

The Late Comer, who at first feigned some scruples on the score of his fidelity to Don Pedro, was overpowered by this last argument, and vowed that though he should have to throw his prisoner out of the citadel, he should have his liberty.

"It is well," said the Black Prince; "when you have filled the commission I have confided to you, come and render me an account." So saying he passed out of the tower as privately as he had entered it.

The cell into which the gaoler had conducted the pretended pilgrims was lighted only by a little window, through the close thick bars of which the light could hardly penetrate. There was another door besides that by which they entered, which closed on a steep, narrow staircase, leading down to the water-gate, washed by the Guadalquivir.

The cell in which the warrior was confined was of bad repute. It was rumored that several illustrious prisoners confined in it had been found in the morning strangled or hung; and that fishermen had frequently seen mysterious shadows flit around the water-gate in the dead of the night. It was for this reason that Duguesclin appeared every evening, and waved his hand from the window, to let his friends know that he was safe.

The cautious Barillard, on introducing the pilgrims, had left no light, and the latter waited, anxiously listening, until the sound of his departing steps had completely ceased.

Bertrand, pushing forward two stools, began to ask questions concerning his wife, his country, and affairs generally, and all with such genuine cheerfulness, that it could easily be perceived he was in no way cast down at his reverse of fortune.

At length the visitors made themselves known, and the courageous Breton, who feared more for them than himself, besought Don Enrique to make good his retreat out of that fatal tower while he was able; but the latter declared that he had come solely for the purpose of liberating his ablest supporter, without whose aid he would not even try to recover the lost crown.

Duguesclin answered sorrowfully that his bravest followers fell at Navarretto, and that, even if he were free, he knew not where to raise a new army; but Don Enrique assured him that if they could only obtain his freedom, all would go well, for that several foreign Powers had promised him assistance.

The prisoner, on hearing this, remarked that the Black Prince had hitherto refused to release him either for silver or gold.

"In that case, Bertrand," said Don Enrique, "do not hesitate to flee. We have prepared everything for your escape. Change costumes with Mexia, speedily, and, thus disguised, you will certainly not be recognised."

"I cannot accede to the proposal," replied the Breton captain.

"A vessel waits for us at the foot of the tower," continued Enrique, "and three men who are devoted to you, will convey us across the river. Do not delay, the gaoler may enter every moment."

"Do not persist further, sir," said the prisoner, with a melancholy smile; "the temptation is certainly great, but, before I could obtain the pleasure of seeing visitors, I was obliged to swear that I would not attempt to escape; and you know that I am a slave to my word."

They now heard footsteps approaching, and the door opened, admitting the two boatmen, accompanied by the governor and the gaoler, who carried a little iron lamp.

"Sir Bertrand," said the Late Comer, "here are two Breton marines on a pilgrimage, and they begged so hard to see you, that I could not find in my heart to refuse them."

While Duguesclin gave them a frank welcome, the pilgrims eyed the pretended Bretons with suspicious glances, not recognising in them the men they had employed, when they ingeniously let his head fall on the ground, and Don Enrique, picking it up and examining it, returned it with a smile to the clever rogue. All his suspicions were dissipated.

Don Pedro sought the darkest corner, trembling with impatience and passion, as his looks fell on his brother and Duguesclin.

As to Burdett, he was cogitating how he could favor the flight of the captives without compromising himself with the King of Castile. At length an ingenious plan suggested itself to his mind. Pretending that Duguesclin's late reverses had distinguished all animosity in his heart, he proposed that they should turn the little cell into a banquetting hall, and drown the remembrance of their past quarrels in friendly glass—inviting the pilgrims and the two Bretons to witness their reconciliation, and join them in their conviviality.

Bertrand was about to refuse, for he dreaded every instant that Don Enrique would be discovered, but the latter, hoping that the proposed carouse would create some circumstance in their favor, signalled to him to accept it.

The little table of the prison was soon covered with provisions, and skins filled with the best wines of Andalusia; but the cell was only lighted by the little iron lamp which the gaoler hooked to the wall before returning to his post, and which, fortunately for those who desired concealment, gave only a feeble glimmer.

