THE TRUE WITNESS AND GATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

Michael Strogoff, THE COURIES OF THE CZAS.

1221

By Jules Vernes, - Korth

PART II.

2

CHAPTER III .-- CONTINUED. Sangarre, who had stolen in the shade to a spot quite near to the two-women, remained there several hours, with her ears open for any information. She could hear nothing. By an instinctive feeling of prudence, not a word was exchanged between Nadia and Marfa Strogoff. The next day, the 16th of August, the loud-

tongued trumpets sounded through the camp. The Tartar soldiers sprang at once to arms. Ivan Ogareff, after having quitted Zabedeiro.

arrived, accompanied by a numerous staff of Tartar officers. His face was more serious tuan usual, and his contracted outlines, indicated a great anger, which was only waiting dicat d a site of on which to hurl itself. for some object on which to hurl itself. Michael Strogon, by, He had a pre-

Michael Strogon, loss in a group of priori ers, saw this man pass by. He had a pre-sentiment that a great calam. It was about to happen, for Ivan Ogareff now new that Marfa Strogoff was the mother of Michael Strogoff, captain in the corps of the couriers of the czar.

Ivan Ogareff arrived at the centre of the camp, dismounted from his horse, and the horsemen of his escort formed a large circle around him.

At that moment, Sangarre approached, and said :

"I have nothing new of which to inform you, Ivan Plate

Ivan Ogareff answered only in giving a short command to one of his officers. Immediately the ranks of the prisoners were traversed in a brutal manner by the soldiers. These unfortunate ones, urged on with blows and pushed with the wood of the lanc es, quickly arranged themselves along the outer

Order for silence 🕶 as an at once given, and at her steps to _____ ward the group in the middle of as Marfa Strogoff. $\mathbf{T}_{\mathbf{F}}$

-e old Siberian saw her coming. She unrestood what was about to happen. A disdainful smile played on her lips. Then, turn-ing to Nadia, she said to her in a low voice:

"You do not know me any longer, my daughter. Whatever happens, and however trying may be this examination, not a word, not a gesture. It is for him, not for me, they search.

At this moment, Sangarre, after having looked around for an instant, placed her hand upon the shoulder of the old Siberian. "What do you wish from me?" said Marfa

Strogoff. "Come !" answered Sangarre.

"And, pushing her with her hand, she led her into the middle of the reserved space be-

fore Ivan Ogareff. Michael Stropoff kept his eyelashes half closed, in order that the brightness of his eyes should not betray him.

Marfa Strogoff, having come in front of Ivan Ogareff, straightened her person, crossed her arms and awaited.

"Are you indeed Marfa Strogoff?" de manded Ivan Ogareff.

"Yes," answered the old Siberian with calm-

ness. "Have you changed your mind as regards the statement you made to me when, three days ago, I interrogated you at Omsk ?"

" No." "So you are ignorant of the fact that your

make her spear and allower of the state of t

141 GA

was not able to master himself.

Ivan Ogareft had succeeded.

" Michael Strogoff !" he cried.

Then advancing. "Ah! was this done by the man of [chim?"

Himself!" said Michael Strogoff. And, raising the knout, he tore with it the face of

"Blow for blow ?" "Well given," cried the voice of a spectator, who fortunately hid himself in the tumult. Twenty soldiers threw themselves on Michael Strogoff, and they were about to kill h m. But, Ivan Ogareff, from whom a cry of pain and rage had escaped, stopped them with

a motion of his hand. "This ma't is reserved for the justice of the Emir. You hay give him the lash !"

The letter to the imperial armles was found in the breast of Michael Strogoff, who had not

had time to destroy it, and it was handed over to Ivan Ogareff. The spectator who had uttered aloud these

words- "Well given "-was no other than Alcide Jolivet. His companion and himself, he ving halted at the camp of Zabedeiro, were

"My God!" said he to Harry Blount, "these people of the north are rough men! cavalry, drawn up at the bac' interview and of the journey? May Korpanoff or Strogoff escape impossible. succeed. What splendid revenge for the affair of Ichim !"

"Yes, revenge indeed," said Harry Blount, "but Strogoff is a dead man. For his sake it would perhaps be better not to remember him any longer !"

