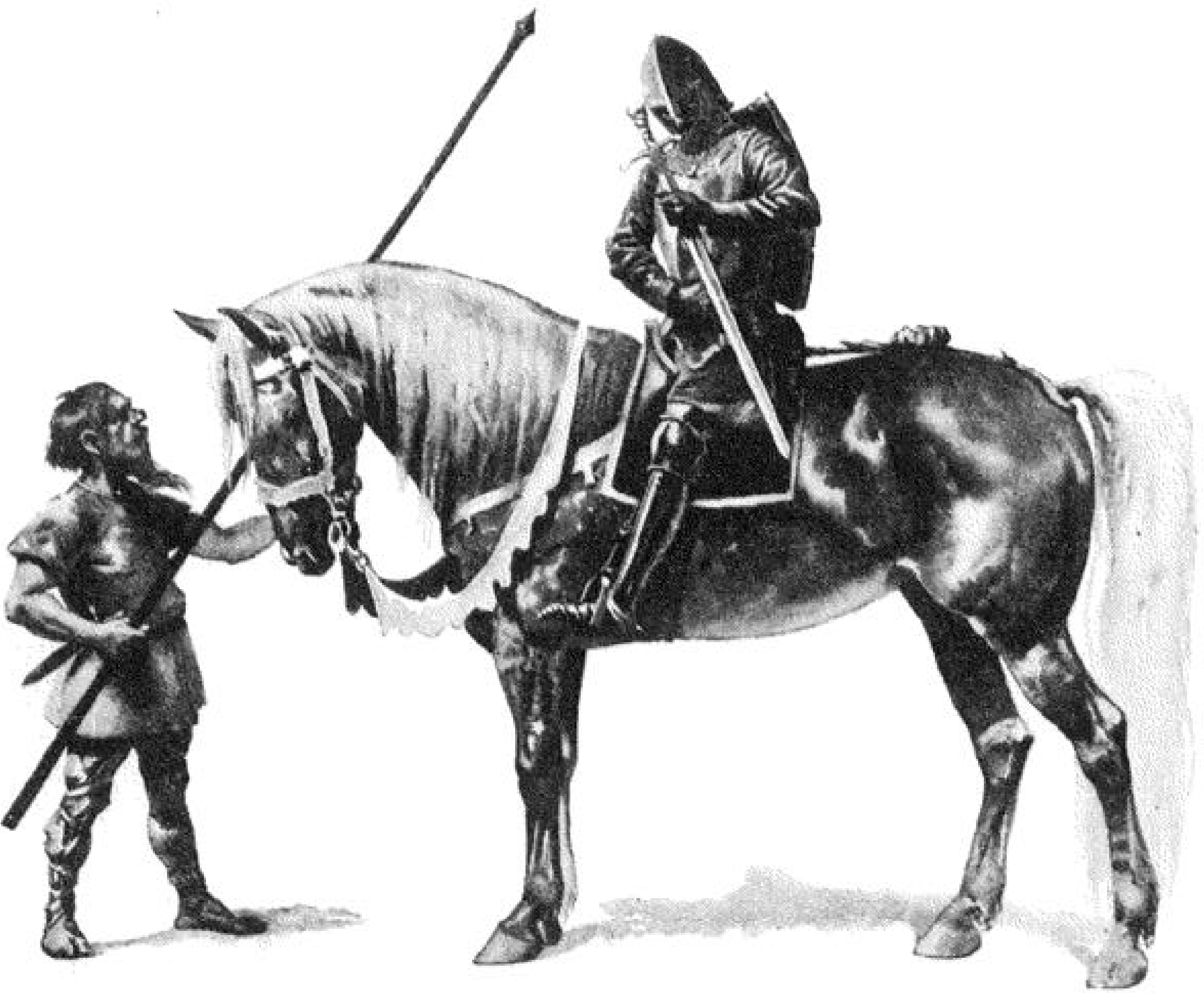
THE HORSE FAIR



"THE NAME OF THIS HORSE WAS BAYARD." (SEE PAGE 274.)

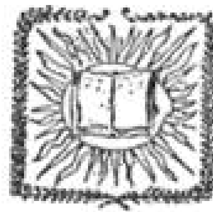
THE HORSE FAIR

BY

JAMES BALDWIN

It is a theme as fluent as the sea. Turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all. 'Tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on; and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world (familiar to us and unknown) to lay apart their particular functions, and wonder at him.

