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# THE COURIER OF THE CZAR

By Jules Verne

He crossed the Volga again and huntentered the churches, the natural ref-uge for all who weep, for all who suf-

"And yet," he repeated, "she could not have left Nijni Novgorod yet. We'll

have another look."

Michael wandered about thus for two hours. He went on without stopping, feeling no fatigue, but obeying the potent instinct which allowed him no room for thought. All was in vain,

It then occurred to him that perhaps the girl had not heard of the order, hough this was improbable enough, for uch a thunderclap could not have st without being heard by all. Evidently interested in knowing the smalldenty interested in knowing the small-est news from Siberia, how could she be ignorant of the measures taken by the governor—measures which concern-ed her so directly? But if she was ignorant of it she would come in an hour to the quay, and there some merciless agent would brutally refuse her a pasage. At any cost he must see her bechand and do what he could to enable her to avoid such a repulse.

But all his endeavors were in vain, and he at length almost despaired of

and he at length almost despaired of finding her again.

It was now 11 o'clock, and Michael, though under any other circumstances it would have been useless, thought of presenting his podorojna at the office of the head of police. The proclamation evidently did not concern him, since the emergency had been foreseen for him, but he wished to make sure that nothing would hinder his departure from the town. ure from the town.

Michael then returned to the other side of the Volga, to the quarter in which was the office of the head of po-

Every one was in a hurry, for the neans of transport would be ught after among this crowd of banhed people, and those who did not set about it soon ran a great risk of not being able to leave the town in the prescribed time, which would expose hem to some brutal treatment from

the governor's agents.
Owing to the strength of his elbows, Michael Strogoff was able to cross the court. But to get into the office and up to the clerk's little window was a much more difficult business. ever, a word into an inspector's ear and a few judiciously given rubles were powerful enough to gain him a passage. The man, after taking him into the waiting room, went to call the proper

clerk. Michael Strogoff would not be long in making everything right with the police and being free in his movements. While waiting he looked about him, and what did he see? There, fallen rather than seated on a bench, was a girl, a prey to silent despair, although her face could scarcely be seen, the profile alone being visible against the

wall. Michael Strogoff could not be mistaken. He instantly recognized the young

Not knowing the governor's orders, she had come to the police office to get her pass signed. They had refused to No doubt she was authorized to go to Irkutsk, but the order was peremptory; it annulled all previous authorizations, and the routes to Siberia were closed to her. Michael, delighted at having found her again, approached

She looked up for a mement, and her face brightened on recognizing her traveling companion. She instinctively rose, and, like a drowning man who clutches at a spar, she was about to ask his help. At that moment the agent touched Michael on the shoulder. "The head of police will see you," he

od?" returned Michael, and without saying a word to her for whom be had been searching all day, without reassuring her by even a gesture which might compromise either her or him-self, he followed the man through the

The young Livonian, seeing the only being to whom she could look for help disappear, fell back again on her beuch. Three minutes had not passed before Michael Strogoff reappeared, accompa-nied by the agent. In his hand be held his podorojna, which threw open the roads to Siberia for him. He again approached the young Livonian, and, solding out his hand, "Sister," said he. She understood. She rose as if some adden inspiration prevented her from

esitating a moment.
"Sister." repeated Michael Strogoff,
we are authorized to continue our
ourney to Irkutsk. Will you come?" "I will follow you, brother," replied the girl, putting her hand into that of Michael Strogoff, and together they left

the police station.

Michael Strogoff and the young Livonian had taken passage on board the Caucasus. Their embarkation was made without any difficulty. As is known, the podorojna, drawn up in the name of Nicholas Korpanoff, authorized this merchant to be accompanied on his journey to Siberia. They appeared,

traveling under the protection of the imperial police. Both, seated together town so disturbed by the governo order. Michael had as yet said no ing to the girl. He had not even ques tioned her. He walted until she should speak to him whenever that was nee essary. She had been anxious to leave that town, in which but for the provi-dential intervention of this unexpected prisoned. She said nothing, but be

ooks spoke her thanks.

The Caucasus had been steaming on for about two hours when the youn Livonian, addressing berself to Michael goff, said:

"Are you going to Irkutsk, brother? "Yes, sister," answered the young man. "We are both going the same way. Consequently wherever I go you

shall go." "Tomorrow, brother, you shall know why I left the shores of the Baltic to go beyond the Ural mountains."

"I ask you nothing, sister."
"You shall know all," replied the girl, with a faint smile. "A sister should hide nothing from her brother. But I cannot today. Fatigue and sorrow have "Will you go and rest in your cabin?"

asked Michael.
"Yes-yes, and tomorrow"-He hesitated to finish his sentence a if he had wished to end it by the name

of his companion, of which he was still "Nadia," said she, holding out her

"Come, Nadia," answered Michael, "and make what use you like of your brother Nicholas Korpanoff." And he led the girl to the cabin engaged for her off the saloon.

