

they were evidently approaching the earth. Some of these clouds, emitting a lurid glare, enveloped the mountains on descending... as if chased down by some upper storm. The road led up toward these dense masses, and should the clouds not soon resolve into rain, the fog would be such that the tarantass would be unable to advance without the danger of falling over some precipice.

Michael Strogoff knew from former experience what a storm in the mountain was, and perhaps this would be as terrible as the snow storms which burst forth with such vehemence in the winter.

The calmness of the atmosphere was very threatening, the air being perfectly still. It was just as if nature were half stifled, and could no longer breathe; her lungs—that is to say, those gloomy, dense clouds—not being able to perform their functions. The silence would have been complete but for the grinding of the wheels of the tarantass over the road, the creaking of the axles and boards, the snorting of the horses and the clattering of their iron hoofs among the pebbles, sparks flying out on every side.

Under these peculiar circumstances, it might have been able to postpone the journey across the mountains till the morning. Michael Strogoff, however, had not hesitated, he had no right to stop, but then—and it began to cause him some anxiety—what possible reason could these travelers in the telga have for being so imprudent?

plan, her, voice, not, betraying the slightest emotion. The rumbling of the thunder ceased for an instant, the terrible blast had swept past into the gorge below.

"Will you go back?" said the iemshick. "No, we must go on! Once past this turning, we shall have the shelter of the slope."

"Do as I do, and drag them on." "The storm will come back!" "Do you mean to obey?" "Do you order it?" "The father orders it!" answer Michael, for the first time invoking the all-powerful name of the Emperor.

"Forward, my swallows!" cried the iemshick, seizing one horse, while Michael did the same to the other.

"They are travellers calling for help," cried Nadia. "They must expect nothing from us," replied the iemshick. "Why not?" cried Michael. "Ought not we to do for them what they would do for us under similar circumstances?"

"You will find me where I now am." Michael pressed her hand, and turning the corner of the slope, disappeared in the darkness.

"Your brother is wrong," said the iemshick. "He is right," replied Nadia simply. Meanwhile Michael Strogoff strode rapidly on. If he was in a great hurry to aid the travelers, he was also very anxious to know who it was that had not been hindered from starting by the storm, for he had no doubt that the cries came from the telga, which had so long preceded the tarantass.

This is what he heard, and what caused him some surprise: "Are you coming back, blockhead?" "You shall have a taste of the knout at the next stage."

"Do you hear, you devil's postilion! Hullo below there!" "Yes, this is what you call a telga!" "Oh, that abominable driver! He goes and does not appear to have discovered that he has left us behind."

"Good morning to you, sir," cried the Frenchman. "Delighted to see you here. Let me introduce you to my intimate enemy, Mr. Blount." "Perfectly unnecessary, sir; we already know each other, for we traveled together on the Volga."

"Let us wait, brother," replied Nadia; "but if you delay, let it not be to spare me fatigue." "Nadia, I know that you are ready to brave everything; but in exposing both of us I risk more than my life, more than yours—I am not fulfilling my task, that duty which is before everything else I must accomplish."

"I am ready." Michael Strogoff had only just time to draw the leather curtains when the storm was upon them. The iemshick leaped from his seat and seized his horses' heads, for terrible danger threatened the whole party.

REPORTED DEMORALIZATION OF THE ZULUS. ST. VINCENT, June 10.—The Russia arrived here this morning. She brings news from Simon's Bay up to the 26th of May. It is rumored that Cetwayo intends making the war henceforth a bush warfare, and giving us no point to strike at.

There was an alarm in the north camp on the 12th, and the garrison all stood to arms. It was discovered, however, that the pickets of the 88th had fired upon some oxen, mistaken them for Zulus. A strong convoy led the Tugela on the 10th for Fort Creak.

Numbers of people who went to Caughnawaga Thursday last with the object of seeing a Corpus Christi procession outside the church were disappointed, the ceremony, as on last year, and as it will be in future, took place altogether inside the church.

