

The foster brothers of the king remained for a moment at a stand still; but Lopez soon came to a resolution, and his plan was promptly executed.

With the assistance of his brethren, Pierce Neige scaled the wall, and creeping like a snake between the shrubs and long grass, he contrived, by concealing himself behind a tombstone, to get close enough to overhear Samuel impart to his companion the important secret that his object in coming there was not the burial of Rachel, but to employ the grave-diggers, or rather guardians, who always dwell in a Jewish cemetery, to convey Rachel's body to the faithful Jacob's house.

Samuel then said, "By-and-bye, you will know my motives, but in the meantime, I claim this service from your devotedness. You will bandage their eyes, and introduce them to my house by the garden gate, of which this is the key. There they are to wait while you come to acquaint me. If by any unforeseen event I should not be at home, if I have been dragged from my house, whether by violence or stratagem, you will act alone. With this foresight, I have hidden the key of the vault in which the body of Rachel is laid in a jar behind the quadrangle. In regard to these men, you will observe the same precautions when they carry their precious burthen to your house."

They then separated; and while the old treasurer returned to his dwelling, Pierce Neige regained that part of the wall where his brothers impatiently awaited him.

Jacob soon engaged four of the guardians, on whose discretion he could rely, and having covered their eyes with a silken bandage, so twisted that it closed their ears as well, he enjoined them, on pain of losing their reward, not to utter a single word. Then the little troop, quitting the burial ground, silently began their march, Jacob taking the lead, the others holding by his robe.

While they advanced with the uncertain and unsteady pace of persons blindfolded, another troop of four men, whose eyes were also covered with a bandage, except the guide, who seemed a child, came at a quick pace along a narrow street that crossed the route taken by Jacob. When the two troops were on the point of arriving where they must necessarily meet, the guide of the second, little Pierce Neige, uttered a discordant and wild shout, that spread terror among the companions of Jacob. Fearing to be suddenly surprised by robbers, they refused to advance; and Jacob, to hinder them tearing off their bandages and running away, was obliged to explore the road by himself. He had not advanced twenty steps, when the sons of Paloma glided softly before the grave-diggers, who were standing on the road. Diego Lopez, who was at their head, laid hold of the robe of Jacob and pushed him forward. The watchman, satisfied at finding, as he supposed, his men recovered from their fright, put himself on the march, assuring them that they might fearlessly advance.

Pierce Neige then approaching the troop of grave-diggers, whom fright had rendered immoveable, put the corner of his mantle into the hands of him who was at their head, and led them in quite an opposite direction to that they ought to have followed, and amused himself by making them execute the most extravagant evolutions for nearly an hour.

While they went the same round like a horse in a mill, the four brothers, under the guidance of Jacob, soon arrived before the garden gate of Samuel; their guide opened it, and after having enjoined profound silence on them, he told them to wait patiently under a tree, and left them to go and acquaint the treasurer of their arrival.

Jacob had scarcely gone, before the brothers tore away the bandages with which, for form's sake, they had covered their eyes; and Diego Lopez ran directly to get the key of the cavern which Samuel had secreted in the jar.

Furnished with this key they followed Perez, whose eyes, accustomed to the darkness of mines, soon discovered the entrance of a stone staircase, consisting of forty steps, and which, according to all probability, must lead to the vault.

Groping along they descended, and arrived at the foot of the staircase, the brothers found themselves stopped by a massive door, but the key they possessed opened it, and they entered the vault where, as Samuel had said, they found the corpse of the handsome Jewess.

Perez advanced towards the bier, where the white winding-sheet of the young girl contrasted solemnly with the dark ground of the cavern, but at the moment he was going to put his hand upon her, he thought he heard a feeble sigh—a kind of gentle moan. He drew back frightened, letting his pickaxe fall to the ground.

"What is the matter, Perez?" demanded Diego, the archer.

"The corpse speaks," answered the superstitious miner.

"If she spoke she is not dead, brother," said Diego Lopez; "besides, you heard the order of the king. Dead or alive, we must transport Rachel to the Alcazar; so let us lose no time."

