

THE TALL MAN.

Lane's pupils now amounted to five. One of them, named Deter Eversman, was the son of one of the king's gentlemen-in-waiting.

Lane took pains with all his pupils, but he tried especially to obtain the affection of Deter; but for a long time his efforts seemed vain.

Lane often walked with his pupils after lessons were over, and he endeavored to excite their interest and intelligence by the information he gave and the stories he told them, chiefly in French, to accustom them to conversation in that language.

"What is the matter, Deter?" said Lane, kindly. "What is it that frightens you?" "It is my father," said the boy, shrinking back, and looking for a place of refuge.

"Why? Are you doing wrong?" "Oh, no! no! I hid me for pity's sake—he must not see me here."

"The boy stopped down as though to hide his face; his companions, who seemed to understand, made a circle round him, and Lane, with his gigantic stature, tried to conceal the boy from whoever might be coming, while he continued his conversation, and told the boys about the Brandenburg Gate in French.

"Does not your father know that you came out with us?" asked Lane. Deter replied only by a trembling, beseeching look in his dark eyes, and Lane guessed the truth. This incident put an end to all Lane's hopes of gaining the father through the son; but it did not check his kindness to the boy, which indeed, increased after he had seen the state of misery and fear in which he lived.

About this time Lane received the first news of home. Herr Kruger had sent on foot inquiries through a safe channel, and he learned the widow and mother of Leo Liebrecht Hiebendahl, who had been drowned, lived very quietly and retired with the three children in their former house; that the business was very flourishing, carried on by the merchant's former book-keeper, Blitterman, to whom the widow had given a share in the business. This was comfort, so far as it went; but Lane could not understand why he received no answer to the letter he sent Blitterman, and which he knew he had received, nor yet any reply to the one he had enclosed to his wife.

On day, early in September, 1738, Lane was on guard at the entrance of the royal palace gardens; suddenly, amid the crowd of passers-by, he observed a young man, the sight of whom made his heart beat violently. He endeavored to attract his attention, but in vain he tried to get some of the passers-by to turn their heads to speak to them, but all hurried on regardlessly, and the young man seemed fast disappearing out of view. But fortunately recollected in time that it would be contrary to all the rules of discipline for a sentry to address any one whilst on duty, and would bring down severe punishment.

The case must be urgent. Do what he requests, Fouquet, and go after gray-coat before he is out of sight. Do you understand French?" he continued. The sentry bowed his head, but did not dare to speak.

"Well, then, I am all the more glad to have been able to do you this service. But do not forget that you are on duty. Much speech is contrary to rule. You know the penalty, so be careful."

The Crown Prince passed on. His companions, Fouquet, meanwhile struck with the whimsicality of the adventure, hastened after "Gray-coat," as he termed the youth, and with some difficulty overtook him, and with still more difficulty made him understand that the gigantic sentry wished to speak to him on some urgent matter, and that he was to return accordingly.

Lane stood at arms, as if turned to stone, but with every pulse beating with anxiety and almost sick with terror, lest he should have been mistaken.

"What do you want with me?" asked "Gray-coat," coming up as the sentry had just turned to pace his beat. Lane started violently. He recognized the voice; he had not been mistaken; but he did not dare to turn till he had come to the end of his walk and might pace back again.

"What do you want with me?" asked "Gray-coat," again, looking doubtfully up to the giant before him. "A gentleman in a fine laced coat told me I was to come to you."

"Bertram!" cried Lane, who mechanically shouldered his musket, though he felt as though his heart would burst. "Tell me where you are living. Speak quickly, for you must not stand here, or you can come to me in barracks No. 13? Ask for Lane, that is my name now. Speak! answer me! Are you dumb? or deaf? Answer me, I pray you, at once!" Lane's agitation made his words almost unintelligible, and Bertram was too bewildered to understand anything.

"But is it you, Uncle Leo? Were you not drowned in the Maine and your body buried at Bingen? Who are you?" The boy was terrified at seeing the supposed dead come to life again.

"Yes, yes, it is myself, your uncle. You must go now. It was the Crown Prince himself, God bless him, who sent for you. But I may not talk on duty. Stand aside and wait as though you were only looking at me."