"And allow his mother to perish under the knout!"

"Do you believe that he has acted better by his rash haste, than his mother and his sister?"

"I don't believe anything, I know nothing," answered Alcide Jolivet, "only had I been in his place. I should not have acted otherwise. What a slash! Eh! what-the devil, we must boil over sometimes. God would have placed water in our veins, and not blood, had he wished us to remain always and everywhere imperturbable."

What a splendid incident for a newspaper article!" said Harry Blount. "If Ivan Ogareff would only communicate to us the contents of that letter!"

Ivan Ogareff, after having wiped off the blood which covered his face, had broken the seal of the letter. He read it again and again for a long time, as if he wished to fathom its contents.

Then, having given his orders that Michael Strogoff, strongly fettered, should be sent on to Tomsk with the other prisoners, he took command of the troops encamped at Zabedeiro, and amidst the defeaning sounds of drums and trumpets, he marched to the town where the Emir was awaiting.

son, Michael Strogoff, courier of the the czar, has passed through Omsk ?"

The Tartar falsed the lash. He was waiting. "Go on " said Ivan Ogareff. The whip hissed in the air." But before the blow had fallen a powerful hand had wrenched it from the hands of the Tartar. Michael Strogoff was there! He had post-house of Ichim, he had restrained him-self at the blow from Ivan Ogareff. Here, before the the distant horizon was man the was a wide table-land direction was man the distant horizon was man the blow from Ivan Ogareff. Here, before the land stretching alo. Stree of the from the distant horizon was man the blow from Ivan Ogareff. Here, before the long perspective of elegant hous." self at the blow from Ivan Ogareff, here, before that long perspective of elegant house the his morher who was about to be struck, he numerous churches with their graceful a'rd lofty towers, the many meanderings of the fine river; the background of dark, thick forests, and lastly, the broad and verdant plain, dotted with groups of splendid pines and gigantic cedars.

On the left of the plateau, a dazeling decoration representing a palate of fantastical architecture-some specimen, without doubt, of those Bokharian inonuments, half-Moor-esque, half-Tartaz-had been temporarily erected along the wide terraces Above this palace, and far above the minarets with which it was studded, among the branches of the high trees which shaded the plateau, tame storks, that had come from Bokhara with the Tartar army, whirled in hundreds.

These terraces had been reserved for the court of the Emir, for the Khans, his allies, for the grand dignitaries of the Khanats, and for the harems of each one of these chiefs of Turkestan.

Of these sultanas, who, for the most part are only slaves bought in the markets of Circassia and Petsla some had their faces uncovered, while others wore a yeil which hid them altogether from sight.

All were clothed in the most luxuriant style. Elegant cloaks, the sleeves of which were left open and turned to meet at the back with a puff, allowed their naked arms to oe seen, almost covered with bracelets joined together with chains of precious stones, and their little hands with the Enger-nails tinted with the juice of the "nonneh." Under this first garment were petticoats of brocade, covering the silken trowsers, which reached a little above the elegant bosts that were embroidered with pearls. Upon those women who were not hidden by a veil, one could admire the long plaits that escaped from turbans of varied colors, the splendid eyes, magnificent teeth, and a complexion rendered still more fair by the contrast with their dark eyelashes and tinted eyebrows.

At the foot of these terraces, sheltered under the multitude of standards and flags, the chosen guards of the Emir kept watch, with their double sabre curved back at the side, their dagger in belt, and their lance, ten feet long, in their hands. Some of these Tartars carried white battons, others enormous halberds, ornamented with top-knots made of gold and silver thread.

