

three brothers one by one. The eldest was thirty. Small, rather badly built, with a fierce and haughty air, he did not lack a certain nobility of manner; nor did he seem a stranger to that delicacy of feeling which rendered Spanish courtesy formerly so celebrated. He was called Juanito the Second. Phillip was about twenty. He resembled Clara. The youngest was eight. A painter would have found in Manuel's features a hint of Roman determination. The old marquis had a head covered with white locks, and seemed to have stepped from a picture by Murillo. The young officer shook his head, despairing of seeing the General's offer accepted by one of these four; nevertheless, he ventured to commend it to Clara. She trembled for an instant, but immediately resumed an air of calmness and knelt before her father.

"Oh," said she to him, "make Juanito swear that he will obey faithfully the orders you give him, and we shall be content."

The marchioness trembled with hope; but when, leaning towards her husband, she had heard Clara's horrible disclosure, she fainted. Juanito understood all. He bowed like a doged lion. Victor took it upon himself to dismiss the soldiers, after having obtained from the marquis a promise of perfect submission. The servants were led out and delivered to the executioner, who hanged them. When the family had only Victor for spectator, the marquis rose.

"Juanito," said he, "Juanito only answered by an inclination of the head, which was equivalent to a refusal, fell back into his chair, and regarded his family with a dry and terrible eye. Clara seated herself upon his knee with a gay air. "My dear Juanito," said she, as she slipped one arm around his neck and kissed him upon his eyelids, "if you knew how sweet death at your hands would be to me! I will not have to submit to the odious contact of the executioner. You shall free me from the evils which await me; and, my good Juanito, you would not wish to see me in anyone's power, ah, well—"

Her dark eyes cast a fiery glance upon Victor, as though to arouse in Juanito's heart his hatred of the French.

"Courage!" said his brother Philip to him, "otherwise our almost royal line is extinct."

Suddenly Clara rose, the group which had formed about Juanito separated; and this son, a rebel with reason, saw standing before him his old father, who in a solemn voice cried:

"Juanito, I command you. As the young count remained motionless, his father fell upon his knees. Involuntarily Clara, Manuel and Phillip followed his example. All held out their hands toward him who was to save the family from oblivion, and seemed to repeat his father's words:

"My son, would you lack the strength of a Spaniard? Do you lack reason? Would you leave me long upon my knees, and ought you to consider your life and sufferings? Is this my son, madam?" added the old man, turning toward the marchioness.

"He consents!" cried the mother, despairingly, as she saw Juanito slightly move his eyelids—an act whose significance was only known to her.

Maraquita, the second daughter, remained upon her knees, feebly clasping her mother in her arm; her little brother Manuel reproached her for weeping. At this moment the castle chaplain entered; he was immediately surrounded by the whole family, and led to Juanito. Victor, unable longer to endure this scene, signed to Clara, and hastened out to make a last effort with the General. He found him in good humour, in the midst of his dinner, and drinking with his officers, who were beginning to converse gaily.

An hour after, a hundred of the most prominent citizens of Menda came to the terrace, in accordance with the General's orders, to witness the execution of the family of Leganes. A detachment of soldiers was stationed to restrain the Spaniards, who were placed beneath the gallows upon which the marquis's servants had been hanged. The citizens' heads almost touched the feet of the martyrs. Thirty paces from them rose a block, and by it gleamed a heavy sword. The executioner was present in case of Juanito's refusal. The Spaniards soon heard, in the midst of the deepest silence, the footsteps of several persons—the measured tread of a platoon of soldiers and the light rattle of their pieces. These varying noises were mingled with the furious voices of the officers at dinner, as earlier the music of a ball had disguised the preparations for an act of treasonable slaughter. All eyes turned toward the castle, from which the noble family was seen to advance with incredible composure. Every face was calm and serene. One man alone, pale and haggard, was leaning on the priest, who gave him all the consolations of religion—that man who, alone, was to survive. The executioner understood, as did every one else, that Juanito had accepted his place for a day. The old marquis and his wife, Clara, Maraquita, and their two brothers went and knelt at some distance from the fatal spot. Juanito was guided by the priest. When he came to the block the headman, drawing him by the sleeve, took him to one side and probably gave him certain directions. The confessor placed the victims in such a position that they could not see the execution; but they were true Spaniards, and held themselves erect with no signs of weakness.

Clara started first toward her brother. "Juanito," said she to him, "have pity on my lack of courage; begin with me."

At this moment a man's hasty steps were heard. Victor appeared.

Clara had already knelt; already her white neck was awaiting the sword. The officer paled, but found the strength to hasten to them.

"The General will grant you your life if you will marry me," said he to her, in a low voice.

The girl dashed upon the officer a glance of scorn and pride.