Perez timidly put a finger on the brow of the Jewess. "You are right, brother," said he, "Rachel is not dead; her forehead is not cold." He bent his head, and added, "A light gentle breathing, like that of a sleeping infant, escapes from her lips."

"Let us hasten, then," said Ruy, the mowor.

"If she wakes she will be alarmed at finding

herself in this cavern wrapped in a winding-sheet; she will groan; she will cry out, the Jews will hear her, and we shall be discovered.

Raising her from the bier, he seized her in his long sinewy arms, carrying her, as he would a child, with the greatest precaution.

Perez, who had hastened to leave the vault, took up his pickaxe and went towards the staircase, followed by Ruy, while Diego Lopez, and Blas, the centaur, as the king called him, formed the rear-guard.

They quitted the garden of Samuel as silently as they had entered it, after taking care to replace the key in the jar. At some steps from the gate they met little Pierce Neige, who had during all this time continued to walk the men about. Lopez made him understand by a sign that it was time to lead them to the treasurer's house; the child obeyed, and after stationing the grave-diggers under the trees with all the formalities observed by Jacob, he left them and rejoined his brothers.

The four men remained silently standing where Pierce Neige had left them, for some minutes, when they heard Samuel and Jacob approach.

"So," said the former, "I see my orders have been punctually executed; but are these men ignorant where they are, and where they are to go?"

"I am sure of that," was the reply.

"And are you sure also that they have not made any mark on my house—the garden-gate, for example, with the hope of finding it again to-morrow?" asked the suspicious old man.

"Any attempt of the kind was impossible," said Jacob.

"Well, my faithful Jacob, descend to the vault with them while I go to get the key."

When at the bottom of the steps they waited for Samuel, who soon appeared with a small iron lamp in his hand, to give them light. He softly opened the door and entered the vault first; but at sight of the vacant bier, a cold perspiration ran down his face, a giddiness seized him, and staggering, he leant against the wall to keep himself from falling. At first he thought that Rachel, having recovered her senses, and being seized with fright at the footsteps of the grave-diggers, had hidden herself in some dark corner. The light glimmered, for his trembling hand could hardly hold that little lamp. His plan, conceived and executed with so much care and foresight, was annihilated in an instant. The cries of his daughter would at once betray the secret he had so powerful an interest in preserving. He then sought her with fear and trembling, but when, after having traversed the vault in vain, he felt convinced that Rachel had indeed disappeared, his anguish was so acute that he forgot all prudence, and uttered a heart-rending shriek that was scarcely human.

The grave-diggers, seized with fright at hearing this terrible cry, tore off their bandages, and, in spite of the efforts of Jacob to detain them, made their escape at the same time that Tom Burdett, Esau, Zedekiah, and the rest of the conspirators, alarmed at the cries of Samuel, descended the stairs of the vault.

"Rachel, my daughter, where are you?" said the unfortunate Jew. "If you hear the voice of your aged father, answer him, my beloved child!" And he listened, as if in the silence that reigned he expected to catch a fugitive sound, a distant echo of his daughter's voice.

"You know well that she cannot hear you," said Zedekiah.

"Who told you so?" asked Ben Levi, springing towards him. "Do you then know where she is? Have you robbed me of my child?" And shaking him by the arm, he fixed his burning eyes, the eyes of a madman, on the countenance of Zedekiah, as he seemed to hang on the words the latter was about to utter.

"Be composed, and collect yourself, Samuel," said Esau, trying to loose his hold on Zedekiah.

"The death of his daughter has disturbed his mind," observed Tom Burdett.

"My daughter! my daughter!" exclaimed the Jew, with a burst of frightful laughter. "But she is not dead. Fool that you are. She was only asleep, and now she has disappeared. It is you who have stolen my child."

"Rachel not dead!" exclaimed Esau.

"Oh, you may pretend to be astonished," replied Samuel, wandering more and more; "you will not deceive me. You knew very well that she lived. You pretended to believe me, but it was only to rob me of my child. Yes, I wished to remove her from the king's favor, from the jealousy of his favorite, and from your blind passion, Esau. But you shall return her to me—you shall give me back my child, or feeble and old as Samuel is, he will prove to you that he can yet avenge himself on his enemies." The violence of his emotion completely exhausted his strength, and the wretched father fell heavily to the floor before the terrified conspirators.

