

being for some moments stunned by the fall. Pierce Neige, exasperated at seeing the knight unconcernedly continue his route, seized a sling, and cast a stone at him, which knocked off his broad-brimmed hat. Duguesclin quietly dismounted, picked up the hat, and remounted his horse; then, turning to little Pierce Neige, who was seeking another stone to fling at him from the top of the battlements, and shaking his hat with a bawling air, he departed at full gallop.

## CHAPTER XX.—The Lazaretto.

The night of the day in which the events just recorded happened, the Morisca boldly entered the lazaretto, taking the minutest precautions not to be seen, and went towards the hut of the renegade, which was the nearest to the aqueduct. Esau, prostrated with fever, was extended on his couch, and when he saw her enter his miserable dwelling a strange smile curled his lips, which were wet with foam.

"Ah," muttered he, "her hatred is more vigorous and daring than her most violent love would be." Then, addressing Aixa, "You come fearlessly, noble dame," said he, "to breathe the poisoned air of the lazaretto."

"I can imagine thy surprise, Esau," replied Aixa; "but as Duguesclin must have quitted the city, and as he knows the secret of the aqueduct, Don Pedro is lost. If he seeks to flee, he will be forced to pass the water-gate, in order to gain his galleys, or by the lazaretto to reach the mountains. Esau, this night I will deliver Rachel's lover to thee, but on one condition."

"Deliver Don Pedro to me!—to me, whom he has made a leper!" exclaimed the renegade, raising himself on his couch, and earnestly regarding her.

"Listen," said Aixa, "the assault cannot be long delayed, and the king, by this time, knows that resistance is useless. I, with my soldiers, guard the water-gate, for the excavations of the aqueduct are yet inundated, but the galleries are free. Thou wilt guard the threshold of the lazaretto. Let us make an agreement. He will not save himself alone. You understand me. If he essays to flee by the water-gate, he falls into my power; he and his—then I deliver Don Pedro to you, and keep Rachel."

A feeling of horror thrilled through Esau at this proposition.

"If he tries to flee by the lazaretto, thou wilt keep the king and deliver Rachel to me," added the Morisca, smiling.

"Why this strange agreement, lady?" asked Esau. "What horrid project do you contemplate against Rachel?"

"Oh, re-assure thyself, Esau; I will not inflict torments and tortures on her; but my guards have served me well, and I will give her as a slave to one of my faithful servants, who may think her handsome enough for acceptance."

"Do you speak seriously?" demanded the leper, whose inflamed eyelids, half unclosed, emitted a sparkling glance, like lightning, that rested on the countenance of the Morisca. "Do you think I will allow you to execute such vengeance against the sister of my childhood? Oh, no, I will never deliver Rachel to her enemy."

"Poor dupe," said Aixa, contemptuously; "when Rachel allowed thee to be condemned to the most ignominious suffering, when she saw thee writhing with pain, did she weep, or try to soften the king? Did she remember the scenes of your infancy then? No, in the favor of Don Pedro caused her to forget or despise Esau Manasses. Why then remember her when she has forgotten thee?"

"You will never succeed in making me hate the daughter of Samuel. I do not accept your terms, noble lady."

"Be it so, Esau," said Aixa, preparing to depart. "Don Pedro will meet his punishment. As to Rachel, I shall still know how to reach her, notwithstanding the protection of a leper."

"Threats still, noble dame," murmured the renegade. "Beware, the serpent does wrong to hiss before it bites."

"I have come here under thy safeguard, Esau," answered the Morisca, proudly.

She moved away slowly, hiding under a calm exterior the vexation she felt at the obstacle presented to her designs by the opposition of the renegade.

Aixa had guessed rightly as to the position of affairs in the city. At that very hour the army of Don Enrique prepared to commence the assault.

From the top of the mirador Don Pedro could hear the joyful clamours of the enemy, and remarked with grief the sinister silence that reigned in the streets of Seville. "It does not matter," said he, "I will fight to the last, for a conquered king there is but one glorious end—to die, covered with wounds, on the breach of his dismantled ramparts!"

The Jewess remained silent, regarding him with her eyes full of tears.

"Is not that thy view of the case, Rachel?" demanded he, anxiously.

