

to be contrite, I will mercifully mitigate your sentence, and order you to receive thirty-five lashes with the knout. I hope this lesson will teach you that the Russians are not cruel oppressors, but your kind and merciful protectors. You will be ready in half an hour, Madame." Almost benumbed with shame and terror, the wretched girl was led away to the prison, which was not far distant. She was thrust into a small cell and the door locked. There in a heap crushed upon the stone floor she lay—she, that fair young girl to whom that very morning the world had appeared so bright and joyous. That morning—her wedding-day—it could not be—how many hundred years had passed over her since she arranged the flowers in her uncle's room. And where was Julian—her lover—who used to be so proud of her—Ah! she would never be Julian's wife now. But what is that noise—surely they are not coming already. The keys rattle at the lock, the door opens, the words are spoken, she doesn't not know how or where. "Mademoiselle, it is time." She rose with difficulty, and with feverish haste twisted up her long dark hair—the hair of which she had once been so proud. She groped blindly for the wall, and then she felt some one take her arm, and lead her from the room. Then the mist cleared from her sight, and she saw that they went through passage after passage, her guide stopping every now and then to unlock a door, and then lock it again. At length they emerged upon an open square, which she saw was lined with soldiers. In the centre was a scaffold, on the top of which stood an inclined plane. Beside this stood an executioner, holding in his muscular hand what she knew to be that terrible weapon—the knout. This weapon consists of a stick or handle, two feet long, with a lash four feet long of soft leather, to the end of which is attached by a loop a piece of flat raw hide two inches wide and two feet long. In the hand of an experienced man this piece can be made to cut like a knife. All this she saw mechanically as she walked slowly beside her guard towards the scaffold. She did not cry or faint, simply because she could not. Until the terrible words "Remove her clothing to the waist" were uttered, she hardly appeared to comprehend what was about to happen, but in a few moments, despite her struggles and mute appeals the order was obeyed. Cowering down almost double she was forced to ascend the steps and her hands and feet were tied to the corners of the plane. There was a moment of silence, the savage Russian soldiers stood motionless as statues, not a thrill of pity troubling their hearts, while officers smiled slightly to each other, as they admired the beauty of the girl's form. The Judge nodded, the executioner twirling his long lash in the air stepped suddenly backward, and with a sharp crash the thong fell on the back of the sobbing girl, cutting a crimson streak from shoulder to waist. A terrible tremor passed over her, and a quick low cry escaped her lips, but it was the only sound she uttered. When the last lash had been given, the unfortunate girl was unfasted, and with some clothes rudely thrown about her, she was taken to prison, where after thanking the judge for mercy, according to the necessary formula, she was laid upon a pallet, covered with a sheet, and carried by two men to the house of a doctor near, where it had been arranged she should stay, till her wounds were healed.

Meanwhile Julian, happily ignorant of these terrible circumstances was galloping towards the village. So happy he was, poor fellow! No shadow, no presentiment darkened his mind as he rode along. The sun seemed brighter, the leaves greener, the song of the birds sweeter, than usual; his very horse's hoofs striking the hard road seemed to say "Natalie, Natalie." By and by the horse fell into a walk, and Julian took from his breast-pocket a photograph. "My own sweet wife, now and for ever," he whispered, and then pressed the insensible card against his moustache. As he entered the village he noticed groups of people standing talking, but it seemed to him that whenever they saw him approaching, they broke up and hurried away as fast as possible.

"What might be the matter, why it must be an execution," he thought sadly, as his eye fell on the soldiers preparing to march away to the barracks, with the executioner laughing and gesticulating in the rear. "I wonder who it was; probably that unfortunate man we saw last night." He soon arrived at the house of Count Semensky, and leaving his horse at the gate, but finding the door locked, he rapped somewhat impatiently. The door was opened by the servant maid whose eyes were red and swollen with weeping. "Why, Marie, crying to-day! what's the matter?" he said kindly. "Where's Mademoiselle Natalie?" The girl sat down on a chair, and throwing her apron over her head, sobbed out "Oh, Dr. Kossowitz, haven't you heard while coming through the village? Mademoiselle Natalie isn't here." "Where is she then, girl?" demanded Julian, in an agony of apprehension. "This morning, sir," returned the girl between her sobs, "Mademoiselle Natalie was arrested and taken away and tried, and— and—" "Not knouted," shouted Julian, fiercely, the scenes through which he had passed while entering the village recurring to his mind, as the girl stopped tremblingly.

