

caverns where the bones of the victims are piled high, until one stands aghast at the multitude of relics, and comes to the conclusion that Paris has more dead to the square acre than any other city extant, not even excepting Rome.

In this way they gain the corner of the triangle; from this point their course changes, and in making for the main entrance they keep going farther away from the hills.

"Halt!" exclaims Captain Tom, and as the strange procession brings up he places his ear close against the wall of rock.

Strange sounds are borne to him—the pick-pick-sick of determined workers in the bowels of the earth. Have some of the old convicts who were once upon a time wont to labour in these quarries returned to the scene of their life work?

He knows that these sounds proceed from the German engineers, who have already bored a way under the city walls. In two days, he remembers, the plot must culminate, but it may be sooner; no time is to be lost.

They move on. At length the entrance is gained, which to them must be an exit: Here they find a strong guard, and questions are asked, but Captain Tom answers them all. The officer begs them to proceed to headquarters, and escorted by several soldiers they leave the darkness of the catacombs behind, and in the early dawn of that January day once more walk the streets of beleaguered Paris.

CHAPTER IX.

A LITTLE AFFAIR UNDER THE WALLS OF PARIS. GENERAL TROCHU, in command of the defence of Paris, can seldom be found at the house where he has made his headquarters during the earlier part of the siege, having of late betaken himself to the forts on Mont Valerien. Perhaps he has a deep reason for this. The story of repulse has become so old by this time that doubtless even the patience of a Parisian mob must be worn threadbare. Once the people of the faubourgs cheered Trochu whenever he appeared, for in their eyes he was the hero who was to teach the impudent vandals how not to take Paris. Now, months of this business, with scanty food that grows less day by day, and a consciousness that partiality is shown to the rich in the distribution—these things put the people into an ugly state of mind.

Paris is getting in its condition for the horrors of the Commune.

At any hour it may raise its hydra head, and the first object of its hatred will be the chief of the army.

Doubtless Trochu knows this, and being a wise as well as a brave man, he feels safer at this desperate period among his Franco-tireurs in the forts than upon the boulevards.

On this occasion, however, they are fortunate in finding the general at headquarters, where he has come to secure certain papers.

The great man looks wearied, but greets Captain Tom with warmth; he has great respect for the American who proves his friendship for France at the peril of his life.

An audience is granted, and the story, so far as it relates to matters in which General Trochu can have an interest, is soon told.

A fierce light shows upon the governor's face.

It is impossible to dislodge the determined enemy who has settled down around the gay capital, he can at least find some satisfaction in dealing him an occasional severe blow. A success once in a while will keep up the spirits of the people, and make them have confidence in him.

For months the daily talk has been of an army from the provinces that would come up in the rear of the German forces, give them a dreadful blow, and raise the siege, but since the bombardment began this hope has dwindled away to a mere nothing.

The general thanks Captain Tom in the extravagant style that is so natural to a Frenchman, and reveals enough of his hastily formed plans to give him an idea as to what he means to do.

Then the two culprits are taken to prison, from which they will come out later and see a file of soldiers accompanying them to the Bois de Boulogne, or somewhere outside the city gates—a few brief orders, a double roll of musketry, and Paris will be rid of two men who have long been secret foes.

Captain Tom seeks rest.

The bombardment about ceases with the coming of morning, but in the evening the iron spheres will again begin to fall upon the half of the beleaguered city nearer Châtillon, to be kept up with great regularity all night long.

At a certain hour Captain Tom awakes and refreshes himself with cold water, of which, thank Heaven, these greedy Germans have not yet been able to cut off the supply.

Then he proceeds to a restaurant near by, and partakes of a frugal meal. Few persons can afford to patronise such places now and many of the eating houses have closed, but along the Champs Elysees there are a

number that still keep open and make a brave show with a scanty larder and slender patronage.

When he has satisfied the inner man as thoroughly as can be done in a city which has been consuming itself for the last few months, Captain Tom hails a sacre. Few of these are to be seen on the streets; the reason is very plain, since horses are in demand for food. Funerals, even of the

rich, are limited to one vehicle.

Thus he picks up Mickey McCray at a certain place, and together they seek the mouth of the catacombs.

All is quiet here, but ever and anon, a company of Franco-tireurs, or one, perhaps, belonging to the National Guard, passes down the step.

Having the pass-word, our two friends find no difficulty in entering, and when they reach a certain point witness the

preparations that have been made to repulse this shrewd game on the part of the Germans.