"No, Pedro," answered she, "that is the vulgar courage of a man-at-arms, not that of a king. To run that desperate chance is to heighten the triumph of thy enemies. Dost thou think, if thou wert to fall wounded on a heap of corpses, they would let thee die? Thy own archers would probably deliver thee up to secure mercy and reward for themselves. No, sire, it is not here that thou canst defend thy crown; thou art confined in Seville as in a den; thou must quit Seville, gain the moun-

tains, seek refuge in some faithful castle, and summon the Castilians to arms against the stranger, and drive from your kingdom those hordes of robbers and vagabonds that now infest it."

"True," murmured the king, "my death would be a subject of ridicule, my courage would be doubted, and my revenge lost."

"It is better to wander proscribed in the mountains," resumed the Jewess, "than to be dragged from prison to prison, Pedro. While thou art free, thou needest not despair of thy cause."

"Oh! thou truly lovest me, Rachel," cried the king. "Thou art right. They shall not have me living or dead to make a trophy of me. But if I would flee—oh! that word is bitter to my lips—there is no time to lose. But can I? The outlet by which Duguesclin entered the aqueduct is guarded. What can we do?"

"Is there no other outlet?" demanded Rachel, quickly.

"Only one," answered Don Pedro, after a moment's hesitation; "but I dare not speak of it to thee."

"Why, what danger can frighten me?" asked Rachel.

"Well, it is the outlet that leads to the lazaretto. I can face even the contagion of lepers to avoid becoming the captive of the pretender, but I have not the courage, poor child, to expose thee to that ignominious peril."

"But I will follow thee everywhere, Pedro. To me thy absence alone is peril, grief, and shame. To separate myself from thee, by cowardice, through dread of this hideous contagion, to see thee face danger and not participate in it, is impossible, perfectly impossible. Wert thou to repulse me, wert thou to order me to remain, still I would follow thee."

"Come with me, then, Rachel, for it seems to me also that I should have less courage if I no longer saw thee, if I were uneasy respecting thy fate. But we must have an escort, and all my valiant servants will draw back when it is a question of crossing the lazaretto, for they are men, and it requires more than human courage to trespass on that enclosure. All will draw back except the sons of Paloma. Happily, it is nightfall, Rachel, and thou wilt not see the hideous figures of the lepers; thou wilt not hear their desperate plaints. At that hour they repose, if there is any repose for the condemned of heaven."

"Weaken not our courage by these painful reflections, Pedro," said the Jewess, "let us prepare for our immediate flight."

"I will go and tell the old nurse to inform Diego Lopez and his brothers of our determination; they will all accompany us." Saying this, Don Pedro left the mirador, and went to visit the posts of the men-at-arms and the archers that kept watch on the embattled walls of the Alcazar.

In another hour he quitted that fortified palace with the young Jewess, wrapped in a grey woollen cloak, followed by Paloma, Pierce Neige, and the four other foster-brothers, silent and resolute.

The night was stormy. The moon shone only occasionally behind tempestuous clouds. Don Pedro and his companions reached the aqueduct without difficulty. While traversing the vaults beneath the arches, Rachel shivered, for a penetrating icy dampness pervaded the place—the water oozed through the walls, and her feet slipped along the miry ground. The silence was profound; the fugitives heard nothing but their own breathing and the sound of their own footsteps. They stopped at intervals to listen, but the noise of the city had died away in those subterranean galleries. If any sound startled them, it was occasioned by paces of stone becoming detached from the wall, and which fell at some paces from them, attesting the antiquity of the mouldering ruin.

"Oh!" cried the king, "if the pretender knew I was here, how rejoiced he would be to surprise me in this gallery, from which there is no escape but by a single outlet."

"Darth those gloomy ideas, Pedro," said the Jewess. "Hail! I already perceive a feeble light at the end of the gallery."

"Yes, it is the free air of heaven," answered Don Pedro. "Oh, I breathe again! I was almost stifled under the vaults of this old aqueduct. There is the gate of the lazaretto; yet some steps—yet that asylum of lepers to cross—and we are saved. Let us hasten, Rachel—let us hasten."

"The lazaretto," murmured she, while she mounted the steps of the staircase; "it is here, then, that that unfortunate being who loved me is confined?"

"The door is open. God be praised!" exclaimed the king, and he sprang on the threshold of the dreaded enclosure.

Suddenly a tall man, who seemed to be the door-keeper, advanced, and sounded his bone rattle to warn the fugitives to retire.

Don Pedro and the Jewess mechanically retreated.

"Who dares intrude here to disturb our repose," said the guardian. "Who dares to enter the lazaretto? Is a companion in misfortune; let him not hesitate to give me his hand as a brother; but if he is one of the fortunate ones of the earth, let him hasten away, or the contagion will soon reach him, and then nothing can cure or save him."

