THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

Lines on a Skeleton.

2

Bome forty years ago, the following poem was found is the lowion Morning Chronicle. Every effort was value and the following poem was affort was value and the second of fity guineas. All that ever transpired was that the poem, in a fair, elersly hand, was sound near a skeleton of remarkable symmetry of form, in the mu-seum of the royal college of surgeons, Lincoln's Inn, London, and that the curate of the museum sent it to the Morning Chronicle.

Behold this ruin ! Twas a skull Once of the ethereal spirit full. This narrow cell was life's totreat, This space was thought's mysterious seat; What bounteous visions filled this .put; What dreams of pleasure long formot: Nor hope, nur joy, nor love, nor fear, Have .eft one trace or record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy Beseth this molidering catopy Once shone the bright and busy eye; But start not at the dismai void— If social iove that eye employed. If with no lawiess fire it gleamed. But through the dews of kindness beamed, That eye shall be for ever bright, When stars and sun arc snuk in night.

Within this hollow cavern bung The ready, swift and tuneful tongue. If falschood's honey it disdained. And when it could not praise, was chained If bold in virtue's cause it spoke. Yet gentle concord never broke; This slient tongue shall plead for thee When time unveils cternity.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine ! Or with the enviod rubies shine? To hew the rock or wear the gem Can little now avail to them. But if the page of truth they sought, Or comfort to the mourner brought, These hands a richer meed shall clair. Than all that wait on wealth or fame.

Avails it, whether bare or shod These feet the paths of duty trod? If from the bowers of Ease they fiel, To seek Affliction's humble shed; If Grandeur's guilty briba they spurned, And home to Virtue's cot returned, These feet with angel's wings shall vie, And tread the palace of the sky.



THE COURIER OF THE C _4AB.

By Jules Verne.

CHAPTER XIV .- CONTINUED.

Parther, he was cruel, and had even acted as an exceptioner, Fersfaur-Khan possessed in him a lientenant well capable of seconding his designs in this savage war. When Michael Strogoff arrived on the banks

of the Irtych, Ivan Ogareff was already master of Omsk, and was pressing the siege of the upper quarter of the town, all the more eagerly because he must hasten to repair to Tomsk, where the main body of the Taitar army had just been concentrated.

Tomsk, in fact, had been taken by Feofar-Khan some days previously, and it was thence that the invaders. masters of Central Siberia, were to march upon Irkutsk.

Irkutsk was the real object of Ivan Ogareff. The plan of the traitor was to ingratiate himself with the grand duke under a false name, to gain his confidence, and in course of time to deliver into Tartar hands the town and the grand duke himself.

With such a town and such a hostage, all Asiatic Siberia must necessarily fall into the hands of the invaders.

Now, it was well known that the czar was acquainted with this conspiracy, and it was for the purpose of bafiling it that Michael Strogoff had been intrusted with the important missive of which he was the bearer. Hence, therefore the very stingent instructions which had been given to the young courier to pass incognito through the invaded district. This mission he had faithfully performed up

successful completion? The blow which had struck Michael

"Well, I will go on foot to Omsk to find a borse. "A few more hours of rest and thou wilt be

in a better condition to pursue thy journey. "Not an hour !" "Come now," replied the mujik, recognizing the fact that it was useless to struggle against the will of his guest. "I will guide thee myself. Besides," he added, "the Russians

are still in great force at Omsk, and thou couldst, perhaps, pass unperceived." "Friend," replied Michael, "Heaven reward thee for all thou hast done for me !"

"Reward! Only fools expect reward on earth," replied the mujik.

Michael Strogoff went out of the hut. When he tried to walk he was seized with such faintness that without the assistance of air quickly revived him. He then felt the wound in his head, the violence of which his fur cap had lessened. With the energy which he possessed, he was not a man to succumb under such a trifle. Before his eyes lay a sirgle goal-far distant Irkutsk-he must reach it! But he mnst pass through Omsk without stopping there.

"God protect my mother and Nadia 1" he murmured. "I have no longer the right to think of them !"

Michael Strogoff and the mujik soon arsived in the mercantile quarter of the lower town; and although under military occupation, they entered it without difficulty. The surrounding earthwork had been destroyed in his ears. many places, and there were the breeches through which the marauders who followed the armies of Feofar-Khan had penetrated.