"Knouted," he groaned, flinging himself into a chair, and burying his face in his hands, then a terrible oath crunched through his teeth, as he sprang to his feet. "You said she isn't here, where is she?" he said hoarsely. "They took her to Dr. Menskykoff's, but sir—" But he was gone without heeding her last words. At the door of Dr. Menskykoff's he met his old friend, who pressed his hand sympathizingly as he said

"I know what you want, my poor boy, but it is utterly impossible to admit you; if you return in the evening after she has had some rest, I shall let you in." Julian turned and strode away without a word into the woods, where he could wrestle with his grief alone. When he was far away from the village, he threw himself down on the ground, and hiding his face in his hands sobbed aloud. "Oh, my sweet Natalie, my dear sensitive girl, how could they do it," he groaned tearing at the grass in his agony. For a long time he lay there, then he rose and paced backward and forward among the trees. "When my poor girl is better, we will be married quietly, and leave this accursed place," he muttered bitterly, "we will take Uncle Stanislaus and go far away to England or to America. The people there are kind and good, and will help us. And I will never in our new home, recall to her memory by word, look, or deed, the terrible humiliation through which my dear wife has passed. I will strive with all my power to make her as happy as it is possible to be on this earth." Aware that the sun was beginning to sink in the West, he at length returned to the village. The door of Dr. Menskykoff's house stood open and as he entered the hall he saw the doctor's wife coming towards him. The good old lady's eyes were red with weeping, and she pressed his hand kindly she said "I think she must be asleep, Julian, she asked me not to disturb her, but she wished you to go up whenever you came in." Julian ascended the stairs, and opened the door softly. A peculiar odour in the room caused him to start forward, with a terrible fear at his heart.

Natalie was half sitting upon a couch with her arms stretched out upon the table and her face lying upon them. Her glorious hair was unbound, and fell round her figure in hapless confusion, and across it like a halo of glory, crept a tiny sunbeam, as if, though all the rest had gone, it could not bear to leave the still form to darkness. Clenched in the left hand was a small empty phial which told its own sorrowful tale. Silently and tenderly he raised the dear head and laid it back upon his shoulder. Could it be possible? Was this calm, dead face the same that only yesterday had been so full of life and health? Were those set, white lips the same that had pressed his own so tenderly? Dead—alas! in the first flush of her happiness and beauty, lying in his arms, dead by her own hand, when she should have been nestling there his own wedded wife. Silently and tenderly, his hot tears raining down upon the beautiful, set face, he kissed the cold lips that never again would thrill with life and love. On the table, where her face had been lying, was a sheet of paper, with a few lines of writing, which she—his wife, had traced with her hand.

"Forgive me, my beloved, for causing you such sorrow as I have done, by taking my destiny into my own hands, and bringing it to such an end as this. I have prayed God, oh, so earnestly to forgive me, and I think He will, for my shame was greater than I could bear. Give my dear love to Uncle Stanislaus, my more than father, and tell him not to grieve much for I am only gone before. I have much to thank him for; I was very happy with him. I remember to the end what I said last night, when we kissed each other for the last time. 'I love you, Julian, with all my heart and soul, and will love you through all eternity.' My eyes are blinded with tears—I cannot see—ah! it is hard to die, but it is better so. Fare thee well my darling, till we meet above. God bless you. Jesus have mercy upon me. Amen."

His face was furrowed with care, and his hair was turning gray, but for all that in the distant land to which he had gone, they knew the kind foreign physician was young; and no one, even the most curious ever asked him about the past, for they knew instinctively that he had some great sorrow hidden in his heart.

