

They were about to descend the steps, when they met a tall man, in a long robe with hanging sleeves, and a cowl drawn over his face, who called out, "Stop, worthy servants of the law!"

The hangman, astonished, asked his business.

"I demand the daughter of Mohamed at thy hand; for I engage to take her for my wife," he replied, throwing down a purse of money.

The hangman asked Aixa if she was willing to take the stranger; when the latter demanded to speak to her an instant alone. The circle around them widened, and she stood behind him, in the centre.

Making her a sign not to touch him, he whispered, "I am Isau, thy accomplice." She retreated, with pale countenance. "Better die!" said she, feeling her heart chill.

"Dead, thou wilt lose thy revenge," replied the leper, coolly. "Shame is on thy name, while that of Rachel remains respected. Alive and free, thou mayest yet avenge thyself. It is in furtherance of thy hatred that I have come to claim thee for a wife."

"Juan," said the Morisca, turning towards him, "thou mayest depart without me. I will accompany this man, as his wife."

Shaking her hand in token of threat, she said to Burdett, "Pilfering knight, we shall yet meet again." Then, followed by the howlings of the multitude, she quitted the Morabethin with the leper.

Mohamed, sad and silent, departed shortly after, no one attempting to offer him any consolation.

The Black Prince and Burdett were greatly surprised at the termination of this scene, and the latter could not suppress his suspicions that his wife and Don Pedro had been in the ruins together; he feared, after all, that Aixa had spoken truth, though, in some unaccountable manner, she had been foiled.

Mentioning his surmises to Edward, the latter proposed that they should return immediately. When approaching their varlets to give orders for departure, they heard the shriek of a night-bird in the trees. Then, as the knights were about to re-mount, they discovered that the girths of all the palfreys had been cut; so, after venting maledictions on the authors of the mischief, they were obliged to resign themselves to return to Seville on foot, and, preceded by pages carrying torches, they took the paths through the wood.

They had advanced but a short distance, when they encountered a horseman coming forward at full gallop. It was Don Pedro.

"I was far from expecting to meet you thus," stammered the Late Comer.

"And you do not appear much charmed at the rencontre, sir Governor," retorted the king, pretending to be greatly surprised at the frightened mien of Burdett. "Yet, by St. James," he continued, "my astonishment at this equals your own." The calm countenance and smiling air of Don Pedro singularly contrasted with the pallidness of the knight.

The king expressed his pleasure at seeing so Edward of Wales and the barons, whom he courteously saluted. The Prince advanced to meet Don Pedro, after exchanging a look with Burdett which seemed to say, "He was indeed far off." Irritated at having been deceived, Edward hid, with a significant air that did not escape the notice of Don Pedro, "What imprudence, to venture into this wood at such an hour without attendants."

"Re-assure your highness," replied the king, "I only quitted my companions to ascertain the cause of this procession by torch light, which we perceived from a distance. These lights, gentlemen, have caused me to lose the track of a white hind that I was on the point of capturing, after a hot pursuit of three hours."

"Ah, ah! you were hunting then?" said the prince, ironically.

"What would you have, my good cousin?" said Don Pedro, sighing; "henceforward hunting is my only passion."

Edward bit his lip. "Sir, I am in despair at having contributed to frighten away your game," said Burdett, smilingly.

"Be easy on that head, worthy governor," said the king, with an accent of cool raillery; "it is only a pleasure deferred; now I know the retreat of the game, I shall quickly return it."

"Nevertheless, if I might be permitted to give the wearer of a crown," replied the king, "I should be obliged to you to return it to me, as I have better not return hither, unless, as you have said, 'you take care to be escorted by faithful servants. A misfortune might easily befall you.'"

"You think!" exclaimed the king, darting the rash captain a look which would have made the boldest adventurer tremble.

"They say that this forest is infested by robbers, sire, stammered Burdett.

"By St. James, sire, if that be the case, let not dally longer here!" exclaimed Don Pedro, laughing merrily. "I hope my valiant will afford me the protection of his escort enable me to return in safety to Seville." The barons joined in a loud laugh at this ridiculous idea, but Edward and Burdett again exchanged an expressive glance.

"It is impossible for us to accompany you," said the prince, "unless you be pleased to walk your horse."

