

THE TALL MAN.

CHAPTER VII.—A GLIMPSE OF HOPE.

As both the guardsmen were present during the conversation between the king's private secretary and his wife, Lane could stand it no longer and he said in French, and with a good accent: "So far I am concerned, I assure you that I have taken your watch, but to give proof of my innocence both myself and my comrade will consent to be searched."

Both the secretary and his wife were taken by surprise. They had not expected that the man in a gray blouse, who was moving their furniture, should understand French, but they felt sorry to have hurt their feelings. One word led to another, and Lane was requested to tell them his history, and how he came to be in the life-guards. It was the first moment of sympathy he had experienced since the night of his capture, and it was an inexpressible comfort to unburden his heart. When he ceased, both the secretary and his wife expressed the deepest compassion for his fate, and there was no further question about searching the men for the missing watch. But Lane would not hear of this exception, he insisted that his own pockets and those of his comrade should be emptied. However, the watch was not forthcoming. The secretary hoped it would not be found, and he dismissed both the men with a liberal reward, and a testimony to their honesty and good conduct.

They returned to the barracks, but the thought of the missing watch entirely disturbed the satisfaction which Lane would otherwise have felt in the events of the day. Nothing remarkable occurred until one morning in June great excitement was caused in the barracks. A country peasant brought in the complete equipment of a life-guardman, which had been found on the banks of the Sprees.

Whether the owner of the clothes had been drowned, intentioned or accidentally, white talking, could not be told, but that he was drowned, no one doubted. The regiment was immediately mustered, and the missing guardman was—Arnold. "He has killed himself," said Lane to himself; "did he not say FAREWELL OR DEATH?"

Most of the guardmen thought the same, but Wimmer shook his head, and remarked: "Such things have happened before, and those said to be dead have returned to life. If Arnold had really drowned himself it is not likely that he would have been so careful to save his uniform; as to an accident, he could swim like a fish."

Two days afterwards Wimmer came in with the intelligence. "We shall see who is right," said he. "It has been discovered that he was his disappearance Arnold had sold a gold watch to a Jew, and spent part of the money in buying a complete beggar's dress. We shall be sure to have him now, and that soon. But there is something more than his desertion to be discovered. How did it come that he sold gold watch?"

Lane was horror-struck. Arnold a thief! Was it possible that after all he had stolen the secretary's watch? "Did not I myself search his clothes and his person? How could he have concealed it, if indeed he really took it?"

Four days after this the doors of the barracks, No. 13, were thrown open, and Wilhelm, the soldier's servant, rushed in, exclaiming: "They have found him! he is coming—they are bringing Arnold back!" Everybody hastened into the yard, and there they saw, just entering the gates, three dragoons on horseback. Stripped to the middle behind the first dragoon was Arnold, deserter! His right arm was secured to his right by an iron chain. Arnold was almost unrecognizable—his face was thin and deadly pale, furrowed with lines of suffering, streaked with blood and dirt; his hair hung wildy over his face; his torn and stretched clothes bore witness to the hardships he had endured. He did not raise his dull, despairing eyes, he allowed himself to be moved like a corpse, neither helping nor resisting. Arnold was placed at once in close confinement in the black hole.

"Let this be a warning to you Lane," said the corporal, seriously. "You have always been taking birds to your bosom, and scheming and hoping one day to put off your uniform. All the scoundrels you have written to Frankfurt have been placed in our captain's hands, and he gave them to me with orders to look sharp after you. I tell you it is all in vain for you to hope to be anything henceforth but a Prussian life-guardman; so do not try any tricks of suicide or desertion. You are a good soldier, and I am proud of you, and I do not wish harm to come to you."

"What will be done to Arnold?" asked Lane, anxiously.

"Oh, we shall hear when the court-martial sits. The king did not forgive his own son when he offended; his great friend Karl was shot before his eyes. Discipline before all things. It will not go well with the Jew who bought the watch and sold him the disguise, nor indeed with any one who knew that Arnold intended to desert."

The last part of this speech made Lane very anxious. If Arnold had stolen the watch, he would not scruple to tell a lie, if it would help to screen himself and to betray the comrade in whom he had confided; but Lane never regretted that he had kept Arnold's secret, for he did not know that he had been in earnest, and to have spoken a word would have brought down severe punishment upon the poor fellow.

A fortnight passed, during which Lane felt very miserable, and all the regiment speculated freely on what the sentence would be. The attempt at desertion they could understand and feel sympathy with, but the theft was a disgrace to the whole regiment, and each soldier resented it as an insult to himself.

At length the sentence was announced. Arnold had pleaded guilty to the theft of the watch, which was, indeed, perfectly clear. The sentence was terrible—twelve times through the gauntlet, and to be imprisoned for four years.