—SHAKESPEARE.



NEW YORK
THE CENTURY CO.
1895

Copyright, 1893, by
THE CENTURY CO.

THE DE VINNE PRESS.

THE HORSE FAIR

This page in the original text is blank.

THE HORSE FAIR

THITHERWARD

"I run before my horse to market."—*Richard III.*

"GEE up, old fellow! Now go on!"

These words were spoken by a barefooted boy plowing corn in a lonely field; and they were addressed to the old farm-horse which he was driving. He was nearing the end of the last row that was to be plowed that day.

"Gee up, Kiron! Go on a little farther. Oh, who ever saw so hot a day in June!" cried the lad, wiping his face with his sleeve. "Whoa, haw! Now, turn in under the shade of the maple, and we 'll rest a bit before we go home. Whoa!"

Loosing the horse from the plow, and then leaving him to take care of himself, the boy threw himself face downward among the grass and blossoming clover that grew in the shade of the tree. It was only five o'clock in the afternoon, and he would not be expected at the farmhouse until six. He would have an hour to himself, to rest and read. He drew a thin, thumb-worn volume from his pocket and began to

turn the leaves. But he was hot, tired, foot-sore, and unhappy, and it was some time before he could compose himself sufficiently to begin reading.

Philip Lawrence was not a plowboy from choice; he was not a farmer's son; and the day's task which he had just finished had been a hard one. If his dear mother had not died while his father was far away in New Zealand, and if his father had not been so long coming home,—or lost at sea, as some folks said,—things might have been very different. Very different, too, would life have seemed had his Uncle Joshua, who had given him a home for the work he could do, been kinder to the lad. But the horny-handed old farmer was a hard worker, intent on making money and saving it, and hence he was no easy taskmaster. In his practical eyes boys were of no use except for the labor they could perform; and he had had Philip with him but a short time when he pronounced him "a good-for-naught, always dreamin' over a silly book, or goin' crazy over a purty horse."

The lad's dear, dead mother had indulged him in such fancies. He had once had a pony of his own; and in his little room in their city home there had been six shelves full of delightful books, all of which he had read. Now everything was changed. His uncle had sold the pony because, as he said, he had no more use for fancy horses than for fancy boys. He had also burned some of the books, partly to show his contempt for the boy's love of reading, and partly because they contained what he called "silly stories of queer bein's that never lived nowhere, and of heroes, and kings, and knights, and castles, and all such foolish and un-

profitable things." He could never get any work from the boy, he said, while so many books were around. "Why, he even took them to the field with him, and the first thing I knew he was holdin' the plow-handle with one hand and the book with the other, while the plow was a-scoopin' up whole rows of young corn. Of course I could n't allow such business as that, and so I had to destroy the books."

Philip had saved some of the precious volumes — had hidden a fine old book of fairy stories under the hay in the barn, and three or four others under the rafters in the garret where he slept. And he had partly consoled himself for the loss of the pony by taking an interest in his uncle's farm-horses; for next to a book there was nothing so interesting to him as a horse, however old and ungainly it might be. And so an understanding seemed to have sprung up between the lad and the dumb animals, and the dumbest of them soon came to know him as a friend. There were some of the younger horses that he particularly admired, and nothing would have pleased him better than to mount upon the back of one of them and have a fine canter over the fields, such as he used to have upon his pony. But this his uncle forbade.

"Them beasts ain't for horseback-ridin'," he said; "and I guess you are as able to walk as they are. If you want to ride Old Dobbin to and from the fields, when you 're tired and he ain't, I can't say that I care. But that 's all the horseback-ridin' you can have on this farm."

Old Dobbin was the family horse — the horse-of-all-work — a steady nag with more horse sense than

beauty, and more patience than sprightliness. When a heavy load was to be moved, a hard field to be plowed, or any careful piece of work to be done, the order was always given to hitch up Old Dobbin. And he was less handsome than any other horse on the farm. His head was large, his neck was short, his back was bowed out of shape with the bearing of heavy burdens, and his shaggy legs were crooked, ungainly, and slow-moving as those of any ox. But there was a look of wisdom and patience in his big, sorrowful eyes that made every one forget his homeliness and forgive his uncouth ways. Indeed, there seemed to be something human in his look, and it was that which made Philip his best friend from the day of their first acquaintance; and the boy, dimly remembering something that he had read in one of his story-books, had never called him Old Dobbin, but had renamed him Kiron. Farmer Joshua had made no objection to the change of name. "You may call him what you please," he said; "I guess he 'll always be on hand when he 's wanted. And, by the way, I expect you and him to

"A STEADY NAG WITH MORE HORSE SENSE THAN BEAUTY."

do all the plowin' in the back field this summer. He 's slow, but he 's mighty careful; and he 'd as soon take a whippin' as step on a hill of young corn."

