Heads, Hearts and Hands.

Heads that think, and hearts that feel,
Hands that turn the busy wheel,
  Make our life worth living here,
  In this mundane hemisphere:
Heads to plan what hands shall do,
Hearts to bear us bravely through.
  Thinking head and toiling hand
  Are the masters of the land.

When a thought becomes a thing,
Busy hands make hammers ring,
  Until honest work has wrought
  Into shape the thinker's thought;
Which will aid to civilize;
And make nations great and wise,
  Lifting to a lofty height
  In this age of thought and light.

Miracles of science show
With their light the way to go:
  Touch a tube of gas, and light
  Blossoms like the stars of night;
Touch another tube, and lo!
Streams of crystal waters flow;
  Touch a telegraphic wire,
  And your thought has wings of fire.

Hail to honest hearts and hands,
And to the head that understands:
  Hands that dare to truth subscribe,
  Hands that never touched a bribe;
Hearts that hates a deed unjust,
Hearts that other hearts can trust;
  Heads that plan for others' weal,
  Heads poised over hearts that feel.

SELECT STORY.

The King's Bull.

Chapter I.

PEPITA'S LOVER.

I AM about to relate the story of one Mendez Pinto, not the notorious liar, but the boldest bullfighter that ever entered the Spanish arena; and if it be asked, is the story true, and how did you learn it? I reply that it is true, and that I was told it at supper after a bullfight in the Seville ring, and in the presence of the descendent of the man whose exploits it commemorates.

In all Andalusia there was not a prettier girl than Pepita, the daughter of Gomez, ex-bullfighter and seller of fried fish at Puetro Santa Maria. When dressed for the bullfight in her smartest Maja costume, she was a sight worthy a long journey to see; with her slender ankles, arched insteps, and shapely legs, her tall undulating figure, her glorious dark eyes and wealth of raven hair.

And Pepita was very partial to the Plaza; this taste, it is true, she shared in common with many thousand fiair Spaniards, into whose heads the idea of there being any cruelty in the sport had never intruded itself, and who would probably have stared with amazement had such a notion been suggested to them; but the ring at P. Santa Maria had especial attractions for Pepita, inasmuch as she could there feast her eyes on the valiant deeds of Mendez Pinto, prince of picadors and her own betrothed lover. Time had been when the Pintos were a family of no small importance and prosperity, and had not two of their number shared in the toils and triumphs of Columbus? But the days of their high estate had departed, and their descendant, the hero of this tale, found himself, in the reign of Ferdinand VII., 'pious fortunate, and restored,' enrolled in the second rank of bullfighters.

I say the second rank because the social status of the picador was confessedly never equal to that of the matador; but so great was the strength and daring of Mendez, and so comprehensive his knowledge and skill in every branch of tauromachia, that not the most conceited of the swordsmen could feel his dignity compromised by the company of the great master of the lance. Popular opinion, if thoroughly canvassed, would probably have conceded to Pinto the proud title of the first bullfighter in Spain, and this at the date of our story 182–, was no empty compliment, for a monarch more devoted to the fiesta de toros than Ferdinand VII, never filled the Spanish throne.

Ferdinand looked upon a good bullfighter as the noblest work of God, and next to him a good bull; it may indeed be doubted if he did not consider the dumb animal the superior of the two. A pretty woman and a genuine havanah possibly divided the third place in his esteem.

During his reign there was instituted a not unsuccessful attempt to restore something of the ancient glory of the Plaza, and the establishment of a tauromachian college, of which the King himself was head and all the nobility members, raised the dignity of the ring to an unprecedented pitch.

