

HERMANN.

CHAPTER I.—Continued.

"This is but thy wonted bitterness," replied the youth angrily, "and thy hatred of all that is Roman. Still thou dost taunt me, because I prefer the lords and teachers of the world to the fierce barbarians by whom I am surrounded. Daughter of Segest, is this well done? Dost thou hate me because I walk in my father's steps?"

The appeal was in vain, because it was unheard. The beautiful enthusiast, who so lately had breathed slaughter and conflagration, as if these had been her kindred element, was now rapt in one of those prophetic transports by which the women of her land were often inspired when they directed the tribes, like a mountain torrent, against the Roman phalanges. She stood, like one of the Valkeries of her creed, in the act of selecting those who were to die and while her steady gaze was fixed upon the distant emblems of invasion, her eyes brightened and dilated, as if she beheld more than was pictured in the long lines of reposing tents, or the silence with which they were covered; while her voice, which broke forth in a wild chant, embodying low, but rich and heart-thrilling accents, seemed to be addressed, not to her companion, but the elements by which she was surrounded, or the spirits that hovered upon her ecstatic vision.

"Lift up thy head, my country, to behold the ruin of the spoiler; prepare thy voice for the welcome of deliverance and the song of triumph! The clash of shields is deepening, the spears and darts descend like rain amid the thunder; the burning tents are rolled together, and quenched in the blood of their defenders. On—on ye victorious War-men! Yet another effort, and the enemy shall cease to be. And now it is done! The war-horse can no longer bear its master; the eagles are low in the dust; and the swords that guarded them lie broken by their side. Can it be that the mighty have thus passed away, like a storm of the night, when the morning sun looks forth in his strength? The vulture flaps his wings over the cold faces of those who brought chains to bind us, and the mighty of Valhalla shout to behold our sacrifices and blaze upon a thousand altars. But can it be, ye prophetic powers who have inspired the vision? Is the chosen one already at hand who is to lead our people to victory?"

"Thusnelda, Thusnelda!" The call aroused the young prophetess from her trance, but it was only to regard her companion with a look of new interest. "Rudiger," she exclaimed with eagerness, "I have seen the ruin of the foe, and I behold our countrymen led by one of our own people, whose bright hair was covered with a Roman crest. I strained my eyes to discover his countenance, but in vain; and then came a whisper of Heaven into my heart that the hour and the hero are both at hand. Friend of the Romans! say that thou art that chosen one—promise me that thou wilt obey the voice which the gods themselves have uttered through mine—say but this, and I will love thee; yea, I will worship thee!" She gracefully knelt upon one knee, and clasped her hands in entreaty. "Say that thou wilt free our people from bondage, and this heart is wholly thine!"

Nothing could be more unresponsive to the high-wrought energy of that beautiful enthusiastic maiden than the stolid look of Rudiger. The appeal which he heard would have been received by his countrymen as an oracle from Heaven, and ten thousand spears would have been banished at the summons; but the young man had associated to despise his national creed, without replacing it with that of his instructors, and he was proof to prophecies and omens, whether they might come from Rome or Germany. He therefore tried the effect of reasoning. "Vain fool! as if arguments were needed where a deed beyond human hope can only be measured, as well as achieved, by the divine inspiration that prompts it."

"Thusnelda, Thusnelda!" he said, "this is the dream of madness, not a vision of the gods. I oppose the land from their dominion! As we'll might the oak or the crisp leaves of autumn refuse to move before the whirlwind, hear the voice of reason, my beloved. The gods of Rome have given the world to the Romans, and what nation may say in reply, 'This shall not be!' Let us then, rear our cottage beneath their protecting shadow, and listen peacefully to the storm. Such is the advice of the wise Segest, who worship the deity of Augustus, and thus he saves his people from a war that would destroy them."

A cloud passed over the countenance of the maiden that was lately so bright with inspiration; and with disappointment there was also the bitterness of shame that she should have been so deceived. "Thou rejectest," she replied, "the cause of thy country, and to me, therefore, thou art nothing. When I dwell beneath the Roman shadow, let its rocks fall and crush me! Find for thyself some other mate to join thee in worshipping the oppressor for I would rather seek the home that is cold and dark, but where all are free. Go, man of a crouching soul, whom neither Heaven can persuade nor honor kindly! The land shall be delivered, though not by thee, and thou shalt only perish in the ruin of the enemy."

"Daughter of Segest," dost thou despise the wisdom of thy father? "A cloud has gathered upon his aged eyes; the gods will disperse it that he may see."

