

Il-proportioned, but his thick, bull-like neck resting on his massive shoulders seemed to indicate enormous strength; whereas, his long wiry arms and small hands, with their huge square wrists, added to his short stature and ill-shaped legs, formed a figure at once repulsive and fearful. It was certainly impossible to look on a worse-made or more disagreeable knight as far as physiognomy was concerned, yet a close observer would have discovered in his face something frank and even jovial; cunning and dissimulation had evidently never rested on those thick lips, where good humor appeared to smile constantly. If he at first sight inspired fear, it was soon removed by his free and unreserved manner and speech, which showed evident signs of goodness; his rough Titanic frame covered a noble and generous heart.

Advancing deliberately to the renegade, and placing his hand on his shoulder, he said, "Ah, ah! friend; what, you wanted to steal this fair prize, did you, from our soldiers? By my faith, they don't much relish such jokes; and if they knew of it, might chance to pay you off in queer coin! Return thou to the good King, Don Enrique, and I will take charge of this caravan. The old Jew shall be put to ransom; and, doubtless, we shall not find it necessary to keep him many days with the screws on his fingers and irons on his feet, to induce him to fill ten of the helmets of our men-at-arms with marabolins."

The poor fugitives were overwhelmed at this new incident, and awaited the result with the utmost anxiety, which was increased as they observed Esau bow his haughty head before the stern gaze of the knight, who appeared to command him with the authority of a master.

Yet the renegade answered, "Sir Knight, you may possibly run some danger, perhaps fall into an ambush of the enemy's party." "By St. Ives!" exclaimed the knight, "to speak to me of danger only increases my appetite for it—away with you! I will remain here."

But Esau, humiliated at being thus treated in the presence of his former brethren, hastily replied, "King Don Enrique, my master, ordered me to guard this ford, and I will keep it. I am a Spaniard, and will receive no orders from a Frenchman. As to the prisoners, they are mine."

"How now, villain?" said the knight, bursting into a loud laugh, "art thou become so bold as to bauby words with me? Dost think that I would lift thy gauntlet were it cast before me? If thou knowest who I am, thou must also know that I am aware of thy occupation. Take heed not to cross me, or I will have thee hung high and fair on the first tree as a faithful spy."

"A spy!" repeated Rachel, raising her hands in horror.

"To this, then, has that noble ambition, of which he vaunted, conducted him!" cried the page, jeeringly.

Esau, crushed with the weight of his shame, was speechless; and the cold damp perspiration stood profusely on his brow.

"What, then, my beautiful Jewess," interrupted the unknown, "did you not know this fine fellow's business? Confess now, that it were better to trust to a loyal knight than to a renegade spy," and he contemptuously turned his back on Esau.

Samuel Ben Levi and all the fugitives imitated him; and Rachel, remounting the litter, was, by the aid of her servants, safely placed in the barque, whither the others all hastened, at the risk of upsetting it.

Esau, in a fit of despair, rushed, with drawn sword, towards the knight, saying, "One man is as good as another—give me back my prisoners, thou robber-captain; I will not submit to be fleeced like a sheep. If you attempt to rob me of my prize, I will repay myself with your blood."

The knight patiently awaited him, and jeeringly pointed to his worn-out steed, exclaiming, "You are right; in business one should act fairly—exchange is no robbery—therefore, I make thee a present of my jaded horse in exchange for thy prisoners."

Esau, blind with rage and fury, attempted to strike the captain, who, without touching his battle-axe, seized the heavy woollen blanket at his saddle bow, and whirled it in the air, with the dexterity of a practised Torero, or Spanish bull-fighter. The renegade's sword entangled in the blanket only made an additional hole in it.

"Thou shalt soon see, fellow, that I need not enter the lists with spies to chastise them," said the knight, and in a moment he had wrapped the head and arms of the Jew tightly in the folds of the blanket, and bound his hands with the cord which was around his waist, in spite of his Herculean struggles. Then lifting him in his arms he bound him upon the tired horse, saying, jestingly, "Henceforth you will know that it is not sufficient to make prisoners only, my fine fellow, you must learn to keep them. I will take care of them for you this time, and I promise that no one shall rob me of them. Farewell, a pleasant journey to you, you fresh-water sailor;" then jumping into the boat, he cut the rope, and let her float.