Don Pedro boldly advanced, and thus answered, "Poor leper, we also are worthy of compassion and pity, for the fame of the besieged city forces us to quit it, border to

beg assistance and succour in the mountains. But why do you roam at this hour on this stormy night like a phantom, instead of seeking in sleep a momentary forgetfulness of your misery?"

"Yes, sleep is sweet," said the leper, in a sad voice; "but how can I sleep while I feel my veins burn, my feet freeze, and my breast on fire? This storm pleases me; besides, the cold air refreshes my forehead. Then night is the happiest time for us, for in the darkness we can neither see ourselves nor each other."

The plaintive and bitter tone in which he uttered these words, made the fugitives shudder with pity and terror.

At this moment the trumpets and cymbals of Don Enrique's army sounded. It was the signal for the assault. Don Pedro advanced a step, and said to the leper, "Thus in your inclosure you have no fear of the adventures of Don Enrique."

"Fear! why, it is of us the adverse forces are afraid," exclaimed the guardian, with savage pride. "We are equally the enemies of both parties. But retire, approach not, attempt not to cross the threshold of the lazaretto. You would be lost."

Don Pedro did not, however, lose all hope of moving the inexorable guardian, but determined, in case of need, even to force a passage. "I pity thee," he replied, "to be reduced thus to hate all mankind."

"Oh, there is one whom I hate above all others!" exclaimed the leper, in a fierce tone. "Who is that?" demanded Don Pedro imperiously, though with vague uneasiness.

"The King of Castile," returned the leper; "the king of to-day, but who will no longer be a king to-morrow."

"It is Esau!" said the king, terrified.

"Esau!" repeated the Jewess, with a stilled voice.

"If ever his foot touches this domain of the cursed, I swear that he shall tremble and retreat before me as you draw back at this moment, runaway from Seville."

Don Pedro then stopped, and answered him in a tremendous voice, "Wretch, cease thus to brave me. Dost thou think I would have recourse to a lie, to shelter myself from thy hatred? I am thy king, Esau Manasses, and I have entered thy domain."

"The king!" repeated the renegade, with a burst of laughter. "Dost thou then think that I did not recognise thee at the first sound of thy voice? But I sported with thee."

"Thou didst recognise and insult me!" said Don Pedro, carrying his hand to the hilt of his sword.

"Fool!" cried Esau, "why, amidst the choir of the demous of pandemonium I should recognise the voice of him who condemned me to the most frightful torments that the cruelty of man could invent. But why have you avowed your name so readily? Why, in pronouncing it, did you not flee from me? You forgot that here we meet on an equality. You forgot that the leper, Esau, dreads nothing. You can do me no further harm; you have gone to the extreme of punishment with me, and can inflict no more. Here, than's to you: barbarity, I am more powerful and stronger than Don Pedro of Castile. Whatever may be your fierceness and pride, you are about to become the companion of my misery, and, like me, to lose all hope of a better life."

"Esau," replied the king, shrugging his shoulders, "thou hast a short memory; if I punished thee, it was because thou camest treacherously, like an assassin, to surprise me."

The leper approached him, uttering a cry of rage. "An assassin! no, for you had a sword to defend yourself with, as I also had one to attack you."

"Approach me not, leper," shouted the king, "or my sword shall quickly remove thee from my path."

"You threaten still," said Esau, "but I fear not death. I tell you death will be a blessing to me; and when the hour comes to glut my revenge, which is my only thought, the sole purpose of my existence, how can you think that these vain menaces can frighten me? I have fallen so low, that one would have said Heaven had chosen to place you above any attempt I could make against you, and yet he has to-day delivered you into my hands." And Esau extended his arms towards the king, as if to seize and drag him into the lazaretto.

"Pity—mercy!" exclaimed Rachel, with a trembling voice. "Thou who sufferest, Esau, be not so obdurate and cruel." Quitting the group of Paloma and her sons, she advanced towards the renegade.

"Whose voice is that?" asked the latter, deeply affected.

"A woman whose hand shall never quit the hand of Don Pedro," was the reply. "A woman whose heart is attached to him. A woman who is condemned to the same fate as he."

"Oh! peace, peace," said the leper, in a tremendous voice. "I recognise those tones which make my heart leap with delight as if Heaven had just opened before me."

"Yes, it is Rachel, the daughter of Ben Levi, who outreats thee."