And so it had happened that almost every day during the hot June weather Philip and Kiron had been sent out to the back field, two miles away, to plow the corn. That the life of a farmer's boy was anything but a life of play, Philip had learned long ago, and—

"I would n't mind the work," he cried out desperately, as he lay among the grass thinking of these things—"I would n't mind the work if I might have only a little play now and then. If I could have gone to the horse fair down at Greenport this afternoon I would n't have asked for anything else. All the other boys went—they always go—and the finest horses in the county were to trot round the race track. But I can never go anywhere or see anything. It 's nothing but work, work, work, day in and day out, all the summer long. But I won't—"

A queer sound startled him. Was it some one softly laughing? He raised himself on his elbow and looked around. There was nobody in sight. The old horse, with his eyes half shut and a wisp of long grass in his mouth, was dozing quietly in the shade close to the fence. No other creature could be seen. The noise must have been made by some bird hidden in the branches overhead, or by a lonely grasshopper chirruping the news that the hottest part of the day was now past. Wondering whether he had not been dreaming, Philip lay down again and began to read from his book. The words, however, seemed to be

curiously jumbled together, and he had scarcely gotten through the first paragraph when he was again aroused by the same sound as before — only it was a trifle louder. It was certainly some one laughing, and near at hand, too. He leaped to his feet and looked quickly and sharply about him. He saw a crow slowly winging its way across the field, and that was the only living creature in sight except Kiron. He looked again at the good horse standing half hidden in the angle of the fence. Ah! What had come over the old fellow? Philip was so astounded at what he saw that he was unable for the moment either to move or to speak.

Could it really be Kiron who stood there? Yes, there was the same long, ungainly head, and there were the same great sorrowful eyes, wise, patient, and kind, but with a merry twinkle in the corners of them which the boy had never seen there before. And — would you believe it? — there was a visible smile, a merry, jolly, hearty smile, widening the good creature's mouth and giving him a strangely human look. Human look, did I say? It was truly so, for it was a man's face that Philip saw — no horse's, but a man's face, beaming with good humor and human kindliness.

Philip rubbed his eyes to make sure that he was not dreaming, and then he looked again. Not only did he see a man's face, but the man himself — a pleasant old gentleman with a queer little hat on his head, a gold-headed cane in his hand, and a white rose pinned to the lapel of his coat. No one could see him without feeling that he had always known

him. Philip could not understand what had happened. The faithful old Kiron, who had never run away in his life, had utterly disappeared, and the stranger had taken his place. The plow was standing in the furrow where he had left it; the bridle was lying upon the ground; half-way across the field, a dense cloud of dust was moving rapidly as if stirred by a whirlwind. Could it be that the animal had become frightened and was fleeing homeward? Philip could not believe otherwise.

The strange gentleman laughed — it was the same purling, chirruping laughter that had aroused Philip from his rest in the grass. Then he stepped briskly forward, smiling all the time, bowed to the boy in a queer old-fashioned way, and offered his hand.

"A pleasant day to you, my young friend," he said. And then, before Philip could make any reply, he added, "Never mind about the horse. He 's gone, as you see, and nobody 's to blame for it; and I beg that you will allow me to thank you for the honor you have so kindly shown me."

Philip was very much puzzled and scarcely knew what to say. He took the proffered hand in his own, however, with the feeling that he had met a dear, good friend.

"I am sure I don't know," he stammered — "I don't know what — know what — "

"Of course you don't know what," interrupted the stranger. "But you will know what, and much more than what, by and by. You wanted to go down to Greenport to-day to see the horses, did n't you?"

"I did, indeed, sir," said Philip.

"But you did n't get to go, did you? Well, you need not grieve about it. It was lucky for you, don't you know?"

"I beg your pardon, sir; but I don't understand what you mean."

"Of course you don't understand. But I mean to say that I have come to take you to the Horse Fair with me. You won't refuse, will you?"