Except in the case of the bull, which was doomed to a succession of tortures and a death identical with those inflicted at the present day, the sport was conducted in a somewhat less bloodthirsty manner. Instead of the miserable worn out hacks, fit only for the butcher's yard, which disgrace the modern arena, strong, active, and often valuable horses were supplied to the picadors; and the roar of applause which now greets the bull as he rips some wretched animal from shoulder to flank, was then bestowed on the rider whose strength and dexterity fended off the charge, and saved his steed from the murderous horns. He indeed, who was able to carry his horse unscathed through the dangers of a whole fight was entitled to retain it as his own property. In this manner had Pinto gained possession of a very powerful and well-bred gray mare, which, on becoming the acknowledged "querido" of Pepita, he had presented to her father old Gomez; and after the fair girl herself, there was nothing the ex-bullfighter regarded with so much pride, and tended so carefully, as La Perla.

Next to the bullfighters and bulls, his pretty woman and "purones," ranked in Ferdinand's estimation his regiment of guards; and never did royal favor inflict upon society a more swaggering and obnoxious set of bullies and swash-bucklers. It happened that at the date of our story a detachment of these favorites was in temporary quarters at P. Santa Maria. Now the claim of Pinto to the pretty Pepita had been readily allowed by the indigenous youth of that place, and there was not one amongst them who woued have cared to cross the great picador in his loves; and this not only from a wholesome dread of his physical prowess; for with the natural gallantry of the Spanish nation, it was agreed on all hands that the bravest, strongest, and handsomest man was properly matched with the fairest girl. But, as might be expected, the gentlemen of his Majesty's guards recognized no such provincial scruples or sentiments, and in an unlucky hour two of them cast an evil eye on Pepita.

One merning Gomez sent out his daughter with a message to a neighbor, and it was but natural that on passing the cafe which Mendez usually frequented she should peep in to see if her lover was there. There were but half-a-dozen people in the room, and Pinto was not among them. Pepita therefore would have retired as quietly as she had entered, had not the way been barred by the extended arms of two of the royal guard, who had followed her unperceived.

Pray let me pass, senores, said Pepita.

Not until you have paid toll, my pretty one, answered the bigger and more audacious of the two, No, hija di mi alma, I must first see if those red lips of yours taste as sweet as they look.

And, por Dios, I too, added his companion.

And in spite of her resistance the two ruffians closed with the poor girl, and the first speaker, throwing his arm round her waist, pressed his lips to her cheek. But Pepita's was the last cheek those lips were destined to touch; for as the other guests, attracted by the scuffle, rose like gallant Spaniards to her assistance, the door was thrown violently open, the guardsman were sent reeling back, and before them stood Mendez Pinto, his swarthy cheeks white with fury, and his dark eyes glowing like live coals,

With an instinctive feeling of imminent peril the hands of the soldiers clutched at their sidearms, but before the steal could leave the scabbard Pinto sprang upon them with the bound and roar of a savage tiger; extending his mighty arms, he seized each man by his outer ear, and with the rapidity of thought and the force of some deadly engine dashed their heads together in the midst; there was a dull crashing thud horrible to hear, and then the two men, released from his iron grasp, fell prone upon the floor of the cafe, the blood streaming from mouth and ear and eye.

The spectators stood aghast and tongue-tied with horror, as Pinto, passing his arm round the half-fainting Pepita, led her out of the cafe, and back to her father's house.

Very grave and anxious was the face of Gomez as he listened te Pinto's short account of what had occurred. He went out at once to the cafe, and presently returned with the intelligence that one of the guards was dead and the other dying; both their skulls were fractured by that fearful blow.

It will cost your life, lad, he said to Mendez. No excuse, no plea of provocation, will the King allow where his guards are concerned.

At this poor Pepita sank sobbing bitterly to the floor, and Mendez, now gentle and tender as he had lately been fierce and unsparing, occupied himself with consoling her with loving words and caresses.

But Gomez broke in upon the lovers.