"How so?" exclaimed the king, with well-feigned astonishment; "can it be possible that I have any wounded among you?"

"No, sire," answered the Prince of Wales,

harshly, "our last wounded were left at Navarotto."

The king slightly changed color, and asked for an explanation. The prince mentioned the incident of their horses' girths having been cut.

The king, with the most natural air of anger, commissioned Burdett to punish the perpetrator of this wicked trick, and asked how it was effected.

"We had dismounted to enter the old Mosque of the Almoravides," said Burdett, looking hard at the king.

"To enter the Morabethin!" exclaimed Don Pedro, gaily. "Were you, then, going a pilgrimage to that temple of infidels?"

"We are all pious Christians, sire," said the Black Prince, quickly. "None of us have yet been excommunicated by the Church."

"That must be a great comfort to you, cousin," said the king, "unfortunately, all the world cannot congratulate themselves in a similar manner. But still you do not tell me what you went to do in such a place," he added, still preserving an open and smiling countenance.

Edward who knew the fiery and irritable temper of the king, could not conceive how he found strength to bear the cutting sarcasms, the scarcely-veiled allusions, and the audacious menaces of the preceding conversation, and he began to mistrust his own suspicions.

"While you were enjoying your hunt in the forest," resumed the Black Prince, "we surrounded this place, expecting to surprise here one of those doubtful Christians, who are less faithful to their most sacred oaths than the lowest miscreant."

"In short, you also were hunting," said Don Pedro, still smiling, though a cold perspiration bedewed his temples; "and the chase, has it turned out successful?"

"Like you, we have lost the track of the game," replied Edward, "but we hope yet to find it."

"Oh, I am then more fortunate than you," said Don Pedro, "for I have not entirely lost my time and trouble, as you shall judge." Then sounding his hunting-horn, Lopez and Blas, his two foster-brothers, appeared, and, to the astonishment of all present, they carried on their shoulders a fine deer.

"Here, my good cousin, and gentlemen," said the king, "is a piece of venison, which will prove to you that I am still a good hunter, and which will furnish a supper to-night, to which I invite you all."

The Black Prince accepted the invitation, though coldly; for he, as well as Burdett, was petrified with astonishment.

The king having commanded Blas to resign his horse to the prince, and Lopez to give his to Burdett, departed between them, as though he considered them his dearest friends.

(To be Continued.)

A WIFE'S CONSOLATION.

A genuine touch of woman nature, as well as human nature, prevades the following from a correspondent in Detroit:

"A comfortable old couple sat at a seat or two in front of us on the railroad during one of the hottest days of last summer. The journey was evidently one of the events of their lives, and their curiosity excited the attention of the passengers. At a way station the old gentleman stepped out of the car to get a drink, or to buy a doughnut, and heard the bell only in time to rush to the door of the eating house and see the train moving off without him. The old lady in her seat had been fidgeting, and looking out of the window in her anxiety for his return, and when she saw his plight, his frantic gestures for the train to stop, as it swept further and further away, she exclaimed: 'There! my old man's got left! he has! there, see he has! Wa'll, she continued, settling back into her seat again, 'I'm glad out—it's always been 'mammy, you'll get left! mammy, you'll get left!' all my life long; and now he's gone and got left, and I am glad out.' Her candid reflection on the accident, and the evident satisfaction she felt in the fact that it was the old man and not herself that was left, was greeted by a round laughing applause. Not a few of the ladies in the car were delighted that it was the old man and not the woman who had 'caught it' this time. For once, the lord and not the lady had made the blunder, and 'gone and got left.'"

A THIEF'S DODGE.

An entry thief in Chicago has a way in which to gain time and secure his plunder. The other evening a physician of that city went home tired and chilled, and had been settled in his arm chair but a few minutes when the door bell rang and a servant entered, saying, as she laid it down before the doctor, "A message, requiring an answer, sir." "Very well, Jane; I'll look at it in a moment. Have the man wait." And the doctor deliberately lit the gas and proceeded to investigate the message. "Dr. Smith," address, it said. He tore off the envelope. A blank one enclosed—another and yet another. "Strange," was the doctor's mental comment. "Ah, there it is at last!"—"Please call at my store and get measured for a new overcoat." "Not signed. A present, but from whom? The man—" The doctor rushed to the entry. The man was gone. He looks out into the night. A dim, but bulky figure is to be seen disappearing round the corner. He returns to the house, where an empty coat rack convinces him that the message is a timely but unkind one.