Within Omsk, in its streets and square Within Omsk, 10 108 Beretes and a string of the I easy to see that a hand of iron ir is it was them a discipline to which posed upon little accustomed. In f. they were but little accustomed. In f. . they were but where alone, but in s. ..act they walked no-pose *f defendir ...med groups, for the pur-priso. ...g themselves against surprise.

In th Le chief square, transformed into a tars bivouacked in good order. The horses, picketed but still saddled, were ready to start at the first order.

Omsk could only be a temporary haltingplace for this Tartar cavalry, which preferred to it the rich plains of Eastern Siberia, where the towns were more wealthy, the country more fertile, and, consequently, pillage more protitable.

Above the mercantile town rose the upper quarter, which Ivan Ogareff, notwithstanding several assaults made but bravely repelled, had not yet been able to reduce. Upon its embattled walls floated the national colors of Russia.

It was not without a legitimate pride that Michael Strogoff and his guide, vowing fidelity, saluted them.

The sight of the flag of his country, floating Strogoff with a profound rapture.

With feelings equally intense, but of a very different character, Ivan Ogareff's eyes constantly turned toward the proud emblem of not to touch those trembling hands which his foes, that seemed to brave him to his face. Michael Strogoff was perfectly acquainted

with the town of Omsk, and he took care to say, my good woman," he replied, stepping avoid the streets which were much fre- back. quented. This was not from any fear of being recognized. In the town his old mother only could have called him by name, but he had sworn not to see her, and he did

not. Besides-and he wished it with his whole heart-she might have fled into some quiet portion of the steppe.

The mujik very fortunately knew a postmaster who, if well paid, would not refuse at his request either to let or to sell a carriage or horses There remained the difficulty of leaving the town, but the breaches in the forto this moment; but now could he carry it to tifications would, of course, facilitate his departure.

The mujik was accordingly conducting his

Omsk one of the breaches would not be difficult a ter nightfall. As for purchasing a carriage to replace the tarantass, that was impossible. There were none to be let or sold. But what want had Michael Strogoff now for a carriage? Was he not alone, alas! A horse would suffice him; and, very for-tunately, a horse could be had. It was an animal of mettle, capable of rendering much fatigue, and Michael Strogoff, accomplished horseman as he was, could make good use of it.

The horse cost a high price, and a few moments later Michael was ready to start. It was then four o'clock in the afternot'n.

Michael Strogoff, compelled to wait till nightfall, in order to pass the fortificatio.'s, but not desiring to show himself in the streets the mujik he would have fallen, but the fresh of Omsk, remained in the posting-house, and transmitted to all the approaches in the city, there partook of food.

There was a great crowd in the public room, it being the resort of numbers of the auxious inhabitants, who at this eventful period collected there to obtain news. They were talking of the expected arrival of a corps or Muscovite troops, not at Omsk but at Tomsk-a corps intended to recapture that town from the Tartars of Feofar-Khan.

Michael Strogoff lent an attentive car to all that was said, but took no part in the conversation.

Suddenly a cry made him tremble, a cry which penetrated to the depths of his soul, and these two words, so to speak, rushed into tar columns. It was evident that the un-

" 50D. ["

flis inother, thu old woman Marfa, was before him ! Trembling, she smiled upon him. She stretched forth her arms to him. Michael Strogoff arose. He was about to throw himself--

The thought of duty, the serious danger of his mother and himself in this unfortunate meeting, suddenly stopped him, and such was his command over himself that not a muscle of his faced moved.

There were twenty people in the public up, guarded by many sentries, 2,000 Tar- room. Among them were, perhaps, spies, and was it not known in the town that the son of Marfa Strogoff belonged to the corps of the couriers of the Czar ?

Michael Strogoff did not move.

" Michael !" cried his mother. "Who are you, my good lady?" Michael Strogoff stammered, unable to speak in his

usual firm tone. "Who am I, thou askest? Dost thou no

longer know thy mother?" " You are mistaken," coldly replied Michael Strogoff. A resemblance deceives you? The old Marfa went up to him, and looking

straight into his eyes said : " Thou art not the son of Peter and Marfa

Strogoff?" Michael Strogoff would have given his life

to have locked his mother in his arms : but if he yielded it was all over with him, with her, proudly in the breeze, before the very face of with his mission, with his oath! Completely master of himself, he closed his eyes, in order not to see the inexpressible anguish which agitated the revered countenance of his mother. He drew back his hands in order

sought him. "I do not know in truth what it is you

" Michael !" cried his aged mother. "My name is not Michael. I never was your son! I am Nicholas Kopanoff, a mer-chant at Irkutsk."