All around, as far as the outer edge of this vast plateau, along the steep slopes whose base is washed by the Tom, a cosmopolitan crowd was massed, composed of all the indigenous elements of Central Asia. The Usbecks were there, with their large bonnets made of the skin of black sheep, with their red beard, their gray eyes and their " arkalouk," a kind of tunic cut in the Tartar fashion, There pressed the Turcomans, dressed in their national costume, with wide trowsers of gaudy colors, with vest and mantle woven of camel-wool, with red conical bonnets, with high boots of Russian leather, their sabre and knife suspended by a thong ; there, CHAPTER IV. near their masters, stood the Turcoman Tomsk, founded in the year 1604, situated women, their hair drawn back by fillets of

having quitted Zabedeiro, they had quickly reached Tomsk. Their project, long delayed, was to part company with the Tartars to rejoin, as soon as possible, some Russian column and, if that were possible, to throw the mselves with it into Irkutsk. What they had seen of the invasions, of those incendlary fires, of those pillages, of those murders, had protoundly disconraged them, and they were anxious to join, as soon as possible, the ranks of the Siberian army.

Neverthaless, Alcide Jolivet had given his brother traveler to understand that he could not leave Tomsk without having taken a

pencil sketch of this triumphal entry of the Tartar troops, if it were only to satisfy the curiosity of his cousin, and Harry Blount had decided to remain some hours; but that very night both were to take the route for Irkutsk, and, being well mounted, they hoped to leave behind the scouts of the emir.

Alcide Jolivet and Harry Blount then joined the crowd and looked on, in such a manner as not to lose any detail of a feast which was to furnish a hundred good lines for the newspapers. They gazed with astonish-ment on Feofar-Khan in his magnificence, his women, his officers, his guards, and all this oriental pomp, of which the ceremonies of Europe can give no idea. But they turned away with disdain when Ivan Ogareff presented himself before the Emir, and they waited, not, without some impatience, for the feast to 'ocgin.

" Do you see, my dear Blount," said Alcide Jolivet, "we are come too soon, like good citizens who must needs come or lose their money. All this is only the rising of the cur-tain; it would have been better taste to have arrived only for the ballet."

"What ballet ?" asked Harry Blount. "The obligatory ballet, faith ! But I think

the curtain is about to rise." Alcide Jolivet spoke as if he were at the opera, and taking his glass from its case, he prepared to have a look at, as a connoisseur, the first subjects of Feofar's troop.

But a tedious ceremony was to precede the amusements.

Indeed, the triumph of the conqueror would not be complete without the public humiliation of the vanquished. It was on this account several hundred prisoners were brought in under the lash of the soldiers. They were destined to defile before Feofar-Khan, and his allies, before being stowed away with their companions in the prisons of the city.

Michael Strogoff figured in the first rank of these prisoners. By the order of Ivan Ogareff, he was specially guarded by a platoon of soldiers. His mother and Nadia were also

there. The old Siberian, always full of energy, when the matter only touched herself, was extremely rale. She was expecting some terrible scene. It was not without reason that her son had been led before the emir. So she trembled for him. Ivan Ogareff had been publicly struck with that knout which had been raised over her, and he was not the man to torgive, and his vengeance would be without mercy. Some frightful torture, familiar to the barbarians of Central Asia, certainly threatened Michael Strogoff. If Ivan Ogareff had spared him at the moment his soldiers threw themselves upon him, it was because he knew well what he was doing in handing him over to the justice of the emir.

Moreover, neither the mother nor the son

Michael Strogoff was then led before the In the first rank of the Tsiganes figured emir, and there he remained erect, without Sangarre, in her superb costume, srange and lowering his weeks

Tran Ogaren, processes, which was the departing from the coldness, which was the main foundation of his dignity, received them in a manner which made them satisfied with their reception. It was thus interpreted by Harry Blount grand alcide Jolives, the two inseparables, who hand of the robust young man. Strogott.

"You are about to die," said he. "I shall die," fiercely answered. Michael

Strogoff, "but your face of traitor, Ivan, will not the less bear, and forever, the infamous ntark of the knout?"

Ivan Ogarefi, at this answer became hor. ribly pale. "Who is this prisoner?" demanded the

emir, in a voice the more menacing because of its calmness.

"A Russian spy," answered Ivan Ogarefi. In making out Michael Strogoff a spy, he knew the sentence pronounced against him

would be the more terrible. Michael Strogoff moved towards Ivan Ogareff.

The soldiers stopped him.