Mexia, at the command of Don Enrique, seated himself by the side of Burdett, and plied him frequently with wine. Don Pedro and Ray remained behind, scarcely able to restrain their furious impatience, but on a cordial

invitation from Duguesclin to seat themselves at the table, they drew near.

Bertrand filled six goblets to the brim, and said, "Let us drink to better days, comrades." Don Pedro advanced to touch the other goblets with his own, when his knee-bone cracked in a manner peculiar to him, and, though unobserved by Don Enrique, instantly betrayed him to Burdett and Duguesclin.

The start of surprise that the recognition elicited, passed unnoticed, both by Don Pedro and the rest; such a meeting of the brothers was, however, a strange incident for Duguesclin, both coming in disguise, the one for his destruction, the other for his deliverance. At first Duguesclin was almost tempted to end the contest between the brothers by rushing on Don Pedro, and casting him at the feet of the usurper; but the dread of Edward's vengeance withheld him, and he contented himself with narrowly watching every movement of the pretended boatman.

As to Burdett, the unexpected presence of the king overturned all his plans, so he resolved to let events take their course, unless, as occasion served, he could give Enrique an underhand assistance, that would not subject him to direct accusation.

Meantime Gonzales had kept on filling up the glass of the governor, who had thus a good excuse for feigning himself sleepy and stupefied. Then he half accused somebody of having drugged his wine, and proceeded to tell them a story of a former governor, having been similarly served half a century before. In the progress of this tale he contrived to give them directions how to escape, informing them of the door that led to the water-gate, and indicating the key at his girdle that opened it. Then, leaning heavily on the table, he let his head fall on his arms, and presently began to snore most audibly.

(To be continued.)

INDIAN SAGACITY.

A Spanish traveler met an Indian in the desert; they were both on horseback. The Spaniard, fearing that his horse, which was none of the best, would not hold out to the end of his journey, asked the Indian, whose horse was young, strong and spirited, to exchange with him. This the Indian refused. The Spaniard, therefore, began to quarrel with him. From words they proceeded to blows. The aggressor, being well-armed, proved too powerful for the native. He seized his horse, mounted him, and pursued his journey.

The Indian closely followed him to the nearest town, and immediately went and complained to the nearest judge. The Spaniard was obliged to appear, and bring the horse with him. He treated the Indian as an impostor, affirming that the horse was his property, that he had always had him in his possession, and that he had raised him from a colt.

There being no proof to the contrary, the judge was about dismissing the parties, when the Indian cried out:

"The horse is mine, and I'll prove it!"

He immediately took off his mantle, and with it instantly covered the head of the animal. Then he thus addressed the judge:

"Since this man affirms that he has raised this horse from a colt, command him to tell of which of his two eyes he is blind."

The Spaniard, who would not seem to hesitate, instantly answered:

"Of the right one."

"He is neither blind of the right eye," replied the Indian, "nor of the left!"

The judge, being convinced by a proof so ingenious and decisive, decreed him the horse, and the Spaniard to be punished as a robber.

A PRACTICAL JOKE.

A rather contemptible trick was played on one of our young clerks the other Sunday night. He bought a cut-glass bottle of cologne, with a glass stopper and pink ribbon, to present to a young lady he is keeping company with; but on reaching the house, he felt a little embarrassed for fear there were members of the family present, and so he left the beautiful gift on the stoop, and passed in. The movement was perceived by a graceless brother of the young lady, who appropriated the cologne to his own use, and refilled the bottle with harts-horn from the family jar, and then hung around to observe the result. In a little while the young man slipped out on the stoop, and securing the splendid gift, slipped in again to the parlor, where, with a few appropriate words, he pressed it upon the blushing girl. Like a faithful daughter she at once hurried to her mother, and the old lady was charmed. They didn't put up scent stuff like that when she was a girl; it was kept in a teacup, and was held together by samples of all the family's hair. But she was very much pleased with it. She drew out the stopper and laid the petals of her nostrils over the aperture, and made a pull at the contents that fairly made them bubble. Then she laid the bottle down, and picked up a brass-mounted fire shovel instead, and said she, as soon as she could say anything,—

"Where is that sneaking brat?"