And suddenly he left the public room, while for the last time the words re-echoed : " My son 1 my son !"

Michael Strogoff, by a desperate effort had gone. He did not see his old mother, who had fallen back almost inanimate upon a served his clearness of mind, and made for bench. But when the postmaster hastened to assist her, the aged woman raised herself. upon the horizon. When he did halt for a Suddenly a thought occurred to her. She de- moment at some turn of the road it was to nied by her son !

for him, equally impossible. It was certainly would place his ear to to the ground to listen

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. He therefore at once gave orders for his pursuit. Then.

"Let this woman be conducted to Tomsk," he said, returning toward Marfa Strogoff. And while the soldiers brutally dragged her along, he added between his teeth :

"When the moment arrives I shall know how to make her speak, this old sorceress !"

CHAPTER XV.

IT was fortunate that Michael Strogoff had left the posting-house so promptly. The orders of Ivan Ogareff had been immediately and a full description of Michael sent to all the various commandants, in order to prevent his de varture from Omsk. But he had already passed through one of the breaches in the fortil cations; his horse was galloping over the st. ppe, and, not having been immediately pursu ed, the chances of escape were in

his favor. It was on the 26th of July, at eight o'clock in the evening, that Michael Strogoff had left Omsk. This town is situated about helf way between Moscow and Irkutsk, where it ten days if he wished to get ahead of the Tarincky chance which had brought him into the presence of his mother had betrayed his incognite. Ivan Ögåreit was no longer igliorant of the fact that a courier of the czar had just passed Omsk, taking the direction of Ir-kutsk. The dispatches which this courier bore must have been of immense importance. Michael Strogoff knew, therefore, that every effort would be made to capture him.

But what he did not know, and could not know, was that Marfa Strogoff was in the hands of Ivan Ogareff, and that she was about to atone, perhaps with her life, for that natural exhibition of her feelings which she had been unable to restrain when she suddenly found herself in the presence of her son. And it was fortunate that he was ignorant of Could he have withstood this tresh trial? it.

Michael Strogoff urged on his horse, imbuing him with all his own feverish impatience, requiring of him one thing only, namely, to thing in that mad run-it was that the road bear him rapidly to the next posting-house, where he could be exchanged for a quicker conveyance.

At midnight he had cleared seventy versts, and halted at the station of of Koulikowo. But there, as he had feared, he found neither horses nor carriages. Several Tartar detachments had passed along the highway of the steppe. Everything had been stolen or requisitioned both in the villages and in the posting-houses. It was with difficulty that Michael Strogoff was even able to obtain refreshment for his horse and himself.

It was of great importance, therefore, to spare his horse, for he could not tell when or | marsh. how he might be able to replace it. Desiring, however, to put the greatest possible distance between himself and the horsemen whom Ivan Ogareti had no doubt dispatched in pursuit, he resolved to push on. After one hour's rest he respined his course across the steppe.

Hitherto the weather had been propitious for the journey of the courier of the czar. The temperature was endurable . The nights at this time of the year are very short, and as they are lighted by the moon shining through the clouds, the route over the steppe is practicable. Michael Strogoff, moreover, was a man certain of his road and devoid of doubt

or hesitation, and in spite of the melancholy thoughts which possessed him he had prehis destined point as though it were visible

It was not possible. As breathe his horse. Now he would dismount for being herself deceived, and taking another to ease his steed for a moment, and again he

the pretended Nichelas Korpanoff was low the winding shores of vast pools, some of from its situation, even seemed to be ont of which, several versts in length and breadth, the Siberian world and the events which deserve the name of lakes. In other localities the stagnant waters through which the road lay had been avoided, not by bridges, but by tottering platforms ballasted with thick layers of clay, and whose joists shook like a too weak plank thrown across an abyss. Some of these platforms extended over a space of two or three hundred feet, and on more than one occasion travelers by tarantass, especially ladies, have when crossing on them experienced a nausea similar to sea-sickness.

