

Confounded by these complicated events, the old man knew not what to resolve on. Could he trust entirely to the favorite? Ought he to brave the anger of the king? Was it prudent to separate himself from his daughter, and put her under the protection of a haughty rival? He hesitated from uncertainty to uncertainty, until he arrived with downcast eyes before the little low gate of his house, which had a wicket furnished with strong iron bars. He raised his head, and was not a little surprised at seeing the door open, and two tall, robust men, in long robes, with cowls on them, entering his house. He hastened to follow them, examining them with an uneasy curiosity, and heard one of them ask the old servant, Deborah, if Samuel Ben Levi was at home.

"The king has summoned him to the Alcazar," replied the old woman, "but he will not be long, and he will be pleased to see you, my dear sir."

"I am not then a stranger to you, Deborah?" said the new-comer, laughing.

"Alas!" answered the old woman, "should I have opened the door to you contrary to the strict orders of Master Samuel, if I had not immediately recognised your countenance through the wicket."

"True," said the man in the robe; "I used to plague you often enough formerly, and I have pilfered too much lamb and unleavened bread for you to forget me readily."

"I recognize that voice," said Samuel; "it is Esau; but what does he come here to do under that disguise?"

He then advanced with greater assurance towards the new-comers, while Deborah exclaimed, "But, my sweet sirs, here is my master! Tell him what has brought you."

The two men quickly turned round, and beneath their slightly opened robes, the treasurer perceived their shining armor, similar to that worn by knights, and their steel helmets gleamed in spite of the folds of the cowl that covered them. In one of the visitors he recognised, as has been said, his former apprentice, and in the other, the terrible English captain, Tom Burdett, whose companions had surnamed him "the Pillager."

"What new misfortune threatens me?" said the poor downcast Jew, turning pale.

"Is it thus you receive your friends, Master Samuel?" said Esau; and disengaging himself of his robe, he continued, "see if your apprentice does not do you honor? I have marched straight to my design with a fixed determination, and I have succeeded in attaining it. I have now the privilege of wearing spurs."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the treasurer, with an incredulous expression.

"That astonishes you, grey beard, does it?" said Tom Burdett. "It is, nevertheless, true. After having performed many services for Don Enrique, your friend Esau, who I suspect is something of a magician, has signalled himself by a brilliant action, which has entitled him to my eternal gratitude."

"And what is this brilliant action," demanded the treasurer.

"When I was nearly poisoned by the water that infernal little inn, Gil Pierce Neige, brought us to drink," said Tom Burdett, "while Captain Bertrand was pursuing Don Pedro, and you fortunately made your escape, this brave fellow, pitying my doleful situation, poured into my mouth some drops of a salutary cordial, that replaced me on my legs as you see."

"Ah! is that his brilliant action," said the Jew.

"Is not that sufficient to entitle him to be made a knight?" asked Burdett, with a grotesque air of importance. "In preserving such a captain as myself for the army of Don Enrique, he has rendered the latter a service which I have not hesitated to acknowledge, by acting as godfather to so worthy a friend as Esau Manasses, only stipulating that he should adopt a more Christian-like name."

Samuel Ben Levi took care not to make the least observation, shrewdly reflecting that, in times of trouble and civil war, it is desirable to have friends on both sides.

"And Rachel—" hesitatingly demanded Esau, "is she here?"

"Yes!" answered the Jew, "and Deborah has most likely informed her of your happy arrival. She will be quite surprised to see you in this martial equipment, which adds considerably to your naturally good looks."

"Let us now talk of the business that brings us here," interrupted Tom Burdett, roughly. "It was one of your brethren, Samuel, that admitted us into the city, through the postern of the Jewry entrusted to his guardianship."

"What! has Zedekiah betrayed the confidence placed in him?" exclaimed the Jew.

"Zedekiah has long been a secret partisan of Don Enrique, and the new king has received constant intelligence, through him, of what passes in Seville. Besides, Zedekiah is not the only Jew who has offered to serve us as a spy."

"But," said Samuel, "are you sure that none of them play a double game?"

"Oh!" replied Burdett, with a careless laugh, "those who do not inspire me with perfect confidence I hang up immediately."

"Poor creatures!" said Samuel, in a tone of compassion.