The emir then made a gesture before which the whole crowd bent their heads. Afterwards he motioned with his hand for the koran, which was brought to him. He opened the book, and placed his finger on one of the pages,

It was chance, or rather, as these Orientals think, God Himself who was about to decide the fate of Michael Strogoff. The people of Central Asia give the name of "fal" to this practice. After having interpreted the sense of the verse touched by the finger of the judge, they apply the sentence, whatever it may be.

sequins rained also Muscovite ducats and The emir had left his finger resting on the roubles. page of the koran. The chief of the ulemas, then approaching read with a loud voice a the voice of the executioner, placing his hand on the shoulder of Michael Strogoff, againverse which finished with these words :

"And he shall see no more the things of the earth." "Russian spy," said Feofar-Khan, you come to see what is passing in the camp of the Tartars! Look, then, with all your eyes! Look!"

CHAPTER V.

"MICHAEL STROGOFF, with his hands bound, was held in front of the emir's throne, at the foot of the terrace.

His mother, overcome at last by so many physical and moral tortures, had sunk down, not daring to look or listen any longer.

"Look with all your eyes! Look !! Feofar-Khan had said, stretching out his threat-ening hand towards Michael Strogoff.

Without doubt, Ivan Ogareff, knowing well the Tartar customs, had understood the bearing of that word, for his lips parted for an instant in a cruel smile. Then he went to take his place near Feotar-Khan.

A call of trumpets was heard immediately. It was the signal for the amusements.

"Now we will have the ballet," said Alcide Jolivet to Harry Blount, " but contrary to all custom, these barbarians give it before the drama 1

Michael Strogoff had been ordered to lookhe did look. A dauscuses (female dancers) came upon the space reserved for them. Various Tartar instruments, united with the guttural voices of the singers, formed a strange harmony. There was the "doutare," a mandoline with a long neck made of the wood of the mulberry tree, with two strings of twisted silk; " kobire," a kind of violoncello, open at the back, furnished with horse-hair and made to vibrate with a bow; the "tschibyzga," a long flute made of a reed; trumpets, tambourines and tomtoms. At once

the dances began. The danseuses were all of Persian origin. WEDNESDAY, 23RD JULY, 1879.

The very ones !" cried Alcide Jolivet. "I imagine their eyes bring more money to these spies than their legs!" And in making them out to be agents in the

the crowd of prisoners. The look of train service of the emir, Alcide Jolivet, it is well Orareff had not deceive himself

clanged on their arms, and at the swelling of the "deires," a kind of drum sounded by the fingers

Sangarre, holding one of these daires which trembled between her hands, excited this troop of veritable corybantes.

Then came forward & youthful Tsigane, some fifteen years old at most. He held in his hand a doutare, the two cords of which he made to vibrate by a simple gliding of his nails. He sang. During the couplet of this song of fantastic rhythm, a dauseuse came and placed herself near him and remained immovable, listening to him, but- each time the burden came to the lips of the young singer, she again took up her interrupted dance, shaking her daire near him, and deafening him with the sound of he drum.

Then, after the last verse, the dancers en-

laced the Tsigane in a thousand turnings of

At this moment a shower of gold fell from

the hands of the emir, and his allies, from the

hands of the officers of all grades, and, to the

noise of the pieces which struck the cymbals

of the dancers, were blended the last mur-

"Prodigal as freebooters!" said Alcide

And, indeed it was stolen money, which

Then silence was made for an instant, and

spoke those words whose repetition rendered

But this time, Alcide Jolivet observed that

the executioner did not hold his naked sword

Meanwhile the sun was already sinking be-

low the horizon. A half-darkness began to envelop the outlines of the country. The

mass of cedars and pines became more and

more dark, and the waters of the Tom dark-

ened afar off, were soon lost in the first fogs of

night. The dark shades could not delay long

in gliding up to the plateau which overlooked

the city. But at that instant several bundled slaves,

carrying lighted torches, invaded the whole

place. Led by Sangarre, both the Tsiganes and Persians reappeared before the throne of the emir, and displayed, by contrast, their dances of different kinds. The instruments

of the Tartar orchestra unloosed themselves

in a more savage harmony, accompanied with

the guttural cries of the singers. The paper-

retook their flight, drawing up with them

lanterns of many colors, and under a fresher

breeze their barps vibrated with more

intensity in the midst of this arial illumina-

Then's squadron of Tarters in their war

uniform came and joined the dances, the fury

of which had kept increasing, and then com-

menced a pedestrian fantasia which produced

These soldiers, armed with naked swords

and long pistols, actually while executing a

kind of vault, made the air resound with

quick detonations of musketry. Their arms, charged with colored powder, after the fashion

of the Chinese, by means of some metallic in-

kites, which had been let down to the ground

" Look with all your eyes, look !"

fell in showers, for with the Tartar tomans and

murs of the doutares and tambourines.