(To be continued.)

As a rill from a fountain increases as it flows, rises into a stream, swells into a river, so symbolically are the origin and course of a good name. At first, its beginning is small; it takes its rise from home, its natural source, extends to the neighborhood, stretches through the community, and finally takes a range proportioned to the qualities by which it is supported; its talents, virtue and usefulness the surest basis of an honorable reputation.

PAT AT THE JUBILEE.

"Is the captain of the Jubilee in?" inquired a Hibernian at one of the entrances of the Coliseum.

"Captain of the Jubilee! You mean the head of the Executive Committee, don't you?" said the doorkeeper.

"Sure, I don't want the head of any man—it's himself I am after seeing, 'an' would'n't ye be lettin' me in at him?"

"No, no! You can't pass here without a ticket; besides this is where the music comes in."

"Howly Moses! ye don't say so. Sure I've been listenin' to it comin' out all them little windy's atop the house—an' this is where it goes in!"

"Yes this is where the orchestra comes in; you must go to the next entrance."

"Sure, I'm smarter than an orchestra, anyway," said Pat looking at the wide entrance.

"Well, you can't come in here," said the door-keeper.

"Well, would ye be after tellin' the captain there's a frind waitin' to give him a Killeney grip of the fives to 'im here at the door?"

"Is it the captain of the police you mean?"

"Bad luck to 'em, no; it's the man that ud make the pellice dance like a gasson at a fiddler's wedding; it's him as makes the whole power of 'em play I mane."

"Perhaps it is Gilmore—Patrick S. Gilmore—he wishes to see," said an official who chanced to be passing at the moment.

"Whoorah! that's the byo; would ye tell Pandeen that he'd meet a frind outside here jist."

"Mr. Gilmore cannot come now, he's on the stage."

"Augh! Go away wid yer; shure it's not a stage he dhriives at all; it's a barn he plays upon, now don't be thyring to decave yer granmother with buttermilk for potheen."

"But I tell you Mr. Gilmore is leading the orchestra now, and cannot come."

"Shure why can't the feller as feeds the elyphant, lade round the ogystry awhile till Mr. Gilmore comes out?"

"You don't understand. Mr. Gilmore is the conductor."

"Shure I do understand," said Pat, getting vexed at what he considered an attempt to deceive him. "First ye tell me Misher Gilmore is a stage driver, and now yer tellin me he's a conductor; and how wad he be playin the harn and ridin on a horse car tukin money—"

"I tell you Gilmore is engaged."

"Good luck to 'em, and a purty girl for a wife—I'm glad av it, shure an engaged man is half married. No ye'll let me have a grip of the fist of him for luck."

"Let that Irishman in," said one of the committee who happened to pass along at that moment, and Pat went striding in to find his eminent countryman.

WHAT WAS HE?

A jolly young fellow named Corcoran, when he arrived in this country, some years since, propounded a puzzle to a gruff old clerk in the New York City Hall, which is believed to have shortened that official's days.

Corcoran went up to the office for his "first papers." The deputy was a serious old chap, who, without ever looking up, proceeded to put the formal interrogatories:

- "What is your name?"
- "John Corcoran."
- "Your age?"
- "Twenty-one."
- "What nativity?"

"Well, that's what bothers me. I'll tell you, and may be you can make it out. My father was Irish, my mother English, and I was born on board of a Dutch frigate, under the French flag, in Flemish waters. Now, how is it?"

The old clerk looked up aghast, shoved his spectacles on his brow, and slowly made answer:

"Young man, your nativity and that of Melchizedec are the only ones that ever puzzled me!"

BUILDING FOR ETERNITY.

You think that one hour buries another; but it is not so. You think that you have parted forever from the things that have gone by you. No, you have not. There is much in your life that you think has gone which you never shall part from. It has stepped behind you, and there it waits. That which you have done is with you to-day; and that which you are doing will be with you to-morrow. When the mason carries up the wall, the course of brick which he laid yesterday is the foundation on which he is laying another course to-day. And all that you do to-day on the structure which you are building will remain a basis for that which you do to-morrow. The work proceeds without intermission; and all that has been done is the under structure for that which is to be done.