On the evening of the day before that on which the sentence was to be carried into execution Lane was placed on guard over the prison in which Arnold was confined. It had a strongly-graded

benefit to myself besides. I want you to consent to teach my two boys, Alain and Theodore, two hours every day when you are not on duty. I wish you to instruct them in legal writing and common writing; in book-keeping, and the necessary branches of arithmetic; to teach them French, and allow me and my wife to practice speaking and conversing in French with you. We know the language, but we do not speak it correctly; and, between ourselves, a good knowledge of French will not be a step to promotion. I am not rich, but I can make it worth your while, and we may find other boys who may form a class with mine, which will improve the pay. It will be a pleasure to my wife and children. I wish to become better acquainted with you."

Lane could scarcely speak his thanks—it was like grasping a hand let down from heaven; his whole heart melted with thankfulness to God. "And I doubted the goodness of God!" he exclaimed, with remorse; "and I have been filled with murmuring and complaint!"

"You see, dear friend, he has not forsaken you," said the secretary's wife, a mild and beautiful woman. He has many ways to bring his creatures out of all their trouble if only they trust in Him and wait for his way, without committing sin in their own blind impatience. But now I want you to tell me about that woman, your comrade who was so sorely tempted, and who has suffered so much."

"The surgeon says he will recover from the wounds made by the rods in time, but he is to be in prison with his wife and weak, and will never again be the man he was. Those terrible punishments break a man's spirit, they say a man never looks up again."

"No, poor fellow! I said both the wife and husband together. The lad left the room, and returned with a basket filled with some meat and white bread, and a jug of strong soup, which only needed to be warmed up to act like a cordial. "You are permitted to see him," said Lane, "and you will be allowed to take him this addition to his prison fare?"

"Yes," said Lane, gratefully; "we may take him what we like, but it is very little we can contribute, and this good food will do him good, both in mind and body."

Lane did not tell them that he had stinted himself to take food for his former comrade.

"Then," said the kind woman, "whenever you come to us, I will have a basket prepared ready for you to take to him; and if you will not be affronted, I think a basin of our good soup would do you no harm."

Here a tray, covered with a fine damask cloth, and set with hot soup and coffee, a bottle of wine, and a small white bread, was brought into the room by the servant. The spoons and forks were those used by the family, and the whole apartment of the luncheon was such as would have been offered to a family guest. This recognition of his real position touched Lane, and the tears stood in his eyes. "You have brought hope back into my life," he said all he could say.

That same day he went to visit Arnold, who was still unable to leave his bed of pain, or to move from the one position which had been laid down. Hitherto Lane had asked him no questions, and indeed his nerves seemed so completely shattered, that he could not speak without tears. But to-day, when he smelt the savory soup and saw the delicious white bread, his spirits seemed revived, and he began of his own accord to tell Lane what had befallen him before he was retaken.

"I suffered hardships enough," said he. "I hid in the woods by day, and only travelled through unfrequented roads, and by night. But the terror of being pursued by the savages, the sleep, when hidden in a thicket or under a hedge, I ventured to close my eyes. At cottages, sometimes, I got a drink of goat's milk, but I did not dare to go into any village to buy food. I was very near the savages, and the country at last. I should have reached it in a few hours. The great dread of being overtaken had left me for a moment, and it was whilst I was resting in the belief that I was at last safe, that my pursuers came up. I resisted violently for I wish to save my life; but they took me and bound me behind one of the dragoons, and brought me back to Berlin, and I have hardly any recollection of what happened till that dreadful day of punishment and shame. But I was too miserable to feel anything else. I could only know whether my dear wife and children were alive—if I could only see some tidings of them—I could feel content even now."

Lane promised to endeavor to obtain news for him, and he hoped, through the kindness of Herr Kruger, to send him intelligence of them even before he should have been removed to the fortress; and he also cherished the hope that, through the friendly offices of the private secretary, the night communique at last with his own dear ones at home. It was in the seventh month of his slavery that she became the mother to three sons. Herr Kruger had become aware of the fate of the letters he had written with so much difficulty, and he knew that no letter could be sent direct to his home. Herr Kruger advised him by no means to address any petition to the king at present, promising that he himself would be on the watch for a favorable opening and meanwhile encouraging him to be patient and hopeful. Herr Kruger was a good and pious man, and he did not fail to point out that Almighty God, our heavenly Father, is an ever-present and all-wise God, and that he would strengthen by the comforting words of his new friend. He did his duties as a soldier so scrupulously that even Corporal Wimmer was satisfied, and promised that some day he would rise to be corporal himself, or even a sergeant. Poor Lane shivered when he listened to the vaticination. The great light and comfort of his life was the instruction of his parents. Whilst with them, and with their parents, he breathed a new and pure atmosphere, which recalled to his mind that he was a father and a husband. He did not forget or neglect his promise to Arnold; and more successful for him than for himself, he learned that the wife had recovered from the illness which had threatened to be fatal; and she was now waiting for the birth of her children honestly, and that she had not given up the hope of being one day reunited to her husband. These tidings were conveyed to Arnold, who by that time was removed to the fortress of Spandau, and his wounds were healed. These tidings comforted the heart of the poor prisoner, and helped him to bear his lot hopefully.