"And this is a daughter's devotedness! this the piety of Thusnelda! Thy father would remain the friend of Rome, and thou hatest it; he studies to save his people, and thou wouldst give them

to ruin; he selected me as thy destined mate, and the guardian of thine honor when his aged head is laid low, and thou—thou laughest at his will, and despisest the man of his choice. Away from this place of fearful vision! the dark spirits of Heia gather round it. Gaze no longer upon yonder camp; its guardian gods, who keep watch upon its ramparts, frown terribly upon thee. Hence, hence, for to stay is death! Away with me to thy father!"

This burst of angry impatience was only answered by the maiden with a look of withering scorn. Rudiger was almost maddened by that glance; and if the respect of a lover had hitherto made him hesitate, he was now transported beyond its influence. "I must drag my promised bride," he fiercely cried, "from the ruin that threatens her, even though she hate me; and I grieve myself will approve the deed!" He rushed forward to seize her. The point of her spear was instantly at his breast; but the massive ornaments of his military belt arrested it, and the frail weapon fell in splinters to the earth. Already he had secured her arms, and was endeavouring to force her away; but with all the fearlessness and wrath of an insulted German maiden she resisted his efforts, and a furious struggle commenced. The youth was tall and powerful, and his rude grasp had enclosed her, as if she had been some wayward child or rebellious wife, and not a worshipped mistress; but he soon discovered what fearful energies can animate even the female arm when such an indignity has nerved it for resistance. She closed upon him with flashing eyes, and cheeks that glowed like an angry thunder-cloud; she twined within his hold, and shook his strong frame to and fro, while shrieks, not of fear, but rage and defiance, with which she followed every effort, pierced the recesses of the wood, and started the ancient ravens that dozed upon the dotted branches.

Was it a flash of lightning that suddenly broke from the forest—was it some warrior-duty of the north who had descended to do so fair a worshipper? With a step as swift as that of a deer, although he was armed in heavy Roman mail, a warrior suddenly broke upon the scene, and at his indignant shout the startled Rudiger recoiled. Wonder and contempt were expressed in the looks of this new-comer, as if he could not credit the reality of such a scene of outrage; and he silently gazed upon Rudiger, whose color changed from red to ghastly pale in the cold moonlight that revealed his confusion. But the latter endeavoured to conceal his shame under looks of rage, as he hastily turned upon the stranger. "Away, thou meddling fool!" he cried, "and come not between the lover and his bride!" The stranger raised his eyes to Thusnelda, and her look was enough to assure him; he drew his sword upon the combat, but he madly rushed to the combat. But their weapons had scarcely met, when the grasp of Rudiger was struck from his grasp; and when he sprang forward to grapple with his antagonist, he found himself over-matched in the powerful grip that compressed him. He was raised from the ground, and hurled backward with such force that he lay stunned and unfitted for further resistance; after which the victor, as if disdainful so unworthy an enemy, turned his whole attention toward her whom he had rescued.

And why should we repeat the conversation that followed, by which two young hearts that glowed with a kindred patriotism gradually learned to beat with one pulse under the inspiration of one and the same bright principle of existence? Have we not seen such hearts, though parted by lands and seas, have for the first time met, have felt in an hour as if years had passed over their mutual intercourse—and been gladdened with the delightful consciousness that thus to love was neither a deed of rashness nor a subject of blame? Thus it was with the noble pair who walked, at first at a brief distance from each other, but afterward side by side, and finally hand in hand into the forest, toward the cottage of Segest. That warrior-youth, so disguised in Roman panoply, was like a young poet who for the first time has found his Muse; or like a patriot, who beholds impersonated the presiding Genius of his native land to animate and direct him. He talked of the imperial city in which his spirit has been imprisoned so long, and how he had pined amidst his grandeur for his own northern land, over whose limitless wilds he might pass like the whirlwind, and feel that he was free indeed; he talked of the gallant children whom their country nursed within her heroic bosom, and of the noble deeds which they he thus spoke, it was in language such as heroes use when they describe the deeds of heroes. And then, too, the tones of his voice was so rich, and varied—so deep in their energy, and so mournfully sweet in their tenderness. Thusnelda, Thusnelda! how soon hast thou forgotten thy baffled suitor and like music from heaven, and thy bright eye grows brighter as it steals with sidelong glances over his heroic form. They entered the dark edge of the forest, and disappeared, so that the baffled Rudiger occupied the person of Sensation returned to him, and it came with the remembrance of defeat, and the desire of vengeance. He rose from the ground, resumed his useless sword; and with fear and hatred in his heart, played to track the game which it is he cautiously followed in the path of his conqueror.

