

ply, he answered, "Don Pedro also wore it on his breast, for it is the rosary of his mother, who fastened it round his neck when an infant. These stones were torn from the Moors by his father, Alphonso; every bead has been stained by the blood of that noble king. This rosary is almost an entire history of his glorious reign. Does your master think, in offering me this sacred relic, this portion of his booty, to extinguish my resentment against a usurper? He is greatly deceived. I am not for sale like the captain of adventurers, Bertrand Dugesclin, who may be in the pay of the Count of Trastamara. The Prince of Wales does not sell himself to dishonour and treachery. He will not abandon his ally because that ally has no longer treasures or troops."

"So, Sir Prince, you refuse the pledge of friendship my master sends," said the bishop. "I refuse the present of a rebel," replied Edward; "and further, if necessary, I will sell my silver service, I will pledge the cross of St. George that adorns my breast, to raise an army to support Don Pedro, if he be innocent of the crimes laid to his charge, and force the usurper to restore a title that does not belong to him."

The bishop replaced in the sandal-wood box the precious rosary. "This menace will sadden the heart of my master," said he, "for Don Enrique does not think himself in a situation to resist the invincible Black Prince, supported by the most formidable knights in the world. He can, therefore, only rely on the support of Heaven, for Heaven must surely protect the prince who defends the inheritance of his fathers."

"Bishop of Segovia," said Edward, irritated at the affectation of feeling with which Augustin had pronounced the last sentence, "cease this war of words. You know as well as myself, that Castile is the inheritance of Don Pedro."

"You are right, noble prince," replied the ambassador, mildly, "but Don Pedro has no son, and if you invade Spain, it will be to make her a fief of the crown of England, and to usurp what does not belong to you."

"I fear there is a grain of folly in your brain, Bishop of Segovia," said Edward, impatiently. "You talk as if Don Pedro had ceased to exist."

"And who can assert that my former master is in a situation to come and claim your support, noble sir," continued the prelate, amidst the most profound silence. "Who knows, if his stiff hand has not for ever loosed the sceptre and glaive? if already at this hour, he has not appeared before his Creator, to whom he has so terrible an account to render?"

The Prince of Wales had lost his usual sang froid; he cast a wild look on the ambassador, as if thunder had suddenly struck his ears. The doubt which the bishop had thus suggested to his audience, excited a dreadful suspicion in the mind of Edward, whose countenance immediately changed from surprise to an expression of anger and menace, while the lords, moved by anxious curiosity, came nearer to the bishop.

"What say you?" exclaimed Edward at length, in a sharp penetrating tone of voice; "would you give us to understand that Don Pedro has perished by treachery? Has his rebel brother made him prisoner, and feloniously put him to death? If it be so, I will arm all my vassals, and will have a holy crusade preached to take vengeance for the crime." Dugesclin has entered Spain to demand an account of the death of Blanche of Bourbon. I will myself demand of Don Enrique an account of the death of his brother. But speak plainly, I command you."

"Peace, Sir Prince," returned Augustin Gudiel, calmly, "you have rejected the pledge of friendship from the new King of Castile; I have another present to offer you."

"Do not presume too much on my patience, proud prelate," said Edward, angrily, "I will refuse whatever comes to me from your hand."

"You are in error, gracious prince," replied the bishop with a perfidious smile, "for what I am about to offer you is a remembrance of the former King of Castile, and you will accept it without scruple." He then signed again to Don Juan de Haro, who advanced and laid on the table a sword without a sheath, the blade of which was rusty and the hilt broken.

"This sword," said Augustin, "is the last weapon that Don Pedro touched; as these Castilian lords who accompany me can testify to you."

Edward regarded the tarnished weapon with a sorrowful look, but overcoming the melancholy that oppressed him, he said, "If Don Pedro has lost his sword I will give him mine."

The bishop did not reply, but Don Juan de Haro, who was the only one of the right-wooled knights which were called knights of honour, advanced and knights had the privilege of wearing them. They were formed of large pieces of steel, and were fastened with worn-iron bows. The prince was much moved at seeing them. "Do you remember this belt, my lord?" demanded Augustin, "it is the one that your envoy delivered you yesterday to Don Pedro when the last battle was fought at Cardena. Join you. Your army was beaten on each side, your ally wore it during his voyage, and had not its own sword to exist, it would not have fallen into the hands of Don Enrique."