The fugitives beheld this extraordinary scene with the utmost surprise and joy. The page and the knight seized the oars, and the boat moved rapidly from the bank, as the wretched spy disappeared in the depths of the forest, almost mad with rage and grief, muttering, "Thanks to that freebooting captain, Rachel now knows the price at which I had to raise to

fortune; how I had to crawl those first steps, so deeply sunk and so vile. Yes, Sir Knight, I know thee, and, if Heaven be propitious, we shall yet meet again."

(To be continued.)

The Home Circle.

THE BLUE MONSTER.

A FAIRY TALE FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

Little Hans had lost his mother. The angels had taken her away. He lived with an aunt, who had so many children of her own to feed, that she soon grew of keeping Hans, and she told him that he must go.

"But where, aunt?" cried Hans. "It matters not to me, boy; into the forest, if you like; but I can't have you here." She thought she would be certain of not seeing him again, should he take her advice.

So Hans wandered away into the big Black Forest, and soon lost himself. When the night came, and with it darkness, he was very much terrified, and began to pray to the good Lord for protection. Immediately the moon came up, casting her beams through the dense foliage upon the lad, and he was afraid no longer. He rose from the knoll whereon he had been sitting, and went on, guided by the pleasant moonlight.

Now it was midsummer's eve, the time when bad spirits and good fairies and hobgoblins are permitted to walk the earth and do their deeds among men. It is not surprising, then, that as Hans walked along he heard strange voices whispering through the trees, and weird sounds penetrating the air. He was again beginning to feel alarmed, when, just as he was crossing a moonbeam, there stepped out to his side, from the darkness beyond, a beautiful lady, dressed in pure white, and with a golden crown upon her head. Back of her shoulders Hans caught sight of a pair of wings. Then he felt that an angel stood before him, and when she spoke, he knew it was his mother, though so changed for the better that he had at first not recognized her.

"Fear me not, my child," she said, "I have come to warn you of great danger that lies in your path this night. Be brave, be true, above all be silent, and you shall come to no harm."

And then she vanished before Hans could say one word. She was scarcely gone when, in her place, appeared a hideous monster, a man with a horse's head, and who was as tall as the tallest trees in the forest. He was dressed in blue from top to toe, and blue lights danced from his eyes, nose, and mouth. This monster sneered like a horse several times, nearly frightening poor little Hans out of his senses; then, stretching out one of his huge hands, which was big enough to cover the roof of a small house, he seized the boy, and held him up close to his fiery eyes, to be looked at.

Hans remembered what the angel, his mother, had said, and was very still, mustering up all his courage to keep from screaming. The monster, still grasping the lad, now turned back in the direction from which he had come. It was as much as poor Hans could do to stretch his two arms around the monster's great thumb to keep from falling. He would have certainly broken his neck with so great a fall as it would have been from the hollow of the enormous hand to the ground; so he was extremely careful to hold fast.

Presently they came to a large, clear space in the forest. Here the monster stopped, gave three terrible snorts, and stamped there. The earth divided; a great stone staircase appeared, and the monster, still carrying Hans, descended. At the foot of the staircase, the monster spoke for the first time.

"Are you afraid of me?" he asked. Hans shook his head, but, remembering his mother's advice, kept silence.

They now proceeded through the most beautiful hall the boy had ever seen, furnished luxuriously, only Hans noticed that all the furniture was blue. There was not another color in the room; tables and chairs, sofas, ottomans, even the chandeliers, were blue. It pained the eye to dwell so unceasingly on one color. At the end of the hall, which was not straight, but had many winding passages, the monster spoke again.

"I'll leave you here," he neighed. "But you won't be lonely. I shall send company." And so he did—a great company of monsters, big and little, all with horse's heads, and blue flame leaping from eyes, noses, mouths.

They were very kind to Hans, after their fashion, making much of him, but continually plying him with questions to which he was often sorely tempted to answer. But his mother had said: "Above all be silent," and Hans obeyed.