Philip looked at his bare feet and his torn and dusty clothing. Then he said: "I am sure I should like to go, but I—I—that is, my Uncle Joshua—would—"

"Oh, fie!" cried the old gentleman, striking at the clover blossoms with his cane. "What does your Uncle Joshua have to say about it when I am around? You have finished your day's work, and I will make it all right with Joshua."

"But it is now after five o'clock, and the races are finished."

"Not a bit of it! They may be finished at Greenport, where a few miserable scrubs are whipped round a ring for the amusement of the country-folk and the enrichment of gamblers; but I am not talking about such a fair as that. I want to take you to quite a different place. I want to show you the noblest and the most wonderful steeds that the world has ever known. Will you go with me?"

"I would like to do so if it is not too far," said Philip.

"Oh, as to the distance," answered the stranger, "you need not have any care about that. The great park of Morgan the Fay, in which this Horse Fair

is being held, is to almost all matter-of-fact, practical people a very long way off—so far, indeed, that they never see it, nor even believe that there is such a place; but it lies very near to all good children and to many pure-hearted grown people as well. Nothing is needed but the waving of a wand, or the whispering of a few magic words, or the singing of a sweet song, to transport such persons thither. There is no need of thinking about the distance."

"But," said Philip, looking again at his feet and his ragged trousers, "I must go home and—"

"No, you must n't. You are dressed far better now than most folks. You have a bright, clean heart, and a joyous, trustful nature, and all those other graces that make men and women and girls and boys handsome and lovable. If you lacked these, although you had on your Sunday clothes, you would n't find me offering to guide you to the great Horse Fair. But, by the way, you don't know me yet; and I want to thank you again for the honor you have done me."

"I 'm sure I have n't done anything that you should thank me for," said Philip, feeling very much puzzled.

"Indeed, but you have. You changed my—that is, you changed Old Dobbin's name, and called him after me, and I am ever so much obliged to you, and I am sure Old Dobbin is also. Ah, if you only knew! If you only knew all that I know, you would n't wonder that I am proud of my namesake, humble as he is."

Philip was now more puzzled than before, and as he looked up into his strange friend's face he was even bewildered. Where had he seen that homely

countenance, those kind, wise eyes, that noble forehead? Some where, some time—but when and where?

"Your namesake!" he cried. "Truly, sir, do you mean to say that your name is—"

"The very same," interrupted the other. "But most people spell it nowadays with a *Ch* instead of a *K*, and I have become so used to it that I rather like to see it so myself. Of course it 's all the same when you pronounce it—and there 's no accounting for people's tastes in the matter of spelling. I have a friend whose name is Smith—a good, wholesome, sweet, industrious name—and yet he will persist in spelling it S-m-y-t-h-e. And so I persist in spelling my name as you see it on this card."

The square bit of parchment which he handed to Philip was yellow with age and soiled by much handling. The boy turned it over curiously, and read on one side the following words:

CHEIRON, SCHOOLMASTER

(Formerly of Mount Pelion)

NOW WITH MORGAN THE FAY

Special Attention to the Training of Boys

Philip's eyes grew big with wonder as he read, and the old gentleman laughed loudly and chirruped with glee as he saw his confusion.

"Do you know me now?" he asked.

"THE IDEA THAT MOST PEOPLE HAVE OF THE CENTAURS."

Philip stammered. "It can't be that you are—are—the great Cheiron that I have read about. He was a Centaur, and all the Centaurs were—were—"

"Half horse and half man, eh?" interrupted the old gentleman, with another of his funny laughs. "You expected me to be a four-footed fellow like the good friend that left you so mysteriously a few minutes ago, did n't you? Well, I believe that the old Greek sculptors did represent my people as such; and your own artists have put in your story-books silly pictures of impossible creatures with the bodies of horses and the shoulders and heads of men; and that is the idea that most people have of the Centaurs. But in fact the Centaurs were the first horse-tamers in Greece, and the most skilful riders ever known; hence people made up the pretty fable about their being horse-men. You have heard how the North American Indians, when they first saw the Spaniards on horseback, foolishly supposed that horse and man were inseparable—that both were but a single animal. Well, it is possible that some of the ancient notions about the Centaurs originated in the same way."

The old gentleman paused a moment; but as he walked about, still striking at the clover blossoms with his cane, Philip could not help looking at his feet.