After a while there came to the city where he lived a terrible pestilence, and this foreign doctor, beloved above all others, by almost superhuman efforts, succeeded in turning the tide of misfortune and saving a great many of the lives of the people. And after it was all over, worn out by work and anxiety, he sickened and drooped and died. In his pocketbook was found the photograph of a young and beautiful lady, on the back of which was written in a pretty, girlish hand, "Ever your loving Natalie," and round the card was twined a long tress of beautiful, dark brown hair. And so in death, they laid Natalie's picture and hair upon the breast of him she had loved so well, where in life her head had so often happily rested.

ON THE NILE.

A writer in the London *Graphic* gives the following interesting sketch of life and scenery on the Nile.

I am floating down the Nile in that steady old dahabayah, so well-known to English tourists, the *Nourvedeen*. From the cabin, where I sit like the Veiled Prophet (particularly as to the veil) abusing Egypt's flies, which ever since the time of Moses have, I presume, worried stout happy-go-lucky people like myself, I hear the soothing bubbling gurgle of the cocoa-nut nargileh, through which Aboul Hoosayn, my one-eyed dragoman, inhales the beatified essence of his dirty old hubble-bubble. I am writing this letter aided by a tumbler of sweetened lime-juice which I have just squeezed from that little net full of green delicious fruit that hangs on a nail by the cabin door, matching a yellow leather bag full of dried apricots for *mish-mish*. We are three days out from Cairo, and little, to tell the sober truth, have we yet seen but the broad level of the turbid yellow river which has washed the Nubian hippopotami and the lithe crocodiles of

the Upper Cataracts, and has bathed the dusky hunters of elephants, and kissed adoringly the temple thresholds of Philæ. It flows on as I and my companion—a young Indian officer whom I met at Shepherd's Hotel—roar with inextinguishable laughter as we read Herodotus and hear the good credulous old greybeard boldly affirm that the waters of the River Nile are a bright blue, when with a turn of the eye we are ready to sign any affidavit that they are a deep pea-soup yellow wherever they come from—lake, mountain, or marsh. We have for three days sipped tea, drank lentil soup, discussed claret, gnawed tough mutton and goat's flesh, and smoked cigars, and all we have seen has been thousand of green millet fields, myriads of patches of sharp-bladed young corn, creaking water-mills, strung with earthen jars, and clumps of feathery palm trees, spotted with big white birds, which Aboul declares are Ibises, though we don't believe him. Now and then a quaint fishing-boat has passed us, full of half-naked men, and once at sunset we saw a fellow swimming home from work across the river, with his clothes tied in a bundle upon his head; clumsy, buffalo-like cattle stare at us now with large brown eyes from the river bank, and here and there, on the glistening mud of the dreary shore, skips a zik-a-zak (a kind of hoopoe) a bird that Aboul tells us warns sleeping crocodiles of danger.

If our venturesome voyage has a fault, it is that it is slow, and my friend mutters that adjective between the incense puff of his tenth cheeroot. The fact is we have no exercise but on our ten foot of quarter-deck, and we tire of the mute crew and the ceaseless monotony of the majestic river. O! for a league of brown Surrey heath, or a mile of Highland moor. O! even for a tug at the wet rope with our eight stalwart Nubians. Yet to-day we are in spirits, for to-night we shall sight Gibbel Tayr—the Monks' Fortress—the first bit of real scenery on this wonderful intolerable river.

But am I not ungrateful? Had we not on our first day out that glorious revelation of the Pyramids half a mile or so off on our larboard bow—the great Egyptian moon on the forehead of the ghost of Isis rising above phantom mountain peaks, and heaven's palaces. To-night we are to have once more the old Egyptian grandeur realised; and as our eight men, droning an invocation to some Moslem saint, are out on the bank tugging in Indian file at the tow-rope, how shall we beguile the time? When we consult Aboul, who is sitting sleepy and cross-legged on his big red canteen chest at our cabin-door, his only reply is—

"What for no shoot pelican?"

"What for no, you old impostor!" shouts my companion; "why, because there are no pelicans to shoot."

Slowly the wily Aboul uncoils one leg from the other, and looking carefully along the muddy shore, towards the mud huts of Golosany, he points with a sly smile of lazy triumph at a small object near a rotten tree trunk. We follow his coffee-coloured eyes.

"Bring us the gun, old man," exclaims my comrade, suddenly shaking off his tropical languor, "By the living Harry, here's a young crocodile asleep."

