

THE TALL MAN.

At the end of twenty-four hours, which seemed terribly long, to the prisoner, he was relieved from his painful position. His colonel read to him all the obligations imposed upon him as a soldier, and the punishment ordered for a breach of them; the unconditional obedience to his superiors was especially represented as a most sacred duty. Lane was then for the first time allowed to join his comrades in the guard which was kept in the royal castle, near the person of the monarch. Lane's costume consisted of a blue uniform with red facings, white cloth breeches tucked into high boots reaching to the knees, a long red waistcoat and a grenadier cap, which had in front of it a tall shining brass shodding in a peak.

It was a beautiful sight, those gigantic well-made and well-disciplined soldiers, in their long well-ordered ranks, marching past with firm and echoing steps and glittering arms, with the beating of drums and the sound of files. All the passers-by paused, and others came up to stare at and admire the world-renowned tall body-guard of the Prussian king. The men were afterwards told off and sent to the posts assigned them.

Lane with one of his comrades was placed near the back entrance of the castle, and had to watch the castle itself, the surrounding country, and the people of Berlin, for two hours. When he was relieved he was permitted to rest for four hours in the guard-room; after which he had to stand steady again, so that he was on duty four times during the day and twenty-four hours. He received every day for his subsistence two pounds of black bread, and eight-pence pay. That was not much for so large and strong a man, who had been accustomed to earn eighteen dollars a day. Nevertheless he stinted himself to save sixpence in order (as he was allowed to leave the barracks) to purchase a sheet of letter-paper, a pen and some ink. When he asked for these articles in a shop, he was told to his great distress that it was strictly forbidden to sell writing materials to a life-guardian.

"Well, I must try another way," said Lane, and he left the shop, and a moment after asked a little street boy to get him what he required, while he would wait a little distance off. The first lad he asked laughed in his face, and said, "You are a life-guardian, and I should find myself in a nice mess were I to buy you pen, ink and paper. You can go to the shop just as well as I can."

A second boy was more obliging, or appeared to be so. He took the money and went to the shop; but Lane waited in vain for his return, and was at last convinced that the boy had run away. The loss of sixpence troubled the once wealthy merchant more than the loss of six hundred dollars would have done formerly, but he would not be discouraged by these failures, and at last succeeded in obtaining the necessary materials. He was, therefore, obliged to scrawl his letter in his barrack-room by moonlight, after taking care to ascertain that all his comrades were sound asleep. He did not dare to light a candle, for the sentries in the yard would have given an alarm had they perceived the faintest glimmering of light; moreover, there was a glass window in the door of every room, through which the barrack inspectors, making their rounds in the galleries, could observe all that was going on. Poor Lane then was driven to great straits how to accomplish his object. At last he decided to lie down and pretend to be asleep, writing meanwhile, as well as he could, in a recumbent position, and in imminent danger of upsetting his precious ink!

"Who gave you this letter to post?" "My cousin can tell you." "What is your cousin?" "A market servant."

The official said no more, but he made a cross upon the letter with red chalk, and threw it into a separate box. The little messenger returned to Lane and told him the letter had been taken in. Lane felt happy; he counted the days and hours till Agnes should receive it. It never occurred to him that it might never reach her hands! Spring had come round with its fresh green leaves, its singing birds, and all its delights, but they brought no joy to Lane. Like the captive birds that beat themselves against the wires of their cage, Lane felt desperate, and tempted to put an end to his misery by sword or musket. His fate seemed too dreadful to be borne. Week after week passed, but no tidings of his beloved ones reached him. He had written several letters, all of which had reached the post-office, but he expected the reply in vain. The hopes he indulged made the heart-sickness of longing too heavy to endure. He was isolated in his misery, for none of the other soldiers seemed to feel any longing for release; and yet most of them had, like himself, been kidnapped from their homes and families. They, however, seemed not only merry and light-hearted, but proud of their regiment, and proud of belonging to the famous life-guards of Prussia.