A CAT'S DREAM.

Animals, especially the dog, cat and parrot, often indulge in the luxury of dreams. A correspondent of *Land and Water* tells the following anecdote of a cat:

"She was very still, and appeared to be fast asleep when suddenly she sprang into the middle of the room, when she fixed her feet on a limited spot on the floor, to which also her nose was applied, as if closely grasping something she held in her claws. This continued for a short time, when the nose was gently raised, and the visible attention was directed to the feet, which still continued their grasp but after a time one of them was gradually removed, and then the other, on which puss appeared greatly at a loss to imagine whether the imaginary object could have gone so as to escape her grasp. She looked in various directions along the floor with a foolish face of confusion; and then again her attention was directed to the spot on which the feet were first closely pressed, as if to examine closely whether the presumed escape had been by sinking through the floor, and when this seemed unsatisfactory, the disappointed animal, now widely awake, retired slowly from the spot, but she returned more than once to re-examine the spot as if she found it impossible to comprehend how an object she had seen and grasped should have sunk into nothing. Many minutes elapsed before this cat appeared to be reconciled to the conviction that what had been a dream was not in truth a reality."

THE UNINVITED GAS-MAN.

A Chinese visiting etiquette is that the rank of the caller is denoted by the size of his card. Thus the visiting-card of a high mandarin would be an immense roll of paper, nicely tied up. A gentleman lately engaged a full-blooded Chinese servant, and immediately after held a "reception." John Chinaman attended the door, and received with great disgust the small cards of the visitors, and, evidently with an opinion of his own of the low condition of the gentleman's friends, pitched them into a basket, and, with scant ceremony, showed their owners into a drawing-room. But presently the gas-man called with a bill on a big piece of cream-colored paper. That card satisfied John—with deep reverence he received it. With low salams, he ushered the bearer not only into the drawing-room, but with profound bows, to the dismay of the gas-man, clear up to the centre of the room, where the lady of the house was receiving her distinguished guests; and then John with another humble reverence, meekly retired, doubtless supposing that the owner of that card could be no less than a prince.

A BAGGAGE-SMASHER'S DREAM.

A certain baggage smasher on the Wilmington and Baltimore railroad had a fearful attack of nightmare the other evening. He dreamed that some man came along to his car with a splendid new trunk that had never been touched. And the dreamer got hold of that trunk and soused it down upon the floor three or four times, and jumped on it, and hacked it up with an ax, and spilt coal-oil on it, and smeared it with chalk marks. And then he dreamed that he pitched it out of the car, and was about to explode a keg of gunpowder under it, when the engine of the down train struck him, and he awoke. He found his wife standing over him with a chair, and rapping him on the head with earnestness. In his sleep he had hold of the baby's crib, and had been walking around the room with it, ramming it up against the wall, and pounding it with the pithier, and trying to heave it out of the window, while the infant, spilled upon the floor, yelled like a brigade of Scabene Indians. It was the concussion of the chair in the hands of the indignant mother that made him dream about the locomotive striking him. When his friends now ask him the meaning of those lumps upon his forehead, he says nothing, but seizes the nearest valise and goes through all the exercises that he dreamed about.

A FUNNY STORY.

THE TEACHING OF GRAMMAR NOT ALLOWED.

"I have been sendin' my darter Nancy to skool, and last Friday I went over to the skool to see how she was gettin' along, and I see things I didn't like by no means. The skool-master was larnin' her things entirely out of the line of eddyications, and, as I think, improper. I set a whine in the skoolhouse, an' heered one class say their lesson. The lesson that Nancy sed was nuthin' but the foolishest kind of talk; the rediclit word she sed was 'I love.' I looked right at her for being so improper, but she went right on and sed, 'thou lovest and he loves. And I reckon you never heard such rigmorele in your life—love, love, love, and nuthin' but love.' She sed one time 'I did love.' Sez I, 'Who did you love?' The skolars laffed, but I wasn't to be put off; and sed, 'Who did you love, Nancy?' The skoolmaster sed he would explain when Nancy had finished the lesson. This sorter pacified me, and Nancy went on with her awful love talk. It got wus and wus every word. She sed, 'I might, could, or would love. I stopped her again, and sed I reckon I would see about that, and told her to walk out of that house. The skoolmaster tried to interfere,

but I would not let him say a word. He said I was a fool, and I noht him down, and made him hollar in short order. I talkt the strate thing to him. I told him I'd show how hede learn my darter grammer. I got the nabors together, and we sent him off in a hurry, and I reckon tharl be no grammer teachin' in these parts soon."

