely among ourselves since he died, a saying the nonsense it is to make us pace this strip of beach; why in some places it's not a foot broad that we have to wind around; and some of us think he's just as likely to have slipped off, and got drowned that way, as to have dropped asleep."

five nounds. shutting out the view beyond. Ravensbird alled to him.

> The mon looked up. He couldnot distinguish who was speaking.

Take care you don't go to sleep, as poor Briggs "Oh, it's you, Mr. Ravensbird. No, sir, I'll

- Weaving the Web. "This morn I will weave my web" she said,
 As she stood by the loom in the rosy light.
 And her young eyes, hopefully gind and clear,
 Followed afar the swallow's flight.
 "As soon as the day's first tasks are done,
 "As soon as the day's first tasks are done,
 "I will hasten to weave the heautiful web
 Whose pattern is known to none but me.

- As she turned to her loom ere set of sun,
 And laid her hand on the shining threads
 To set them in order, one by one.
 But hand was tired and heart was weak;
 "I am not as strong as I was," sighed she.
 "But the pattern is blurred, and the colors:
- Are not so bright or so fair to see!

By Jules Verne. PART II. CHAPTER XIV .- CONTINUED.

father was devoured. It his daughter, Nadia Feodor, had left Russia at the date assigned by the last letter he had received from Riga, what had become of her? Was she still trying to traverse the invaded provinces, or rather, had she already been for a long time a

but still he clung to it. Wassili Feodor went to find Ivan Ogarefi,

The latter, the very next morning after the which was held at the palace, orders were given arrival of the pretended courier, went to the to concentrate the defense on the right bank palace of the governor-general. There he in- of the Angara, and at the two extremities of formed Ivan Ogareff of the circumstances un. the town, where the fortified terraces rested on der which his daughter had had to leave Eu- the river. his auxiety in her regard.

Wassili Feodor.

"Yes, certainly, at that date." « Very well!" replied Ivan Ogareff. Then recollecting bimself: I was about

ceiving the news of the Tartar invasion!" Wassili Feodor hung down his head! knew Madia, and he knew well that nothing By this statement Ivan Ogaress had just committed, gratuitously, an act of real crueity. march at once to where the danger should be With one word he could reassure Wassili Feeder. Although Nadia had passed the frontier under the circumstances described in a former chapter, Wassili Feodor, by comparing the date on which his daughter was certainly at Nijni-Novgorod and the date of the

In spite of herself, on the European territory of the empire.

troved. During the following days the grand duke the Csar had been altogether taken by surprise by the invasion; that the rising had been prepared with the greatest secrecy; that the Tartars were already masters of the line of the Obi when the news reached Moscow; and, finally, that nothing was ready in the Russian provinces to throw into Siberia troops

ously to surrender. Twice at night he came to inspect that gate attacking column. and the fortifications around it. He walked But Ivan Ogarest did not regret that cir- still safe with him.