EVENING HYMN.

Slowly, by Thy hand unfurled,
Down around the weary world,
Falls the darkness; O how still
Is the working of Thy will!

Mighty Maker, here am I,
Work in me as silently:
Veil the day's distracting sights;
Show me heaven's eternal lights.

From the darkened sky come forth
Countless stars—a wondrous birth!
So many gleams of glory start
From this dim abyss, my heart.

Living worlds to view he brought
In the boundless realms of thought,
High and infinite desires,
Flaming like those upper fires!

Holy Truth, Eternal Right—
Let them break upon my sight;
Let them shine serenely still,
And with light my being fill.

Thou, who dwellest there, I know
Dwellest here within me too;
May the perfect love of God
Here, as there, be shed abroad.

Let my soul attuned be
To the heavenly harmony
Which, beyond the power of sound,
Fills the universe around.

Rev. W. H. Furness, Philadelphia.

Selected Serial.

HOW THEY KEPT THE FAITH.

A Tale of the Huguenots of Languedoc.

BY GRACE RAYMOND.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A WATCH IN THE NIGHT.

M. Laval sat in his library the next evening, gazing absently into a glowing bed of coals. The crimson curtains were drawn across the windows, the soft light of an alabaster lamp filled the room. A pile of unopened letters lay on the table, beside a scarcely-tasted meal. The banker's white head was bowed upon his hand. At the sound of a low tap upon the door, he looked up, and frowned.

"Come in," he said fretfully, and Madame Chevalier entered.

If one of the marble figures shining out from the folds of tapestry had suddenly stepped down from its pedestal, the old man could not have looked more terror-struck.

"Monique! This is, to say the least, very imprudent. Are you—are you aware that you imperil me as well as yourself?"

The widow quietly closed the door.

"I have taken care that I should not be recognized. You need give yourself no uneasiness," she answered. And then she came close to the herald, and looked into his face with her sad, clear eyes. "I see that you have already heard that my children were among the prisoners taken at the preche last night. Can you give me any tidings? Where have they been confined, what will be their fate?"

M. Laval sank back into his chair and buried his eyes.

"You should know that as well as I, Monique. The penalties attached to these secret gatherings are no secret. Good heavens! how could you let a child like Agnes run such a risk? I have not known a moment's peace since I heard she was taken. Yet I can do nothing for her—absolutely nothing!"

There was a frightened protest in the last words. The Huguenot mother looked at him in compassion. Too weak to espouse the right, too kind to sympathize with the wrong—was he not most to be pitied, after all?

"I did not ask you to involve yourself for us," she said gently. "I only ask for tidings, monsieur. You need not be afraid to tell me what you know. I am prepared for the worst."

The old man tapped the floor uneasily.

"I do not understand you, Monique. I never could. Anybody would think you had nerves of iron. There is not much to tell. The women and children have been consigned to the convent of St. Veronique, the men to the vaults of the citadel to await their trial. Agnes is sick with fright and exposure, but received no harm at the hands of the dragoons. Rene, I am sorry to say, had the imprudence to aggravate his captors at the outset. But that is only what might have been expected of him."

The mother's hands were clasped firmly together.

"You forget that if it had not been for Rene, it is Eglantine who would be in the convent," she said in a low voice.

M. Laval started from his chair and came close to his visitor.

"I think you might have comprehended my anxiety, and mentioned my granddaughter's name sooner," he said fretfully. "Is she well and safe? I live in constant terror lest she should be captured by the dragoons. Surely, you did not permit her to attend that meeting last night?"

"I had certainly not the right to deny her the comfort," was the quiet answer. "But you may set your heart at rest, monsieur. She and her child are both safe and well. There is her own word for it." She drew a letter from the pocket of her gown and handed it to him. She knew that it contained as earnest an appeal for his aid as lay in the power of the warm-hearted, impetuous girl to write. In glowing words Eglantine reminded her grandfather that it was Rene, who, at the risk of his life, had saved her from a convent-doom, when even he dared not interfere—Rene, who had won her babe back to health—Rene, who had led her own soul to the fountains of living water, that had filled her heart with a joy, even her happy girlhood did not know. She told him, what he had not heard before, that it was Agnes who had saved Henri from self-destruction, and saved her heart from breaking beneath its load of remorse. She bade him remember all she owed to Madame Chevalier from her earliest infancy, and the promise he had made to her mother never to forget that debt.