Jolivet in the ent of his companion.

them them still more sinister.

their dances.

in his band.

tion.

the strangest effect.

has passed through Omsk "I am ignorant of it."

"And that the man whom you believed to

was not he-was not your son ?" "He was not my son."

"And have you not seen him since among the prisoners?"

" No." "And if he were shown to you, would you recognize him ?".

- No."

At this answer, which showed an inflexible determination to avow nothing, a murmur of approbation arose from the crowd.

Ivan Ogareft could not restrain, a menacing gesture. "Listen," said he to Marfa Strogoff, " your

son is here, and you go at once to put him out."

" No."

"All these men, taken at Omsk' and at Kolyvan, are going to defile before your eyes, and if you do not point out Michael Strogoff you shall receive as many blows of the knoutas there shall be men who have passed before you."

Ivan Ogareff had now realized that, whatever threats he might utter, and to whatever tortures he might subject her, the indomitable Siberian would not speak. To discover the courier of the czar, he now counted, not upon her, but upon Michael Strogoff himself. He did not believe it possible that, when the mother and the son should be brought into the presence of each other, an irresistible impulse would not betray them. " Oertainly if he had only wished to gain possession of the imperial letter, he could simply have given orders for all these prisoners to be searched; but Michael Strogoff might have destroyed this letter, after learning its contents, and if he were not recognized and he should gain Irkutsk, the plans of Ivan Ogareff would be all fruetrated. Wherefore, it was not only the letter which he must have from the traitor-he must have the bearer of it.

Nadia at length understood all, and she now knew who was Michael Strogoff, and why he had wished to traverse, without being known, the invaded provinces of Siberial (1963) Land On the order of Ivan Ogareff, the prisoners

passed one by one before Marfa Strogoff, who remained immovable as a statue, and whose regard expressed only the most complete int difference.

Her son was in the last ranks. "When, in his turn, he passed before liis mother, Nadla shut her eyes in order notito see him in

Michael Strogoff 'nad remained apparently impassible, but his hands were bleeding from the pressure of the fetters.

Ivan Ogsreff was conquered by the son and the mother lines and and " Sangarre," placed near him, only said one

ora: "Whe knowt " THE Concrete the first of a "Yes," cried "Ivan "Ogareff, " let this old word: "The knout!"

jade have the knout, and let the punishment continue until she die !" · A Tartar soldier, carrying that terrible in-

strument of torture, approached Marfa Strugoff." The "knout" is somposed of a certain num.

ber of leather thongs, to the ends of which are attached twisted iron wire. " Oue can easily understand that to be condemned to re-

Russia. Tobolsk, placed above the sixtieth degree of latitude, and Irkutsk, built beyond have recognized as your son at the post-house | the hundredth meridian, have seen Tomsk increase at their expense.

And nevertheless, it is said, Tomsk is not the capital of this important province. At Tomsk reside the Governor-General of the province and the official world. But Tomsk is the most considerable town of the territory which stretches along the Alt i Mountains, namely, along the Ohinese frontier of the country of the Khalkas. The higher parts of these mountains, and far into the valley of the Tom, teem with platinum, gold, silver, copper and auriferous lead. The country being rich the town is also rich, as it is the center for all the wealth and enterprise of that large. tract of country. Moreover, the luxury of its for the Tartar feast." houses, its household goods, its equipages, can

rival those of the great capitals of Europe. It is the city of millionaires, whose wealth has been made by the pick-axe and spade, and, if it has not the honor of being the place of residence of the representative of the Czar it consoles itself for this by counting in the first ranks of its notables the leading merchants of the city, the principal director of the mines belonging to the imperial government."