Now listen, Mendez Pinto, said he; by your love for that girl, listen. There is but one chance for you, if you would win the King's pardon. Something you must do; something that has never been done in Spain before, and that no other man but yourself can do.—Pepita girl rouse yourself, if you would help to save him. Run to the stable, and give La Perla a full flask of Val-de-Penas, and the broth of the stew that is on the fire, and then see her carefully saddled and brought round to the back door; in ten minutes the guard will be here to arrest him.—Mendez lad, he went on, you must start for Madrid at once, This is Thursday. On Sunday the King holds a corrida real; at that fight you must be. You must get the promise of pardon before the real offence is known. In any case, you can but die; and better to die as a picador should, with the eyes of all Madrid upon you, than as a felon under the hands of the executioner.

Not long afterwards, Mendez had taken a tender farewell of Pepita, who, under the sense of her lover's terrible danger, overcame her own womanly weakness. Tearless and selfposses ed, although pale as death, she fulfilled every injunction of her father. At the last moment she took from her atire a red-silk scarf, and gave it to Mendez.

Whatever happens, mi querido, she murmured, wear this for me.

In life and death, he answered. Their lips met in one long lingering kiss; and then, at a sign from Gomez, Pepita went quietly back into the house, and Mendez mounted on La Perla, sat at the back gate, listening to the old man's last instructions.

You will have time enough to think it over between this and Madrid, said Gomez, with a kind of grim humor. Remember, wherever you halt, the Val-de-Penas and the broth from the guisado. With that La Perla will go for a man's lifetime. Let her have the same an hour before you fight. And, now, my son, God speed you. You mast go, for I hear the hum of the crowd coming up the street on the other side. But Pepita has barred the door, and I am taking my siesta in the back room; and it will be hard if I hear the summons of the guard before you are far on your way. Farewell.

With a wave of the hand, a touch of the spur, and a shake of the rein, Pinto dashed up the street, half asleep in the quiet noonday, and began that long wearisome journey to Madrid.

Always slow and deliberate, like a true Spaniard, never in all his life did Gomez more slowly and deliberately prepare and roll his cigarillo than now, as he stood listening to the receding beat of La Perla's hoofs. There was a half-triumphant smile on his shrewd face as he turned back into the yard. Man and horse, he muttered, there is nothing in all Andalusia can touch them. But God and the holy Saints help them now, for they need it.

The cigarillo was consumed to the last puff before the old man, with well-feigned surprise and the sullen air of a Southerner aroused from his midday nap responded to the summons of the alguacils. An angry murmuring crowd surrounded the officers, for the blood of P. Santa Maria had long boiled against the insolent demeanor of the guards, and now that the local hero was threatened with arrest and imprisonment, popular excitement was at its height, and the sharp click of the opening navaja began to be heard amid the confused hum of voices. But as the officials and the soldiers who accompanied them passed in to examine the premises, Gomez faced the crowd, and with an expressive glance and a rapid motion of the fingers, easily intelligible to a people with whom every gesture has its meaning, made known the safety of Pinto. There was a murmur of satisfaction, and then the inevitable, "Pues, senores, echemos un cigarito." Out came the little books, the pouches, and the flint and steel; and when the officers returned from their useless search, the crowd, collected in peaceful groups, was engaged to a man in the solemn enjoyment of tobacco.

Chapter II.

"THE BEST MAN AND THE BEST BULL."

Despite its many associations, it is a weary journey, that between Seville and Madrid, as I myself can testify, who performed it in the banquette of the diligencia. Ah me! we were young then, but the misery of that time comes back to me vividly—the glaring heat, the stifling clouds of dust, the incessant, anda, anda! of the driver, the jangling of the bells, the jolting of the unstable box in which we were confined, and, above all, the reek and steam from the long team of mules. I remember how the anatomy of my dearest friends developed angles of superhuman size and exeruciating acuteness; how they noticed the same phenomena in myself, and how savage we became in consequence. I remember, too, that in calmer moments we speculated with awe, not unmixed with envy, on the physical conformation of the boy who rode the leader, and who, sleepless and untiring, kept the saddle (and such a saddle) from first to last.