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Michael Strogoff, whether the soil beneath his feet was solid, or whether it sank under him, galloped on without halt, leaping the space between the rotten joists; but however fast they traveled, the horse and the horseman were unable to escape from the sting of the two-winged insects which infest this marshy country.

Travelers who are obliged to cross the Baraba during the summer take care to provide themselves with masks of horse-hair, to which is attached a coat of mail of very fine wire, which covers their shoulders. Notwithstanding these precautions, there are few who come out of these marshes without having their faces, necks and hands covered with red spots.

The atmosphere there seems to bristle with fine needles, and one would almost say that a Michael Strogoff would see what was best to was necessary that he should arrive within | knight's arms, would not protect him against | be done. the dart of these dipterals. It is a dreary region, which man dearly disputes with tipule, gnats, mosquifões, horse-mes, and mil-lions of microscopic insects which are not pect from it. visible to the naked eye.

The horse of Michael Strogoff darted among these venemous insects, bounding as if thousands of spurs entered its flanks. Frenzied with pain and rage, it madly rushed onward. it flew, it jumped over mile after mile with the swiftness of an express train, threshing its sides with its tail, seeking relief from its intense sufferings, in the rapidity of its course. Michael Strogoff needed to be a perfect horseman, not to be thrown from his seat by the plungings of his horse, its sudden stops, its jerking jumps to avoid the sting of the dipteros. Having become as insensible, so to speak, to physical r: in, as if he had been under the influence of .. mating anæsthetic, living only through the desire of reaching his destination, cost what may, he saw but one

flew rapidly behind them. Who would think that the country of the Baraba, so unbealthy during the hot season,

could be inhabited by human beings? It was the case, nevertheless. A few Siberian hamlets appeared from time to time between those gigantic reeds .. Men, women, children; old people, clothed with skins, the face covered with bladders painted with pitch, watched over poor flocks of sheep ; but to protect their flocks from the attacks of the insects, they gathered them in the lee of fires of green wood, night and day, and of which the smoke arose lazily over the immense

When Michael Strogoff thought his horse broken with fatigue, and on the point of falling down, he stopped in one of those miserable hamlets, and then, forgetful of his own weariness, he rubbed the stings of the poor beast with warm grease, after the Siberian custom; then he fed it abundantly, and only after having provided everything for his horse, he thought of himself, and to repair his strength took a little nourishment of bread and meat, with a glass of kwase. After an hour or two at the most, he began again with

all possible swiftness, the endless route to Irkutsk. Ninety versts were thus made from Fouroumoff, and on July 30, at four p. m., Michael Strogoff, heedless of fatigue, arrived at

Elamsk. There he was forced to give a night's rest to his horse. The courageous beast could not dies.

have continued that journey any longer. A writer in an exchange having collected a At Elamsk there was no means of trans-At Elainsk there was no means of trans-portation for the same reasons as in the publishes a few :-- Tom Hood's world-famous rghs already passed by; "Song of the Shirt" was once nublished as horses were gone. the "Song of the Skirt." Here is one: "Dr. Elamsk, a small town the Tartars had not Jones was called in to attend a man who had visited yet, was almost completely depopubeen injured by a street car, and under his lated, for it was very easy to invade it from prompt and skilful treatment, the man died on the south, and almost impossible to succor it Wednesday night." The following verdict of from the north. So relay of post, police staa coroner's jury was published ; " Deceased tion, government building, all were abanbore an accidental character and the jury redoned by government order, and on one side turned a verdict of excellent death." One of the functionaries, on the other, the inhabitmy neighbors-a married lady-sent a note to auts had gone to Kamst, in the centre of the a newspaper in this city to get a recipe to Baraba. cure the whooping cough in a pair of twins. Michael Strogoff was obliged to pass the By a deplorable mistake a recipe for pickling night at Elamsk to permit his horse to rest at onions was unconsciously inserted and her least twelve hours. He remembered the inname attached, and she received this answer structions given him at Moscow to cross Sithrough the "Answers to Correspondents" beria unknown, reach Irkutsk at all hazards; "Mrs. L. H. B .- If not too young skin them but, also, to not sacrifice success to the swiftpretty closely, immerse in scalding water, ness of his passage. Consequently he was sprinkle plentifully with salt, and immerse

WEDNESDAY, 2ND JULY, 1879.