And he, all unconscious of what had happened, was in front of the mirror adjusting his necktie, and smiling at himself. Here she found him, and said to him,—

"Oh, you are laughing at the trick on an old woman, are you, you wall-eyed leper?"

And then she basted him on the ear. And

he being by nature more eloquent with his legs than his tongue, hastened from there, howling like mad, and accompanied to the gate by the brass mounted shovel. He says he would give anything on earth if he could shake off the impression that a mistake has been made.

EDUCATION.

Mr. Gladstone's opinion on education is valuable. Probably, in worth, it exceeds that of the opinion of any other living man; for, by natural and acquired gifts, he is, eminently, qualified to form a correct idea of the best method of mental culture. His opportunities for observation have been abundant; and he has, lately, been called upon to deal with the subject on a large scale and in a practical manner; whilst his mind is more free from bias in favor of any system than could be hoped for in the case of an actual teacher. He expressed his views, a week or two ago, at Liverpool; and it is worthy of note that he referred to a bulky manuscript which, probably, contains his matured thoughts on the question. Speaking of the end, to the attainment of which educational efforts should be directed, he used the following language:

He most strongly felt that the education should be as much as possible general, and as little as possible special. (Hear.) They were educated not simply lawyers, clerks, engineers, or he might say, tailors and shoemakers, but they were educated men, who would have duties to perform in this life which they ought to discharge properly towards God and man. (Cheers.)

This passage embodies the conceptions of those who maintain that education is, in itself, an aim; and that our youth should be trained, not so much with regard to their future pursuits in life, as to the strength and maturity of their faculties, for the sake of such strength and maturity. There is no doubt that the popular view is in opposition to this statement of the object of education. At first sight there seems to be considerable weight in the objection to employing the time of a boy in learning much which he can never, directly, apply to the ordinary business of his after years. It is urged, with considerable show of force, that if the same time were devoted to subjects intimately connected with his future profession or trade, he would, on entering the world, take up his position with assurance, a preparedness, and a power of immediate usefulness for which his previous studies had fitted him. The transition from school to business would be no more than putting into practice the teachings of his master. This view when examined, proves to be an application of the doctrine of trade with more strictness than those who hold it might suppose. What is it to save a requirement that schools shall produce a marketable product, and that the measure of their value shall be the speed with which the talent of their pupils can be converted into money's worth? If it were possible to sever the acquisition of wealth from its use or enjoyment; if our people were divided into two classes, one class the acquirers and the other the distributors of money, it is possible the principle contended for might apply to the former, though, for obvious reasons, only partially; but where the same man discharges both duties, for each is a duty, it seems unwise to train him for one alone.

Naturally, a man's business or profession is an absorbing pursuit. It engrosses his thoughts, employs his talents, and, in the end, is apt so to twist and warp his mind that he ceases to care for much outside its bounds. Should he ever stray in thought beyond its limits, a sense of strangeness and feebleness oppresses him. Fruitless efforts to apply the rules, the reasonings, and methods of his cherished occupation to the phenomena of new regions of thought, breed a disgust which forces him back further within the charmed circle of his daily tasks. To use an old illustration, he has put on colored spectacles and declares that the natural hue of the landscape is such as he sees it. No argument can convince him that the tint is that of the spectacles. We often hear complaints, and these too from the opponents of the wider scope of education, that such and such a person has very narrow views, and he can talk of nothing and think of nothing but his business, and that he cannot be got to take a broad view of any question. Yet the complainants would advocate the training of a boy's mind with strict reference to his subsequent profession or commercial career. They would begin by compressing the tender, pliable faculties within a straightened mould, holding out, to the student, the hope of future success in proportion to their accuracy of adjustment to its form and limits. They would keep the young creature looking through a microscope; and, afterwards, wonder that, though he can see a world in a fly, yet, in respect to larger objects, he can form no trustworthy apprehension of proportion or distance.