On, still on, through the heat of the day and the silence of the night, halting only as long as was absolutely necessary, did Mendez urge the gallent grey towards Madrid. On, still on! Across the wide grassy plains beside the Guadalquiver, dotted with herds of bulls, which raised their heads with a sullen bellow as the solitary horseman went by; skirting the fair walls of stately Seville, and the red Moorish towers of Alcala de Guadaira; past the palms of Moncloa and the olive-groves of Ecija; by the domes and convents of Cordova and the cornfields of Andujar. On through the gloomy gorges of the Sierra Morena, the tawny monotony of La Mancha, and the vineyards of Val-de-Penas; startling the wild-fowl in the marshes of Guadiana, and waking the echoes of the rocky Oceanian hills; speeding past the cool gardens and gushing fountains of royal Aranhuez and the wastes of Valdemoro, until the first rays of the Sunday's sun were glinted back from the spires of Madrid, and the wondrous ride was accomplished.

The streets were nearly empty at the early hour when Mendez passed through the gate. He rode to a small quiet inn, kept by a brother of Gomez. Great was the astonishment of the proprietor when he saw who had roused him from his morning slumbers, but Pinto cut short his inquisitiveness abruptly.

Ask no questions, my friend, and above all tell no one that I am here. You will know all in time. See the mare well cared for, and ready to fight, if need be, at three o'clock. Remember the stew and the Val-de-Penas. Have breakfast and the bed in the back room ready for me when I return.

And so saying he strode off to the house of Don Miguel Fiorez, chief manager of the royal bullfights. This important personage was equally surprised when he learnt the name of the early visitor in whose cause the servant had ventured to disturb him.

Valgame Dios! he exclaimed; Mendez Pinto in Madrid! I wonder if he comes to fight to-day. How pleased the King will be! Show him in, show him in

Now during his ride Pinto had matured the advice of Gomez, and had settled exactly what he intended to do; and therefore, in reply to Don Miguel's inquiries, without narrating the catastrophe of P. Santa Maria, he simply expounded that intention.

Mendez, my son, said Don Miguel solemnly, when the bullfighter had concluded, something has affected your brain; you cannot seriously mean what you say. Ah, que me burlas, mi amigo!

I would not venture to trifle with your excellency, said Pinto. I mean it so far that since Thursday I have ridden from P. Santa Maria, to undertake it, by the King's leave, this very afternoon.

And so it happened that an hour afterwards Don Miguel, with a heavy heart—for he had a real regard for Mendez as a bullfighter—set out to lay before his most Christian Majesty our hero's hitherto unheard-of proposal.

Ferdinand VII., pious, fortunate, and restored, was in a heavenly temper that Sunday morning, with the prospect of a glorious bullfight before him. Wrapped in his dressing-robe, he was reclining in an easy-chair, sipping his chocolate and smoking one of his own peculiar puros, preparatory to attending service in the royal chapel, when Don Miguel Florez was announced.

Welcome, Don Miguel; always welcome, early or late, said his Majesty, with a gracious wave of his hand. But what brings your excellency here at such an earthly hour, and with such a grave countenance? Nothing wrong with the bulls, I trust.

Nothing whatever, your Majesty, replied Don Miguel. But, sire, I have to offer to your royal consideration the most astounding proposal it has ever been my lot to entertain since I have had the felicity of being connected with your Majesty's bullfights.

Ave Maria purissima! exclaimed the pious monarch, rubbing his hands in expectation. Take a seat, man, and a cigar, and let us hear it.

Sire, said Don Miguel, inhaling the delicious fragrance of the royal tobacco, there is at this moment in Madrid a picador who is willing to match himself alone against the best bull that can be found in Spain. He will fight with the blunt garrocha, without padding and without greaves, in silk stockings and Majo dress, like a mere chulo. It is his desire that if he be overthrown none should assist him, and the bull be allowed to do his worst. If his horse be but scratched in the encounter, his life lies at your Majesty's disposal; but if he kill the bull, or fight him until he falls exhausted, he humbly prays that your Majesty will grant the request he shall ask.