(To be Continued.)

AN INHERITANCE OF £6,000,000.
Thomas Crowell, an old Hants County, N. S., resident, and his near relatives have received advices from England that they have established their right to the fortune of six million pounds sterling, which has remained unclaimed for years. There are twenty-one heirs, each of whom will receive about a million and a half dollars. The Crowell family emigrated from England to Rhode Island in 1760, and at the outbreak of the revolution removed to Nova Scotia.

STATE SECRETS.

Punishments Inflicted for Revealing Diplomatic Secrets.

Every foreign office in Europe takes extraordinary precautions for preventing the publication of diplomatic secrets. All important despatches are written in cipher, and only three or four confidential clerks are entrusted with the keys by which these communications may be translated. The cipher code is changed once in three or four years in the British Foreign Office so as to diminish the risks of the key falling into the possession of some other foreign office. The diplomatic correspondence with the principal capitals is not sent by the ordinary mail service, but by special agents known as despatch-bearers.

With all these precautions state secrets are occasionally revealed. The most conspicuous betrayal of trust during recent years in England was the publication of the Anglo-Russian Memorandum by an evening journal in London on the eve of the Congress of Berlin.

This important diplomatic secret was brought to light through the agency of a copyist who was employed in the room where the document was on the file. Having obtained access to it, he made a copy of it, and subsequently allowed an evening newspaper to publish a transcript of it. He was prosecuted on a charge of stealing the document but the charge was not sustained, as there was no evidence of actual theft of the manuscript. He either committed the substance of the agreement to memory, or made hurried notes of the contents upon his cuffs or on paper by which this act of treachery could be punished.

The exposure caused great annoyance both in England and Russia, because it played these two powers in the unenviable position of agreeing in advance upon the provisions and limitations of a European treaty which all the Great Powers were to sanction at the Congress at Berlin. The copyist could not be indicted under the law, but repetitions of his offence could be punished by a revision of his statutes.

It is now a penal offence for any one in the employ of any branch of the British public service to reveal an official secret. Any one convicted of a betrayal of trust in making private use of secret information in the Foreign Office, War or Admiralty offices is liable to imprisonment at hard labor for five or ten years. Since the statute was passed there has been at least one prosecution in England for breach of confidence in the betrayal of a naval engineering design. All other foreign offices in the principal capitals are prepared to punish similar offences with great severity. On this account Prince Bismarck's recent disclosures of the secrets of German diplomacy have been regarded in every capital as amazing indiscretions. His example runs counter to laws enacted throughout Europe for the protection of state secrets.

INSURANCE IN ONTARIO.

Outline of Contents of the Annual Report of the Provincial Inspector of Insurance.

The detailed report of the Inspector of Insurance and Registrar of Friendly Societies, showing the condition of all insurance societies operating in Canada, has been sent out by the government. The report is compiled from the reports of each company for the year 1895, and which were received by the department during the first months of the year. Many of the companies do business outside of the country, and full particulars are given, but the following is an abstract of the business done by all the companies in Ontario alone and shows the large proportions to which life insurance has attained:—Number of members in Ontario, 241,215; number of members died, 1,677; amount paid for funeral benefits, \$43,919.97; death benefits (insurance), \$2,405,288.66; number of members sick during the year, 15,229; number of weeks' sickness experienced, 69,368; amount paid for sick benefits, \$257,816.82; amount paid for medical attendance, \$69,605.80; donations to distressed members, \$7,348.08; assets in cash and securities, \$6,053,956.40.

WONDERFUL RIVER.

Mr. S. A. Thompson who recently picked his way through the Imataca mountains in Venezuela, found a great river bursting diagonally from an almost perpendicular cliff 1,600 feet high, where the water divides into half a dozen streams, which divide and subdivide, spread out into broad, fan-like expansions to reach the canyon below. He says that the region is entirely uninhabited, and there is not the slightest sign to show that the falls have ever been visited by white men before. So by right of discovery, and to perpetuate the name of the mythical golden city which was said to lie somewhere south of the Orinoco, which many have sought, and those who found (so runs the tale) were either put to death or made prisoners for life, he calls the cataract the Falls of Manoa.

THE EARLIEST MEN.

Doctor Ranke, of the German Anthropological Society, recently undertook to describe the physical characteristics of the earliest men, as ascertained from the examination of prehistoric graves. They were of the Orinoco, which many peculiarly shaped the part of the skull which contains the brain being large relatively to the face, while the face was small. They had other peculiarities, among which was the rudimentary or undeveloped condition of the third molar, or back grinder tooth. The doctor believes that the first men originated in Asia.