Michael Strogoff returned on deck,

and, eager for any news which might bear on his journey, he mingled in the groups of passengers, though without taking any part in the conversation and obliged to reply he would announce panoff, going back to the frontier in the suspected that a special permission au-

The young Livonian did not come to dinner. She was asleep in her cabin, and Michael did not like to awaken

Between 11 and 2, the moon being new, it was almost dark. Nearly all the passengers were then asleep on the deck, and the silence was disturbed only by the noise of the paddles striking the water at regular intervals Anxiety kept Michael Strogoff awake. He walked up and down, but always in the stern of the steamer. Once, however, he happened to pass the engine room. He then found himself in the part reserved for second and third

class passengers.

He stopped. Voices appeared to com from a group of passengers enveloped in cloaks and wraps, so that it was imthe steamer's chimney sent forth a plume of ruddy flames among the volmes of smoke the sparks seemed to fall among the group as though thou sands of spangles had been suddenly ill-minated. Michael was about to step up the ladder when a few words reached his ear, distinctly uttered in that strange tongue which he had heard during the night at the fair.

Instinctively he stopped to listen. Protected by the shadow of the forecastle, he could not be perceived him-self. As to seeing the passengers who were talking, that was impossible. He was obliged to confine himself to listen-

The first words exchanged were of they allowed him to recognize the voices of the man and woman whom he had heard at Nijni Novgorod. This, of course, made him redouble his attention. It was, indeed, not at all impossible that the gypsies, a scrap of whose conversation he had overheard, now banished with all their fellows, should be on board the Caucasus.

And it was well for him that he lis-

tened, for he distinctly heard this ques-tion and answer made in the Tartar flom:
"It is said that a courier has set out from Moscow for Irkutsk."
"It is so said, Sangarre, but either

this courier will arrive too late, or he will not arrive at all." Michael Strogoff started involuntarily at this reply which concerned him so directly. He tried to see if the man and woman who had just spoken were-really those whom he suspected, but the shadow was too deep, and he could not specced.

In a few moments Michael Strogoff

In a few moments Michael Strogoff had regained the stern of the vessel without having been perceived, and, taking a seat by himself, he buried his face in his hands. It might have been supposed that he was asleep. He was not asleep, however, and did not even think of sleeping. He was reflecting on this, not without a lively appreheusion: "Who is it knows of my departure and who can have any interparture and who can have any inter est in knowing it?"

SO APPETIZIN DPLICIOU

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ions with fancy names accommend hem, not one will be foil that can urnish a really appetizi and decicious breakfast dish.

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CHAPTER HE next daythe 18th of July, at twely minutes to 7 in the orning, the Caucasus rehed the Kasan quay, ven versts from the ton. Michael d not even

think of landing. He wannwilling to leave the young Livonianirl alone on board, as she had not yet appeared on

deck.

There was a report alonall the eastern frontier of Russia tht the insurrection and invasion had eached considerable proportions. Communication between Siberia and the spire was already extremely difficult. All this Michael Strogoff heard witout leaving the deck of the Caucasus fom the new arrivals.

This information could not but cause him great uneasiness and herease his wish of being beyond the Ural mountains, so as to judge for hisself of the truth of these rumors and enable him to guard against any possible contingency. He was thinking of seeking more direct intelligence from some na-tive of Kasan when his attention was

Among the passengers who were ledving the Caucasus Mehael recog-nized the troop of gypsies who the day before had appeared in the Nijni Novgorod fair. There on the deck of the steamboat were the old Bohemian and the woman who had played the spy on him. With them and no doubt under their direction landed about twenty dancers and singers from fifteen to twenty years of age, wrapped in old cloaks, which covered their spangled dresses. These dresses, just then glancing in the first rays of the sun, reminded Michael of the curious appearance which he had observed during the night. It must have been the glitter of those spangles in the bright flames ssuing suddenly from the steamboat's funnel which had attracted his atten-

"Evidently." said Michael to himself, "this troop of Zingari, after remaining below all day, crouched under the orecastle during the night. Were these gynsies trying to show themselves as ttle as possible? Such is not accordng to the usual custom of their race." Michael Strogoff no loager doubted hat the expressions he had heard proceeded from this tawny group and and been exchanged between the old gypsy and the woman named Sangarre.

Michael involuntarily moved toward

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mediate use of Paine's Celery Compound is their only hope. Mr. Leverton says:

"For moere than a year I was suffering from the agonizing pains of sciatica, and after trying all that medical skill could devise, and using many remedies, patent and otherwise. I concluded to try the Hot Springs at Banff, under the superintendance of a medical man. I took the treatment thoroughly and carefully for six weeks, and came home at the end of time, racked with pain, and weighing 43 lpounds less. At this juncture, when hope had aimost fied, I heard of Paine's Celery Compound. It seemed suited to my case, and I sent to my druggist, Mr. J. W. Higginbotham, of this place, and asked about it. He recommended it to me, and I took a bottle. I soom began to feel better, and after taking the second bottle, I was a cured man, and threw away my crutches. I have always been a farmer, and am as able to do hard work now as ever I was,"

was leaving the steamboat, not to return to it again.