"No hoofs there!" said the stranger, noticing the movement of his eyes. "I 'm human to the very soles of my feet—that is, for to-day. And whether I am the old Cheiron that you have read about or some other, it does n't matter now. You may call me by that name, or you may call me simply the Schoolmaster, and at some later time I will tell you more

about myself. For the present we are interested in going to the great Horse Fair that is being held in the land of good Morgan the Fay. Shall we start right now?"

"If you please, sir," answered Philip. "But which way shall we go? I never heard of the place before."

"The land is not marked on any of the maps in your geographies," said the Schoolmaster; "but if it were, I suppose you would find it somewhere in the horse latitudes. In the poet's Golden Atlas, however, it is drawn very large and is described at great length. It is, in truth, the abiding-place of all those beautiful and marvelous creations of the fancy which have been the admiration and delight of wonder-loving men and women and children for many ages past. The mere naming of what may be seen there would fill volumes. Some of them you will remember having read about, and others you will hear of when you are older. There, for instance, are the mighty giants of old, and the chimera, the harpies, the sirens, the fauns, the satyrs, the dryads, the sea-nymphs, the nine Muses, the old ship *Argo*, the fetters which bound Prometheus, the sickle and hour-glass of old Father Time, the silver bow of Apollo, the winged sandals of Hermes, and the thunderbolts of Zeus. There also are the goblins, the elves, and the gnomes, the philosopher's stone, the elixir of life, the magic ring of the Eastern princess, the witch's caldron, and the wizard's magic wand. And there are the babes in the wood, and Jack the giant-killer, and Little Red Riding Hood's wolf, and Mother Hubbard's dog, and the cow that jumped over the moon, and Will-o'-the

wisp, and the phantom ship — and hundreds upon hundreds of things beautiful and wonderful and mysterious. And the queen of that land is Morgan the Fay, the fairest of all the fairies; and at her court are all the heroes of poetry and fable, and all the knights and fair ladies of romance."

"And shall I see them all if I go with you?" asked Philip, greatly interested.

"Not this time," answered the Schoolmaster. "To do so would keep you away from the plow a much longer time than your uncle would like, and you must be content if you see only the horses. Once every year there is a Horse Fair held in Queen Morgan's great park, where all the famous steeds that the world of fancy has ever known or that the poets have ever sung about are brought together. This is the Fair to which I am about to guide you, and when we are there you shall see all those noble animals and shall hear their history. But whatever else you may see or hear will be only incidental and no part of the plan which I have arranged for your entertainment."

By this time Philip had forgotten about his day's work, and his weariness, and old Kiron's strange disappearance. He could think of nothing but the great Horse Fair, and he wondered why the Schoolmaster did not start at once, and whether they would go all the way on foot.

"There are more ways than one of getting there," said the old gentleman, seeming to read his thoughts. "King Arthur, as you have doubtless read, was rowed thither in a boat; others have been carried on the backs of dolphins: and some have been transported

to the place by magic. Queen Morgan has a beautiful horse named Papillon, or the Butterfly, on which her favorites have sometimes been carried to her court. A very famous hero named Ogier the Dane was once shipwrecked on a desert coast, far from any country that he had ever heard of before. The region was so wild and desolate that there seemed to be no life there at all—only rocks and the sea, rocks and the sea—and the old hero despaired of ever escaping alive. Suddenly one morning he saw coming toward him two monstrous creatures called sea-goblins, walking behind the most beautiful horse he had ever seen. He drew his sword to defend himself, but as the animals seemed to be friendly, he soon put it back into its scabbard and waited for them to approach. The sea-goblins stopped a little way off and bowed very courteously. But the horse knelt in the sand and seemed to beckon to Ogier to come and mount him. The Dane was no coward, and he was anxious to see what the adventure would come to. So he went boldly forward and leaped upon the creature's back. It was Papillon, the Butterfly horse of Morgan the Fay. With a whinny of delight the animal leaped to his feet, shook his long mane in the wind, and set out on a wild gallop over the rocks and among the mountains toward —Ogier knew not what. Of that wonderful ride the old hero had afterward only a dim recollection—a confused remembrance of narrow mountain passes with green meadows beyond, of a white road winding among trees and between fields of grain, of another mountain range, of roaring torrents and screaming eagles, of the echoes of Pa-

pillon's hoofs among the cliffs and crags; and then of the glorious vision of an undiscovered land beyond —of broad valleys rich with tropical verdure, of orchards laden with golden fruit, and finally of the walls and white towers of a fairy palace nestling in a grove of stately palms. Such was the way in which the favorites of Morgan the Fay were often carried to her court. But we will take a shorter and easier route. . . . See, we are there already!"