A VERY PATHETIC STORY.

MOST SUBLIME EXAMPLE OF MATERNAL DEVOTION.

Devotion of the Mother of a Convict—She Follows Him to New Caledonia and Tolls Like a Slave That He May Have Comfort.

"Criminopolis" is a queer name for a good book; but that is the title of a work by M. Mimande on the convicts of New Caledonia, Nou Island, Bourail, and Noumea. The author gives a detailed and simple account of life in the land of penal servitude, and he brings to light a worthy candidate for the prize for virtue, or Montyon prize, as it is called. It may seem strange to think that such a prize could go to the country of the convicts, but after all there is the place where it is likely to be captured by la mere Vidrac, whose pathetic story presents perhaps one of the most sublime examples of maternal devotion on record. It is told in the *Figaro* as follows:

"A few years ago a scamp named Vidrac, living in the outskirts of Bordeaux, was brought to trial for murder. He was a perfect Meridional type, a good-for-nothing poser, who lived upon women, on the strength of the curl of his moustache. Well, this Vidrac has a mother, by whom he is adored. There can be no purer, more honest woman than she is. But her son, who disgraced her, always scoffed at her and treated her cruelly. She is that kind of mother that nothing tires and nothing changes, the mother that is always a mother. Every day during the trial of her son she came to the Assize Court, where the scamp theatrically threw kisses at her. These kisses seemed so false and so thoroughly Gascon that an intelligent jury would not have failed to award to them the halo of the guillotine. But the jury were not experienced. The mother of the accused was there, and Vidrac got off with a sentence of

PENAL SERVITUDE FOR LIFE.

He returned thanks for his mother's sake, and went off after that last theatrical effort. The poor woman, who was a widow without any other children, sold her furniture, her cow, and her four chickens, and followed her son to the penal colony.

"When she arrived at Noumea and at the prison door pronounced the name of Vidrac, the guard looked at her with amazement.

"Vidrac! You want to see Vidrac?"
"Yes."
"You are the mother?"
"Yes."
"Very well; wait a moment."
The devotion of the mother had already made the name of Vidrac famous in the colony; but there was another reason for its popularity. The convict had just assassinated one of his fellow prisoners. The Marine Court condemned him to death; and Vidrac, securely bound in his cell, was awaiting his execution. The news prostrated the unfortunate mother. She fell in a swoon, and remained afterward for three weeks almost completely unconscious. Why did she not have the good fortune to die? She regained her memory, but what was she to do with it? Well, she found her son! She had saved him for the second time. He was pardoned on her account, and the doctor obtained permission to bring him to her when she was sufficiently recovered. They brought him to her. They allowed her to see her convict son again, and in the hospital, in the presence of the doctor, at the foot of the bed of the poor woman, the rascal had another opportunity to act the part of a comedian.

"Since then, the phase of shocks and dramas has passed, to give place to that of constant and most painful devotion. The martyrdom which the poor woman now suffers in silence is perhaps more heartrending than the previous tragedies. Vidrac was condemned to the ball and chain, and he is kept in the quarries breaking stones. From morning till evening, he works there under the guards, and his mother during all this time

TOILS LIKE A SLAVE.

washing and scrubbing, in order to be able every day to bring a warm bowl of good soup to her son. Every day she bears her Mont-Coffin with a basket under her arm and stops in the stone yard where the mortgables are kept. The convicts fall into line, and one of them, thin and still a handsome fellow, gets permission to go out of the ranks with a platter in his hand, dragging his chain and followed by two guards. Mother Vidrac then opens her basket, takes out a little soup tureen, and with a trembling hand empties it into the platter of the convict. All that seems very commonplace to Vidrac. There is no use for acting at Mont-Coffin. The soup sometimes becomes a little cold, perhaps, on the way, and Vidrac speaks to his mother harshly. He doesn't seem even to see her, but he calls her 'the old woman.' But, nevertheless, for years now, when she comes into the quarry, she kisses the cheeks of her son, but he never returns the kisses. He swallows the soup, and pays no attention to the 'old woman.'

