

felt that the inquisitive regards of the majordomo were on them.

At length Mohamed, raising his voice, but without deigning to look at the majordomo, said, "Cannot I speak to my daughter without witnesses?"

Aixa, turning to the majordomo, requested him to follow the servant who had ushered them into Mahomed's presence, adding, "Abul Hagig will count thee out twenty dinars to give thee patience. My father promises, on his royal word, to replace me under thy guard in two hours.

The majordomo, visibly embarrassed, turned his eyes to the King of Granada.

"By the tomb of the prophet," said the latter, "my daughter shall accompany thee back, or thou shalt take her ransom in exchange."

The majordomo bowed low, and followed Abul Hagig.

As soon as they were alone, Mahomed would have embraced his daughter, but she, respectfully kissing his hand, intimated that until she were again free she was unworthy that mark of his affection.

He answered that he would send her ransom back that very night; that it was in order to procure her freedom that he had returned to Seville and submitted to Don Pedro.

"My father," said Aixa calmly, "I will not become free to-night. I will not afford the freebooting knight, who treacherously captured me, and who has since so cruelly insulted me, the pleasure of being so richly rewarded. I have sworn that the sum destined for my ransom shall furnish the tribute to which Don Pedro condemns you."

"But I, who have sworn nothing," replied the Moorish king, "wish thee to return free with me to Granada."

"I shall return with thee, my father," she answered; "for to-morrow I shall flee to our holy city. Everything is prepared for my escape, and I have accomplices in the very house of Burdott. This is all I ask of you, my father: to-morrow you will send, under the command of Abul Hagig, four guards mounted on your swiftest palfreys; they will hide themselves in the olive grove, and wait for me there. To-night you must find means for me to leave this house for two hours, unknown to them in whose custody I am."

"Dost thou then forget that I have pledged my word to that man?" interrupted Mahomed. "Before two hours I shall return," answered Aixa.

"But how canst thou risk thyself at night in the streets of Seville, alone and unprotected?" asked Mohamed.

"I have a companion who waits for me, my father," answered Aixa; "and where I must go to-night no one else can accompany me without danger."

"I do not ask thee thy secret," said her father, tenderly regarding her. "I consent for I can refuse nothing to the pious daughter who sought my body among the slain on the field of Navarretto."

She then retired, and speedily returned, disguised as a man, so that her father felt somewhat reassured of her safety in this nocturnal expedition.

Kissing her father's hand, she was conducted by Abul Hagig to the outer door.

CHAR. XXXVIII.—The Fowler caught in her own Snare.

When Aixa entered the street she was joined by Esau, with whom she proceeded direct to the old Moorish quarter of the town, where only the poorest and most wretched of the inhabitants dwelt.

"Esau," said she, "dost thou know the house of the hangman? it is there we must find our revenge. There is a law in Seville that any woman found within the precincts of the ruins of the olive grove, with a man not of her own family, shall be declared infamous, and have her name inscribed in the hangman's book, as one who must pay the yearly tax of infamy; Rachel will meet Don Pedro in that grove to-morrow night, and thou must be there with this man to degrade them—this is my revenge, and this shall be yours also."

A look of anguish passed over the face of Esau, as he thought of Rachel, of her innocence and purity, and he was about to reject the plan of Aixa and to refuse his assistance, when the remembrance of his own wrongs, his own sufferings, and, above all, the thought of the happiness Don Pedro would experience in the interview, decided him to accede to it. With some trouble they found the house of the executioner, and Aixa made him sensible of the object of her visit, explaining to him the precise spot and the hour of meeting; and having tendered him some gold coin, with a promise of more, she left him, exulting in the certainty of the utter downfall of her hated rival.

Everything happened the next day according to Aixa's wish. Burdott complaisantly closed his eyes, and granted permission to Rachel to walk on the borders of the Guadalquivir. An hour after, the young girl mounted on a little grey mule, accompanied by her women and Aixa, followed the road that led to the olive grove.

Arrived at the entrance of the wood she alighted from her mule, and telling the other slaves to wait for her return, she entered the thicket with Aixa without exciting any suspicion.

"You are now free, Aixa," she said, "and consider yourself thrice happy that your jailors no longer watch you. Hark to the neighing of your palfrey, which is about to carry you to your native home."