"Come, Juanito," said she, in a low, deep voice. Her head rolled at Victor's feet. The Marchioness on Leganes allowed a convulsive movement to escape her at the sound; it was the only evidence of her anguish.

"Am I all right like this, dear Juanito?" was the question little Manuel asked her brother.

"Ah, you weep, Maraquita," said Juanito to his sister. "Alas! yes," answered the young girl. "I'm thinking of you, my dear Juanito; you will indeed be unhappy without us."

Soon the grand face of the marquis appeared. He gazed upon the blood of his children, turned toward the motionless and silent spectators, extended his hands toward Juanito, and said, in a firm voice:

"Spaniards, I give my son my paternal blessing! Now, marquis, strike fearlessly, for you are without reproach."

But when Juanito saw his mother approach, supported by the confessor, "She nursed me," he cried.

His voice drew a cry of horror from the assembly. The noise of the feast and the gay laughter of the officers quieted at this terrible clamour. The marchioness understood that Juanito's courage was exhausted; she sprang at a single bound beyond the balustrade, and her brains were dashed out upon the rocks. A shout of admiration arose. Juanito had fallen senseless.

"General," said an officer, half drunk, "Marchand has just been telling me something of this execution. I bet you didn't order it—"

"Do you forget, gentlemen," cried General G—, "that in a month five hundred French families will be in tears, and that we are in Spain? Do you wish us to leave our bones here?"

After this speech there was no one, not even a subaltern, who dared empty his glass.

In spite of the consideration with which he is regarded, in spite of the title of *El Verdugo*, the headsmen, which the kings of Spain have given as a title of nobility to the Marquis of Leganes, he is completely overcome with grief—he lives alone and is rarely seen. Crushed beneath the burden of his terrible sacrifice, he seems to await with impatience the birth of a second son, which will give him the right to rejoin the shades which accompany him always.

WHY THEY WON'T INSURE HIM.

HE is hale, and stout, and hearty.

He is sound in wind and limb;

His cheeks are bright and rosy.

And he is not adipose. He

Had never one day's sickness.

And his eyes possess the quickness

Of strength, and youth and vigour;

He's a herculean figure.

And is quite as strong as Sandow—

He can lift with ease a landau.

Of health he is the picture;

And at feats of great endurance

Not one can equal him.

On his diet's placed no stricture,

And at any kind of party

He can shift a lot of food.

He is hale, and stout, and hearty.

And his appetite is good.

Once he went to some insurance

Firm to get his life insured.

They read the application.

And the M.D.'s asservation

They with eagerness perused.

They were filled with admiration,

But 'twas changed to consternation.

When they heard his occupation:

So, without much hesitation,

Then and there his application

They immediately refused.

To more companies he's written:

He has searched each place in Britain—

To refusals grown insured.

He has fetched his testimonials:

Gone through awful ceremonies;

Still appears quite cool and calm, and

"Never think that it's a bore."

Though the doctors have examined

Him a thousand times or more.

And they all, with keen precision,

Give the very same decision—

That such a healthy fellow they

Had never seen before.

Yet despite his health and vigour,

And his herculean figure;

Though he's strong as any 'nigger,'

Still uninsured is he.

And, although it may seem funny,

Yet for neither love or money

Will a company insure him—

He's a Football Referee!

CROCKETT'S GOALS.

MR S. R. CROCKETT has been telling in the new weekly magazine, the *Minute*, how he used to raise the heat when a hard-up student in Edinburgh. He lodged with a friend over a great coal station, and he used to go out in the evening and pick up the coals which the carts had dropped in the streets. "Sometimes," he says, "I grew so bold as to chuck a lump of coal at a driver, who invariably looked for the biggest lump on his load to hit back with, which was what I wanted. Thus the exercise warmed me at the time, and the coal warmed me afterwards. And occasionally we got a large enough stock to sell to our companions, and buy a book or two. But I wish, here and now, solemnly to state that I never, *never*, condescended to lift a lump of coal—at least, *hardly*. . . Well, unless it was manifestly inconveniencing the safety of the load, or overburdening the safety of the horse, you know!"

CLARKE'S WORLD-FAMED BLOOD MIXTURE.—"The most searching Blood Cleanser that science and medical skill have brought to light," suffers from Scrupula, Scoury, Eczema, Bad Legs, skin and Blood Diseases, Pimples and Sores of all kind are relieved to give it a trial to test its value. Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it. Bottles 2s 6d each, sold every where. Beware of worthless imitations and substitutes.

A MODERN ATLAS.