M. Laval's hand trembled violently as he refolded the sheet.

"I did not know all this; Rene did not tell me half," he said nervously.

"Rene would never boast of what he had done," answered the mother.

The old banker had begun to pace the room.

"Of course I would have done what I could for you, anyway; you might have known that, Monique. I promised as much to Godfrey years ago. I am not as rich a man as I was then; these priests are sad leeches; but I will try what gold can do. Rene has been good to my girl. He shall see that I am not ungrateful."

"And Agnes?"

Pierre Laval was silent.

"Is there no hope there?" asked the mother in a stricken voice.

"None, except submission. You may as well make up your mind to that, Monique. Surely, it can matter little what form that sweet child worships God in."

"I would rather see her dead than know she had denied her father's faith," was the low, passionate reply. "But there is one resource still, monsieur—an appeal to the priests. I will see them, and intercede for my child!"

"Impossible!" grasping her quickly by the dress as she turned to go. "Are you mad, Monique? The Jesuits have no conscience where heretics are concerned. You would be seized and dragged before the Intendant before you had uttered a dozen words. Stay; there is one man. I wonder I did not think of him before. Do you remember Father Ambrose?"

"Can I ever forget him?"

"He is known among his own order as a strict disciplinarian, but I notice he takes little part in these miserable persecutions. Unless he is a harder man than he was six years ago, he may be willing to help you. He certainly has the power, for he is the confessor of the convent."

"I will go to him at once. Leon di Vincy cannot refuse to hear me when I plead for my child. Quick, monsieur; tell me where he is to be found. Who can tell what my darling is enduring even now."

"If you will promise to rest satisfied with this attempt, and will give me a line asking him to come to you, I will go for you, Monique. It would never do for you to go to the close, and yet you ought to speak with him yourself. He has scant liking for me, and my presentation of your cause would only injure it."

The mother slipped a ring from her finger.

"If my old friend has not been altogether absorbed in the priest, that will bring him," she said in a broken voice.

M. Laval's answer was to ring the bell for his butler, a trusty servant, who had been in the house ever since Eglantine's mother was a baby.

"Stand outside the library door, and admit no one till my return," he ordered; and as the old man bowed and retired: "Monique, try and take a little rest and refreshment in my absence; there is food and drink upon the table." And with that the door closed after him, and a moment later the anxious mother heard his quick step on the pavement without.

In less than half an hour her quick ear caught the sound of his entering feet; he was evidently accompanied by some one. She rose tremblingly and turned toward the door. It was opened noiselessly the next moment, and M. Laval, with a perturbed countenance, ushered the object of his errand into the room.

Once more Monique Chevalier and her early friend stood face to face. The years so fruitful both of sorrow and blessedness to her had wrought little change in the cold, clear-face of the monk. The eyes had sunk deeper in their sockets, the wrinkles were more deeply graven, but otherwise life and time had left no trace.

He waited a moment, as if expecting her to address him, and then extended the ring.

"I am here, madame, in answer to your summons."

Something in the harsh voice and cold, glittering eye froze the appeal that had trembled upon the mother's lips. She could only extend her hands in mute entreaty, while her eyes filled with tears.

A strange smile illuminated the face of the priest. He lifted his arm with a commanding gesture.

"Hear me, Monique Chevalier! It is needless to explain or entreat. I fully comprehend the purpose for which you have sent for me, and my will is as fixed as the course of the stars in heaven. Six years ago Providence placed your children in my path. By the lifting of a finger I could have snatched them from the errors in which they had been reared and placed them in the bosom of the church, which is the one fountain of light and truth. But I was weak. The look in your eyes unmanned me. I weighed the thought of their earthly happiness against the hope of eternal gain, and permitted you to leave Nismes, with them, unmolested. Heaven forgive me, and lay not the sin to their door or mine! From that hour the frown of an offended God rested upon my soul. The scanty peace I had been able to win by prayers and fastings slipped from me. You wonder that I own this to you—a heretic? Wait, madame, and when I am done, you will understand my confession. I had for some years been confessor of the convent of St. Veronique. Among the children under the care of the nuns was one who had been snatched as a brand from the burning. She could not remember her early home, but she was a shy, sensitive little creature, often ailing, and the sisters did not understand her. They thought her sullen, but I knew better from the first. One day I found her crying at the feet of the great Madonna in the chapel; she wanted her mother, she said. I contrived to pacify her. She had never been afraid of me like the other children; from that day she was my unquestioning slave. The Sisters had only to say, 'This will please the holy father,' and she was ready to undertake any task. All that I told her was received as gospel. Ah, how I gloried in eradicating the seeds of error and instilling the blessed doctrines of our ancient faith. Her nature—I had known it from the first—was like crystal; transparent, and without stain. Her mind proved to be one of rare intelligence. The saintly Fenelon, who is some connection of her father's house, wrote to make inquiries about the child, and delighted at what he heard of her unusual promise, would have had her removed to the care of the Ladies of Port Royal, but my pupil hung to her old preceptor, and the matter was not pressed."