"Thanks to your generosity, Rachel," answered the treacherous Morisca, "and may the prayers that I address to the prophet in your behalf, be answered."

"Lose not an instant," said Rachel, "your liberty will not be secured until you cross the frontiers of Granada."

The Morisca, kissing the hand of her victim, took her departure; when nearly out of sight, she turned, and seeing Rachel still looking after her, she extended her hand to wards her. The unsuspecting Jewess took that sign as a parting adieu, whereas it was intended as a last menace.

Rachel, after ascertaining that her slaves remained as she had left them, advanced across the thicket in search of the ruins.

The profound silence of the deserted place was oppressive to her, a painful presentiment, a vague terror, urged her to retrace her steps, to which she was about yielding, when a cry similar to that of a night-bird resounded in her ear, some branches and leaves crackled above, and immediately a little black lump rolled at her feet; it then arose, and Pierre Neige stood before her. He had been commissioned to guide Rachel to the place of rendezvous, and, perched in a tree, had awaited her appearance.

The little fellow softly whispered, "Follow me, madam, with light steps, for my great brother has waited for you a long while."

They soon arrived before a long wall, in perfect ruins, covered with a mantle of ivy and wild vines. Although the old mosque had been for many years totally deserted, except by a few Arabian pilgrims or by banditti, Pierre Neige took the precaution to avoid the principal entrance. Crawling over the wall, therefore, and jumping into the interior, he admitted Rachel by a little door, almost hidden by bushes. They crossed a waste enclosure, bristling with cactuses and aloes, and perfumed by lavender and other aromatic plants.

Pierre Neige bounded over the ruins of broken columns of alabaster, and cornices of colored porphyry, his mind intent only on fulfilling his mission; and at length he introduced Rachel to the interior of a Morabethin, or Moorish hermitage, that had been constructed with such remains of the old mosque as had been found in the best preservation.

Rachel's heart bounded with delight at perceiving Don Pedro, who waited for her, surrounded by his foster-brothers, who had accompanied him against his wish.

(To be Continued.)

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.

Not many anecdotes are extant illustrative of the humor and wit of the late General Robert E. Lee, for the good reason that the General wore a gravity and severity of manner towards all but his most intimate friends inconsistent with the sallies which at odd times, however, he made in the happiest style. At the close of the first session of Washington College, after General Lee had become president of that institution (in the chapel of which he is now buried), about sixteen young gentlemen, all from the South, were graduated with full collegiate honors, and delivered public addresses on Commencement-day. The General, with the rest of the faculty, occupied seats on the stand, and the youthful orators, naturally ambitious of shining as much as possible on such an occasion, and in the eyes of the confederate chieftain, sprinkled their speeches with an unusual quantity of rhetorical gems and flowers; in particular alluding very frequently and pointedly to the General in lofty terms of eulogium, which, above all things in the world, he disliked. As one after another emptied himself of his glittering harangue, the impatience of General Lee obviously increased. Presently, while the band was performing, he leaned towards Colonel William Allen, one of the professors, and inquired, in his peculiar, slow, modulated tone, "Colonel Allen, how many more of them are to speak?"

"Only four more, General," replied Colonel Allen.

General Lee hitched his chair a little closer, and, with all solemnity, asked, "Couldn't you arrange it, Colonel, for all four to speak at once?"

The arrangement was not made, and the General had to listen to all four gentlemen separately had had their several full says.

A LAWYER'S ADVICE.

An Irishman by the name of Tom Murphy once borrowed a sum of money from one of his neighbors, which he promised to pay upon a certain time. But month after month passed by, and no signs of the agreement being kept, his creditor at last warned him that unless he paid it upon a certain day he should sue him for it and recover by law. This rather frightened Tom, and not being able to raise the money, he went to a lawyer to get advice on the matter. After hearing Tom's story through to the end, he asked him:

"Has your neighbor got any writing to show that you owe him this money?"

"Devil a word," replied Tom quickly.

"Well, then, if you haven't the money, you can take your own time; at all events, he cannot collect it by law."

"Thank yer honor, much obliged," said Tom, rising and going to the door.

"Hold on, my friend," said the lawyer.

"Fat for?" asked Tom, in astonishment.