How fatally the sympathies of a man will thus be contracted, must be evident to the most superficial thinker. How it must impair his social usefulness and deprive the community of the benefit of his intellectual endowments need hardly be insisted on. His abilities, in leisure moments, will not be employed for the public good. Within his sphere of labor he may shine like a star; but the sphere is a small one, and no ray will fall on the outside world. Besides, the educational method we are combatting, actually, subjects society to a grave danger. Recreation is a necessity; it is as much a condition of human existence as work; and the scheme of culture which

makes no provision for seasons of idleness is defective. It is well to teach a man how, profitably and honorably, to employ the hours of toil; but he should be further furnished with the means of amusement. Mere cessation from labor, save when the powers have been overtaxed, is, in itself, no enjoyment; whilst the lack of occupation is felt to be strange and wearisome. The burden of mere inactivity must be got rid of; and the sufferer is too apt to seize upon that means of relief which comes readiest to hand. As he has never been taught there are other sources of intellectual solace and other forms of mental activity than those called into requisition by business, he will, in all probability, fill up the vacant hours with sensual indulgences, at which Society will stand aghast, not recognizing the fruits of its favorite system of education. Some men, of great and varied acquisitions have shocked the world by their conduct; but they, for the most part, enjoyed an immunity from labor, and were thus removed from the position of the masses. It is also worthy of remark that, on the whole, the best educated among this favored class have been the most free from vice.

We would have a boy educated with reference to his future manhood, and that only. We would strengthen and cultivate all his capacities, that his manhood should be the more complete. He should be regarded, rather as the man that will be, than as the future doctor, lawyer, tradesman, farmer or mechanic. Incomparably, the human being is worthier than any one phase of its activity. We protest against the prevailing desire to cramp and cripple minds to make them the more immediately marketable,—to cut their wings, let the faculties should be less securely available for earning wages. We cannot bring ourselves to substitute training for culture. In the phrase of Mr. Gladstone, let education be "general," not "special;" let it, as far as possible, be co-extensive with all the intellectual needs, searchings, longings, and aspirations of manhood.

CLERICAL ANECDOTE.

Old Parson Gately was a man of method, and a long course of ministerial experience had taught him that, to be effectual, his ministrations must be to the point. If he would remove a specific evil, he must combat that evil even as the man in the fable broke the sticks—he must pull it from the bunch of collected evils, and break it singly; and so with others, until all were broken. If he would remove intemperance, he had learned that tilting against the gross wassail of Belshazzar was not the way to do it—he must tilt against the habit as he found it with his own people. When the old man settled in Winchester he found himself in charge of a goodly congregation, and he meant to edify them. When he fancied he had made himself well acquainted with the character and composition of the flock he gave notice from the pulpit that, in order to meet the needs of all those under his spiritual guidance, and in order that due attention might be given to each need, he would preach a series of discourses upon especial topics. The first he should address to the old people of his flock; the second, to young men; the third, to young women; and the fourth, to the unregenerate.

On the occasion of the delivery of the first sermon the house was well filled, but not a single elderly person was present. At the second, to Young Men, every lady of the parish was out—a perfect stampede and avalanche of calico and delaine—but not a masculine youth appeared. At the third, on the contrary, meant for Young Women, the young men were out in regimental array, while the damsels remained away. And at the fourth discourse, to the Unregenerate, only the parson, the sexton, and the organist were present.

"What do you think of it, parson?" asked the sexton.

"I think," replied the old man, scratching his head, "that my people come to church to hear the sins of their neighbors exposed, but are not willing to be preached to of their own. This present captivity shows how well they know themselves!"

A LUDICROUS INTERRUPTION.

One of our Western dioceses is presided over by an eloquent and earnest preacher, who has a habit, as he approaches the end of his sermon, of closing his manuscript and finishing his discourse by an extemporaneous appeal to the consciences of his hearers. On the occasion of one of his visitations to the pioneer settlement of his spiritual jurisdiction, he appointed service in a school-house which stood on a beautiful enclosed common, which was a fine range for the cattle of the neighborhood. It was a beautiful Sunday afternoon in June, warm, but breezy, and by no means oppressive. The neat, white school-house was well-filled with an attentive audience, and all the windows (which reached near the ground) were raised in order to admit a free circulation of air. Among the cattle that had collected on the shady side of the school-house was a rough-looking, but venerable old donkey. He remained quiet and contented near one of the side windows, opposite to the bishop, during the reading of the service. The bishop announced his text, and preached an impressive sermon, and, as his habit was, after expounding his text, and before entering upon the practical exhortation, he closed his manuscript. Looking attentively around his congregation, and waiting for an instant until there was per-

fect silence, he said in a deep, low and impressive tone:

"And now, beloved, what think you of these things?"