"Now, gentlemen of the Academy, you owe the Montyon prize to that sublime mother, if it is really due to devotion and to suffering for devotion. To whom will you give it if not to her? To get that good warm soup for her son in that country where living is as dear as labor is poorly paid, she works from morning till night, half starves herself, and sleeps in corners often colder than cells, and all that for years without one look or one word of affection in return, without encouragement and without hope, simply because her son is her son. Every day she climbs that hill to the quarry. She knows that a new wound awaits her there, and that she will come back with a heart still more torn by another insult; but she

goes there all the same, carrying her basket, and the little tureen that is always covered by a piece of snow-white linen. She was there yesterday, she was there to-day, she will return there to-morrow, and will continue up to the last. She should have the Montyon prize. Cases like hers cannot be thrown into the waste basket, and no academician can afford to neglect them. The case is stated, the demand is ready and the only fault of M. Mimande is to have kept it in his desk so long. Let him put it in the Post Office immediately, and let it go to the Institut."

TAXING CELIBACY.

Heroic Measures Proposed in a Provincial Legislature of the Argentine.

The newspapers of Salta, Argentine Republic, give the text of a curious bill recently submitted to the Provincial Legislature. The purpose of the bill is to tax bachelorhood and spinsterhood, and thus encourage marriage, with its attendant increase of population. The means are enumerated thus in the bill:

Article I. From and after the 1st of January, 1897, all single men above 20 and less than 80 years of age shall pay a monthly tax until they shall change their condition.

Article II. The classification as to age shall be based on the returns of the last census.

Article III. The tax shall be graduated as follows: For men of 20 to 30 years \$5; for men of 30 to 35 \$10; for men of 35 to 50, \$20; for men of 50 to 75, \$30; for men of 75 to 80, 50 cents.

Article 4. The following shall be exempt: 1. Widowers during a term of three years within which period they should contract second marriages. 2. Widows above thirty years of age. 3. Widows, however, who were married young and are childless, or who have only one child, shall be liable to the tax even at that age.

Article 5. Single women and single men who reject, without legitimate cause, aspirants for their hand, and do not marry shall be liable to a fine of \$500 in favor of the rejected suitor.

Article 6. The proceeds of the tax shall be distributed annually among fathers who can show they have at least twelve children living, in order that one among them may be educated in the name of the province.

COURAGE IN LIFE.

Have the courage to make a will, and a just one.

Have the courage to tell a man why you do not lend him your money.

Have the courage to wear your old clothes until you can pay for new ones.

Have the courage to prefer comfort and prosperity to fashion in all things.

Have the courage to obey your maker at the risk of being ridiculed by men.

Have the courage to discharge a debt while you have money in your pocket.

Have the courage to do without that you do not need, however much your eyes may covet it.

Have the courage to provide for the entertainment of your friends within your means, not beyond them.

Have the courage to acknowledge your ignorance, rather than to seek credit for knowledge under false pretences.

Have the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary you should do so, and to hold your tongue when it is prudent to do so.

Have the courage to show that you respect honesty in whatever guise it appears, and your contempt for dishonest duplicity by whomsoever exhibited.

Have the courage to cut the most agreeable acquaintance you have when convinced he lacks principle. "A friend should bear with a friend's infirmities," but not with his vices.

HERE AND THERE A GEM.

It is very pleasant to follow one's inclinations; but, unfortunately, we can not follow them all; they are like the teeth sown by Cadmus—they spring up, get in each other's way, and fight.—L. E. Landon.

After all, it is the divinity within that makes the divinity without; and I have been more fascinated by a woman of talent and intelligence, though deficient in personal charms, than I have been by the most regular beauty.—Irving.

I have no wife or children, good or bad, to provide for; a mere spectator of other men's fortunes and adventures; and how they pay their parts; which, methinks, are diversely presented unto me, as from a common theater or scene.—Burton.

Most biographies are of little worth. They are panegyrics, not lives. The object is, not to let down the hero; and consequently what is most human, most genuine, most characteristic in its history, is excluded. No department of literature is so false as biography.—Channing.

Nothing can be more destructive to vigor of action than protracted, anxious fluctuation, through resolutions adopted, rejected, resumed and suspended, and nothing causes a greater expense of feeling. A man without decision can never be said to belong to himself; he is as a wave of the sea, or a feather in the air, which every breeze blows about as it listeth.—John Foster.

The faculty of imagination is the great spring of human activity, and the principal source of human improvement. As it delights in presenting to the mind scenes and characters more perfect than those we are acquainted with, it prevents us from ever being completely satisfied with our present condition, or with our past attainments and engages us continually to the pursuit of some untried enjoyment, or of some ideal excellence. Destroy this faculty and the condition of man will become as stationary as that of the brutes.—Dugald Stewart.

HIS OBSERVATION.

Did you know, said the man who was reading an article about the contraction of metals, that a clock ticks faster in winter than in summer?

No, I never noticed that about a clock. But I know a gas meter does.