"Is it possible that you speak to me of the unfortunate daughter of Madame de Bertrand?" exclaimed Monique Chevalier.

Father Ambrose regarded her with an inscrutable expression.

"It can matter nothing to sœur Marguerite, or to any one else, what her antecedents were," he answered in a hard, repellant voice. "She has long since taken upon herself the full vows of the sisterhood, and is as dead to earthly ties as though she were on the other side of death. But you interrupt my story, madame. The Church had from the first designed my pupil for a holy vocation; she was in her novitiate at the time of my misguided kindness toward you. It was then—in my endeavor to allay the remorse that tormented me—that I conceived the idea of atoning for my fault by devoting myself with increased ardor to the attainments of my pupil. I have succeeded beyond my utmost expectations. Transplanted flowers sometimes exhale richer fragrance than the natives of the soil. You are doubtless aware that the noble lady, who at this moment sways the councils of France, and fans the zeal of the king, was herself a convert from the heresies which now she abhors. Madame, my young Huguenot has blossomed into a devotee, an ascetic; there are no bounds to her enthusiasm; her piety exceeds that of the superior; her zeal often puts me to confusion. Ah! you catch the drift of my story at last. That woman is the guardian, the instructress I have chosen for your child. Whatever of eloquence lies in unfaltering conviction and burning zeal—whatever of power sleeps in a holy and blameless life, sœur Marguerite will bring to her task! Ah, Monique Chevalier, in spite of the slanders which your blasphemous sect delight to hurl at the institutions of our holy Church—a life as blameless as your own, a soul as stainless as that of a lily unblown. You have no need to fear personal violence. I disdain brute force. My weapons are finer and more invincible. Sœur Marguerite already watches beside the sick bed of your child with a tenderness that disarms her prejudices, allays her fears. When she has wholly won the heart of her charge, she will unfold the doctrines of our holy faith, with a voice and glance so winning, that your daughter will have neither the power nor the inclination to resist. Madame, my hour of atonement and restoration is at hand. In a few weeks, at farthest, I will have the gratification of receiving into the Church the young soul I so deeply wronged years ago, and my lost peace will be re-won."

Father Ambrose paused, and waited for reply. The mother had listened with her hands clasped firmly together. There was a slight flush upon her cheek; her eyes had kindled through their tears.

"You will be disappointed," she said in a low, firm voice. "Leon, you think you have only a girlish will with which to contend, but I warn you that over against your cunning will stand the prayers of her martyred father and the promise of a covenant-keeping God. There is that in that young soul which will confront and baffle you at every turn; there is that in her heart which you would give your life to win—the peace that passeth understanding; there will stand by her in every temptation the Lord who made heaven and earth. Beware how you fight against God! Beware how you offend one of His little ones!"

"That will do, madame; I am not to be shaken as to the righteousness of my cause, nor my hopes of success. I will find means to let you know your daughter abandons her errors; perhaps you you will then talk differently. Meantime, God judge between us!" Father Ambrose drew his hood over his face, and without further word of farewell, strode from the room.

(To be continued.)

The Perils of Buffalo Hunting.

On the occasion in question, my brother and cousin were on their way homeward. They were just mounting one of the long, low swells into which the prairie was broken when they heard a low, muttering, rumbling noise, like far-off thunder. It grew steadily louder and, not knowing what it meant, they hurried forward to the top of the rise. As they reached it they stopped in terror and amazement, for before them the whole prairie was black with madly rushing buffaloes.

Afterwards they learned that another couple of hunters, four or five miles off, had fired into and stampeded a large herd. This herd, in its rush, gathered others, all thundering along together in uncontrollable and increasing panic.