Que disparate, said Ferdinand contemptuously. It is absurd; the thing is impossible. There is no man in all Spain can do it. You have been imposed on, my good Don Miguel.

I can assure your Majesty that this is a genuine challenge, and from a man who will do his best to win.

He is either a madman or a murderer, remarked the King sagaciously. And the name of this suicide?

With your Majesty's permission, I am not at liberty to reveal.

This becomes interesting, said Ferdinand, rising and striding across the room. Now tell me, Florez, he continued, half imploringly, and coming to a sudden stop, has De Veraguas anything to do with it? does he back the man? For the duke of that name was the King's great rival in bull-breeding, and at aficionados, or members of the "fancy," there was jealousy between the two on that score.

On my honor I believe not, your Majesty.

And do you know what request the man will make if he should chance to win?

I do not, sire.

I cannot make him a grandee of Spain, said Ferdinand, but any lower title or wealth I can bestow on the man who shall fairly perform such an unheard-of feat, a feat that would reflect honor on my reign, on the whole nation. I accept the conditions. If he wins, I will grant whatever favor he may ask and a King of Spain may bestow. But, por Dios, said Ferdinand, slapping his thigh, he shall work for it, for we will have out El Re.

When Don Miguel heard these last words, his knees knocked together, and he let fall the royal cigar. Let me account for the discomposure of the chief inspector of bullfights.

Among the many splendid animals destined to be butchered for the delectation of Ferdinand and his subjects was one of the royal breed, preeminent for strength, activity, and ferocity, and the possession of all those "points" in which the initiated delight, The youth of this animal had been of singular promise, from the time when, as a bull-calf undaunted by branding-iron or garrocha, he turned furiously on his attendant herdsmen, and when, baited as a 'novillo,' he spread havoc and trepidation among the baiters. Those who prognosticated his future greatness were not disappointed; never, since the days of the celebrated Harpado, had such a grand brute been seen in Spain as 'the King's own Bull,' which title was usually abreviated into that of 'El Re.' For six years he had been reserved for some occasion worthy of his fame; and now, when Don Miguel learnt that his favorite Pinto was to be confronted by this prodigy, his humanity overcame his love of sport, and he was filled with consternation.

El Re, sire? he stammered; El Re? Surely I believed your Majesty would reserve him—

No matter what you believed, sir, interrupted the King excitedly, as he noticed Don Miguel's evident emotion; he shall not be reserved another day. The fight shall come off this very afternoon. See that it be properly announced for three o'clock, and let El Re be driven in at once. Ah, ah, Don Florez! you begin to tremble for your audacious Don Fulano; but hearken, sir, I will have no trifling in this matter. If the man enter the ring, by heaven he shall stay there until he or El Re be dragged out! And take care that the point of the garrocha be fairly sheathed. This braggart shall be taught a lesson.

And he has your majesty's promise if he wins?

If he wins, said the King shortly, he has. And when Don Miguel had retired, his majesty went to rest with an easy conscience, as became an upholder of strict justice and a hater of deceit and arrogance.

Mendez, who had employed his time in making arrangements about his dress, and in the careful selection of a garrocha, received the King's decision with proud composure. It is fair, he said; the best man and the best bull. No com pro nada de gangas—I buy nothing a bargain; and after paying a last visit to La Perla, he went to bed and slept soundly.

Great was the excitement among the aficionados of Madrid, when, over the old bills of the approaching fight, appeared a placard notifying that the sports would be preceded at three o'clock by e 'novedad' in which El Re and a nameless picador would be engaged.

To realize the extraordinary difficulty of the task which Pinto had udnertaken it must be remembered, first, that the picadors are usually securely paded in case of a heavy fall. Mendez was to fight in silk stockings and majo costume.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

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