

Weaving the Web.

"This morn I will weave my web," she said, As she stood by the loom in the rosy light...

about there, without any fear of exposing himself to the missiles of the besiegers...

Michael Strogoff was touched at last his goal! He was at Irkutsk! "To the palace of the governor!" said he to Nadia...

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...

The route from Irkutsk to the Ural Mountains was free. The grand duke was to hasten to return to Moscow, but he delayed his journey in order to assist at a touching ceremony...

CHAPTER XIV.

The plans of Ivan Ogareff had been laid with the greatest care, and, unless some unlikely circumstance should occur they must succeed...

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 Bolchaia gate should be without defenders...

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

Some days after the ceremony, Michael and Nadia Strogoff, accompanied by Wassili Feodor, started on their journey to Europe...

Michael Strogoff, THE COURIER OF THE CZAR.

By Jules Verne.

PART II.

CHAPTER XIV.—CONTINUED.

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

One knows with what anxiety this unhappy father was devoured. If his daughter, Nadia Feodor, had left Russia at the date assigned by the last letter he had received from Irkutsk, what had become of her?

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Michael Strogoff afterwards attained to a high post in the empire. But it is not the history of his successes, but the history of his trials, which has deserved to be chronicled.

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 Voranoff visited the various posts which had been strengthened by their orders.

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RETURNED FROM THE GRAVE

By MRS. HENRY WOOD:

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

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

Richard Ravensbird, however, had nothing of the antiquary 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 him out on the heights within a few yards of the brow.