"Oh, it is a dream," continued Esau; "Providence has been pleased to afford me this joy in my misery."

"Poor Esau," murmured Rachel.

"Cursed be this obstinate and insolent madman," said Don Pedro.

light on all these assembled. He had taken the precaution to draw the cowl of his cloak over his forehead, nevertheless a shriek of horror escaped the lips of all, at the sight of him. Rachel could not, without a shudder of pain and pity, see the companion of her childhood so hideously disfigured.

"Oh, look not on me, Rachel," said he, imploringly; "but let me see thee."

"Come," cried Don Pedro, "we have already lost too much time. We are not children to be afraid of a leper; come, Esau, rise and let us pass willingly or we must use force."

The leper did not move, but fixing a look of savage hate on the king, "Madman," replied he, "and more so than I am. Heaven has pronounced your doom, and sent me my revenge. I will squeeze the proud king in my arms; he shall become leprous like me; he shall suffer the same torments that I suffer."

He then advanced towards Don Pedro with a demoniacal laugh.

The king could not suppress a tremor of dread, and drew his sword. Rachel courageously suppressing the sentiment of aversion that Esau inspired, threw herself between him and the king.

"My brother," said she, earnestly, "commit not that crime. Respect thy master."

The leper quickly withdrew his hand, which was about to grasp that of the Jewess, but he stopped with a sudden air.

"By seeing others show themselves without pity for my pain, I too have become cruel, Rachel."

"I forbid you to address this wretch farther," continued Don Pedro, speaking to the Jewess; "we have been weak and foolish to listen so long. Advance companions, and, by St. James, we will steep our swords in the blood of this reprobate."

(To be Continued.)

## WHAT A BELL SAID.

It was a soft, hazy day in early June, a veritable season to tempt one from the house into bowers and leafy retreats. I could not resist the appeal, even if I wished; so forth I went, now wading through green meadow grass, anon stopping to wait to note a perfect fairy bower, covered with the redly-blushing faces of June roses. At last, passing into a smooth, well-beaten foot-path, I loitered on aimlessly, caring for no other companion than Nature, whose gentle hand led me until I came to an old lirk, whose rugged gray stone walls were softened and almost hidden by climbing ivy.

Something about the appearance of the edifice, its air of quiet peace, and its picturesque surroundings, attracted me, and I entered.

After examining the interior, I sat down, overcome with fatigue, in one of the large, old fashioned pews, and a delicious languor crept over me.

How long I had been seated there I cannot tell. Suddenly I heard the strong, deep tones of the bell, in what at first seemed to me a confused clangor; but after listening intently a few moments, the sounds finally resolved themselves into words, and the great bell spoke:—"Many a year has passed away with silent footsteps, young eyes have dimmed and brown locks silvered. But still I, from my ancient look, have seen countless springs born amid smiles, rejoicings, and gay flowers, and marked the wane of countless autumns, and heard the last faint sighs of both as they were wafted into silence. Here every holy Sabbath for years and years have I rung out in my clearest and sweetest tones a call to God's worshippers, and have bidden them gather with love and reverence.

"How solemnly have I tolled my dirge for the dead, and still, for the deep, bitter sorrow of the living there was a note of peace and comfort as I whispered of the weary soul at rest.

"Joyously I rang when I welcomed the marriage guests to these portals, every note a blessing on the fair young head of the bride, and then, when they emerged thence, how gladly sounded my Godspeed.

"The fresh breezy days of spring, the passionate languor of summer, the gorgeous fire-woods of autumn, and the sharp frosts of winter, I have seen, and loved them all. The dainty birds brush their shining wings in fearless play against me. The whispering zephyrs and glancing rain drops across my old face, rough and harsh though it is. Many a time and oft have I basked in the effulgent sun of sunlight, or caught the first pencillings of the morning. Undaunted I hear the hoarse, deep voice of the thunder, or face the lightning's jagged flash. The storm howls fiercely about me. I stand unmoved.

"Like a headstone of the past, Time acknowledges me as a friend, and gnaws but gently my weather-beaten visage. Ah! through storm and sunshine, through joy and sorrow, have I kept my post, a faithful, untiring sentinel."

The old bell ceased, and silence filled the building. It was broken at last by the deep tones of the bell sounding the evening hour, and I awoke with a start. Night had fallen, and shadows were stealing softly through the weird old windows, that were like the eyes of an aged person, filmy and dim; and I arose and walked musingly homeward, pondering in my dream.