The old Bohemian was there in a humble attitude, little conformable with the effrontery natural to his race. One would have said that he was endeavoring rather to avoid attention than to attract it. His battered hat, browned by the suns of every clime, was pulled forward over his wrinkled browned by the suns of every clime, was pulled forward over his wrinkled face. His arched back was bent under an old cloak, wrapped closely round him notwithstanding the heat. It would have been difficult in this miscrable dress to judge of either his size or face. Near him was the gypsy Sangarre, a woman about thirty years old. She was tall and well made, with olive complexion, magnificent eyes and golden hair, and carried herself to perfection.

peculiar gaze, as if she wished to fix his features indelibly in her memory. It was but for a few moments when Sangarre herself followed the old man and his troop, who had already left the

"That's a bold gypsy," said Michael to himself. "Could she have recognized me as the man whom she saw at Nijni Novgorod? These confounded Zingaris have the eyes of a cat! They can see in the dark, and that woman there

might well know"—
Michael Strogoff was on the point of following Sangarre and the gypsy band,

but he stopped.

"No," thought he: "no unguarded proceedings. If I were to stop that old fortune teller and he companions, my incognito would run a risk of being discovered. Besides, now they have landed, before they can pass the frontier I shall be already beyond the Ural. I knew that they may take the route from Kasan to Ichim, but that affords no resources to travelers, and, besides a tarantass drawn by four good Sibe rian horses will always go faster than a gypsy cart."

a gypsy cart."

By this time the old man and Sangarre had disappeared in the crowd.

An hour afterward the bell rang on board the Caucasus, calling the new passengers and recalling the former ones. It was now 7 o'clock in the morning. The requisite fuel had been received on board, and about 10 o'clock in the morning the young Livonian, leaving her cabin, appeared on deck. Michael Strogoff went forward and took her hand,

"Look, sister!" said be, leading ber to the bows of the Caucasus. The view was indeed well worth ex-

the confluence of the Volga and the Kama. There she would leave the former river after having descended it for more than 400 versts to ascend the latter for 460 versts.

The Kama was here very wide, and its wooded banks were lovely. A few white sails enlivened the sparkling wa-ter. The horizon was closed by a line hills covered with aspens, alders and sometimes large oaks.

But these beauties of nature could

not distract the thoughts of the young Livonian even for an instant. She had left her hand in that of her companion and soon, turning to him, said: "At what distance are we from Mos-

"Nine hundred versts," answered Mi "Nine hundred out of seven thou sand!"

The bell now announced the break fast hour. Nadia followed Michael Strogoff to the restaurant. She ate little, as a poor girl whose means are small would do. Michael Strogof thought it best to content himself with the fare which satisfied his companion, and in less than twenty minutes Michael Strogoff and Nadia returned on n cloaks and wraps, so that he dark.

possible to recognize them in the dark.

But it sometimes happened that when a HAPPY DELIVERANCE FROM THE deck. There they seated themselves in the stern, and without other preamble the stern preamble th Nadia, lowering her voice so as to be beard by him alone, began:

"Brother, I am the daughter of an ex-ile. My name is Nadia Fedor. My mother died at Riga scarcely a month ago, and I am going to Irkutsk to re-toin my father and share his exile." "I, too, am going to Irkutsk," answered Michael, "and I shall thank beaven

if it enables me to give Nadia Fedor "Thank you, brother," replied Nadia. Michael Strogoff then added that he had obtained a special podorojna for Siberia and that the Russian authorities could in no way hinder him. Nadia asked nothing more. She saw in this fortunate meeting with Michael

a means only of accelerating her jour ney to her father.
"I had," said she, "a permit which authorized me to go to Irkutsk, but the order of the governor of Nijni Novgorod annulled that, and but for you brother, I should have been unable leave the town, and without doubt I should have perished."

To be Continued.

WALLACTIRURG.

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Dr. Taft Bros. Medicine Co., Gentlemen,-I write this testimonial from a sense of duty, having tested the wonderful effect of your Asthmalene, for the cure of Asthma. My wife has been afflicted with spasmodic asthma for the past 12 years. Having exhausted my own skill as well as many others, I chanced to see your sign upon your windows on 130th street, New York, I at once obtained a bottle of Asthmalene. My wife commenced taking it about the first of November. I very soon noticed a radical improvement.

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Yours respectfully, O. D. PHELPS, M. D.



Feb. 5, 1901.

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