Formerly, Tomsk was looked upon as a town situated at the extremity of the world. If anyone wished to go there, he must undertake a very long journey. In these days, it is of Houndon only like taking a walk, when the route is not large staff. trouden by the feet of "invaders. In a short time will be constructed the railroad across the Ural mountains, which will connect it with Perm.

Is Tomsk a beautiful city? We must acknowledge that, as regards this, travellers do uot agree. Madame de Bourboulon, who stayed there some days on her journey from Shanghai to Moscow, describes it as a place little picturerque. Were we to accept her description of it, Tomsk is only an insignificant town, with old houses of stone and brick, with narrow streets very different from those that pierce the great cities of Siberia. Many are the dirty districts, especially where the Tartars congregate, in which lazy drunkards warm " whose very drunkenness is apathetic, as is the case with all the people of the north. The traveler, on the contrary, Henry Russel Killough, is quite enthusiastic in his admina-tion of Tomsk. May it not be that he saw if in mid-winter, in its mantle of show, while Mme. de Bourboulon only visited it during summer? This is possible, and it would con him the opinion that some cold countries an only be appreciated in the, cold season and some warm countries in the hot season of the year. Whatever may be the case, Mr. Russell Kil-

Whatever may be the case Mr. Russell KII-"Bugh says positively" that Tomsk is not only 'a beardiful city of Siberia, but is even one of 'us finest cities of the world, with its houses but the d with colon nucles and peri-styles, its wide and regular streets, with sidewalks of woolf: its' fiftien magnificent, churches re-fleuted by the waters of the Tom, a large and 'noble tiver.

neueg oy the waters of the too and a second with the second secon But the finist tily of the world becomes the ceive a nundred and twenty blows, from such a But the finest city of the world becomes the fin the inform of a Tactar officer, arrived on Her son made a terrible movement which alists also recognized them, for Harry Blount a whip, is the same thing as to be condemnet most be of the invador. however, before the tent of the soldiers, who were guarding, him could said to his confrere. to death. Marfa Strögoff know it, but shi Who would have wished to admire it at this He wish accompanied by a lody of the with difficulty matter. also knew that no torture upon earth could lime? Defended by a few hatalions of in- soldiers from the camp of Zabedeiro, who be the basel, and they were good."

their l-gs laced with colored ribbons which crossed each other down to the leather socks There, also, as if all the peoples of the Russia-Chinese frontier had risen at the voice of the emir, could be seen Mandehourians, their

forehead and temples shaved, their hair plaited, with their long robes, with a bolt girding the figure underacath a shirt of silk, their oval-shaped bonnets of cherry-colored satin with black border and yellow fringe : then along with them admirable types of those women of Mandehouria, with 'headdresses of artificial flowers which were fastened with golden pins, and butterflies delicately placed in their black hair. " Lastly, Mongols, Bokharians, Persians, Chinese of Tarkestan, completed this crowd assembled

The Siberians alone were missing at this grand reception of the invaders." Those who lind not been able to flee were kept in their houses by the fear of pillage, which Feofar-Khan might order as a worthy termination of this triumphal ceremony. It was not until four o'clock that the emin

took his position on the appointed place, amidst the noise of drums, military bands, and the discharge of musketry and artillery. Feo- uid of son and mother. She could only pase far mounted his favorite horse, which carried on its head a plume sparkling with diamonds The Emir had kept on his war costume. At his side walked the Khans of Khokand, and of Honodouz, and he was accompanied by a

At this moment appeared on the terrace the first among the women of Feofar, the queen, if such a title can be given to sul-But this woman, queen, or slave, of tinas: Persian origin, was wonderfully beautiful. Contrary to the Mahometan custom, and ne doubt by a caprice of the emir, her face was uncovered. Her hair, divided into four plaits, caressed her shoulders of dazzling whiteness, which were scarcely covered with a veil of silk, shaded with gold, which adjusted at the back to a bonnet gemmed with diamonds of the greatest price. Under her petticont of blue silk fell the "zir-diamche" of silk gauze, and over her cincture hung loosely the "pirann," a chemise of the same material gracefully hollowed towards the neck. But from her head to her feet, which were enveloped in Persian slippers, such was the profusion of jewelry, gold tomans threaded

silver wire, beads of turquoise, " firwith 'ouzchs" taken from the famous mines of Elbourz, necklaces of cornelian, agates, emeralds, opals, and sapphires; that her waist and her figure looked as if woven with precious stones. As for the thousands of diamonds that sparkled on ther neck, ther arms, her

bands," around ber cincture, on her feet, milling of roubles would not have paid for their steam steamenthe militian cost. The emir and the khans dismounted, as to her.