"Do not commiserate them," said Burdett, "I take care to hang them as conveniently as possible by the legs, so that as the breath leaves the body, the marabolins fall from the pockets. Zedekiah assures me that if Don Pedro persists in levying a new tax on the inhabitants of Seville, the people of the Jewry will be easily induced to open the gates of their quarter to the soldiers of Don Enrique."

"Who knows the future?" said the treasurer, casting furtive and uneasy glances around him.

"If you will assist us in this enterprise, Samuel," said Esau, "the gratitude of the new king will be unbounded."

"Father of Abraham!" cried the Jew, "if I could only get my poor daughter, and the little property I have left, out of the city—"

"Come with Rachel to the camp of Don Enrique," answered Esau, quickly, "and I will pledge my head for your life and her honor."

"As to your possessions," said Tom Burdett, "whether in doubloons of gold, precious stones or other valuable effects, you may confide them to me, good Samuel, and on my honor as a knight; I engage to take care of them better than you could yourself. It is not Captain Burdett, although deprived of his company of freebooters, that either count or baron would dare to plunder like a poor Jew."

"But how do you intend to conduct this dangerous enterprise?" demanded the treasurer, who pretended not to hear the friendly offer of the terrible Englishman.

"Some of the adventurers of Calverley's company will advance under the ramparts with scaling ladders, and feign to attempt an assault," answered Esau; "you, on your side, must pretend the most obstinate resistance, taking good care to throw your buckets of stones, and pans of boiling oil, wherever our men are not."

"But," interrupted Tom Burdett, "do not mistake, for in the hottest assaults, boiling oil and scalding water have always had the singular effect of cooling the ardour of the rashest adventurers," and he laughed heartily at this pleasantry. "The blow must be struck to-night," added he.

"Not to-night," replied Samuel, "for to-day is the Sabbath, and we should scruple to deliver up the Jewry on that day."

"This is very discreet," observed the Englishman, laughing at the scruples of the old Jew.

"Let us put off the business till to-morrow," said Esau.

"This is Sunday," said the Jew. "There is not the least difficulty. It now only remains to assemble our brethren. I will go about it."

And he hastened towards the street door, adding, "Will you accompany me, gentlemen?"

Tom Burdett stopped him, laying hold of his arm, saying, "Before you enter on this campaign, my dear Samuel, I must tell you that in the hurry to see you, and come to an understanding with you, we left the camp precipitately, just as they were going to serve breakfast under the tent of my friend, Hugh Calverley."

"Let us go and find Zedekiah," answered the treasurer, "for he is a man of good counsel, and more resolute than my neighbors; and while we are arranging our plans for war, old Deborah shall occupy herself in finding you some refreshment in my poor dwelling."

"I hope her search may be crowned with success," replied the Englishman, ill-humoredly, "for I declare to you I have a formidable appetite."

Samuel sighed at the bare thought that this redoubtable captain was going to swallow at a single meal the provisions of a week; but it was a case of necessity, and he must submit.

"Samuel," then said Esau, rather timidly, "can I see Rachel, or do you think her too angry with me to allow me to appear before her?"

"Bah!" cried Samuel, "you are in the good graces of Deborah, and, thanks to her influence over the mind of my daughter, you can make friends with her. Remain here during our absence; but allude not to the great affair that occupies us in the presence of Rachel, and above all, speak not of it to her."

The Jew then in a loud voice called old Deborah. When he saw her descend the staircase that led to his daughter's chamber, he begged Burdett to replace his cloak and cowl, and to follow him without delay; but, as plunged in thought, he crossed the threshold of his door, the captain of freebooters stopped him, saying, "And the repast you promised to have prepared for me by your servant—"

"Ah, that is true," said Samuel, striking his forehead, "I had forgotten it."

"Happily, a famished stomach has a memory," replied Burdett; and while the treasurer returned to give his orders to Deborah, the adventurer added to himself, "I am really doing a service to my preserver, Esau, in having a good repast prepared for me. It will employ the old servant, and enable my worthy friend to have an interview with his belle Rachel without a witness."

Samuel Ben Levi soon rejoined his companion, and they both silently wended their way through the crooked streets of the Jewry of Seville, the narrow small shops of which, with the bazaars having shutters to the street from top to bottom, presented a strange appearance to the eye of a northern warrior.