Lane walked up and down before the garden gate, seeming to notice nothing. Bertram gazed in utter stupefaction, but as even the king considered his life-guardians the most beautiful sight in the world, Bertram would only be considered lost in admiration if any one had remarked him.

whom you employed except Herr Blitterman, who was master. He allowed no one to go near my aunt, and she was in too much grief to notice things, and the old lady, your mother, was ill of grief. But people in the town said that Blitterman intended to marry my aunt when her mourning should be over. The people of Frankfurt who knew Blitterman all said they pitied your children, for they would have a bad, cruel stepfather, who would rather die than see them alive."

"And my wife, your aunt, did she give that rascal any reason to think she would consent to marry him?" asked Lane, in a hoarse voice.

"So long as I was in the house and could catch a glimpse of her, she seemed full of grief and heaviness; she scarcely ever left her room; but Blitterman was the master of everything, and did as he liked."

"And why did you say he sent you away?" asked Lane, who had forgotten all else in the agitation caused by the news.

"He said I was a thief!" said Bertram, proudly, "but you know me, uncle, and will not believe it."

"No indeed, Bertram, I do not; I know you to be true and just in all your dealings. But how did you come to Berlin, such a long way from Frankfurt?"

"First, I went to Herten, and obtained a place there, but Blitterman heard of it, and was the cause of my being sent away; and after many hardships and wanderings I came here and succeeded in getting employment. I little dreamed of finding you, my uncle."

Lane told Bertram the story of his capture and of his forced enlistment as a grenadier, and of all the letters he had written home.

"If Blitterman received them he would take care they never reached my aunt; he is a cruel, wicked man, and I feel sure he was concerned in your being kidnapped that dark night and brought here. Oh, he is a bad man!" said Bertram, indignantly.

It was now so near-roll-call that Lane had to leave his companion hastily, promising to see him again as soon as possible. Lane strode away to the barracks, which he reached only just in time.

nobody sees them except when he takes them an airing in a carriage. He goes with them everywhere—even to church. He dresses like a fine gentleman and seems always to have money. He brought your funeral certificate from Bingen, and the gold ring you used to wear."

"Ha!" said Lane; "the ring was taken from me by the kidnappers, and I grieved for it a great deal more than for my watch and money, which they took at the same time. My wife had given that to me before we were married, and she would be sure I should not part with it except with my life. I do not wonder she thinks me dead. That wretch! that treacherous wretch!"

Lane could only groan in the bitterness of his soul, for he was unable to destroy all the crafty wiles woven by Blitterman? He could not leave his post; to attempt to desert would be madness—an impossibility. Lane's first wish was naturally to tell his friends, Herr Kruger and his excellent wife, of the occurrences that had broken the monotony of his life with hopes that were almost fears. They both entered very heartily into his views.

To be continued.

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

German Consul's Notice. I AM instructed by the Department for Foreign Affairs of the German Empire to attend to any duties connected with the Consular Office, including the appointment of a successor to the late A. C. O. von ...

Sheriff's Sale. To be sold at Public Auction, on FRIDAY, the 15th day of March, 1877, in front of the Registry Office, Newcastle, between the hours of 12 and 5 o'clock p. m.

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A Female Teacher. HOLDING a 2nd Class Certificate, would find immediate employment in No. 6 District, (Lancashire, Shippagan, July 27th, 1877.)

WANTED. A MALE TEACHER holding a 2nd Class, or a Female Teacher holding a 1st Class License, capable of teaching both French and English, will find employment in River des Chutes School, District No. 6, (Lancashire, Shippagan, July 27th, 1877.)

EXECUTORS' SALE. Of Valuable Real Estate AT AUCTION. To be sold by Public Auction, on THURSDAY, the 14th day of March, 1877, at 12 o'clock noon, at the Store of Messrs. O'Connell & Co., in the City of Miramichi, for the payment of the debts of the late George O'Connell, deceased.

Canada House, CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK. WM. JOHNSTON, - - PROPRIETOR. CONSIDERABLE outlay has been made in this building to make it a first-class Hotel, and travelers will find it a desirable temporary residence.

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Law Notices, etc. Administrator's Notice. THE UNDERSIGNED, William M. Kelly, has been appointed Administrator of the Goods and Chattels of the late John Kelly, who died at Harcourt, in the County of Kent, in the Province of New Brunswick, on the 15th day of July, 1877.

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