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. The experience of the past rendered him more and more prudent for the present and future. Thus he kept him-self alcof, and, caring nothing for the sights in the streets of the town, he remained in the hotel at which he had alighted.

Michael Strogoff could have found a carriage at Kamsk to replace his horse by a more comfortable vehicle. But, after ripe reflection, he feared that the buying of a tarantass would attract attention to him, and as long as he had not crossed over the line held by the Tartars, which line divided Siberia, closely following the valley of the Irtych, he did not want to give rise to suspicion.

Besides to complete the difficult crossing of the Baraba, to force his way through the marshes, in case some danger should threaten him too directly, to distance those sent to pursue him, to throw himself, if it were necessary, even in the thickest bushes of seeds. a horse was evidently preferable to a carriage. Later, beyond Tomsk, or even Krasnojarsk, in some important centre of Western Silveria,

As to his horse, he never thought of exchanging it for another. He was used to that

(To be Continued)

Odds and Ends.

Well-wishers-Thirsty travellers.

An ugly young lady is always anxious to marry, and young gentlemen are seldom anxious to marry her. This is a resultant of two mechanical powers-the inclined plain and leave her.

Mark Twain once lectured on the Sandwich Islands. He offered to show how the caunibals cooked and cat their food is some lady would hand him a baby. The lecture was not illustrated.

The Dublin city council intends to present a petition to parliament in favor of the Irish university bill, not in the ordinary way, but personally by members in full official robes, at the bar of the house of commons. The effect will, no doubt, be pretty, but we fear Sir Stafford will have no eye for the picturesque.

BOYS AS BRIDESMAIDS .- Fashion in France now prescribes two tiny pages to serve instead of bridesmaids at the wedding ceremony. These are chosen from the prettiest of the boy relatives of the bride or bridegroom. They are dressed in velvet of the bride's favourite colour. At a recent wedding the tiny court dress worn was of sapphire velvet, with white silk stockings, and velvet shoes with diamond buckles. A bouquet, composed of rosebud. an orange blossom, and a branch of myrtle, was attached to the left side. These pages perform the usual role of the bridesmaids, carry the bride's bouquet and gloves, and also meet her and assist her from and to the carriage step.

THE IRISH LANGUAGE.-An odd addition to the new movement for the revival of the Celtic language comes from an Italian source. In the Ambrosian library at Milan, and in the library of St. Gall in Switzerland, there are Latin manuscripts with interlinear versions in the old Irish language, an edition of which. under the title of "Old Irish Glosses," by Professor Ascoli, has just been published. It is said that it presents the most ancient specimen of the spoken language of the Irish people, and that from it Zeuss Stokes and others got the materials for their Celtie stu-

manner by which he had effectually concealed himself, he had reached the right bank, where he fell exhausted among the bushes.

When he recovered his senses he found himself in the cabin of a mujik, who had picked him up and cared for him, and to whom he owed his life. For how long a time had he been the guest of this brave Siberian? He could not guess: but when he opened his eyes he saw the handsome bearded face bending over him-and regarding him with pitying eyes. He was about to ask where he was when the mujik, anticipating him, said :

"Do not speak, little father, do not speak. Thou art still too weak. I will tell thee where thou art and everything that has passed since I brought thee to my cabin."

And the mujik related to Michael Strogoff the different incidents of the struggle which he had witnessed-the attack upon the ferry by the Tartar boats, the pillage of the tarantass, and the massacre of the boatmen.

But Michael Strogoff listened no longer. and, slipping his hand under his carment, he felt the imperial letter still secured in his breast.

He breathed a sigh of relief. But that was not all.

"A young girl accompanied me," said he.

"They have not killed her," replied the mujik, anticipating the anxiety which he read in the eyes of his guest. "They have carried her off in their boat, and have continued the descent of the Irtych. It is only one prisoner more to join so many others which they are taking to Tomsk."

Michael Strogoff was unable to reply. He pressed his hand upon his heart to restrain its beating.

But, notwithstanding these many trials, the sentiment of duty mastered his whole soul.