"A traitor might have robbed him of it by surprise," answered Edward.

"No," said the bishop, "while he lived Don Pedro would not have allowed that token of your friendship to be torn from him; thanks to which, once landed in Guyenne, he might easily have reached you and claimed your aid. In short, if you still doubt," added he, stretching forth his right hand, "behold on my finger the royal signet-ring of your ally, which he always wore from the day he succeeded his father." Then taking the ring from his finger, he cast it on the council table, adding, "You will doubtless accept even from my hand, noble sir, this legacy of the defunct king. This is all that remains of Don Pedro. His brother is king by the will of every one, and you cannot without injustice, declare war against him, for Heaven, whom the departure of the tyrant had not appeased, has followed and overtaken him in his flight. By its powerful breath it has raised the waves and unchained the storm. You cannot defend him against that stern enemy, that angry God who has overtaken him. The fishermen on the coast of Biscy saw the galley of the king beaten by the waves for a long time; then night came on—a dark night, which hid in its obscurity the agonies and despair of those on board. On the morrow, at daybreak, these men saw the wreck of the vessel tossed about in the midst of rocks; and among other corpses, the disfigured body of Don Pedro, which they recognised by this sword, this belt, and this royal ring."

The Prince of Wales arose, and after closely scrutinising the unchanging countenance of the crafty bishop, said, "If the death of my unfortunate ally be confirmed, we shall not interfere in the affairs of the kingdom of Castile, but shall respect the choice of the people. Still the friend and protege of the King of France shall never be mine. It is bad policy for princes to support and sanction the cause of a rebel brother. But if Don Pedro has not perished, as you assure me—if he comes in person to summon me to keep the promise I made him—I swear by St. George, that, aided by my English lords and the barons of Aquitaine, I will penetrate into the heart of Castile and drive away the usurper."

"I hope that Heaven and the Apostle St. James will not perform a miracle against my noble master, Sir Prince," answered Gudiel.

"I leave the cause in the hand of Heaven," said Edward, "and meanwhile hold you responsible, you and yours, for all the blood that has been spilt. Retire, Sir Bishop."

The prelate did not presume any further, but proudly saluting the prince and the whole assembly, he rejoined the escort in the gallery. He was scarcely out of the yard of the monastery of St. Andrew, than taking aside Zede-kiah, Juan de Haro, and two other Castilian knights, on whose fidelity he could depend, he said to them in a low voice, "You have heard—if Don Pedro be dead, it is peace; if alive, it is war. Bordeaux has four gates—I confide to you the secret guard. If, unfortunately, our hope is deceived—if the excommunicated has escaped safe and sound from the dreadful wreck, and should attempt to enter the city—you know what remains for you to do." The Jew and the three knights all bowed in sign of assent, and without speaking, they mounted their horses, and went away in four different directions.

(To be continued.)

GOLDEN WORDS FROM A MERCHANT.

"We all want to know how good and strong men have made their ways in the world. They were once boys like you. What steps did they take to become rich men? An eminent man in New York, Mr. Jonathan Sturges, tells us a little of his experience, which, I am sure, every boy will be glad to hear about."

"One of my first lessons," says Mr. Sturges, "was in 1813, when I was eleven years old. My grandfather had a fine flock of merino sheep, which were carefully tended during the war of that day. I was the shepherd-boy, and my business was to watch the sheep in the fields. A boy who was more fond of his books than the sheep was sent with me, while he lay under the trees and read. I did not like that, and finally went to my grandfather and complained of it. I shall never forget the kind smile of the old gentleman, as he said: 'Narrow mind, Jonathan, my boy, if you watch the sheep you will have the sheep.'"

"What does grandfather mean by that?" I said to myself. "I don't expect to have the sheep. My desires were moderate, and a fine buck was worth a thousand dollars. I could not make out in my mind what it was, but I had great confidence in him; for he was a judge, and had been to Congress in Washington. So I concluded it was all right, and I went back contentedly to my sheep. After I got into the field I could not keep his words out of my head. Then I thought of my Sunday lesson. These had been faithful over a few things. I began to see through it. I began to mind who neglects his duty; he is unfaithful and you will have your reward."