Through the long midsummer night the monsters danced around the lad, sat beside him, or stood near him, always asking the questions that from him received no replies. At length the morning light broke through, Hans knew not where, and the monsters disappeared, while he, all worn out with a night's loss of rest, threw himself on a sofa, and went soundly to sleep.

When he awoke, beside him stood a handsome man and a very beautiful woman. Behind them was quite a crowd of richly dressed persons.

"Speak now, my good lad. All danger is past; you have saved us, and we wish to reward you."

"Saved you?" said Hans, wonderingly. "A wicked fairy," said the handsome man, "had a spite against me for an injury I had unintentionally done her. When I became the king over my father's dominions, she cast a spell on my consort, my subjects and myself, condemning us to become monsters such as you saw, and to live in a cavern underground, furnished with one color only, that our eyes might enjoy no pleasing combinations. The spell was to last until a person should be found wise enough to keep his tongue still under all circumstances. On Midsummer's Night only, I was allowed to go out in search of some one. Years passed, and the search had been unsuccessful until I met you, brave, wise boy! You were the first to stand the test and set us all free."

King, queen, and courtiers, crowded around the lad, expressing their gratitude. Hans was overjoyed at his good fortune.

The king and queen, having no children of their own, adopted him, and he became king when they died.

One day he rode to his wicked aunt's, in his fine carriage, with the lords and ladies coming on behind. But he found that her house had been burned to the ground, and that she had perished with it, while his cousins were scattered wide as the four winds.

Some time afterwards, Hans married a princess, the most beautiful woman in the world. Not a day passes now, but he blesses the night that brought the Blue Monster in his path.—Waverley Magazine.

THE ORIGIN OF LAGER BEER.

The German words lager beer signify stock beer, that is beer that has been stored away. The story as told in Germany is an old one, and runs thus:—

Many years ago a shoemaker, near Bamberg, sent his apprentice to get a bottle of Bamberg beer, which was sold at that place; but the boy, not knowing this, went to the city itself. On returning he met an acquaintance of his, who told him that when he would come home his boss would whip him for staying so long. The poor boy, who was frightened at this, thought it better not to go home at all, but took his bottle, buried it under a tree, and ran away. He went among the soldiers, where he distinguished himself, so that in a short time he became an officer. When one day his regiment was quartered in this small town, the officer thought proper to pay a visit to his old boss, but not before he had got the bottle of beer which he had buried some years before under the tree. When he entered, he said,—"Well, sir, here I bring you your bottle of Bamberg beer that you sent me for."

The shoemaker, not knowing what this meant, was told by the officer all about it. The bottle was then opened, and the beer was found to be of superior quality. When this fact was known, some of the brewers built deep vaults, where they put their beer, and called it, after it had lain there some time, lager, which meant nothing more than lying. The officer afterward married the daughter of the shoemaker, and drank a good deal of lager beer, receiving in that occupation the assistance of his father-in-law.

"NEW WORLDS TO CONQUER."

We have seen an article recently, well written and logical, which tended to prove that "the land of Ophir" of the Biblical era was in Africa—which seems quite probable. The diamond excitement may tend to open up that country as the gold furore did California; in which we shall know how rich or barren this great unknown region is. And this, together with explorations by Livingstone and others, may be the stepping-stone to a new world to conquer, for it is not in the nature of an aggressive civilization, that in the Western World has almost driven the Indian from existence, with India and Australia in the East also engaged in the work, to stop for the hordes of brutal, barbarous negroes of Africa. In this connection, we notice an article on this subject in "Scribner's" for May, full of information, from which we learn Rohlfs, the famous German explorer of Africa, has lately been entertaining and instructing his countrymen in Berlin by a series of popular lectures on his explorations of Northern Africa, which, he thinks, with proper treatment, might again be turned into the paradise that some portions of it were under the Carthaginians and Romans. He has found on the Gulf of Sidra, west of Tripoli, the site of the garden of the Hesperides and the river of Lethe, and he has a strong desire to see his countrymen eating the golden apples so famous in ancient story. He declares that Central Africa is as rich as India, and that grand highway to the Kingdom of Soudan might easily be constructed across the desert from a port to be established on the site of ancient Carthage. He would encourage German emigration thither, and thus found an independent colony that might in time be a nucleus for operations that would turn all Central Africa into a German India. To this end the Germans have already a strong foothold in the friendship now existing between the Emperor William and his sable majesty of Soudan, to whom the German ruler recently sent some magnificent presents, which were received with all the pomp and circumstance that the African monarch could command. Bismarck and all his countrymen are said to be listening most seriously to these stories and suggestions, and are beginning to feel that

their mission is to regenerate Africa and open it to the civilized world. This would be a great task, but the Germans understand Africa thoroughly, for their scholars and geographers have been quietly exploring it for twenty years, and are now no strangers to its hidden recesses and its secluded treasures.—Waverley Magazine.