He remembered the errand which he had undertaken. Indeed, never by day or night. was his emporor's mission for even a moment absent from his mind; not the presence of the greatest danger ; the tortures of hunger and thirst; the weariness of excessive fatigue; not even all combined could cause him to forget that a momentous matter was entrusted to his courage, his zeal, his fidelity, and his endurance. Michael Strogoff was worthy of this trust!

"Where am I ?" asked he.

"Upon the right bank of the Irtych, only five versts from Omsk," replied the mujik.

"What wound can I have received which could have thus prostrated me? It was not a gunshot wound ?"

No, a lance thrust upon the head, now healing," replied the mulik. "after a few days' rest, little father, thou wilt be able to proceed. Thou didst fall into the river; but the Tartars neither touched nor searched thee, and thy purse is still in thy pocket."

Michael Stregoff gripped the mujik's hand. Then, recovering himself with a sudden effort, "Friend," said he, "how long have I been in thy hut?"

- "Three days." " Three days lost."
- "Three days hast thou lain unconscious."
- "Hast thous horse to sell me?"
- "Thou wishest to go?"
- "At once."

"I have neither horse nor carriage, little father. Where the Tartar has passed there romains nothing l"

sudden stop, sprang behind a jutting wall.

ment. "Silence!" hastily replied Michael Strogoff, with his finger on his lips.

At this moment a detachment debouched

had been just following. At the head of the detachment, composed of twenty horsemen, was an officer dressed in a very simple uniform. Although he glanced rapidly from one side to the other he could not have seen Michael Strogoff, owing to his precipitous retreat.

The detachment went at full trot into the narrow street. Neither the officer nor his esort concerned themselves about the inhabitants. Several unlucky ones had scarcely time to make way for their passage. There were, therefore, a few half-stifled cries, to which the thrusts of the lance gave an instant reply, and the street was immediately cleared.

When the escort had disappeared, "Who is that officer?" asked Michael Strogoff, returning toward the mujik. And while putting the question his face was pale as that of a corpse

"It is Ivan Ogareff," replied the Siberian, but in a deep voice which breathed hatred. "He !" cried Michael Strogoff, from whom the word escaped with an accent of fury which he could not conquer. He had jurecognized in this officer the traveler who had struck him at the posting-house of Ichim. And, although he had only caught a glimpse of him, it hurst upon his mind, at the same time, that this traveler was the old Zingari whose words he had overheard in the market-

place of Nijni-Novgorod. Michael Strogoff was not mistaken. The two men were one and the same. It was under the garb of a Zingari, mingling with

the band of Sangarre, that Ivan Ogareff had been able to leave the town of Nijni-Novgorod, where he had gone to seek among the numerous strangers which the fair had gathered from Central Asia the confidants whom he had associated in the accomplishment of his accursed task. Sangarre and his Zingari, veritable paid spies, were absolutely

devoted to him. It was he who, during the night, on the fair ground had uttered the singular sentence, o which Michael Strogoff could not understand the sense; it was he who was voyaging on board the Caucasus. with the whole of the Bohemian band; it was

he who, by this other route from Kasan to Ichim across the Urals, had reached Omsk. where now he held supreme authority.

Ivan Ogareff had been barely three days at Omsk, and had it not been for their fatal meeting at Ichim and for the event which had detained him three days on the banks of the Irtych, Michael Strogoff would have evidently beaten him on the way to Irkutsk.

And who knows how many misfortunes would have been avoided in the future! In any case-and now, more than ever-Michael Strogoff must avoid Ivan Ogareff and contrive not to be seen. When the moment of encountering him face to face should arrive, he knew how to meet it, even should the traitor be master of the whole of Siheria.

The mujik and Michael resumed their way, and arrived at the posting-house. To leave

Strogoff was not mortal. By swimming in a guest straight to the posting-house, when, in [her son whom she had just seen; and if he a narrow street. Michael Strogoff, coming to a had not recognized her it was because he steppe. Nothing having occurred to arouse would not, it was because he had some cogent | his suspicions, he resumed his way. "What is the matter !" quickly asked the | reason for acting thus ! And then, her mother's mujik, much astonished at this sudden move- | feelings arising within her, she had no longer but one thought. "Can I unwittingly have

ruined him? "I am mad," she said to her interrogators, " My eyes have deceived me! This young man from the principal square into the street is not my child. He had not his voice. Let which Michael strogoff and his companion us think no more of it; if we do I shall end by finding him everywhere."