"I received a second lesson soon after: I was sent to a clerk to the late Lyman Reed, a merchant from Ohio who knew me from my goods, and said: 'Make yourself acquainted that they cannot do without you. I took his meaning quicker than I did that of my grandfather.'"

"Well, I worked up these two ideas until Mr. Reed signed me a partnership in the business."

"The first morning after the partnership was made known, Mr. James Geary, the old

tea merchant, called to congratulate me, and said: 'You are all right now. I have only one word of advice to give you—be careful who you walk the streets with.' That was lesson number three."

And what valuable lessons they are! "Fidelity in little things; do your best for your employer; carefulness about your associates." Let every boy take these lessons home and study them well. They are the foundation stones of character and of honorable success.

A TIGHT SQUEEZE.

The late Mr. Lyman Raymond, for many years a much respected merchant at Bridgewater, Vermont, used to relate the following anecdote of one of his acquaintances, and vouched for its truthfulness:—

A miller in a small town in Vermont was, at intervals, temporary insane for several days together, and at those times he imagined himself to be in another world—the world that is to come—and the Judge of all the earth. He built a large platform nearly ten feet from the ground, and seated thereon in an arm chair with a ponderous Bible in hand, he imagined a large concourse of people to be before him, and proceeding to question them concerning their former occupation, conduct, &c., answering the inquiries himself. At length he came to a miller residing in an adjoining town, and questioned him thus:

"What was your occupation in yonder world?"

"A miller, Sir."

"Did you ever steal any grain?"

"Yes, Sir."

"What did you do with it?"

"Used it myself, Sir."

"You may go to the wrong side of the question," said the pretended judge, unhesitatingly.

Finally, after judging all others, he proceeded to treat himself likewise.

"What was your occupation in yonder world?" he asked of himself.

"A miller, Sir."

"Did you ever steal any grain?"

"Yes, Sir."

"What did you do with it?"

"Made bread of it, and gave to the poor."

Then he hesitated, scratched his head, and seemed to be engaged in deep thought, for several minutes, and finally said:

"Well, you may go to the right side of the question, but it is—a tight squeeze."—Editor's Drawer in Harper's Magazine for September.

TOBACCO AND SWINE.

A writer in Our Monthly for September tells a story of two well-known Southern clergymen, one of whom undertook to rebuke the other for using the weed.

"Brother G.," he exclaimed, without stopping to ask any question, "is it possible that you chew tobacco?"

"I must confess I do," the other quietly replied.

"Then I would quit it, sir!" the old gentleman energetically continued. "It is a very unclerical practice, and I must say a very uncleanly one too. Tobacco! Why, sir, even a hog would not chew it!"

"Father C.," responded his amused listener, "do you chew tobacco?"

"I? No, sir!" he answered, gruffly, with much indignation.

"Then, pray, which is most like the hog, you or I?"

The old doctor's fat sides shook with laughter as he said, "Well, I have been fairly caught this time."

MORAL HYGIENE AND TOBACCO.

The most self-indulgent, and the most selfish of luxuries is that of tobacco. I never knew a dozen men who used tobacco who cared anything about whether they smelled agreeable to other people, or whether they carried themselves so that other people were happy or not. They will foul the house, they will foul the boat, they will foul the car, unless arbitrarily restrained. They forget father and mother, wife and children, and go through life smoking, stenchful and disagreeable; and when they are expostulated with, they laugh. The use of tobacco does not make a man a monster, it only makes him selfish in respect to people about him. Though I consider this a most selfish and disagreeable habit, I do not look upon it as being equal to drinking. But it is a very wasteful habit. Few young men who are beginning life can afford to smoke.

An old farmer said to his sons: "Boys, don't you ever wait for summit to turn up. You might just as well go an' sit down on a stone in the middle of a medder, with a pale astirw' your legs, an' wait for a cow to back up to you to be milked."