Yes, it was a stripling crocodile, about three feet long, a dirty brown flattened creature with a long snout. Bang goes the old rusty double-barrel we hired at Cairo. Bang goes the second barrel to rectify the first, a whiff of sand in a long furrow, a scuffle, a waddle, a flounder, and off rools our young friend into the river, mightily decomposed but not seriously hurt, though the young officer declares he'll never last the night through.

It is near sunset now; a pleasant odour of vermicelli soup arises from Aboul's kitchen, mingled with the fizzling of juicy cutlets from from that kid we bought last night—sweet, harmonious sounds, prophetic of a speedy repast. Suddenly on the crest of the grey line of calcined cliff that we have been three hours coasting there rise against the crimson sunset dark walls and terraces. Yes, it is the Copt convent at last—the shrine of Miriam el Adra, or "Our Lady Mary the Virgin." Those rows of little notches, no bigger than the holes of a flute, are steps cut to the rock, and they lead from the monastery down to the river.

With becoming dignity Aboul rushes from his soup, screeches "El Adra! El Adra!" and blazes on both barrels of his gun—the customary salute to the monks of our Blessed Lady. Bang! Bang! goes the ricketty old fowling-piece; b-a-a-a-ng! b-a-a-a-ng! roar in bass echoes the huge dust-coloured cliffs in giant welcome. Our men, long since done with rowing, rest on their big oars, half in contempt, half in expectation. In a moment, like Jack-in-the-Box, two or three black puppets appear on the cliff-top—evidently monks.

"If river not rough, much wind," explains Aboul. "Dirty beast monks swim off on proof goat-skins, and cry, 'I Christian Howajhe—Bakshesh. Bakshesh in the name of Christ, O, Howajhe.' Beast monks! Pah! Come, soup spoil, gentlemen."

As we turn our faces to the west, where the crew are kneeling, looking towards Mecca, their foreheads touching the deck, a great glory widens in the sky. The magician Night has turned the long line of cliffs to burning rose and carmine; the day is passing to his funeral pyre. In a moment more it is twilight, the broad cliffs put on their grey shrouds, the sky turns a cold green, the palm trees grow black, and the first star sparkles above the convent.

"Thank God!" cries my comrade, as Aboul scuttles up with a tureen; "there another day gone, and here's the soup."

TWILIGHT.

Oh! in the shadowed Lonely
A night bird calls,
Once, from the stillness, only;
And in the restless Nameless
The mountain walls
Are stronger ones grown blameless.

Oh! watch each tree's outlining,
And see its soul
In a clear fashion shining,
While all the spaces folded
In cloud control,
To azure gates are moulded!

Oh! hear the palm trees quiver,
With yearnings low,
Beside the living river;
And hear the crystal motions,
Eternal slow,
Of God's unmeasured oceans!

Here is a sense of nearness,
In the wide sky;
For all unworded dearness,
And all remembered speeches,
Lie, as shells lie,
On the sweet sea's bright reaches.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

We have heard of exhibitions of barmaids, of babies, &c., but the oddest affair of the kind that has yet been witnessed is the nose show that has just taken place at Ottakring in Austria, where, on a platform in a large public hall, eighty persons competed for the prize offered for the most extraordinary nasal prominence in form, size, and color. The jury, after a review of the noses submitted to their examination, decided that only three out of the whole could be admitted to compete for the prize, which was finally adjudged to a competitor from Vienna, possessor of what is stated to be a gigantic nose of a deep violet-blue. We are not informed of the nature of the prize awarded, whether a smelling-bottle, pocket-handkerchief, snuff-box, or spectacles.