"You owe me six and eightpence."

"Why, for my advice, to be sure. Do you suppose I can live by charging nothing?"

Tom scratched his head a moment in evident perplexity, for he had no money. At last a bright idea seemed to strike him.

"An' have yees any paper writin' ter show that I owes yees the money?" he asked, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Why, no, of course not; but what does that signify?"

"Then I'll jist be after takin' yer own advice, an' pay nather you nor my neighbor!" Saying which he left the office and its occupant to meditate upon a lawyer taking his own advice and a doctor taking his own medicine.

A GOOD STORY.

One winter's evening a country store-keeper in the Green Mountain State was about closing up for the night, and while standing in the snow outside putting up the window shutters, saw through the glass a lounging, worthless fellow within grab of a pound of fresh butter from the shelf and conceal it in his hat.

The act was no sooner detected than the revenge was hit upon, and a few minutes found the Green Mountain store-keeper indulging his appetite for fun to the fullest extent, and paying off the thief with a facetious sort of torture, for which he would have gained a premium from the old Inquisition.

"I say, Seth," said the store-keeper, coming in and closing the door after him, slapping his hand over his shoulders and stamping the snow off his feet.

Seth had his hand on the door, his hat on his head, and a roll of butter in his hat, anxious to make his exit as soon as possible.

"I say, Seth, sit down; I reckon, now, on such a cold night as this, a little something warm would not hurt a fellow."

Seth felt very uncertain; he had the butter, and was exceedingly anxious to be off; but the temptation of something warm, sadly interfered with his resolution to go. This hesitation, however, was soon settled by the right owner of the butter taking Seth by the shoulders and planting him to a seat close to the stove, where he was in such a manner cornered in by the boxes and barrels that, while the grocer stood before him, there was no possibility of getting out, and right in this very place, sure enough, the grocer sat down.

"Seth, we will have a little warm Santa Cruz," said the Green Mountain grocer; so he opened the stove door and stuffed in as many sticks as the place would admit; "without it you would freeze going home such a night as this."

Seth already felt the butter settling down closer to his hair, and he jumped up, declaring he must go.

"Not till you have something warm, Seth. Come, I have a story to tell you," and Seth was again pushed into his seat by his cunning tormentor.

"Oh! it is so hot here," said the thief, attempting to rise.

"Sit down; don't be in a hurry," retorted the grocer, pushing him back into his chair.

"But I have the cows to feed, and the wood to split, and I must be going," said the persecuted chap.

"But you mustn't tear yourself away in this manner. Sit down; let the cows take care of themselves, and keep yourself cool; you appear to be a little fidgety," said the roguish grocer, with a wicked leer.

The next thing was the production of two glasses of smoking hot toddy, the very sight of which, in Seth's present situation, would have made the hair stand erect upon his head had it not been well oiled and kept down by the butter.

"Seth, I will give you a toast, now, and you can butter it yourself," said the grocer, with an air of such consummate simplicity that poor Seth believed himself unsuspected. "Seth, here is a Christmas goose, well roasted, eh? And, Seth, don't you use hog's fat or common cooking butter to baste it with; come, take your butter—I mean, Seth, your toddy."

Poor Seth now began to smoke as well as melt, and his mouth was hermetically sealed up as though he had been born dumb. Struck after streak of the butter came pouring from under his hat, and his handkerchief was already soaked with the greasy outflow. Talking away as if nothing was the matter, the fun-loving grocer kept poking wood into the stove, while poor Seth sat upright with his back against the counter and his knees almost touching the red hot furnace before him.

"Cold night this," said the grocer. Why, Seth, you seem to perspire as if you were warm. Why don't you take off your hat? Here, let me put your hat away.

"No," exclaimed poor Seth, at last. "No, I must go; let me out; I aint well; let me go."

A greasy cataract was pouring down the poor man's face and neck, and soaking into his clothes, and trickling down his body into his boots, so that he was literally in a perfect bath of oil.

"Well, good night, Seth," said the humorous Vermontor, "if you will go;" and added, as he darted out of the door—"I say, Seth, I reckon the fun I have had out of you is worth ninnepence, so I sha'n't charge you for that pound of butter in your hat."