also the dignituries who formed their corteget All took their places under a magnificant tent, raised in the center of the first terrace. As is ishal, the Koran was placed on a sacred table Feofar; resounding bugles announced his ar-

Ivan Ogareff-the Hashed, as they had already begun to call him dressed this time in the uniform of a Tactar officer, strived on horse-back before the tent of the emir.

had been able to speak to each other since the unfortunate scene in the camp of Zabedeiro. They had cruelly separated them from each other.

Sud aggravation of their miseries, for it would have been an alleviation for them if they had been reunited during those days of captivity. Marfa Strogoff would have asked pardon of her son for all the misfortune which she had involuntarily brought upon him, for she reproached herself for not having been able to master her maternal feelings. Ifshe had been able to restrain herself in that posthouse at Omsk, when she found herself face to face with him, Michael Strogoff would have passed through without being recognized, and, ohl how many evils, would have been avoided.

Aud, on his part, Michael Strogoff thought that if his mother was there, if Ivan 'Ogareff had brought her into his presence, it was that she might suffer her own torture, perhaps, also, because some terrible death had been reserved for her as well as for himself.

As for Nadia; she was asking herself what she could do to save both, how to come to the her time in imaginings, but she vaguely felt that she must above all things, avoid drawing attention upon berself, that she must disguise, that she must pretend to be little. Theil, perhaps, she might know the meshes that were holding the implicoved lion. In any case, if any opportunity for action were given to her, she would act, even were it necessary to sacrifice herself for the son of Marfa Strogoff.

Mean while, most of the prisoners had passed before the emir, and, in passing, each of them had to prostrate the forehead to touch the very dust, as a sign of servility. It was the slavery which commenced with humiliation. When the unfortunates were too slow in bending, the rude hand of the guard cust them violently to the earth. Alcide Jolivet and his companion could not assist at such a spectacle without feeling the greatest indignation.

"This is cowardly ! Let as go away !" said Aloide Jolivet.

.... No," replied Harry Blount, "we must see all." See all! Ah!" cried suddehly Alcide

Jolivet, seizing the arm of his companion. What is the matter with you?" asked the former. _____

"Look ! Blount, it is she." Dec. " She !"

"The sister of our fellow-traveler ! Alone,

young girl would be more hurtful than useful

ped himself, and Nadia, who had not per-ceived them, being half veiled by her hair, passed in her turn before the emir, without attracting his attention.

herself quickly lenough into the dust, the guards brutally pushed her. Marfa Strogoff fell. Her son made a terrible movement which

They were not slaves, but exercised their profession at liberty. Formerly they figured officially in the ceremonies of the court at Teheran ; but since the advent to the throne of the reigning family, having been almost banished from the kingdom, they have been compelled to seek their fortune elsewhere. They wore the national costume, and jewels ornamented them 'in profusion. Little triangles of gold and long pendant lockets swang from their ears, rings of silver interlocked hung from their necks, bracelets formed of a double row of gems encircled their arms and legs, pendants richly studded with pearls, with turquoises, and with carnelians trembled at the extremity of their long plaits.