A correspondent says: "A few days ago a young and poorly-clad girl entered a barber's shop in Vienna, and told the proprietor that he 'must buy her head.' The friseur examined her long, glossy, chestnut locks, and began to bargain. He could give eight gulden, and no more. Hair was plentiful this year, the price had fallen, there was less demand, and other phrases of the kind. The little maiden's eyes filled with tears, and she hesitated a moment while threading her fingers through her chestnut locks. She finally threw herself into a chair. 'In God's name,' she gasped, 'take it quickly.' The barber, satisfied with his bargain, was about to clench it with his shears when a gentleman who sat half shaved, looking on, told him to stop. 'My child,' he said, 'why do you want to sell your beautiful hair?' 'My mother has been nearly five months ill; I can't work enough to support us, everything has been sold or pawned, and there is not a penny in the house' (und kein kreutzer im hause). 'No, no, I will buy your hair, and will give you a hundred gulden for it.' He gave the poor girl the note, the sight of which had dried her tears, and took up the barber's shears. Taking the locks in his hand he took the longest hair, cut it off alone, and put it carefully in his pocketbook, thus paying one hundred forins for a single hair. He took the poor girl's address, in case he should want to buy another at the same rate. This charitable man is only designated as the chief of a great industrial enterprise within the city."

There are four cantons in Switzerland—Neuchâtel, Berne, Vaud, and Geneva—in which the manufacture of watches forms the chief industry. According to the returns issued in 1870, the number of persons employed in this manufacture amounts together to 37,060, who are thus distributed: In Neuchâtel, 16,464, of whom 5,383 are women; in Berne, 14,045, of whom 4,713 are women; in Vaud, 3,752, of whom 1,313 are women; and in Geneva, 3,618, including 1,288 women. As to the number and value of the watches manufactured, Geneva turns out 500,000 per annum, almost all of them being of an ordinary character. This, at an average price of forty francs each, represents an annual return to the canton of twenty millions of francs. In Berne the number is estimated at 150,000, but as many of these are of gold, of a higher order of workmanship, and highly ornamented, their aggregate value may be taken to represent about twenty millions. Vaud also yields about the same number, but the greater portion are exported without cases, and yield, at thirty-five francs apiece, about five and a quarter millions. About 35 per cent. of the whole value of the Swiss watch manufacture forms the share of the remaining canton—Neuchâtel. The four principal watchmaking countries turn out the following numbers, and representing the following aggregate values, respectively—Switzerland, 1,600,000, of the estimated value of eighty-eight millions of francs; France, 300,000, worth sixteen and a half millions; England, 200,000, worth sixteen millions; and the United States, 100,000, of the value of seven and a half millions. Thus the average price of an English watch is eighty francs, of a United States, seventy-five francs, while that of the Swiss and French watches is severally fifty-five francs.

A writer in the *Jewish Messenger*, speaking of Leeward, a town in Holland, says: "The women of Leeward deserve a paragraph to themselves. There is a primitive air about them which is refreshing after the starched up and made-up-to-order beauties that are elsewhere visible. They have a sturdy, grand look. They are generally tall, with high forehead, aquiline nose, lips closely set, and well-developed chin. The skin is white, the cheeks delicately tinted (with colours from nature's atelier), and the eyes are large and piercing. The young girls have lost much of the Frisian bearing, for their heads are crazed, doubtless, by the furbelows and fixings of the foreign dressmaker and milliner. As among the Quakers, the younger generation are losing their reverence for the distinctive dress which should be every fair Frisian's pride to wear. The matrons, however, adhere to the fashions of their ancestors. They have almost a masculine face, but the sternness is relieved by the beauty of the eyes and the fair skin. In Southern Holland a distinctive costume is worn by many, but it is not so quaint as in Northern Holland, in which Friesland is situated. Take a woman's head-dress, for instance. A broad band of gold, of horse-shoe shape, spans the forehead, aiding to keep the hair back. The sides of the band are adorned with large oval gold rosettes. Above the band is reared a lace cap, or veil, often of the best lace, with edges or complete wings drooping to the neck. The ears glitter with rings of gold and gems. These ornaments, which are either of gold or silver even among the poorer classes, are regarded with great reverence, and treasured as sacred heirlooms, pass from mother to daughter for many generations. The bands give a soldierly aspect to the women, who are generally full-faced, not sunken-cheeked, and walk with a firm tread. Their stout, large shoes are in pleasing contrast to the baby shoes which are considered the style among our belles of the languid and languishing type."

The *Washington Capital* says: "One of the most graphic, and probably one of the most accurate, descriptions of the personal manners of Prince Bismarck is