TICK-LISH TELEGRAPHING.

Two young men, telegraph operators, boarding at one of our leading third-class hotels, find great amusement in carrying on conversation with each other at the table by ticking on their plates with knife, fork or spoon. A combination of sounds or ticks constitutes the telegraphic alphabet, and persons familiar with these sounds can converse thereby as intelligently as with spoken words.

A few days ago, while these fun-loving youths were seated at breakfast, a stoutly-built young man entered the dining-room with a handsome girl on his arm, whose blushing countenance showed her to be a bride. The couple had, in fact, been married but a day or two previous, and had come from their home in Oakland or Mud Springs, or some other rural village, for the purpose of spending the honeymoon. The telegraphic tickers commenced as soon as the husband and wife had seated themselves.

No. 1 opened the discourse as follows:—"What a lovely pigeon this is alongside of me—ain't she?"

No. 2—"Perfectly charming—looks as if butter would not melt in her mouth. Just married, I guess? Don't you think so?"

No. 1—"Yes, I should judge she was. What luscious lips she has! If that country pumpkin beside her was out of the road, I'd give her a hug and a kiss just for luck."

No. 2—"Suppose you try it, anyhow. Give her a little nudge under the table with your knee."

There is no telling to what extent the impudent rascals might have gone, but for an amazing and unforeseen event. The bridegroom's face had flushed, and a dark scowl was on his brow during the progress of the ticking conversation; but the operators were too much occupied with each other to pay any attention to him. The reader may form some idea of the young men's consternation when the partner of the lady picked up his knife, and ticked off the following terse but vigorous message:—"This lady is my wife, and as soon as she gets through with her breakfast, I propose to wring both of your necks, you insolent whelps." The bridegroom was a telegraph operator, and "knew how it was himself."—San Francisco Chronicle.

HE DIDN'T WANT CATS.

The Titusville Herald lately had the following handed in for publication:—

CATS WANTED.—Cats of all sizes and descriptions. Apply to W. S. McMullen, at McDonald's drug store.

The efficacy of advertising was signally demonstrated. The Herald says:

The day after the announcement, Mr. McMullen appeared at the counting room of the Herald, his hair erect and eyes protruding, and wanted to know the author of the aforesaid advertisement. He was informed that it was handed in by a small boy, who paid for one insertion and departed. Said he, "I am he whose name is affixed to the advertisement—take it out immediately. More than fourteen hundred cats have been brought to the store this morning. Upon arriving there at half past seven o'clock I found a colored man with three big black tom-cats, which he was vainly trying to keep still. A small boy then came with thirteen kittens, after which the rush began. Tortoise shell cats, Maltese cats, brindle, brown, black and Bismarck colored cats came in singly and in pairs, and I had to slip out the back door to escape the arrivals. Finally," said Mr. McMullen, "I don't care a cent about the cats, but I want to find the man who paid for that advertisement." And he is looking for him.

SELF-RELIANCE.

The first thing you want to learn, to develop what force is in you, is self-reliance; that is, as regards your relation to man. If I were going to give a formula for developing the most forcible set of men, I would say, turn them upon their own resources, with moral and religious truths, when they are boys, and teach them to "depend on self and not on father." If a boy is thrown on his own resources at fifteen, with the world all before him where to choose, and he fights the battle of life single-handed up to manhood, and don't develop more than an average share of executive ability, then there is no stuff in him worth talking about. He may learn to "plow, and sow, and reap, and mow," but this can only be done with machines and horses, and a man wants to be better than either of these. Wipe out of your vocabulary every such word as fail, give up wishing for improbable results, put your hand to the plow, or whatever tool you take to, and then drive out, and never look back. Don't even sight your person to see if it is straight; don't be consistent, but be simply true. If you go out to "see a reed shaken by the wind," it is pretty likely you will never see anything of more consequence.