CHINESE PROVERBS.

The ripest fruits grows on the roughest wall.

It is the small wheels of the wagon that comes in first.

The man who holds the ladder at the bottom is frequently of more service than he who is stationed at the top.

The turtle, though brought in at the back gate, takes the head of the table.

Better be the cat in the philanthropist's family than the mutton-pie at the king's banquet.

The learned pig does not learn his letters in a day.

True merit, like the pearls inside of an oyster, is content to remain quiet until it finds an opening.

The top strawberries are eaten first.

He who leaves early gets the best hat.

Pride sleeps in a gilded crown; contentment in a cotton nightcap.

BE SENSIBLE.

Do not be above your business. He who turns up his nose at his work quarrels with bread and butter. He is a poor smith who is afraid of his own sparks; there is some discomfort in all trades except chimney sweeping. If sailors give up going to sea because of wet; if bakers left off baking bread because it is hot work; if ploughmen would not plough because of cold and heat; if tailors would not make our clothes for fear of pricking their fingers, what a pass we would come to. Nonsense, my fine fellow, there's no shame about an honest calling; don't be afraid of soiling your hands, there's plenty of soap to be had.

You must not be afraid of work if you wish health and wealth. You cannot get honey if you are frightened at bees, nor plant corn if you are afraid of getting mud on your boots. When bars of iron melt under the south wind; when you can dig the fields with toothpicks; blow ships along with fans; manure the crops with lavender water, and grow plum cakes in flower pots, there will be fine times for dandies; but until the millennium comes we shall all have a deal to put up with.

THE IRISH WAY OF PUTTING IT.

An Irishman once sailed for New York to learn a few Yankee tricks, as he had heard much regarding them. He landed there all safe and sound, and as luck would have it, he met a rough joker there to whom he unbosomed himself, and of whom he learned after this wise:

"Hello, Pat, what brings you to this country?"

"Faith, I come ter learn some Yankee tricks," replied Pat, straightening himself up, thrusting his thumb into the arm-hole of his vest, and looking rather quizzical at his new acquaintance.

"Is that all you came for?"

"Faith, that's all."

"All right, come out here and I will show you a Yankee trick right away."

"Faith, I will."

The Yankee led him up to the wall of a building, and placed his hand flatly against it he said:

"Now strike my hand as hard as you can."

Nothing loth, Pat struck a heavy blow at the hand, which was quickly removed, thus allowing him to strike the wall, and, of course, bruising his knuckles badly.

"Be gorra, an' is that a Yankee trick?"

"Yes; how do you like it?"

"It's a moity sharp one. Be gorra, I think I'll stop where I am, I've larned enough, and I'll take the next ship home again," which he did.

Arriving in the "Old Country," a friend asked him if he had learned any Yankee tricks during his visit.

"Faith I did, and a moity fine one. Come here till I show it yer yees," replied Pat, looking around for a wall against which he might place his hand, as the Yankee had done.

"Sure there's no wall here," he continued, but I'll just lay my hand on my mouth like this. Now strike my hand as hard as iver yees can wid yer fist."

His friend did as requested, when Pat suddenly withdrew his open hand, receiving the full force of the blow upon his mouth, knocking him flat.

"Be gorra, but I think that's the Irish way of putting it!" said Pat, as he rose slowly to his feet.

AN UNEXPECTED ANSWER.

One of our school trustees was taken considerably aback the other day by an unexpected answer from a pupil he was catechising. The trustee was visiting the school of his ward, and showing it off with a great deal of pride to a number of ladies and gentlemen who accompanied him. During the visit he put a number of questions to the pupils, and turned toward his friends with a triumphant

air at each correct answer. At length a class in history was called up, and the trustee, perhaps not unwilling to display his own knowledge as well as that of the pupils, asked the class a number of questions, which were properly answered till he came to the following:

"Why do we celebrate the 22nd of February?"