A newspaper publishes the following notice: "Married, at Plimstone, by the Rev. Windstone, Mr. Nehemiah Sandstone and Miss Whetstone, both of Plimstone." Look out for Brimstone.

A schoolmistress, while taking down the names of her pupils, and the names of their parents, at the beginning of the term, asked one little fellow, "What's your father's name?" "Oh, you needn't take down his name; he's too old to go to school to a woman." was the reply.

LET-THERE BE LIGHT.

"Let there be light," Jehovah cries, When brooding o'er the deep; And bidding earth renewed arise From her chaotic sleep. Light came; obedient to the call, Th' unchanging fiat given, And made "this dark terrestrial ball" An aube-room of heaven.

"Let there be light," again the cry (By sympathy extorted), In pealing anthems swept the sky When erring man revolted, When lo! to cheer corroding fears, To dry the fount of grief, Th' eternal source of light appears In prominent relief.

"Let there be light," still should pray, With earnest invocation, That when death's night succeed the day "Of this our visitation." We may the summons gladly hear, And willingly obey; And find a better hemisphere Of an eternal day.

AN INSECT SAMSON.

In proportion to its size, the strength of the beetle is enormous. A well known entomologist gives an instance of its power. He says: "This insect has just astonished me by its vast strength of body. Every one who has taken the common beetle in his hands knows that its limbs, if not remarkable for agility, are very powerful; but I was not prepared for so Samsonian a feat as that I have just witnessed. When the insect was brought to me, having no box immediately at hand, I was at a loss where to put it till I could kill it; but a quart bottle full of milk being on the table, I placed the beetle for the present under that, the hollow in the bottom allowing him room to stand upright. Presently, to my surprise, the bottle began to move slowly and glide along the smooth table, propelled by the muscular power of the imprisoned insect, and continued to perambulate the surface to the astonishment of all who witnessed it. The weight of the bottle and its contents could not have been less than three pounds and a half, while that of the beetle was about half an ounce, so that it really moved a weight one hundred and twelve times its own. A better notion than figures can convey will be obtained of this fact by supposing a lad of fifteen to be imprisoned under the bell of St. Paul's, which weighs twelve thousand pounds, and to move it to and fro upon a smooth pavement by pushing within."

GIBRALTAR.

Until you set foot on Gibraltar, you can form no idea of its impregnability. Very properly its real strength cannot be seen from a ship in the bay; only when you land do you find that the sea-wall bristles with heavy guns, and groans beneath piles of ball; only as you traverse its flank do you see how formidable breech-loaders peep from every available cleft, and powerful mortars lurk behind every convenient embankment. And not until you penetrate the body of the rock, do you get any just notion of the marvellous piece of military engineering exhibited in its "galleries." There are tunnels excavated from the solid rock, parallel to its outer side, but some thirty feet therefrom, and large enough to drive a carriage through. They are in two tiers, and comprise a total length of nearly three miles. At every thirty feet or so along them, spacious embrasures are outthwn, that terminate in commanding pertholes, which look to a spectator outside the rock like swallows' nestholes in a sand cliff.

A HINT TO NURSES.

You know what a racket is caused, even by the most careful hand, in supplying coals to a grate or stove, and how, when the performance is undertaken by the servant, it becomes almost distracting. If you don't remember, take notice the first time you are ill, or you have a dear patient in your care, or the baby in a quiet slumber. Let some one bring on a coal-scuttle or shovel, and revive your recollection. Well, the remedy we suggest is to put on coals in little paper bags, each holding about a shovelful. These can be laid quietly on the fire, and, as the paper ignites, the coals will softly settle in place. You may fill a coal scuttle or box with such parcels, ready for use. For a sick room, a nursery at night, or even for a library, the plan is admirable. Just try it. Besides, it is so cleanly. If you don't choose to provide yourself with paper bags, you can wrap the coal in pieces of old newspapers at your leisure, and have them ready for use when occasion requires.—Science of Health.

NIL DESPERANDUM.