The surprised hunters were far away from any broken ground or other place of refuge, while the vast herd of huge, plunging, maddened beasts was charging straight down on them not a quarter of a mile distant. Down they came!—thousands upon thousands, their front extending a mile in breadth, while the earth shook beneath their thunderous gallop, and as they came closer, their shaggy frontlets loomed dimly through the columns of dust thrown up from the dry soil. The two hunters knew that their only hope for life was to split the herd, which, though it had so broad a front, was not very deep. If they failed they would inevitably be trampled to death.

Waiting until the beasts were in close range, they opened a rapid fire from their heavy breech-loading rifles, yelling at the top of their voices. For a moment the result seemed doubtful. The line thundered steadily down on them; then it swayed violently, as two or three of the brutes immediately in front fell beneath the bullets, while the neighbors made violent efforts to press off sideways. Then a narrow wedge-shaped rift appeared in the line, and widened as it come up closer, and the buffaloes, shrinking from their foes in front, strove desperately to edge away from the dangerous neighborhood; the shouts and shots were redoubled; the hunters were almost choked by the cloud of dust, through which they could see the stream of dark huge bodies passing within rifle-length on either side; and the two men were left alone on the plain, unharmed, though with their nerves terribly shaken. The herd careered on toward the horizon, save five individuals who had been killed or disabled by the shots.—*From Theodore Roosevelt, in St. Nicholas.*

Do not delay in getting relief for the little folks. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is a pleasant and sure cure. If you love your child why do you let it suffer when a remedy is so near at hand?

The Romance of Coal.

In the reign of Edward I. the aversion to coal was most pronounced, and a proclamation was issued prohibiting its use in London. Even dyers, brewers, and others were forbidden to burn coal on pain of a fine, loss of furnace, etc. The proclamation was brought about by the nobles and gentry, who complained that they could not stay in town on account of "the noisome smell and thick air" caused by burning coal. Stow, referring to this period, says: "The nice dames of London would not come into any house or room where sea-coals were burned, nor willingly eat of the meat that was even sod or roasted with sea-coal." It was in the reign of Edward I. that a man was tried, convicted and executed for the crime of burning sea-coal in London. The students of Oxford and Cambridge were not permitted to have fires until the days of Henry VIII., and to warm themselves they ran for some distance—certainly a cheap mode of obtaining warmth.

Towards the reign of Elizabeth, coal was becoming a popular kind of fuel, chiefly owing to the difficulty of obtaining a cheap and plentiful supply of wood. A strong prejudice, however, lingered against it, and the Queen prohibited the burning of coal in London during the sitting of Parliament, for it was feared that "the health of the knights of the shires might suffer, during their abode in the metropolis." In the days of Charles I. the use of coal became very general, and as the demand increased, the price went up, to such an extent as to preclude the poor from obtaining it. Not a few died from cold for want of fires.—*Selected.*

Conviction of Sin.

There is naught for thee to do but to seek pardon at the foot of the cross. Consider this: if thou dost feel a thousand times more than thou canst ever do, yet thou wilt not ever feel enough the sore burden of thy sins. Consider how many and black are thy iniquities, and how persistent thou hast been in rejection of the mercy of God proclaimed in Jesus Christ! O, it is good for thee to realise how black and foul thou art, and how desperate thy case is apart from Christ. Thou art like a man being drawn from a pit by a single rope. He does naught but cling to the rope tied round him; if that rope breaks he must be dashed to pieces; all his salvation depends upon the rope of another, held in another's hand. That rope is the work of Christ for thee, and He who casts the rope will pull thee out of thy peril and distress.

But I would specially charge thee not to rest content till thou art established on the rock Christ Jesus. Be well persuaded, and that by Scriptural proofs alone, that thou art passed from death unto life. Fill thy spirit from the well of the Bible; drink deeply and often of its gracious words if thou wouldst be strong. Depend upon it, it is neglect of the Bible that causes the anguish and weakness of many Christians; thou canst not be strong or useful save by the influence of the inwrought word, and to it I would commend thee.—*Gifford's Advice to John Bunyan when under Conviction of Sin.*

Absence of Mind.