Less than ten minutes afterwards a Tartar officer appeared in the posting-house.

" Marfa Strogoff ?" he asked.

"It is I," replied the old woman, in a tone so calm, and with a face so tranquil, that those who had witnessed the meeting with her son would not have known her.

"Come," said the officer. Marfa Strogoff, with firm step, followed the Tartar officer and left the posting-house.

Some moments afterward Marfa Strogoff found herself in the chief square, and in the presence of Ivan Ogareff, to whom all the details of this scene had been immediately reported.

Ivan Ogareff, suspecting the truth, interrogated the old Siberian woman.

" Thy name ?" he asked in a rough voice. " Marfa Strogoff." " Thou hast a son ?"

- " Yes.'
- "He is a courier of the Czar?"
- " Yes,"
- " Where is he ?"
- " At Moscow."
- "Thou hast heard no news of him ?"
- " No news." " Since how long?"
- " Since two months."

thou didst call thy son a few moments ago at the posting-house ?'

"A young Siberian whom I took for him." replied María Strogoff. "This is the tenth man in whom I have thought I recognized my son since the town has been so full of strangers. I think I see him everywhere." "So this young man was not Michael Strogoff."

"It was not Michael Strogoff."

"Dost thou know, old woman, that I can torture thee until thou avowest the truth ?" "I have spoken the truth, and torture will not cause me to alter my words in any way." " This Siberian was not Michael Strogoff?" asked a second time Ivan Ogareff.

"No, it was not he," replied a second time Marfa Strogoff. "Do you think that for anything in the world I would deny a son whom God has given me?"

Ivan Ogareff regarded with an evil eye the old woman who had braved him to the face. He did not doubt but that she had recognized her son in this young Siberian. Now if this son had first renounced his mother, and if his mother renounced him in her turn, it could occur only from the most weighty motive.

Every circumstance went to confirm his suspicions. If he could but iny his hands upon this pretended merchant of Irkutsk and strip off his disguise, would he not find a treasure the Czar of Russia scowl with tage when he flocks. learned that his courier was in the hands of

his foes?

for the sound of galloping horse

Ah, if all this Siberian country could only have been invaded by the polar summerday, that permanent day during which darkness is unknown! This was indeed to be desired in order that it could be traversed with more safety.

On the 30th of July, at nine o'clock in the morning, Michael Strogoff passed through the station of Touroumoff, and entered the swampy district of the Baraba.

There for a distance of three hundred versts, the natural obstacles would be extremely great. He knew this, but he also knew that he would certainly surmount them.

The courage of Michael Strogoff was of that indomitable character that rises with the greatness of a danger or the difficulty of an undertaking. Such mea are born only to succeed; failure is to them an unknown word -the only impossibility in their dictionaries.

These vast marshes of the Baraba, lying between the sixtieth and fifty-second parallels, form the reservoir to all the rain-water which finds no outlet either toward the Obi or toward the Irtych. The soil of this vast depression is entirely argillaceous, and therefore impermeable, so that the waters remain there and make of it a region very difficult to cross during the hot season.

There, however, lies the way to Irkutsk, and it is in the midst of ponds, pools, lakes and swamps, from which the sun draws poisonous exhalations, that the road winds and entails upon the traveler the greatest fatigue and danger.

In the winter, when everything is frozen condensed the miasmatic exhalations, sledges glide easily and with impunity over the hardened crust of the Baraba, hunters then frequent this game abounding district for the taking of martens, sables, and those valuable afternoon. foxes whose fur is in such demand. But during summer the swamps again become miry and pestilential, and, when the waters are at too high a level, even impassable !

Michael Strogoff spurred his horse into the midst of a grassy prairie, differing greatly from the close-cropped sod of the steppe, upon which immense Siberian herds are exclusively nourished. This was no longer a boundless steppe, but a sort of immense copse of arborescent vegetation.