Trochu is not personally present, but he has his representative in a smart young officer. Soldiers are massed in waiting and eager to pounce upon the luckless engineers who have done such wonderful work.

The utmost silence is imposed. They can hear the throbbing blows that indicate the near approach of the enemy. At any time now it may be expected that the German engineers will break through the wall and enter the cavern.

An order passes along. All lights are put out, and the French soldiers wait like restless hounds held in the leash while the game is near.

It is not for long. The indomitable power of perseverance that has carried the Germans thus far in their tunnelling operations brings about the final act in the drama.

There is a sudden burst of light and a rattling sound, as of fragments of stone falling. Then low exclamations of delight in the deep voices of Germans are heard.

Not a man among the French soldiers



When the pie was opened  
The birds began to sing  
The praises of

BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER.

# BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER

Supplies a Daily Luxury—Dainties in endless variety.  
The Choicest Dishes and the Richest Custard.

NO EGGS REQUIRED.

Storekeepers can obtain supplies of Bird's Custard and Bird's Concentrated Egg Powders, Bird's Baking and Bird's Blanc-Mange Powders, from all the leading Wholesale Houses.

# AYER'S

## Sarsaparilla MAKES PURE BLOOD.

Pure blood means health, strength, and happiness. Bad blood means scrofula, pimples, boils, carbuncles, ulcers, tumors, and other dangerous ailments. Ayer's Sarsaparilla cleanses, vitalizes, and enriches the blood; thus imparting renewed life and energy. It cures disease by removing the cause from the system; it takes away That Tired Feeling, quickens the appetite, and restores

### HEALTH AND STRENGTH

to those who have become enervated by climatic or other influences. Out of many thousands of testimonials, we have space here only for the following:

Mr. R. DENNIS, Adelaide, So. Australia, writes:—"It is with very much pleasure that I testify to the great benefit I received from using your wonderful blood-purifier. I was a sufferer for years from indigestion, loss of strength and appetite, and constipation. My whole system seemed to be thoroughly out of order. A friend finally told me to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I followed his advice, though feeling discouraged at the fruitless results of other treatment, and I am thankful to state that a few bottles completely cured me."

Mr. ROBERT GOODFELLOW, Mitcham, So. Australia, writes:—"I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla in my family for years, and would not be without it. I used to suffer with boils and skin eruptions, attended with great lassitude and general debility. In fact, I was so ill that I could not attend to my business. Being advised to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla I did so, and I am happy to say that the medicine restored me to perfect health. I have since used Ayer's Sarsaparilla for my children, in various complaints, and it has always proved effective. I can safely recommend it to sufferers as the best blood-purifier in existence."

# AYER'S SARSAPARILLA

A Record of Half a Century.

Highest Awards at the World's Great Expositions.

# ECZEMA

Most Distressing of Skin Diseases  
Instantly Relieved by

## Cuticura

WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS

A warm bath with Cuticura Soap, and a single application of Cuticura (ointment), the great Skin Cure, followed by mild doses of Cuticura Resolvent (blood purifier), will afford instant relief, permit rest and sleep, and point to a speedy, permanent, and economical cure when all other methods fail.

Sold throughout the world. British depot: F. NEWBERRY & SONS, 1, King Edward-st., London. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

## Milwards' Needles

BUY MILWARDS ONLY.

## "THE SICK MAN" SPEAKS.

THE SULTAN OF TURKEY objects to the presence of a British fleet in the Bosphorus, because he is afraid that

THE EMPIRE TEA COMPANY'S BLENDED TEAS

is in the event of an occupation by the Powers, easily out the national beverage—coffee.

Although the EMPIRE TEA COMPANY may not occupy Turkey just yet, nevertheless their blends occupy the attention of all lovers of a good cup of Tea in this colony.

Here are the names and prices of our

### Superior Blended Teas

DRAGON	Improved quality	3/-
HOUDAH	reduced price	2/10
KANGRA VALLEY	" "	2/8
ELBPHANT	" "	2/6
CRESCENT	" "	2/4
BUFFALO	" "	2/2
EMPIRE (in lead)	" "	2/-
MIKADO (in lead)	" "	1/10
CEYLON (in lead)	" "	1/10
(red and gold label)	" "	1/10

## EMPIRE TEA COMPANY.

W. & G. TURNBULL & CO.,  
PROPRIETORS,  
WELLINGTON.