To be continued.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE MERTING.

"Lane," said Wilhelm, the servant's son, the next day, "you are to go to two o'clock to-day up to the house of the private secretary Kruger, whose going you helped Arnold to remove."

"He wants to question me about the theft of his watch," thought poor Lane; "perhaps he supposes that, after all, I was Arnold's accomplice. Well, I can only speak the truth, and tell him all how bitterly Arnold has suffered." Lane also wondered within himself whether he should succeed in convincing the private secretary that he was ignorant of the theft; and then he smiled at the thought that it was he, the merchant Leo Librecht Hiebendahl, of Frankfurt, whose name had stood so high on change as a man of honor and a man of wealth, who was now anxious to defend himself from the suspicion of having been an accomplice in the theft of the watch. But at times he felt contented as to what his life was the true one, and whether his past life was not merely a dream and whether he were now dreaming in the present. He put his hand to his forehead as though the act could clear away the uncertainty, and, taking up his cap, he stalked down the street to the residence of Herr Kruger, the king's private secretary.

Herr Kruger received him not only with kindness, but as though he were an equal in position. He expressed great sorrow for the fate of Arnold, and sympathy for the suffering and temptation which had fallen upon him. "But," said he to Lane, "this bad business has had one good result: it has brought me acquainted with you, and though I have no hope, and see no chance of obtaining your discharge—for the king is not likely to part with the finest soldier in his regiment of guards—still I may be able to make your position more tolerable, and derive some

benefit to myself besides. I want you to consent to teach my two boys, Alain and Theodore, two hours every day when you are not on duty. I wish you to instruct them in legal writing and common writing; in book-keeping, and the necessary branches of arithmetic; to teach them French, and allow me and my wife to practice speaking and conversing in French with you. We know the language, but we do not speak it correctly; and, between ourselves, a good knowledge of French will not be a step to promotion. I am not rich, but I can make it worth your while, and we may find other boys who may form a class with mine, which will improve the pay. It will be a pleasure to my wife and children. I wish to become better acquainted with you."

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Traveler's Column. INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. St. John, Miramichi, Campbellton, &c. 1ST—SUMMER ARRANGEMENT—1877.

Express leaves St. John at 8.10 a.m., arriving at Campbellton at 2 p.m., Bathurst at 4.1 a.m., (Chatham about 30 minutes later), Miramichi at 4.40 a.m., Bathurst at 7.19 a.m., and Campbellton at 11.25 p.m.

Express leaves St. John at 10 p.m., arriving at Campbellton at 2.15 a.m., Chatham Junction at 4.15 a.m., (Chatham about 30 minutes later), Miramichi at 4.40 a.m., Bathurst at 6.58 a.m., and Campbellton at 11.25 p.m.

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Law Notices, etc. Administrator's Notice. THE UNDERSIGNED, William M. Kelly, have been appointed Administrator of the Estate and Charities, Rights and Credits of John Stewart, of Harcourt, in the County of Miramichi, deceased. All persons having any claims or demands against the said estate, or having any business in the hands of the said deceased, are requested to attend to the same within three months from the date hereof.

German Consul's Notice. I AM instructed by the Department for Foreign Affairs of the German Empire to attend to any duties required of the Consul at Saint John, pending the appointment of a successor to the late A. O. Tremblay, Esq., and hereby give notice to any person requiring information, or having any business at the Consulate, to communicate with me, direct, or by Mr. Thomas, at the Consulate, of the firm of Wm. Thompson & Co., my home, for the present, appointed my agent.

Sheriff's Sale. TO be sold at Public Auction, on FRIDAY, the Fifth day of October, next, in front of the Registry Office, Newcastle, between the hours of 12 noon, and 2 o'clock, p.m.:

GOING SOUTH. STATIONS. No. 1. No. 2. Chatham, Depart, 11.00 a.m., 9.00 a.m. Chatham Junction, Depart, 11.40 a.m., 9.50 a.m. Miramichi, Arrive, 3.30 p.m., 10.30 p.m.

GOING NORTH. STATIONS. No. 3. No. 4. Chatham, Depart, 4.00 p.m., 1.00 p.m. Chatham Junction, Depart, 4.40 p.m., 1.40 p.m. Miramichi, Arrive, 5.25 p.m., 2.30 p.m.

WM. A. PARK, Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor, NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, &c. OFFICE—OVER