The grass was there about five or six feet in height, and had made room for swampplauts, to which the dampness of the place, assisted by the heat of summer, had given canes and rushes, which formed a tangled sprinkled everywhere with a thousand flowers among which shone the lily and the iris, whose perfume mingled with the topid ex-

Michael Strogoff galloping among this undergrowth of cane, was no longer visible from the swamps which bordered the road. The

The way, however, was clearly traceable.

forced to spare the only means of travel left | for a week in strong brine." him.

On the morrow, Michael Strogoff left Elamsk, at the moment they announced the first Tartar picket guards ten miles back on the road of the Baraba, and he darted again into the marshy country. The road was plain, and easier, but very sinuous, and thus much longer. Besides, it was impossible to leave it to run in a straight line through that impassable net-work of ponds and sloughs.

The day after, August 1, one hundred and twenty miles farther, at noon, Michael Strogoff arrived at the burg of Paskoe, and at two clock he halted at that of Pokrowskie.

His horse, almost spent since his starting from Elanisk, could not advance a step farther.

Therefore, Michael Strogoff was constrained to again lose, for a forced rest, the over, when snow has leveled the ground and | end of that day and the whole night; but starting again the next morning, and traveling always on that half inundated soil, after a heat of seventy-five versts, he reached Kamsk on the 2d day of August at four o'clock in the

The country was now different. That little village of Kamsk is like an island, a healthy oasis, situated in the middle of that infernal region. It is in the centre of the Baraba. There, thanks to the drainings by the river Tom, alluent of the Irtych which passes by Kamsk, the pestilential marshes are transformed into rich pastures. Meanwhile, these ameliorations have not triumphed completely over the diseases and fevers, which during the fall, make a sojourn in that city very daugerous. But the natives seek refuge there when the foul miasmas chase them from the other parts of the pro-

vince The emigration caused by the Tartar invasion had not depopulated the small city of Kamsk. Its inhabitants probably thought they were safe in the centre of the Baraba, or at least that they would have time enough to fly, should they be directly threatened.

Therefore they remained in their homes. trembling and fearful it is true, but yet not without hope that fortune might yet turn the tide of desolation aside from their homesteads. At any rate, they determined to stand their ground, with a kind of sullen determination born of desperation, saying, "If indeed? Would not his superiors well reward equatic birds, which rose from the side of the they take our homes and our all, let them us. should be recorded Perry Davis' PAIN-

Michael Strogoff was unable to get any news there; rather, the Governor would have Now it would lie straight between the dense asked him, if he had known the true character | rhoumatism, or fresh wounds and bruises .-Ivan Ogareff had therefore no doubt that thicket of marsh-plants; again it would tol- of the merchant of Irkutsk. Kamsk, in fact, Christian Era.

Common Sense.

The sympathy existing between the mind and the body is so great that when one is affected, both are affected. Persons devoted to mental labor, merchants, counting room clerks, or those of similar occupations, who are confined, require daily exercise in order to preserve a balance of muscular and nervous energy. By attention to this important matter a short space, each day, of relaxation and exercise might save many a broken constitution or premature age, and the nervous system be invigorated and again restored to equilibrium, for bodily health cannot be maintained without due attention to exercise. But there arises a time in almost every man's experience when the laws of eating and drinking will be broken, and the system becomes feverish and bilious-more than rest is required, the crude, indigestible food must be evacaated without undue weakening of the body, by the use of DR. HERRICK'S SUGAR COATED PILLS, which have been tested for very many years in the Dominion and among our neighbours on the

other side of the St. Lawrence.

C. E KYLE, of Uxbridge, writes October 3rd, 1870, and says :- " I certify to the excellent qualities of ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAN AS & remedy for all diseases of the throat and lungs. I know it to be all it is recommended to be." TO ONE AND ALL -ARE YOU SUF-FERING FROM A Cough, Cold, Asthma, BroncLitis, or any of the various pulmonary troubles that so often end in Counsumption? If 80, use " Wilbor's Pure Cod-Liver Oil and Lime," a safe and sure remedy. This is no quack preparation, but is regularly prescribed by the medical faculty. Manufactured only by A. B. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston. Sold by all druggists.

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giant proportions. These were principally network, an impenetrable undergrowth. remarkable for the brightness of their color.

udations which arose from the soil.

tall grass rose above him, and his track was indicated only by the flight of innumerable his adroitness and his success? Would not road and dispersed into the air in screaming | take also our lives, if they will !"

"Who then, was that young man whom