A young man who was crossed in love attempted suicide recently by taking a dose of yeast powder. He immediately rose above his troubles.

A POSITIVE WITNESS.

I happened to be in court the other day just as Sam Dunlap was called to the witness-box. Sam's testimony had to do with events which had transpired years before, and when the counsel for the other side took up the cross-questions, his evident aim was to show that the witness, at the period in question, must have been too young to bear a reliable memory of the events therein occurring.

Jarvis was the lawyer—a stout, pompous, loud-voiced man, whose favorite pastime was the brow-beating and hectoring of witnesses. With a fierce look, and with an admonishing motion of his right fore-finger, he opened his battery—

"Now, Mr. Dunlap, you swear positively to these events which occurred two-and-twenty years ago?"

"I do, sir," replied Dunlap, with a meekness untouched and untroubled by the bluster.

"Remember, sir," thundered Jarvis, with awful emphasis, "you are on your oath. You know the penalty of perjury. You had better not offer here testimony which is not of your own personal knowledge. Now, answer me, sir: how old are you?"

"Somewhere about thirty-three," replied Sam, after a moment's reflection.

"What do you mean by that, sir? Don't you know your exact age?"

The witness shook his head in mild, meek silence.

"What, sir," cried Jarvis, with a withering look upon the witness and a triumphant silence toward the jury, "don't you know your own age? Don't you know the date of your birth?"

With a nod and a smile, and with a mildness which was like the gentle falling of the sunshine, Dunlap answered:

"Not to my own personal knowledge, sir. The only light upon that matter I have gained from others. I was undoubtedly present at the date of which you speak; but my extreme—I might say, my infinitesimal—youth at that particular period of time found me so devoid of mental power that I dare not, in your presence, sir, swear that, of my own knowledge, I know anything about it. I am free to confess, sir, that I have no remembrance of it whatever."

The genial corrugation of the face of the court was a sign that a general smile would be tolerated; and several of the jury smiled audibly.

Sam's testimony was not shaken.

NO YOU DON'T, JUDGE.

Scene in a Court—Boy witness in a case of assault on Mr. Brown.

Judge [with dignity]—Young man, do you know this Brown?

Boy [looking roguishly at his Honor and shaking his head]—No yer don't, Judge.

Judge [indignantly]—What do you mean by that, sir? Answer my question—Do you know this Brown?

Boy [with a peculiar wink]—No yer don't, Judge.

Judge [in a rage]—Answer me, you young villain, or I will commit you for contempt of Court—Do you know this Brown?

Boy [applying his thumb to the tip of his nose and wiggling mysteriously his elongated fingers]—Yer can't come it, Judge; I know what yer want—you want me to ask you what Brown, and then yer goin' to say, Brown Stout. No yer don't, Judge.

AN ENOCH ARDEN CASE WITH VARIATIONS.

In the month of May, 1854, Dominick McLaughlin, a laborer, then about twenty-nine years of age, was united in marriage to Mary Cassidy, his junior by some years, at one of the Catholic churches in this city. They went to housekeeping in South Troy, and seemed to get along nicely, but after living together about three weeks McLaughlin suddenly left for parts unknown. About eight months after his departure, Mrs. McLaughlin gave birth to a child, which soon died. Nine years passed, and hearing nothing of her husband Mrs. McLaughlin was wooed by one Thomas Finn, also of this city, and thinking that her former husband must be dead, consented to cast in her lot with him. They were accordingly married, and lived happily together for about eighteen months, when a son was born. After the child's birth Finn seemed to be a changed man, and following McLaughlin's example, he soon left her, and has not since been heard of. Some say he is dead, while others are confident that he is not, though no one has seen or heard from him. Soon after Finn's departure the child died and Mrs. Finn alias Mrs. McLaughlin, concluding that she had seen enough of married life, resumed her maiden name and began her own support, working hard and steadily, washing and cleaning, and it is said that she has saved considerable money. She resided in Pound Alley, which is just above Eighth street, between Ferry and Congress streets.

On the 24th of last December, while pursuing her daily avocation at her home, she was surprised by the entrance of an elderly man who addressed her as "Mary." She did not recognize him until he told her who he was—her first husband, McLaughlin. He gave no cause for his sudden departure, only saying that some hidden impulse drew him away. He had been over nearly all the States in the Union,

working on railroads, as a mason's laborer, and in numerous other employments. He told her he had saved money, and as a proof of it gave her \$1,000 in her lap, saying, "There, Mary, is a Christmas present for you." A mutual reconciliation and reunion followed.—Troy Whig.

