

DORA'S STORY.

THE only person speaking was a handsome Jewess of twenty-four or twenty-five, whose name, or *mon de guerre*, was Theodora Osnavitch. She was a rare type of that race, being a superb blonde, with bright, golden hair, large, lustrous blue eyes, and exhibiting the powerful figure and splendid health which characterize the Hebrew women to so remarkable a degree. As she paused at the end of an argument and drained a glass of Joseph-shoefer, some one asked, "What made you a Nihilist, Dora?" "Nothing very remarkable to us Russians," she replied. "I belong to a good family in a small town in the Warsaw Province. I married the *kabbi* of our synagogue, and we were very happy for a few months. The Czar then made a change, and sent down a new Governor from St. Petersburg to replace our old one, who was a just and good man, although a Russian general. The newcomer had every vice, and no virtue of any kind. He was so bad and cruel that our friends and relatives wrote us when he came, warning us against him. My husband, the next Sabbath, in the synagogue, told our people about him, and advised them to be over-cautious in not violating any one of the thousand and one tyrannical laws with which they were cursed. Though he spoke in Hebrew, for fear of spies, some one betrayed him to the Governor. He was arrested, tried, flogged on the public square into insensibility, and sent to Siberia for life. I was present when he underwent his agony, and stood it until I became crazed. I broke through the crowd toward the wretch of an official, and cursed him and his master, the Czar, and swore vengeance against both. I, too, was arrested, tried at court-martial, and sentenced to receive a hundred blows with the rod in the public square. I, a woman, was taken by drunken *Moujiks* and heathen Cossacks to the place, tied by my hands to the whipping-post, my clothing torn from my body to the waist, and beaten before all the soldiery and the people of the town. At the twentieth blow I fainted; but the ropes held me up, and the full hundred were counted on my body. They cut me down, rubbed rock salt and water and some iron, that cuts like fire, into my back to stop the bleeding, and carried me to the hospital. I lay there two months and was discharged. I had but one idea then, and that was vengeance. By patience I managed to get employment in the Governor's palace as a seamstress. One afternoon he was in his bath, and he sent for towels. The attendant was tired, and I volunteered to take them. I threw them over my arm, and under them I held a long stiletto, sharp as a needle. I entered the room, and he was reading and smoking in the bath. I laid the towels by his side with my left hand, and at the next moment, with my right, I drove the knife through his heart. It was splendidly done. He never made a sound, and I escaped to this land. This is why I am a Nihilist. Do any of you doubt it?" She sprang excitedly from her chair, and in half a minute bared herself to the waist. The front of her form, from neck to belt, might have passed as the model of Venus di Milo. But the back! Ridges, welts and furrows, that crossed and interlaced as if cut out with red-hot iron! patches of white, gray, pink, blue, and angry red; holes and hollows with hard hideous edges; half visible ribs and the edges of ruined muscles, and all of which moved, contracted, and lengthened with the swaying of her body. There was a gasp from every one present. The aged host rose, silently kissed her on the forehead, and helped her to put back her garments. Then again the wine passed round, and what secret toasts were made as the party drank will never be known.—*By order of the Czar, by Joseph Hatton.*

"ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE."

The controversy which has been raging for sometime in the columns of an esteemed contemporary, as to whether the best English is spoken in Canada or the Mother country, has excited a good deal of interest. In order to settle the matter conclusively, "Grip"

determined to interview a few gentlemen conversant with the linguistic peculiarities of the two countries. The results of this undertaking are given below:

Mr. Cholmondeley Perkins, late of London, England, on being questioned on the subject said: "Wy, of cawse wo speak the language bettah at home, yah know! The discussion—aw—is perfectly widiculous. It's only to be expected that the bettah clawses of English society should converse maw cowrectly than Canadians, don't you know. You weally couldn't imagine that the people of a blawsted colony could acquiah the accent wich is only obtainable by constant intercawse with the highest circles. Wy you've no aristocracy in this country. How should you know how to speak English when you haven't got the models of excellence before you that every well-bwed Englishman lives up to?"

Mr. Isaac Brock Secord, school teacher of Memphramagog township, said: "What yer givin' us? I'm a native Canadian, of Canadian descent, begosh; an' I'm givin' it yer straight when I say that there ain't no place where the English language is spoken better nor in Canada; no sir! Canadians ain't no slouches when it comes to correct pronounciation and grammar. These here English fellers can't speak the language worth a cent. Their accent fairly knocks you silly, the way they misplace their haitches and drawl out their words. You bet, ther ain't no flies on young Canadians when it comes to pronouncin' correct."

Mr. 'Arry 'Olborne, was next called up on. He said, "It's all a bloomink lot of rôt discussink of sech a question. Where should Hinglish langwidge he spoke proper hexcept in Lunnon, Ii shid like to kneaw? There's where you get it chop. If yeou want to 'ear it real proper go out to 'Amstead 'Eath on Bank 'Ollerday an' mix free with the craoud, and you'll never awsk sech a jolly silly question again. 'Ow should people in Cenedy know 'ow to speak proper? They ain't got the toime for anythink but 'untin bears an wolves, as I hunderstands. In Hingland we 'ave the Hoxford and Cambridge Colledges to teach us wot's wot, and so we cawn't 'elp speakin' proper, don't you sec."

Mr. Timothy O'Mulligan, whose name sufficiently indicates his nationality, was the last person interviewed. He remarked: "Do I tink that the English or the Canajins sphakes the English language wid the greatest purity? 'Pon me sowl then, I do not. Av coorse, as ivery ejucated man knows, the besht English in the world is to be harrd in me native city av Dublin fwere they have jist a bewtiful accint—like meself for instance. We sphake rale ould ancint English, jist as it was spokke in the toime of Shakespear and Spenser an' them, in all it's purity an' swateness, with divil a wan av the corruptions and alterations wid wich thim Cockneys—bad luck to them—have defoiled it. Its only in Dublin, the home av min av shaparior intelligence and janius that ye'll foind the thrue and genuine English accint, d'ye moind that now!"

That pretty little woman from Philadelphia who married last year the reigning Count of Pappenheim (Bavaria), and found after settling her fortune on her husband that she could not attain his rank, has become very popular in Berlin society. She was a Miss Wheeler, I believe, and as she could not ascend she made her husband descend. Count Pappenheim renounced his headship of the family and his title of "Erlandht" (Serenity) in favour of his younger brother, and now is recognised simply as a cadet of a noble family. The whole affair raised a great storm of indignation in Philadelphia, where the marriage was celebrated with most elaborate ceremony. However, Countess Maximilian Pappenheim, as she is called now, has some recognition from the Royal circle which declined to receive her as the consort of the head of a house, and she is to be presented at the Prussian Court in February with the rank, at least, of a noble woman. This success must be particularly gratifying to her, as she expects her accouchement in May next.