"Because it is Washington's birthday," was the response.

"Why," asked the trustee, "do we celebrate Washington's birthday? Why should we celebrate his birthday more than mine?"

There was no answer. The trustee looked from one to the other in a sort of half surprise, half reproach, till finally a little dirty-faced, tangled-haired urchin at the very foot held up his hand to attract attention.

"I know, sir," said the boy.

"Ah!" said the trustee, with an air of relief and satisfaction, "why is it, my little man?"

"Cause he never told a lie!"

The titter which followed was one of that infectious kind which irresistibly swells into a loud guffaw, and the discomfited trustee retired precipitately, just before the laugh had reached its climax.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

A "FUNNY" DOCTOR.

The Paris *Figaro* tells the following story apropos of the penalties of greatness, and how one may occasionally avoid paying them:—A distinguished physician in Paris could not show his nose out of doors without being every minute accosted by some one; "Ah, doctor, how glad I am to see you. All this morning I have felt—What do you suppose it can be?" To such an extent was the poor doctor plagued that he determined at all hazards to rid himself of the torment. A few days since, in a very public place, he heard as usual: "Ah, doctor, how glad," and so forth. "Good gracious," he replied, "this is a serious business. I must see your tongue; put it out, please." And there, in the open street, the man obeyed. The doctor studied it for a short time. "Very good," said he at length, "now shut your eyes." Again the patient obeyed, whereupon the doctor went on his way, leaving his tormentor standing in his ridiculous position in the midst of an accused crowd. This was quite as effective, though less polite, as the English physician's stratagem. Once when accosted by one of his swindling patients, he coolly said: "Your case is a serious one, and I entreat you to take the best medical advice."

A WONDERFUL TRUTH.

In the economy of nature, nothing is wasted; everything has a second life—and what a beautiful lesson this teaches! Existing things vanish from sight—but they live in some invisible form. If a piece of silver be put into nitric acid, a clear and colorless liquid, it is rapidly dissolved, and vanishes from the sight. The solution of silver may be mixed with water, and, to appearance, no effect whatever is produced. Thus, in a pail of water we may dissolve and render invisible more than ten pounds worth of silver, lead and iron; but every other metal can be treated in the same way, with similar results. When charcoal is burned, when candles are burned, when paper is burned, these substances all disappear and become invisible. In fact, every material which is visible can, by certain treatment, be rendered invisible. Matter which, in one condition, is perfectly opaque, and will not admit the least ray of light to pass through it, will, in another form, become quite transparent. The cause of this wonderful effect of the condition of matter is utterly unexplainable. Philosophers do not even broach theories upon the subject, much less do they endeavor to explain it. The substances dissolved in water or burned in the air are not, however, destroyed or lost. By certain well known means they can be recovered, and again be made visible; some exactly in the same state as they were before their invisibility; others, though not in the same state, can be shown in their elementary condition; and thus it can be proved that, having once existed, it never ceases to exist, although it changes its condition like the caterpillar, which becomes a chrysalis, and then a gorgeous butterfly. If a pail full of the solution of silver be cast into the stream, it is apparently lost by the dispersion in the water, but it nevertheless continues to exist. So, when a bushel of charcoal is burned in a stove, it disappears in consequence of the gas produced being mixed with the vast atmosphere; but yet the charcoal is still in the air. On the brightest and sunniest day, when every object can be distinctly seen above the horizon, hundreds of tons of charcoal, in an invisible condition, pervade the air. Glass is a beautiful illustration of the transparency of a compound, which, in truth, is nothing but a mixture of the rust of three metals.

WHITE HART, corner of Yonge and Elm streets, is conducted on the good old English principle by Bell Belmont, late of London, England, who has gained the reputation, by strict adherence to business, of keeping the best conducted saloon in this city. The Lar is pronounced by the press to be the "prince of bars," and is under the entire management of Mrs. Emma Belmont, whose whole study is to make the numerous patrons to this well known resort comfortable. Visitors to this city will not regret walking any distance to see this—the handsomest bar in the Dominion.