WINDFALL FOR DOCTORS.

The curiosities of medical life and practice are endless. If we hear very often of medical men doing arduous work for very scanty remuneration, sometimes there is an agreeable obverse of receiving very splendid remuneration for very scanty services. We know a medical man whose duty is to take lunch every day at a great castle belonging to a noble lord. The household is immense, and there is just the chance that there may be some case of indisposition demanding attention. He gets some of the best company and best lunches in England, and duly charges a guinea for each attendance. There is a very wealthy man near a great city who cannot bear to be left for the night. There is a physician of great ability who drives out of town nightly to sleep at his residence. He is consequently debarred of evening society, and, if he goes out to dinner, he has to leave his friends before nine. He has to charge his patient a thousand a year, and I think he works hard for his money. Sometimes the services are such that money cannot repay them. A friend of mine—a young medicus—had a standing engagement of four hundred a year to look after the health of an old lady. She required to be inspected three times a day, and make an exhibition of tongue and pulse. What made matters so aggravating was, that she was as strong as a horse, while the doctor was a delicate man. She was so selfish and perverse, that he was obliged to tell her that he would have nothing to do with her. Similarly, I know the son of a rich man who proposed to pay a clergyman several hundred pounds a year for leave to spend his evenings with him. The parson, however, was obliged to tell his rich friend that he could not accept his company on any terms that could be named. But the oddest of these arrangements is the following—A medical man has been attending a patient several years, and yet he has never seen his patient. The gentleman firmly believes that he has an esophagus of peculiar construction, and that he is accordingly liable at any moment to be choked. That help may be at hand whenever any sudden emergency may occur, he has a physician in the house day and night. Accordingly a doctor attends from twelve to two, fills up his time by disposing of an admirable lunch, and finds the gold and silver coin, in their usual happy combination, neatly put by the side of his plate, in tissue paper. Up to the present date he has never had the pleasure of exchanging words with his interesting patient.—From "The Romance of Medicine," in London Society.

A GREAT DISCOVERY.

Levi Stevens, at present in this city, but for several years a resident of Washington, D. C., has for a long time been engaged in perfecting a furnace, by means of which he hopes to effect a great saving of fuel, as well as to obtain a much greater degree of heat than obtained by any process heretofore known. A reporter on Friday witnessed a trial of the furnace just created under Mr. Stevens' direction in Garratt's brass foundry. The only material used which cost money was about five gallons of coal tar. With this and the addition of hydrogen gas, eliminated from water, aided by the oxygen of the atmosphere, a heat was in a few moments generated so intense in its nature that a bar of iron held in the flame became white in one minute; the rafters of the building, two feet distant from the smoke pipe, and fifteen feet from the furnace, took fire, and the flame of the furnace was dazzling to the eye. After one hour's experiment the furnace was examined, and the surface of the fire brick was found to have been melted by the fierce flame. The result is reached not merely by taking the oxygen from the atmosphere, which is a common process, but by eliminating hydrogen from water, and utilizing it in combustion. His theory is, if understood by the reporter, that hydrogen cannot be robbed of its oxygen at the point of combustion; free hydrogen will then claim its oxygen. In other words, his discovery consists in ascertaining the means by which carbonic oxide (C-O) or possibly protoxide of carbon (S-O) is formed from oxyhydrogen vapor, or steam. Mr. Stevens' first patent was issued in 1867; his last in October, 1871, and he has other patents pending, each covering a single claim of his various processes, which are three in number. By each of his processes he makes use of superheated steam, obtained by an invention of discovery of his own, which cannot be described, as it is yet a secret. It may be stated, however, that the desired effect is produced in a pipe open at both ends, and therefore impossible to explode, and that the tubes of which it is composed, will not, as might be supposed, immediately burn out. The inventor claims that the heat is taken from the surface, without the oxidization of the heater, and conveyed to the interior, where it comes in contact with the vapor. [This claim does not appear reasonable.]—San Francisco Bulletin.