It is recorded of a certain divine, too occupied with spiritual things to take note of ordinary matters, that on the first day he wore spectacles in the pulpit they remained on the top of his forehead throughout the sermon. "So you have taken to spectacles, Mr. Dean," said one of his congregation after service. "Why, yes, I found I couldn't do without them, and I now wonder how I never used them till to-day." This has been hitherto supposed to be the climax—"the grand climacteric"—of absence of mind. This same paper which tells this records that this has been beaten in Spain as follows: In that country (and no wonder) it is the custom to open a coffin at the grave's brink, to see that all is right. This was done the other day at an infant's funeral at Saragossa, when, to the consternation of all present, the coffin was discovered to be empty. The poor baby had been left at home. The forgetfulness surpasses the other, since it must have occurred to a good many people, and, moreover, involved not only absence of mind, but absence of body.

A. L. Rice, Photographer, New Glasgow, writes,—"King's Dyspepsia Cure is a positive cure for indigestion and dyspepsia. My own trial of the medicine proved a case of instant relief and as far as I can judge a permanent cure. I find the same is said of it by all who have tried it."

—God's presence is enough for toil and enough for rest. If He journey with us by the way, He will abide with us when nightfall comes; and His companionship will be sufficient for direction on the road and for solace and safety in the evening camp.—*Maclaren.*

W. A. Edgars, of Frankville, was so badly afflicted with Kidney and Liver Complaint that his life was despaired of. Four bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters cured him.

There are a number of varieties of corns. Holloway's Corn Cure will remove any of them. Call on your druggist and get a bottle at once.

EXTENSION OF TIME

Is often asked for by persons becoming unable to pay when the debt is due. The debt of Nature has to be paid sooner or later, but we all would prefer an EXTENSION OF TIME.

Puttner's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, may give this to all who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Consumption, General Debility, and all Wasting Diseases. Delicate Children who otherwise would pay the debt very speedily may have a long Extension of Time. Try PUTTNER'S EMULSION. BROWN BROS. & CO., Chemists and Druggists, Halifax.

TO THE DEAF.—A person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any person who applies to NICHOLSON, 30 St. John St., Montreal.

A Danger Signal!

A Cold in the Head may be aptly termed a danger signal warning you that if neglected that dangerous and disagreeable disease, Catarrh, is sure to follow, perhaps leading to Consumption and the grave. At no season of the year is Cold in the Head more prevalent than during the Spring months, and at no other season do the people of this country suffer more generally from Catarrh, with all its disagreeable and annoying effects. Do not for an instant neglect either of these troubles, but apply NASAL BALM, the only remedy that will give instant relief and effect a thorough cure. The following testimonials from among thousands in our possession bear witness to its sterling merit.

Wm. L. Lucas, Dempsey Corners, N. S., writing for a second supply of Nasal Balm says. On Sept. 21 I got two bottles from you, and it has done me more good for Catarrh than all the other numerous and costly remedies and treatment I had tried. I feel better now than I have for years, and have every reason to believe the two bottles I am now sending for will completely cure me. I consider Nasal Balm worth its weight in gold to any person suffering from Catarrh.

Wm. Clark, baggage master, W. & A. Railway, Annapolis N S., writes: Please send me another bottle of Nasal Balm as my first bottle is gone, and I believe, had I used it according to instructions, it would have cured me; as it is I am very much better, in fact feel like another person.

Wm. Chas. Hanley, postmaster, Spry Bay, N. S., says: I submit the following to the public that any one who may be afflicted may be benefited by the same remedy. Two bottles of your Nasal Balm has restored to perfect health a four year old child of ours suffering from Catarrh.

Robert C. Woodman, Digby, N. S., writes as follows: Enclosed find $1 for another large bottle of Nasal Balm, which you will please send me by first mail. The bottle I sent for some time ago benefited me very much more than any other preparation I ever tried.

Mrs. M. Ray, Canso, N. S., writes: I have used Nasal Balm on several occasions with the children for cold in the head, and always find it effects a rapid cure.

Nasal Balm
Instantly Relieves
Cold in Head.

Mr. Alex. Moore, Mechanics' Settlement, New Brunswick, says: I am going on 79 years of age, and had very little hopes of anything to relieve my Catarrh. Seeing Nasal Balm advertised, I sent to you for a package. It has done me a great deal of good. I enclose you $1 for a further supply, part of which I intend giving to an afflicted friend. I advise all sufferers from Catarrh to use Nasal Balm.