"Nil desperandum" is a motto that all should take to heart, and one that in life they should try to be guided by. Suppose you make one failure, does that positively say that you will never succeed in that which you have undertaken? Perseverance and energy are two of the great attributes to success; and without their aid one will never be able to accomplish his object. As we all know, a couple of failures will discourage nine out of ten persons. Some argue that it is human nature to yield to discouragement. But, are not fancy and imagina-

tion the abettors of human nature in this respect? In the majority of instances they are the indirect cause of people's projects and aspirations resulting in fiascos; unless their failure may be caused by peculiar circumstances, which could not be overcome.

As an instance of what I wish to convey to the mind of the reader, I think the following illustration will serve the purpose.

A young man thinks he will make a good commercial traveller, and at the beginning is confident that he is possessed of the necessary abilities for the position. Well, he secures a situation, and starts on his first trip. He returns home, having transacted but very little business—say he has not made expenses—and in all probability his employer may feel harassed, and not receive him with any signs of approbation. What are the thoughts that immediately enter his head, and that have actually been forming there during the latter part of his journey home? Simply these: that he has not the requisite abilities, and as a commercial traveller he is a complete failure. He has not the perseverance to try again, but yields to despair, and resumes his former position in an office at a small salary, in comparison with that which he could command while on the "road," after practice and experience had crowned his efforts with success.

But, again, let us take into consideration that which contributed to his failure. In all probability he was a complete stranger to the parties he called upon, and for that one reason could not succeed in selling to them, no having acquired the tact to approach strangers in a way which it is necessary for a salesman to do, and which, like many other things, has to be acquired. Perhaps trade was dull; or he found people with a large stock on hand.

Thus it was from no fault of his, but the force of circumstances that had made his trip a fiasco. But, as mentioned above, he had charged himself with the failure; despair took possession of him; energy and perseverance fled at the approach of that grim phantom, and his hope of ever becoming a "drummer" were crushed forever.

But, do not let one, two, or even three failures discourage you. Say to yourself what others can do, I also can do, if I have but the taste or talent for it; I will call energy, perseverance, discretion to my aid, and imprint upon my mind the motto, "Nil desperandum," and then we will see who will be the conqueror, I, or circumstances.

This illustration applies not only to business, but to every vocation of life. As I said before, let that proverb, and the qualities I have mentioned, be your aids, and in most cases you may be sure your efforts will be crowned with success.

GOOD MANNERS.

If good manners are not to die out amongst us, reverence must be restored. The old man must be honored, and the weak must be considered, the illustrious must be deferred to, and most of all, women must be respected. Women have the matter in their own hands. They can compel men to be well-mannered, and men who know how to behave with politeness toward women will end by behaving with politeness toward each other. Hauteur always implies want of consideration for others, and is therefore no part of politeness, save when indeed an impertinence has to be quickly but effectively resented. If we were asked to name the word which embodies female politeness we should name "graciousness." Women should be gracious; gracious is their happy medium between coldness and familiarity; as self-respect is that of men between arrogance and downright rudeness. Probably, there can be no true politeness where there is no humility, either real or well assumed. In a self-making age we cannot be surprised at meeting with so much self-assertion and so much aggressiveness. We can but wait for the time when the process will be complete, and the individual will be well-bred enough once more to recognize his own significance.

A SHORT SERMON.

Here is a bit of philosophy worth reading. It is an exposure of a very common delusion. It is a good rendering of an old idea:

"Two things ought to be strongly impressed upon the young people of our country. The insecurity of riches, even when acquired, and their unsatisfying character. There is no fallacy so universally cherished as the notion that wealth is securely a means of happiness. The care of a large property is one of the most burdensome of earth's trusts. The only material good that comes from any estate is to be made out of a moderate income far more easily than a large one, and with fewer attendant disadvantages. Few thoughtful men would undertake the stewardship of a large estate on a positive bargain that they would receive no more for taking care of it than generally falls into the lap of the owner. The scramble after wealth is due to a wrong estimate of good when it is gained."

"Good morning, Patrick; you have got a new coat at last, but it seems to fit you rather too much." "Och! there's nothing surprising in that; sure I wasn't there when I was measured for it."

A young lady says that a gentleman ought never to feel discouraged when the "momentous question" is negatived by the object of his choice, "for in life as well as in grammar, we decline before we conjugate."