It is sweet to have friends you can trust, and convenient sometimes to have friends who are not afraid to trust you.

## AN INDIAN'S MISTAKE.

Some months ago a lot of Sioux Indians robbed a stage-coach on the plains, and found among the packages of freights clothes-wringer. One of the chiefs had been in St. Louis several times, and had observed certain beings grinding terrible music out of a machine with the same kind of a crank as that upon the wringer, so a conviction seized his soul that this was a barrel organ. He had the wringer carefully carried back to camp, and he made up his mind that from that day forward the silence of that solitary wilderness was going to be broken by a ceaseless round of tunes and vibrations. First he grasped the crank and began to turn it, in order to show his braves how the thing was done. He revolved it for sixteen hours, but no music came. Then the other Indians took a hand, one after the other, for a week. Then the squaws were turned on, but with no effect. Then the chief went out and stole a mule and a threshing-machine, and rigged up a lot of blocks and pulleys and ran a belt over the crank; then exploded powder under the hind legs of that mule, so that he kept charging up the inclined plane of that threshing-machine, and the wringer made sixty revolutions a minute. But it wouldn't work. So the chief came to the conclusion that the concern was under some kind of a curse, and he ran out the medicine-man, and had a warden, and drove yellow pine stakes through a couple of white captives, and jumped around and howled, while the medicine-man played some wild, mysterious music on a drum. Then the medicine-man hitched up the mule again, and, after starting the machine, he leaned up against it while he muttered an exorcism. In a couple of minutes the rubber rollers clenched his breech-clout and began to haul him in with his knees doubled up against his face. When he got half way through he stuck, and the machine stopped. He couldn't move, and the chief was afraid to touch the wringer; so the braves fell on the doctor, and jabbed him with a knife, and scalped him; and then they buried him and the machine as they were. This was the last attempt of the Sioux Indians to cultivate the fine arts.

## "A THING OF BEAUTY, A JOY FOREVER."

The humblest, and even the most barbarous, of the human race are not insensible to the charm which attaches to a beautiful object. The beautiful attracts alike the civilized and the savage, for it is an emotion common to the human heart and mind, intuitive, instinctive, natural. The beauty of a glowing sunset sky; the roseate hue of the coming sunrise; the bloom of summer flowers; the tints of autumn leaves; the immaculate purity of "the beautiful snow"; the concord of sweet sounds; the laughter of childhood; the voice of birds; the sound of rippling streams; the harmonious blending of colors, and the expression of a pleasant thought in some unique and tasteful representation, have the power to please and charm, and thus add to human happiness.

Nature and art place within our reach very many objects of beauty with which we may decorate our home, and give them a cheerful look which otherwise they could not possess. Their influence is elevating and refining, and begets higher and better aspirations.

The achievements of art have, within a comparatively late period, placed within the reach of all many very attractive creations with which we may adorn our homes, and among these none are so popular with the people as chromos. Fine paintings in oil are generally beyond the purses of those not blessed with liberal means, but the chromo places facsimiles of such pictures within the reach of all. In no branch of the fine arts has the progress made of late been of such advantage to the masses of the people as in this particular line of labor, and that it is appreciated, and that there is a growing taste for art is evidenced by the activity in this branch of trade.

## THE USE OF UMBRELLAS.

Among the uses to which an umbrella may be put, is poking an utter stranger afflicted with lumbago in the back, under the impression that he is Smith. It also serves to keep off the rain; first, when it rains; second, when it does not rain. Its uses in the first event are palpable to the most naked eye. The second case may be palpably illustrated by taking an umbrella down town on a cloudy morning. The inevitable result is that the skies clear up toward nine o'clock, and you return home in a sweltering glare of sunlight, and suffocated with dust, bearing with you an umbrella, which convinces all who meet you that you are a little erratic, or very shiftless. If the table talker were an honest farmer suffering from a corner in rain, he would put on a pair of patent leather boots and a light spring suit, and go on a long walk without an umbrella. It would be sure to rain combined mowers and reapers—let alone pitchforks—before night. Umbrellas are not considered private property, any more than the air of heaven, and the rain, which falleth alike upon the Democrat and the Republican. You may take one with impunity, any time, if you are not observed. The last characteristic of the umbrella is its Protean power of changing shapes. You may have a bran new mulberry silk, with an ivory and rosewood handle, at any public gathering, taking therefor a check, and within three hours it will transform itself into light blue or faded brown cotton, somewhat less in size than a circus tent, and handle like a telegraph pole, and five franc ribs.