(To be continued.)

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

The following anecdote, which first appeared in the newspapers many years ago, is said to have been founded on an actual occurrence. Although it may not illustrate the democratic simplicity of the people of Vermont to-day, it is nevertheless a good story, and good also for many years' longer life in the newspapers:

"Hallo, you man with a pail and frock, can you inform me whether His Honor the Governor of Vermont resides here?" said a British

officer, as he brought his fiery horse to a stand in front of Governor Chittenden's dwelling.

"He does," was the response of the man, still wending his way to a pig-sty.

"Is His Honor at home?" continued the man of spurs.

"Most certainly," replied frock.

"Take my horse by the bit, then," said the officer. "I have business to transact with your master."

Without a second bidding, the man did as requested, and the officer alighted and made his way to the door, and gave the panel several hearty raps with the butt of his whip—for he it known that in those days of republican simplicity knockers and bells, like servants, were in but little use. The good dame answered the summons in person; and having seated the officer and ascertained his desire to see the Governor, departed to inform her husband of the guest's arrival; but, on ascertaining that the officer had made a hitching-post of her husband, she immediately returned and informed him that the Governor was engaged in the yard, and could not very well wait upon him and his horse at the same time! The predicament of the officer can be better imagined than described.

WANTED, A PONY!

A VERY FUNNY STORY.

I wanted a riding pony, so I advertised. Was afraid of a horse—would rather ride a lion. Thought if I had a little pony, and he would start to run off, I could jump off, catch him, and throw him over the fence; besides, if he would ever throw me off, I wouldn't have so far to fall.

I hardly knew the difference between a horse and a cow, never having had anything to do with a horse.

The next morning an Irishman drove up with a horse in a cart. There, he said, was just the animal I wanted. I said he was too large. He said I needn't give him so much feed, and that would reduce him. Thought that a happy idea; but he was blind. Irishman said that was a good failing; he wouldn't shy. Thought so myself. He said a bony horse hadn't so much flesh to carry, and could get along faster. That horse was very gentle; never jumped or ran away; I could have him for ten pounds.

"That's too much," I said. "What!" said he; "and didn't I pay that for him twelve years ago? And do you think I would sell him for anything less now?"

I told him of course not, and that I would try him; so he unhitched him and I got on—my wife protesting; but he wouldn't go a bit. Owner said he probably was saying his prayers, as he was a religious horse. Then he got a slab and gave him such a lick that would knock a horse fifty feet, whether he wanted to go or not; but he didn't move. Asked him if that was the way all horses did at first; he said it was. Then he tried to pry him and then to pull him. I told him I thought he would be a splendid horse to put on wheels. Irishman said if I wanted to make fun of him, I shouldn't have him at any price; said a bone-boiling man had offered him a good price for him, and that he should have him. So he took him away—when he took a notion to go.

Next a fellow brought round an exceedingly small pony. I liked its size; thought that was just the pony I was after; almost bought him before I tried him. Man said ten pounds; I said cheap enough. Did I ever see such a nice little pony? I never did. Man said he had refused to trade him for Dexter; was a thorough-bred Arabian courser, ran a mile inside of fifteen minutes, and only stopped to rest twice. I got or it; found that if his head and tail could be transposed, he would go very well, for he started backward on a gallop. Friend came along and asked if I had a partiality for mules. Was it a mule? He said it was. Got off.

Next came a medium sized horse. Man said he never kicked only with his hind feet; shied only on proper occasions; was deaf—a good trait in a horse; had two good eyes and the glanders—the glanders was something every horse hadn't got. Got on him; he started off before I got my feet in the stirrups; lightning was left far behind; horse turned off at the corner; I didn't, but went straight ahead about fifty feet. My head made such a furrow in the road that you'd have thought they were going to lay gas pipes. Rode home on a shutter, and didn't think anything more about horses for a week—thought I never would.

Then came a man with a pony that looked like as if it were old when the world began. Man said a horse got one tooth each year; showed me the pony had but two teeth—one above and one below—therefore he was only two years old. Pony had a splendid frame—which was so, for there was no flesh to hide it. He convinced me that a horse with one ear was odder than one ear with two horses, and that one extremely-crooked fore-leg was better than two of the kind to one horse. Said pony's appetite was very good; that tail and mane would grow out again. Got on him and started off. I started off pretty quickly, because the pony went to walking on his fore-legs with his hind feet in the atmosphere. Oh, yes, I started off—I did!

