

Lines on a Skeleton.

Some forty years ago, the following poem was found in the London Evening Chronicle. Every effort was vainly made to discover the author...

Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull
Of the ethereal spirit full,
This narrow cell was his retreat,
This space was his mysterious seat;

Michael Strogoff,

OR,
THE COURIER OF THE BAR.

By Jules Verne.

CHAPTER XIV.—CONTINUED.

Further, he was cruel, and had even acted as an executioner. Feofar-Khan possessed in him a lieutenant well capable of seconding his designs in this savage war.

"Well, I will go on foot to Omsk to find a horse." "A few more hours of rest and thou wilt be in a better condition to pursue thy journey."

Omsk one of the breaches would not be difficult a few days. As for purchasing a carriage to replace the tarantass, that was impossible. There were none to be let or sold.

the pretended Nicholas Korpauoff was Michael Strogoff, courier of the czar, seeking concealment under a false name, and charged with some mission which it would have been important for him to know.

low the winding shores of vast pools, some of which, several versts in length and breadth, deserve the name of lakes. In other localities the stagnant waters through which the road lay had been avoided, not by bridges, but by floating platforms ballasted with thick layers of clay...

from its situation, even seemed to be out of the Siberian world and the events which troubled it. Besides, Michael Strogoff showed himself very little or not at all. To be unperceived was not sufficient; he wished he could have even been invisible.