Philip could never tell just how it happened. As nearly as he could remember, it was done merely by the old gentleman drawing a circle upon the ground with his cane, and then—presto! the corn field and all the scenes with which he was familiar disappeared in a flash, and he found himself transported to a strange and delightful country; and there, surely enough, was the white palace among the palms, and there were the fruitful orchards, and the gardens beautiful with flowers such as grow only in the land of Morgan the Fay.

But the Schoolmaster did not allow him to stop to admire these things. Taking him by the arm, the old gentleman turned him about and led him a little farther toward an arched gateway that spanned the highroad and appeared to be the entrance to a vast inclosure beyond. Philip noticed that the arch was built of marble and that upon it was engraved many a scene of chivalry and of war. It was not unlike the gateway to some old castle, but the approach to it was easy, and it was flanked on either side, not by walls and battlements, but by a green hedge so low that any horse well trained to cross-country hunting might have

leaped it with ease. The gate keeper bowed to the Schoolmaster as he allowed them to pass, and said:

"A fair day to you, master; and may the young stranger whom you bring with you find much enjoyment. The horses are all in their places, and the great show will soon begin."

The grounds which they now entered were very spacious, extending in fact for many miles in every direction. Running across the inclosure from east to west was a broad race track, level and very smooth, with green lawns on either side; and at a little distance beyond were groves and gardens in which were numerous red barns where the steeds of Morgan the Fay were stabled. There was also, close by the side of the track, a great pavilion, or "grand stand," for the accommodation of visitors; and Philip noticed that most of the seats were already filled with a strange concourse of people such as he had never seen at any of the county fairs at Greenport—knights in full armor, beautiful ladies dressed in the oddest costumes, Greeks in their long robes, Romans with their togas wrapped about them, and a fair sprinkling of giants and dwarfs and of old-fashioned English people. At a little distance to the right was a smaller pavilion, with white towers and a gilded dome, which, the Schoolmaster said, was for the use of the fairy Queen and her court. On every side men and horses were moving about, and crowds of strangers were, like themselves, making their way toward the grand stand.

Many queer things attracted Philip's attention as they walked along. The trees on one side of the pathway were horse-chestnuts, full of showy spikes of white

blossoms dotted with red and yellow; those on the other side were the West Indian horsewood, brilliant with clusters of crimson flowers. Close by were nicely kept gardens wherein nothing grew but horse beans, horse cassia, horse gentian, horse parsley, horse-radishes, horse vetches, horse balm, horse purslane, horseweed, and coltsfoot. To the right was a broad but shallow horse pond bordered with horsemint and the waving stems of horsetail-rushes; and in this pond—according to a horse-jockey who walked a little way with Philip—there lived a variety of fresh-water and salt-water animals, such as horsefish, horse mackerel, horse-leeches, horse mussels, and horseshoe crabs. Among the branches of the horsewood trees above them, horse finches twittered and sang. Horseflies buzzed in the air about them; and in the grass by the roadside, busy horse emmets were hard at work, teaching sluggards how to improve the shining hours. A gaily dressed company of Royal Horse Guards were drawn up on either side of the Queen's pavilion, and on the green behind it was a regiment of horse milliners in spick and span uniform, looking as if they had just escaped from my lady's bandbox.

Philip thought to himself that this was certainly the horsiest country of which he had ever dreamed, and he was not surprised, as they approached the grand pavilion, to see that the entrance was guarded by a gawky captain of the Horse Marines, who greeted them with the heartiest of horse laughs, and presented each of them with a handsomely printed programme.

PROGRAMME

"He doth nothing but talk of his horse." — *Mer. of Venice.*

FIRST DAY.

A Mile in less than Four Seconds.

PAGE

The Day and Night Races 26
Sol and Maane—Charioteers 34
Helios's Four-in-Hand 40
Selene's Silver Grays 53

A Forecast of the Great Fair.—Drivers of the Sun-car in the North and in Greece.—The Man of Facts.

SECOND DAY.

High-jumpers and High-fliers.