Another man brought a small pony next, with the biggest head I ever saw on a quadruped. He said it was a remarkably fine head. That pony had as much sense as a man. Here he told him to lay down, which he did with alacrity; but all the telling in Britain couldn't

have got him up again. We were obliged to lift him up, when he started off in the rear of a load of hay that went by, and I was glad the owner couldn't get him back.

Then I tried a little pony, whose size was just what I wanted; but I found that in trotting, he jumped four feet up, and then lit in the same place. Although he failed to annihilate much space, he nearly annihilated me. Every time he came down it was like falling off a four-story building.

Then I tried a little Shetland pony. There was activity in him; he was all life. He started off with me like a cannon ball, and ran down the street for about three hundred yards so fast that I didn't know my hat was off, and stopped all of a sudden; but I didn't stop. Oh no! I began a series of somersaults that would make a man's head swim to think about. Away I went, looking like a waggon-wheel, with every spoke in it frightened to death. Women screamed and fainted—men ran out to catch me; but I had gone by. Dogs ran out, and whenever one grabbed my coat-tails he went higher than a steeple. Waggon wheels were placed across the street in my way, but I went over them. The people all along that street got an injunction against me, but that didn't stop me. Fourteen policemen were powerless to arrest me. On I went! I prayed that I might be allowed to stop only ten minutes for rest and refreshments. At last I came bang against an old acquaintance. He asked me what I was up to. I told him I was up to 60 miles an hour.

At last, my revolving power being exhausted, I came to a full stop. I was glad. I went home and took sick. My head had been turned—more than usual. The doctor said I had gone round all wrong too much, but by skillful treatment they would bring me round all right.

I have taken the advertisement out of the paper. Has anybody got an easy-trotting cow to sell?

JOKE ON A BANK PRESIDENT.

There is a banker in Philadelphia by the side of whose handwriting even the penmanship of Horace Greeley seems symmetrical and beautiful. Well, this banker was persecuted by a life insurance agent who wanted him to take out a policy. The victim stood it for a while, but finally one day he kicked the agent out of his office. Then the tormentor began to send notes to the unhappy wretch, explaining the endowment system, and asking if any one of his aunts ever suffered from torpidity of the liver.

At last the banker wrote to the heartless fiend as follows:

"You diabolical scoundrel, if you send another line to me I will come round to your office and blow out what little brains you have!"

When the life insurance man received this, he turned it up and down, and held it sideways, and stood before a mirror with it, and examined it with a microscope, and called in six or seven experts; but after all he couldn't determine, with any degree of certainty, what he meant. To ascertain, he presented it at the paying teller's desk in the bank, and that worthy, without a moment's hesitation, paid five thousand dollars on it, believing it to be a cheque for that amount. There is one agent less in that city than there was a week or two ago, and one more banker who betrays symptoms of insanity when the subject of life insurance is mentioned in his presence.

BOY SMOKERS.

We clip the following from a Louisville exchange, but it will apply to other places besides Louisville:—

"Here and there about the street corners, and around the doors of places of amusement, you will see a lot of urchins, some of them decently clad and presenting a respectable appearance, who are engaged in asserting their manhood by puffing away at execrable cigars. It is fair to presume that their anxious mammae are not aware of the foul habits their darling boys pick up and practice outside of the paternal roof; but for their benefit they should know that a French physician has investigated the effect of smoking on thirty-eight boys, between the ages of nine and fifteen, who were addicted to the habit. Twenty-seven presented distinct symptoms of nicotine poison. In twenty-two there were serious disorders of circulation, indigestion, dullness of intellect, and a marked appetite for strong drinks; also in three there was heart affection; in eight decided deterioration of blood; in twelve there was frequent epistaxis; ten had disturbed sleep, and four had ulceration of the mouth. It is easy, then, to see how the ranks of the drunkards and dissolute men 'about town' are recruited, when there are so many boys in training for delirium tremens and the horrors of dissipation."

A LAZY SET.