D. S. McDonald, Malon, C. B., writes: Nasal Balm has helped my Catarrh very much. It is the best remedy I ever used.

Abram Grant, Grant P. O., Westmoreland N. B., writes: My daughter has used one bottle of Nasal Balm, and it has helped her Catharrr wonderfully. It gives general satisfaction in this neighborhood.

Nasal Balm
Positively Cures
Catarrh.

Hanford Wolhampter, Bloomfield, N. B., writes: I wish to inform you that I have been a sufferer from Catarrh for a long time, and have continually tried so-called remedies and Catarrh cures, but all to no purpose. At last I heard of Nasal Balm and was indeed to try that. To my astonishment I found relief from first application, and now after two weeks use feel myself PERFECTLY and THOROUGHLY cured.

James H. McLeod, Mink River Road, N. S., says: I have tried other remedies for Catarrh, but received no good from them. Your Nasal Balm is certainly the best remedy I have tried and all you claim for it. The fact that it is pleasant and convenient to use adds greatly to its value, but its chief worth lies in being a certain cure for that unpleasant disease—Catarrh.

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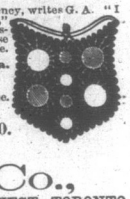

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Whoever is worth do
Is worth doing well
Take time for your se
Your work will exc

Be quiet and steady,
Haste only makes
Steps hurriedly taken
Must needs be retra

A bad habit cured
Is a good one begun
The beginning make
And your work is h

What you should do
You must never p
Delay steals your mo
And makes you a d

Never say, "I cannot
But "I'll try, try a
Let this be at all tim
Your cheerful refre

Be content with your
Be bright as the su
Be kind and be true,
All wickedness shu

Love God and your n
The Golden Rule k
Walk daily with Jesu
And in His love sle
—*New Yo*

THE HOM

A Frozen Din

BY DR. T. M. C

I am going to tell t
strange banquet. It had
waiting for thousands of
for three summers; and
were dogs, wolves, and gr
bears.

How did it happen?
was in the wastes of
where the great rivers
toward the great pole
dreary steppes that are
mosses for thousands of
where in winter the mer
the thermometer, and wh
presses on the shores of
This frozen dinner was
ago as the time of our gr
fathers. Ninety years a
fisherman was fishing ne
the great river Lena,
Greeley's expedition
The fisherman noticed an
masses of ice that covere
thathad a peculiar foro
rounded and less angular
What it was he could no
something mysterious, an
membered it; and very
feared and worshipped t
ner of those rude people.
The winter of 1799 cam
that vast Siberian count
deep with snow, perhaps
thousandth time; for tho
once was warm, no one c
ago it changed to cold.
summer the snow passe
sun played again upon t
of ice. The glowing beam
it away, and you might
guess, from its curious sh
monstrous creature was i
as if by enchantment, an
ing for the hot sun to
barrier. But the summe
The terrible nine mont
again upon the wastes of
neither the poor Tungoos
any of his countrymen
that huge rounded blo
tained.

But the third summer
light played warmly a
southern side of the fr
little streams of water
down its side. Right in
the ice-block appeared th
ivory tusk; and a little l
melted, one flank of a m
tic elephant, as big a
Jumbo was, or bigger.
sound as when frozen, no
long before; for all th
had been kept in natu
And now it was not lo
suppose, before the do
bears found their way to
ner. They had a royal
over it; yet this was on
of the banquet. Winter
fore they could make m
upon the huge carcass,
no man spread was inte
freezing cold.

The fourth summer
work again, and more o
was thawed out of the i
not until the next year t
was completely unfroze
over a bank of sand;
howlings the hungry dog
feast by day, and the
and wolves by night!
story of those good time
ed down among the desce
dogs, bears, and wolves u
day. At any rate, the
feast as is not recorded i
of wild beasts in the Sib
They were busy at it for
The next year the fis
discovered the mammo
idea; he sold the tusks.
time in severing these
ivory, eleven feet long,
the creature; but finall
clear off and sold them
or nearly as many dollar
And in this year, 1804,
the rounded block of ic
covered, a naturalist c
from Petersburg, in Rus
three thousand miles,
and reindeer, to see the
great bones were all
arched up like a house,
the leg bones like stro
head was in good condit
a wolf had torn off one o
eyes still looked natu
thousands of years had p
had winked! A long,
clung to the neck of the
head without the tusk
brain and flesh were
more than four hundre
hide was covered with
underneath these grew