MONSIEUR CANON-BERG, the 'Colossus' of a man whom all go to look at nowadays, is as long as he is broad. He measures six feet and three-quarters of an inch from the sole of his foot to the top of his head and exactly as much across the chest from the right to the left arm pit. His upper thigh measures four feet and one inch around; his calves measure two feet and eleven inches, and his upper arm is one foot and eleven inches around. He weighs exactly 500lbs, and there is no deception possible, for all the figures quoted are from the city weigher's office, properly attested by signatures, seals, and Government stamps. Around the waist M. Canon-Berg uses seven feet four and a-half inches of the tape. The brasserie in which he is financially interested, does a tremendous business all day, but between the hours of one and eight o'clock at night it is hardly possible to secure a 'standup' not to say a seat, there. The big man occupies a specially-built platform at the rear of the establishment, the platform being constructed of solid beams, and supported underneath the floor by iron pillars. This was done by order of the police. He sits on two benches—one placed in front of the other. Every half hour he takes a constitutional and walks from the platform to the entrance door over a strip of carpet that covers a portion of the floor supported by pillars the same way as the platform. Canon-Berg rises slowly, supporting his weight by placing his hands firmly against the arms of the bench and at the same time, making a few jerking motions with the upper part of the body. Then he begins to set his feet down deliberately, one before the other. He does not look exactly as if he were going to topple over, but his trembling, uncertain steps and the way his corposity quivers suggest a dire physical catastrophe. Meanwhile the audience is requested to keep to their seats, so that all may have 'a chance to observe the Colossus from the front and rear' as he goes up and down. He is 45 years old, has full black hair, somewhat sprinkled with grey, a black moustache, and kindly grey eyes. He has never known a sick day in his life; he is a very moderate eater and drinker; his only small vice being an extraordinary love for tobacco. He sleeps well, and makes no complaints. Until a few months ago he acted as inspector of breweries in the Netherlands, having learned the trade in Germany. He was a strong, healthy, and corpulent boy and man, fond of athletics, swimming, and dancing. To reduce his weight he made a tour of Holland on foot, but meeting with an accident, had to return on a freight car, none of the passenger coaches having doors large enough to admit him. In this way he travelled to Paris. Only the Swiss passenger cars are roomy enough for the Colossus.

BISMARCK AND THE ASSASSIN.

IN 1866 Bismarck, then at the height of his unpopularity, was returning from an interview with the King. Riding down the Avenue of the Linden, he heard two shots, and, turning, saw a young man coolly aiming at him with a revolver. Bismarck seized and grappled with him, but the assassin managed to fire three more shots, grazing him on the breast and shoulder. The guard coming up, he handed the man over into their charge. Some guests were assembled to dine at his house; he greeted them as if nothing had happened. "They have shot at me, my child," he whispered to his wife; "but don't fear, there is no harm done. Let us go in to dinner." During the meal the countess remained silent, but in the drawing-room she gave way to an outburst of indignation. "If," said she; "I were in heaven, and saw the villain on the top of a ladder leading down to hell, I would give him a push!" "Hush! my dear," whispered Bismarck, tapping her gently on the shoulder, "you would not be in heaven yourself with such thoughts as these."

TABACCO-USING TEETOTALERS.

I HAVE had under my care (says Mr Kerr in his new book on 'Inebriety') a large number of abstainers who were smokers, snufflers, or chewers. Some of these had used tobacco to great excess, and had been excessive smoke-consumers for long periods of years. Though I have no doubt whatever that tobacco is a poison, that its use is necessary to no one, and perilous to many, that it is the occasion of not a few enfeebled hearts, not a little loss of vision, not a small amount of nervous excitement, melancholia, and dyspepsia, not a limited number of premature deaths, and though I have as little doubt that everyone would be healthier by abstaining from tobacco, with the exception of a few cases, I have not been able to come to the conclusion that the use of tobacco as a general rule implies much liability to inebriety. At one time, before my opportunities of observing cases of inebriety were so extended, I entertained an opposite opinion, believing that tobacco was one of the chief predisposing causes of the inebriate habit; but loyalty to truth compels me to add that not only have I changed my mind as to this, but I have actually seen a few cases of inebriety in which the sedative influence of tobacco has subdued the craving for the moment, as it sometimes lulls for a time the sensation of hunger, and has thereby prevented an inebriate outbreak. Tobacco, however, operates as a contributory factor in the development of that neurotic diathesis, which, in some constitutions, sets up the diseased condition of inebriety, either in the offspring or in the succeeding generation.

ENOS' FRUIT SALT.—A gentleman called in yesterday. He is a constant sufferer from chronic dyspepsia, and has taken all sorts of mineral waters. I recommended him to give you 'FRUIT SALT' a trial, which he did, and received great benefit. He says he never knew what it was to be without pain until he tried your 'FRUIT SALT'; and for the future will never be without it in the house. M. HENRI, 11, Rue de la Paix, Paris. Sold by all Chemists and Stores. 6U