The grand review, which the king always held in Spring, was now drawing near, and the life-guards had to go through extra drill. It was during these drills that it could be seen what the will of a man accomplish. There stood, as though measured by a line, five hundred gigantic men, ranged in long ranks, moved quick or slow, to the right or the left at the word of command, as if touched by a spring. One word, and the five hundred heads were directed to the same point; a thousand feet were moved like those of one man. Then again they stood motionless; five hundred muskets were raised, shouldered, reversed, and placed with the butt-end against the ground. One effort, one blow, made them rattle in the same measured time. But what innumerable drills, and repetitions of each of those evolutions, had each of these five hundred men gone through before attaining this perfection.

Once it happened that the butt-end of one of the muskets had been a second behind the rest in touching the ground. The colonel strode up to the diletary guardmen and gave him a cut on his helmet with the sharp edge of his sword. The weapon slipped off the grenadier's cap and cut through his ear, which bled, and the blood covered his neckcloth and the collar of his uniform. "Captain Von Seidwitz!" shouted the colonel, "what is the name of this fellow who threatens to bring disgrace upon the whole regiment before my Majesty? Beat him with the flat of your sword, that he may learn to move his lazy bones quicker. Let him do extra drill till he can neither see nor hear. If such a blunder were to take place before the king I should send a ball through my own head!"

The colonel turned away, and the captain now began to abuse the grenadier. "Million of thunderbolts!" he cried, gnashing his teeth. "Arnold, you are a good-for-nothing rascal, to release me before the king, I have you beaten and beaten to death. Are you not ashamed, you old ass, before the new recruits who have done their drill like puppets? You were full two seconds too late in setting down the butt-end of your musket, and that because of this body-guard if the others were to imitate you? Lieutenant Von Wiebom, put this man under your strict charge. We are all suffering from his stupidity. Let us watch him once more, and then he must continue at drill until he cannot move his arm."

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

Chatham Branch Railway. ON & AFTER MONDAY, MAY 7th, until further notice, TRAINS will run as follows:

SHERIFF'S SALE. To be sold at Public Auction, on FRIDAY, the 15th day of February, next, in front of the Sheriff's Office, Newcastle, in front of the 12th Street, the following real estate:

DR. CHANNING'S Sarsaparilla FOR THE BLOOD. CURES A HOURLY CONCENTRATED EXTRACT OF SYPHILIS, RED JAUNDICE, SCROFULA, SANSAPARILLA, AND THE SALT-RHEUM, DOUBLE IODIDES.

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Law, etc. M. ADAMS. Barrister and Attorney-at-Law. NOTARY PUBLIC, &c. SOLICITOR IN BANKRUPTCY.

German Consul's Notice. I AM instructed by the Department for Foreign Affairs in the German Empire to inform to any duties required of the Consul at Saint John, pending the appointment of a successor to the late O. Tretowky, Esq., and hereby give notice to any persons requiring information, or wishing to be heard, or applying through Mr. Robert Thomson, Jr., of the firm of Thomson & Co., whom I have for the present, appointed my agent there.

Sheriff's Sale. To be sold at Public Auction, on FRIDAY, the 15th day of February, next, in front of the Sheriff's Office, Newcastle, in front of the 12th Street, the following real estate:

SHERIFF'S SALE. To be sold at Public Auction, on FRIDAY, the 15th day of February, next, in front of the Sheriff's Office, Newcastle, in front of the 12th Street, the following real estate:

THRESHING MACHINES. THE WOOD CUTTERS. SMALL & FISHER. WOODSTOCK, N. B.

I. Matheson & Co. Engineers & Boiler Makers. New Glasgow, N. S. Estimates Furnished for Engines and Boilers, Mill and other Machinery.

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WARRANTED FAST. Cotton Carpet Warp. No. 12's 4 ply in all Colors. W. M. PARKS & SON, New Brunswick Cotton Mills, St. John, N. B.

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