Young man and maiden, take heed how you build. That which you are doing, the work which you are performing, you do not leave behind you because you forget it. It passes away from you, apparently, but it does not pass away from you in reality. Every stroke, every single element, abides. And there is nothing men think so little of as character, although there is nothing that so belongs to their immortality, and that is so incomparable in importance as character.

THE PRINTER'S ESTATE.

We find the following remarks, which all printers and publishers will agree in calling sensible, in an exchange, and commend them to the attention of the reader. They will apply to all localities in which newspapers circulate:

The printer's dollars—where are they? A dollar here and a dollar there scattered over the numerous small towns, all over the country, miles and miles apart; how shall they be gathered together? The paper maker, the journeyman compositor, the building owner, the grocer, the tailor, and all assistance to him in carrying on his business, have their demands, hardly ever so small as a single dollar. But the mites from here and there must be diligently gathered and patiently hoarded, or the wherewith to discharge the liabilities will never become sufficiently bulky. We imagine the printer will have to get up an address to his widely scattered dollars something like the following:—

Dollars, halves, quarters, dimes, and all manner of fractions into which you are divided, collect yourselves and come home! You are wanted. Combinations of all sorts of men that help to make the printer a proprietor gather in such force and demand with such good reasons your appearance at this counter, that nothing short of you will appease them. Collect yourselves, for valuable as you are you will never pay the cost of collecting. Come here in single file, that the printer may form you in battalion, and send you forth again to battle for him and vindicate his feeble credit.

Reader, are you sure you haven't a couple of the printer's dollars sticking about your clothes? If you have, order them home immediately.

INTEREST—WHAT IT IS?

All values rest on the power of production. An acre of land that will produce fifty bushels of wheat is worth twice as much as one that will produce twenty-five bushels. Values are measured by production. A dollar that brings in 9 cents a year is worth three times as much as a dollar that brings in but 3 cents. Production fixes all values. Production then is the great determining power the whole range of our national life. It tells the value of farms, of mills, of forests, of ore and coal beds, of factories, and railroads, of wages and rents, of capital and labor. What will it produce? This tells the whole story, to sharp business ears. Interest is the product of dollars—not a national product, for a dollar is incapable of production, but a product fixed by law. Now real values do not depend upon dollars: dollars are created by law to measure and exchange these values, not create them. Then it follows that an interest or use for these dollars is greater than the production of real values is unjust—it is robbery from production. Is this not a plain case?—*Labor Tribune.*

HOW TO PUT CHILDREN TO BED.

Not with a reproof for any of that day's sins of omission or commission. Take any other time but bed-time for that. If you ever heard a little creature sighing or sobbing in its sleep, you can never do this. Seal their closing eyelids with a kiss and a blessing. The time will come, all too soon, when they will lay their heads upon their pillows lacking both. Let them, then, at least have this sweet memory of a happy childhood, of which no future sorrow or trouble can rob them. Give them their rosy youth. Nor need this involve wild license. The judicious parent will not so mistake my meaning. If you have ever met the man or the woman whose eyes have suddenly filled when a little child has crept trustingly to its mother's breast, you may have seen one in whose childhood's home "dignity" and "severity" stood where love and piety should have been. Too much indulgence has ruined thousands of children; too much love not one.

A RACE FOR LOVE.

When once the young beau among the Koraks of Siberia becomes infatuated, he makes known his passion to the father of his affinity, and expresses his desire to strive for her hand. A kind of contract is immediately entered into, by which the young man binds himself to the father as a servant for a term of years, at the expiration of which time he can have the pleasure of learning whether the daughter will have him or not. In this manner, if the father be the happy possessor of a beautiful daughter, he may have half a dozen men ready to do his bidding at one time. When the time of servitude expires, one of the larger youths is selected, and all the old women of the place, armed with sticks and pieces of seal thongs, are stationed in the pologs suspended around the room. The daughter then appears, thickly clad in skin garments, followed by her lover, when a race ensues around the enclosure, the contestants dodging about among the pologs. To win his bride, he must overtake her and leave the print of his nail upon her person before she can be rescued by the old women, who, during the race impede the lover as much as possible by beating him with sticks, and tripping him by seizing his legs as he rushes by them. The advantage is all with the girl, and if she does not wish to become the wife of her pursuer, she can avoid him without difficulty. On the contrary, if she likes him, she manages to stumble, or makes

known her wishes to the old women, who then only make a show of impeding her pursuer. Sometimes the lover is so desperately smitten, that, just after being foiled, he returns to the father and binds himself for another term of years for the privilege of making another trial.