It is to be given to Sir Bartle Frere, at Kimberley, on the 15th. His reception throughout the country will be enthusiastic. A committee has been formed at Cape Town to organize a great demonstration of welcome to him on his return from the war. The war on the Orange River is at an end.

in former years it was customary to have a grand and imposing procession outside, but the attracted large crowds from Montreal, Plattsburg and the surrounding localities who came, some through curiosity and some to derive an unholy profit from the sale of liquors to the Indians, or whoever would buy. Yesterday Caughnawaga was quiet and silent almost as the grave; it was a strictly Sabatarian appearance, the little Indian children refraining even from play, and looking as grave as the old folks.

The inhabitants of Caughnawaga are remarkable for their longevity, which, it is to be presumed, arises from their simple pastoral tastes. It is not uncommon to find an old woman walking along with head erect and pipe in her mouth, who, the neighbors aver, is over one hundred years of age, but who, if questioned hereat, remembers Christy Cotusau perfectly well, and patted Champlain on the head when he was a child.

Up to the 6th ultimo thirty-eight steamers and sailing vessels had arrived at St. Johns, Nfld., with 267,055 seals, and in all weighing 114,200 cwt. Among the largest cargoes were the steamer Greenland, with 24,022 of the Eagle and the Falcon, with 20,391 and 22,030 respectively. The average load of each vessel would be about 3,000 seals.

THE LETELLIER QUESTION. The Lt-Governor Not to be Dismissed. (Special Cablegram to Toronto Globe). LONDON, Thursday, June 12. The date of Mr. Langevin's departure is still uncertain. He has had several consultations with the colonial office, but the government has not yet informed him of its decision in the Letellier affair.

Since the British government has prohibited the importation of cattle and thus checked trade with us in this direction, the matter of contagious disease which has been so prevalent during the past winter and spring becomes an important one.

England prohibits the conveyance of cattle for more than 20 hours without supplies of food and water. A number of our states place the limit at 24 hours, but as they have no jurisdiction beyond their limits the cattle often go all the way from Chicago to New York without stoppage or refreshment.

Dion Boucault. Dion Boucault is 57 years old. His mother, a very handsome old lady, still living, is Irish—Miss Darley of Kildare street, Dublin. His father was French, and through him he claimed and for a time assumed the title of Viscount de Boucault.

Following description of how animals have been held in a state of suspended animation by some operatives in Sydney appears in the London Times:

"I was taken into the building that contains Mr. Grant's apparatus for generating cold. Attached to this is the freezing chamber, the walls of which are lined with ice.

THE WONDERS OF SCIENCE. Lord Dufferin's Bull Dog. A bull dog that was stolen from Lord Dufferin in Canada, a year ago, turned up lately in Perth Amboy, where she killed a Texan steer in a street fight.

Why are there more marriages in winter than in summer?—Because then men seek comforters and ladies seek—muffs.

THE SIXTY-NINTH. The Matter Not Settled Yet—Bloodshed Prophesied if the Regiment Visits Montreal. New York, June 11.—Up to the present time it is not decided whether the Irish veterans composing the 69th Regiment will go to Montreal to celebrate Dominion day as proposed. Quite a feeling has sprung up among the officers and men of the different companies, some being in favor of accepting the invitation of the president of St. Patrick's society, while others are decidedly opposed, believing as they do, that their former commander, Colonel Corcoran, would not be welcomed. It is understood, however, that a meeting will be held on Friday evening, when Col. Caranagh, who favors accepting the invitation, will be present, and then some definite action will be taken.

The following despatch was received from New York early Friday morning: New York, June 12.—The following telegram has been received from Col. McNamoy, of Montreal, dated Ottawa, June 12— "To Col. James Caranagh, commanding 69th regiment, New York: "Canadian government has given permission to come, carrying arms. Come on all of you, except snobs who can stay at home. Have your noble men represented at our picnic. (Signed) "F. B. McNamoy."

The Pall Mall Gazette publishes the following alarming account of the state of affairs in the army: "The profound anxiety with which military experts are watching the campaign in Zululand is, perhaps, rather suspected than actually known to many; but what is perhaps known to even fewer still is the amount of effort relatively to our whole military power which we are putting forth in that struggle."

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