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when the donkey thrust his head through the opened window and gave out one of those horrid, terrible, unearthly screams, that no creature but one of his can, and of which no words can convey an adequate idea. The bishop, though a man of coolness, was very much flurried. His face turned all colors, and he could not utter a word; while the congregation stuffed their prayer-books, handkerchiefs, hands—everything, into their mouths, in order to keep in the universal explosion. The boys and girls laughed outright. Very soon, however, an oppressive silence prevailed, and the bishop, biting his lips, commenced, in a solemn and deep tone:

"I say, my brethren, what think you of these things?"

Once more, at the very instant, came the deafening, terrible screech of the melancholy looking beast, as if in answer to the bishop's question. This was too much. In less than a minute, the sermon, benediction and all, was ended, and the building was emptied, and the people, convulsed with laughter, were making their way homeward.

A MOVING STORY.

Houses are scarce in Columbus, Ga. We don't mean to insinuate that there are not a good many houses there. We only want to say that it is difficult to find a vacant house if you wish to rent one. It was not always thus in Columbus. Time was when vacant houses could be met any day running around the streets with tears in their attics, trying to prevail on people to occupy them. But Columbus is looking up. Several families have emigrated there recently, and caused a tremendous flutter in the house market. And a report that two or three other families are preparing to move in has had the effect to still further advance prices. Landlords hold on to their houses like a drowning pup to a floating dog kennel in a freshet. They wait for bigger rent.

House-hunting is the prevailing industry of Columbus at present. A great many stories are told about it, even when it is a one story house. The mere suspicion of an intention to move subjects a man to unnumbered annoyances. The bell is kept ringing from morning till night by fools who want to know if the house is rented, and after the family, worn out with responding, close the house and retire to rest, men come and encamp in the front yard, so as to be on hand as soon as anybody is stirring.

It is not an unusual sight to see a violent struggle going on in the hall-way between one family doing its best to move out and another strenuously endeavoring to move in. An outgoing ottoman plunges violently into an incoming sideboard, and a length of stovepipe jabs fiercely into a piano. A centre table (sheble) has a hand-to-hand fight with a washing machine, and a kitchen stove disputes the entrance of the family photographs.

There was a public meeting in Columbus recently. A man rose and said,— "Mr. President, I move—"

"When?" shrieked fifty voices at once; and then the meeting broke up in the greatest confusion, all crowding around the man that was going to move, anxious to secure the vacant house.

No man dies in Columbus now, if he can help it. He can't depart in any kind of peace, because so many are prowling around the premises to rent the place. It is no unusual thing to see furniture shoved in at the back window while the coffin is carried out the front door.

A friend of ours recently moved to Columbus. He has searched unavailably for a house ever since he has been there. He has spent so much time, and grown so disconsolate in looking up a house, he fears he will never be able to look up again. He keeps all his friends searching too. He met the police judge one day, a friend of his.

"Did you find a house?" he asked.

"Yes," said the judge; "I found a house this morning for being disorderly—twenty-five dollars and costs."

Our friend got on the track of a consumptive man who had not long to tarry. Every day he walked past the sick man's house, and day by day he remarked, with a little inward chuckle, that the doomed man looked thinner. It was evident that he would get thinned out. Our friend entertained no animosity toward the man, but as we said before, he wanted a house.

At length the man died. Our friend, who was lurking around a neighboring corner, saw the procession winding away towards the cemetery. He is not without a heart. He would not obtrude upon a sacred grief—that is not immediately—he would wait until the stricken widow returned from her sorrowful journey. He did. And as she alighted from her carriage, at her door, buried in grief that refused to be comforted, he edged alongside of her, and whispered in her ear:

"Any body engaged the house?"

She turned her streaming eyes upon him and sobbed:

"I rented it to a gentleman at the grave!"

Governess to Pupil:—Where does tea come from? Naughty Little Boy.—Out of the teapot.

Go to the WORKMAN Office, 124 Bay street for Cheap Job Printing.