Old Farmer Gruff was one morning tugging away with all his might and main at a barrel of apples, which he was endeavoring to get up the cellar stairs, and calling at the top of his lungs for one of his boys to lend a helping hand, but in vain.

When he had, after an indefinite amount of sweating and tugging, accomplished the task, and just when they were not needed, of course, the "boys" made their appearance.

"Where have you been and what have you been about, I'd like to know, that you could not hear me call?" inquired the farmer, in an angry tone, and addressing the eldest.

"Out in the shop, settin' the saw," replied the youth.

"And you, Dick?"

"Out in the barn, settin' the hen."

"And you, sir?"

"Up in granny's room, settin' the clock."

"And you, young man?"

"Up in the garret, settin' the trap."

"And our, Master Fred, where were you and what were you settin'?" asked the old farmer of his youngest progeny, the asperity of his temper being somewhat softened by this amusing category of answers, "come, let's hear?"

"Out on the door-step, settin' still," replied the young hopeful.

POISONED WITH KISSES!

A wealthy family in the neighbourhood of Colmar engaged a governess from one of the Swiss Cantons to take the charge of a lively little boy, and also of a little girl. From the first day of her entering upon her duties it was remarked that both the children, who up to that had enjoyed excellent health, became sick and lost their appetite. A doctor was called in, but still the children grew worse and worse. The next step taken was to have the house examined by competent persons, and especially the room in which the children slept, in case there might be anything hurtful in it. They found nothing, but recommended change of air and scene. This advice was followed; and the parents changed all their tradesmen, baker, butcher, grocer, &c., &c. Still the malady did not abate. At length the master of the house determined to examine the chamber of the governess; he found there several little boxes containing powders, and after questioning the coquetish but otherwise worthy girl as to their use and object, she confessed that she rouged herself every morning, and sometimes in the afternoon as well. Our wealthy citizen took the boxes to a druggist and had the contents analysed. It then came out that they contained a strong poison, which the children inhaled when they kissed their *bonne*. Mr. X. immediately dismissed the fair but rather too coquetish governess, as serious anxiety is still entertained for the health of the children.—*Swiss Times*.

WOMAN'S WIT.

The following is related by the New York Evening Post:—

It is not generally the young lady who takes the lead in an elopement. But when she does, the runaway is pretty sure to be a success. Franklin, Tennessee, had a romantic couple whose course of true love did not run very smoothly. So they planned a runaway scheme, intending to cross the State line and be married, and then return and beg the indignant father's mercy, the whole thing to be done between sunset and sunrise. Everything went all right until they reached the depot, when a suggestion having been made that the irate father might overtake them, the bridegroom became nervous and wanted to go home. But his lady reassured him:

"I don't see how he can; I really don't," quoth she. "He lives three miles from here, and if he comes he will have to walk. He can't make the distance on foot before the arrival and departure of the train. I saw the danger of such a denouement last night, and made my arrangements accordingly. I went to the stables, hid all the bridles, locked the doors and threw the keys away. When I left home this morning, mother and father were asleep. I quietly turned the key upon them, and threw the key away, too."

That couple were married, and the man had better walk pretty straight with such a partner.

WORDS OF CHEER.

Ho! weary traveller over the rough rode of life, are thy feet "worn and weary with the march!" Has darkness covered thee with her sable mantle? Are frowning skies above thee, with not a star to bless thy anxious signal? With not a ray to cheer thy gloomy path? Desponding pilgrim! press nobly on, thy fainting soul revive; no obstacle opposes thee which energy cannot remove; no barrier which perseverance cannot surmount. The wilderness with all its gloom is around thee now, but just beyond the promised land appears. If shadows deep descend upon thy path, the thought may bring thee cheer: the sun which casts them shines above thee still. The clouds which hover over thee, if thou gaze, are tinted with his hues. We only form conceptions by a contrast. Were there no darkness, light were naught to us. Were there no shadow, how were sunlight fair? Arise; gird on thy armor; battle thou with fate. "Triumph and Toil are twins." Behold the city on a hill to which thy footsteps tend—the haven of thy pilgrimage. The shadows disappear; the clouds are melting now. Hope long lay buried in the past. Press on. The victor's palms are thine; soon will thy banner wave triumphant. Then will the memory of thy trials be the trophies of thy victory.