NATURE'S COSMETIC.

Girls, don't buy the quack nostrums advertised to give beauty to the face, but trust to the sun, nature's invigorator and cosmetic. Some of our scientific men assert that one reason why American women are so pale, delicate, sleepless, and nervous, is because they do not indulge enough in sunshine. They say that sunshine is one of the most nourishing and health-giving influences to which the human system can be subjected. Yet women shut it out of their houses, and cover themselves with veils and parasols, so as to shut off the subtle and potent influence which is intended to give them health and strength, and bloom and beauty and cheerfulness. Would a flower ever grow up into a thing of beauty if a parasol were forever held above it, or a veil always thrown over it? Could the rose gain its bloom, or the lily its purity, without sunshine? It is said that sunshine is an excellent soporific, and that if it be persistently taken in the open air, it will at last give refreshing sleep to the most nervous and restless.

Grains of Gold.

Depend upon yourself; riding upon the shoulders of another is dangerous and foolish. If you are not cast off into a disagreeable place, you might be let down in a very ugly manner, when you least expect it.

It is not so hard as people suppose to be faithful to one's engagements. The engagement which is to be kept keeps you in its turn. It cuts hesitation to the quick, and protects the will with all the power of a promulgated decree.

Genius, like the lark, is very apt to despise its post upon the earth, and wastes its time in fluttering and quivering among the clouds; but common sense is the humble fowl which picks up the barley corns, and crows and fattens at leisure.

Dress has a moral effect upon the conduct of mankind. Let any gentleman find himself with dirty boots, old surtout, soiled neckcloth, and a general negligence of dress, and he will, in all probability, find a corresponding disposition by negligence of address.

As sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, inflict pains, and a single hair may stop a vast machine, the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, but in prudently cultivating an under growth of small pleasures, since very few great ones are let on long lenses.

Five of the sweetest words in the English language begin with H, which is only a breath; Heart, Hope, Home, Happiness and Heaven. Heart is a hope-place, and home is a heart-place, and that man sadly mistaketh who would exchange the happiness of home for anything less than heaven.

Wealth is desirable for what it enables us to do or enjoy; but, it is not desirable at the cost of honesty and honor and true manhood. It is not desirable when truth and virtue and religion—when honorable usefulness and happiness here, and eternal happiness hereafter—must be sacrificed for it.

"I have found a good in everything I have learned. By degrees your destiny will open before you. You will learn what you are good for—what you are made for. I can say nothing more definite, and this is definite enough, and full of animation: Do your duty, and you cannot fail to fit yourself for an honorable work."

In every pursuit, whatever gives strength and energy to the mind of man, experience teaches to be favorable to the interest of piety, knowledge and virtue; in every pursuit, on the contrary, whatever enfeebles or limits the powers of the mind, the same experience ever shows to be hostile to the best interests of human life.

Air castles are old as Adam, as we believe there is not a man, woman or child, but what has built or is building them. And they will continue to build and be built as long as there is a living person on the earth. The child looks forward to the time when it will have grown up to manhood or womanhood, and tells what it will do and be when it reaches that passage in life.

It is not at all wholesome to be in a hurry. Locomotives have been reported to have been moved a mile in a minute for a short distance. But locomotives have often come to grief by such great rapidity. Multitudes, in their haste to get rich, are ruined every year. The men who do things maturely, slowly, deliberately, are the men who oftenest succeed in life. People who are habitually in a hurry generally have to do things twice over. The tortoise beats the hare at last. Slow men seldom knock their brains out against a post.

THE POTATO BUG.—The Waterloc Chronicle says: From various sources we learn that the potato bug is likely to be troublesome during the coming summer. A gentleman near Erbsville informed us that in digging up his potato patch last week, he turned up a large number of the bugs, some in propria personae and others in the chrysalis form. The Stratford Beacon says that a gentleman there also turned up a number, and being curious to know whether they still had life, placed them on a shingle in the sun, when they quickly gave signs of vitality.