BE ECONOMICAL.

Look most to your spending. No matter what comes in, if more goes out you will always be poor. The art is not in making money, but in keeping it; little expenses, like mice in a barn, when they are many, make great waste. Hair by hair, heads get bald; straw by straw, the thatch goes off the cottage; and drop by drop, the rain comes in the chamber. A barrel is soon empty, if the barrel leaks but a drop a minute. When you begin to save begin with your mouth; many thieves pass down the red lane. The ale jug is a great waste. In all other things keep within compass. Never stretch your legs farther than the blanket will reach, or you will soon be cold. In clothes choose suitable and lasting stuff, and not tawdry fineries. To be warm is the main thing, never mind the looks. A fool may make money but it needs a wise man to spend it. Remember it is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one going. If you give all to back and board, there is nothing left for the savings bank. Fare hard and work hard while you are young, and you will have a chance to rest when you are old.

GO HOME, BOYS.

Boys, don't hang around the corners of the streets. If you have anything to do, do it promptly, right off, then go home. Home is the place for boys. About the street corners and at the stables, they learn to talk slang and they learn to swear, to smoke tobacco, and to do many other things which they ought not to do.

Do your business and then go home. If your business is play, play and make a business of it. I like to see boys play good, earnest healthy games. If I was the town, I would give the boys a good spacious playground. It should have plenty of soft, green grass, and trees and fountains, and a broad space to run and jump, and to play suitable games. I would make it as pleasant and as lovely as it could be, and I would give it to the boys to play in, and when the play was ended I would tell them to go home.

For when boys hang around street corners and the stables, they get slouchy and listless. Of all things, I dislike a listless boy or girl. I would have a hundred boys like a hundred yachts, every spar straight and every rope taut, the decks and sides clean, the rigging all in order, and everything ready to slip the cable, and fly before the wind when the word comes.

But this cannot be if you lounge about the streets, and loaf about the corners, or idle away your time at the stables and the saloons.

When you are from home have some business; attend to your business, and then go home.

SHE WOULDN'T MARRY A MECHANIC.

A young man commenced visiting a young woman, and appeared to be well pleased. One evening he called when it was quite late, which led the young lady to inquire where he had been.

"I had to work to-night."

"What, do you work for a living?" she inquired in astonishment.

"Certainly," replied the young man. "I am a mechanic."

"I dislike the name of a mechanic; and she turned up her pretty nose.

That was the last time the young man visited that young lady. He is now a wealthy man, and has one of the best women in the country for his wife.

The lady who disliked the name of a mechanic is now the wife of a miserable fool, a regular vagrant about grog-shops, and the wretched girl is obliged to take in washing in order to support herself and children.

A BEAUTY.

Men make mistakes then no doubt, but they were surely less costly mistakes than are made now-a-days. If a husband take to wife the wrong woman—and this is an error which has not even the charm of novelty to recommend it—he had surely a better chance for happiness with natural hair, virgin white dresses made after simplicity's own device, innocent blue eyes, and cheeks, whose roses bloomed at a moment's notice, than with the powders, paints, and frizzettes of our own enchanting maidens. We are concerned now, however, with the girl of that period. According to the new standard of beauty, as by society established, Grace Moffat was not lovely. With Nettie O'Hara the case stood widely different. Had her portrait ever been painted, it might now have been exhibited as the type of that in woman which took men's hearts captive in those old world days; golden hair hanging in thick curls almost to her waist; large blue eyes, with iris that dilated till at times it made the pupil seem nearly black; long, tender lashes; a broad white forehead; a complexion pure pink, pure white; dimpled cheeks; soft tender throat; slight figure, undeveloped; brain undeveloped also; temper, perhaps, ditto.—*Mrs. Kiddell, in the "Earl's Promise," People's Magazine for July.*