The dancers performed very gracefully various dances, sometimes singly and some-times in groups." They had their faces uncovered, but, from time to time, that drew a light veil over their figure; and one would have said that a clond of gauze was passing over their sparkling cycs' like a vapor over

the starry beaven. Some of these Persian women wore as scarf a leather strap embroidered with pearls. from which was suspended a satchel of triangular form, the point below, and which they opened at a given time. From these satchels, woven of gold filigree, they drew forth long narrow bands of scarlet silk, on which were embroidered verses from the Koran. These bands held from one to another, formed an arch under which other 'dancers glided without interrupting their step, and in passing before each verse, according to the precept it contained, they either prostrated themselves to the earth, or they flew over it with a light bound as though they were going to take their place among the houris of Mahomet. But that which was remarkable, that with which Alcide Jolivet was most struck, was that the Persian dancers showed themselves more indolent than fiery. Fury was alto-

gether wanting to them, and alike by the character and execution of their dances they brought to mind rather the calm and decent figures of India than the passionate "almes" of Egypt.

When this first entertainment was over, a grave voice was heard, which said : "Look,

held in his hand a sword with a broad and curved blade, one of those Damascus blades, which had been tempered by the famous ar-

morers of Karschi, or of Hissar. Near him some guards had brought a tripod on which was placed an iron dish, where some red-hot coals were burning without emitting any smoke. The light crust which crowned them was due only to the incineration of a resinous and aromatic substance, a mixture of have seen for the last time. In an instant fraukincense and benzion, which had been thy eyes shall be for ever shut to the thrown on their surface. Meanwhile, to the Persians bad immediately It was not with death but with blindness

succeeded another, group of dancers, a race very different, which Michael Strogoff at once

recognized . And we must believe that the two journalists also recognized them, for Harry Blount

gredient, sent forth long red, green, and bluejets, and one would have said then that al these groups were acting in the midst of a display of fireworks.

Thoroughly acquainted as a Parisian journalist must be with these surprising effects that modern scenic art has carried so far. Alcide Jolivet could not restrain a slight movement of his 'head, which, between the boulevard Montmartre and the Madeleine, would have signified : " Not so bad, not so bad."

Then suddenly, as if at a given signal, all the fires of fantasia were extinguished, the dances ceased, the dancers disappeared. The ceremony was terminated, and the torches along lit up the plateau, which some instants before was so full of lights.

At a sign from the emir Michael Strogoff was led into the middle of the square.

"Blount," said Alcids Jolivet to his companion, " do you intend to see the , end of all this?

"Without any doubt whatever," said Harry Blount.

"Your readers of the Daily Telegraph, 1 hope, are not too nice for the details of an execution after the Tartar fashion."

"Not more so than your cousin."

" Poor young fellow I" added Alcide Jolivet, . fixing his eyes on Michael Strogoff. "The valiant soldier deserved to fall on the battlefield 17

"Can we do anything to save him ?" said Harry Blount

"We can do nothing,"

The two journalists called to mind the generous conduct of Michael Strogoff; they knew not through what trials, a slave to duty alone, he had passed ; and, in the midst of those Tartars to whom all pity is unknown, they

could do nothing for him. Little desirous of assisting at the torture reserved for this unfortunate man, they then reentered the city.

An hour later they were bastening along the road to Irkutsk,and it was among the Russians they would attempt to follow what Alcide Jolivet called by anticipation "the campaign of revenge."

Meanwhile, Michael Strogoff was standing up having a haughty look for the Emir, one of disdain for Ivan Ogareff. He was expecting to die, and, nevertheless, one would ave sought in vain in him for any symptom-

of weakness. The spectators, and the chief staff of Feofar-'Khan, for whom this torture was only an attraction the more, were waiting until the execution should be over. Then, its curiosity satisfied, all the savage hords would plunge

itself into drunkenness and the Strogoff pushed by the guards, approached the terrace, and then, in that Tartar language which he

understood, Feofar said to him : "Rilssian spy you have come to see." You

that Michael Strogoff was about to be stricken. Loss of sight, more terrible, perhaps than loss of life! The auhappy man was condemned to

we must believe that the two journ- lose his eyesight. Iso recognized them, for Harry Blount Neverthelees, on hearing the penalty bis confrere: se are the Tsigance of Nijht-Nov did not become weak. He remained im-passable, his large eyes open, as if he were

and a prisoner. We must save her." "Restrain yourself," coldly replied Harry Blount. "Our intervention in behalf of this

Alcide Jolivet, ready to rush forward, stop

stiraoing als attention. I In the meantime, after Nadia, Marfa Stro-goff had arrived, and as she did not throw