

"I do," answered the pilgrim; "I was by at the time." The knight jumped upon his feet.

"You!" said he, "You! Why that is a hundred and fifty years ago!" and he looked suspiciously at the stranger. The latter was a man about the ordinary height, but marvellous thin. His legs had no more calf than the tongs; he was as grey as a rat; and his skin looked as if it had been drawn wet over his bones, and then left, in the course of years, to dry, and harden, and bleach, and seam, and crack.

"I was by, I tell you," repeated the stranger: "Where is the harm? What have you to do with that? Having been present at the when, I of course know all about the where; and as I perceive you are a chip of the old block, who was always a great friend of mine, I will tell you the secret if you have a mind to hear it."

"Say on, then," said the knight with a gasp. "only I wish you were not so thin, and that you had come to me in the forenoon."

The forenoon would not have answered the purpose," said the stranger, "things must be done according to rule. Thin! I would have you know I have turned the head of many a pretty girl before now!" And he cut a caper with so much agility that the other knew not what to think.

"Well, well," said the knight, a little enviously perhaps, "my dancing-days are over, if your's are not. Tell me the secret, and to pick and shool with us at once! Where is the treasure buried?"

"In the graves of your ancestors; who have it in as safe keeping as if it was under lock and key." The knight started and grew pale.

"What is the matter? Are they not your ancestors? Is it not your money? However, these dead folks, who can make no use of riches themselves, are too apt to play the dog in the manger, and keep them from those who can. It will be needless to dig in the graves so long as one bone of one of them is there. You must bring up your relations, one by one, apron-full by