Aurora's High-jumpers 60
The Black Steeds of Aidoneus 64
The Eight-footed Slipper 71
The Saddle-Horses that Ride Over the Rainbow . . 83
The Winged Horse of the Muses 89

PAGE
Griffen the High-flier 105
The Hoofthrower 119

THIRD DAY — FORENOON.

Nondescripts in and out of Harness.

The Sea-horses and their Master 122
The Ship of the Plains 124
Goldfax's Great Race 134
Sorrel the Leaper 139
Gargantua's Giant Mare 142
The Man-eaters 150
Al Borak 156

O'Donohue's White Horse.— Aullay.— Marocco.— Lithuanian.— Badger.— Cæsar's Horse.— Arion Linus.— Saxon Horses.— King Duncan's Horses.— Horses as Executioners.— Mazeppa.

THIRD DAY — AFTERNOON.

Excursion to the Land of the Houyhnhnms.

A Republic of Horses 160

FOURTH DAY.

The Champions of the Battlefield.

Swift and Old-Gold:
First Heat.— Before Troy 166
Second Heat.— Æthon and Galathe 180
Third Heat.— The Chariot Race 184
Fourth Heat.— The Thread of Fate 193
The Great Twin Brethren 199

PAGE
The Dancing Horses of Sybaris 207
Bucephalus 212
Rakush and his Master 218
The Black Arabian 234
Babieca, the Booby 262

Invention of Chariots.— Saint Iago's Gray Horse.— Haïzûm.— Descriptions of the War Horse.— High Prices for Horses.— Melizyus, the Horse-tamer.— Shibdiz.— Saddles.— Napoleon's Horse.— Washington's Horse.— Copenhagen.— Darius's Horse.— Incitatus.— Celer.— Richard II. and Roan Barbary.— "My Kingdom for a Horse!"— White Surrey.— Saladin.— English Horses.— Dugald Dalgetty and Gustavus Adolphus.— Sheridan's Black War Horse.— Gen. Lee's Traveler.— Other Horses in the Civil War.— King Roderick's Orelio.

FIFTH DAY — FORENOON.

Steeds of the Road, the Tournament, and the Desert.

Bayard 273
Rabican, the Enchanted 285
The Choosing of Grane 300
Arundel the Swallow 309
Duldul and his Master 322

Contrasts.— How to Choose a Horse.— Fifteen Points of a Good Horse.— Half a dozen Famous Steeds.— Lord Marmion and his Bevis.— Arabian Horses.— Gamorra.

FIFTH DAY — AFTERNOON.

A Sorry Lot.

Rozinante 330
Fiddleback and Another 345

PAGE

The Calender's Nag 353

The Clerk of Oxford's Lean Horse.—Gonnella's Sorrel Hack.— Petruchio's Horse.— English Horses before the Battle at Agincourt.— Leathern Barebones and his Master. — Gunpowder and Ichabod Crane.— Tam o' Shanter's Maggie.

SIXTH DAY.

The Museum.

The Steed of Modern Magic 363
The Wooden-peg Horse 367
A May-day Hobby-horse 376
The Enchanted Horse of Firouz Schah 379
The Horse of Brass 390
The Great Wooden Horse 397

Superstitions about Horseshoes.— Are all Horses Machines ? — The Horse in Art.— The Sailors' Hobby-horse.— Gargantua's Wooden Horses.— The Dandy Horse.

FIRST DAY

A MILE IN LESS THAN FOUR SECONDS

PHILIP and his guide pushed their way through a throng of idlers at the foot of the grand pavilion, and were ushered by an attendant to some choice seats in the upper tier. The Schoolmaster seemed to be in the midst of friends. With those nearest to him he shook hands; with others he exchanged the compliments of the day; to some who were seated at a distance he called aloud, and made merry inquiries of them concerning their health; and with still others, who were too far away to hear his voice, he conversed in the mute language of the deaf and dumb. As for Philip, he sat quietly in his seat, and found plenty of amusement in watching the movements of the strange company before him.

"Ah, Hippion, my dear kinsman," cried the Schoolmaster presently to a young Bohemian who had climbed up the steps and was making his way toward them, "I knew you would not fail me, for no one ever heard of your missing an entertainment where horses were to be seen. This lad is a pupil of mine whom I found hard at work in the fields, and grieving because he could not go with the other boys to a village horse fair, to see some degenerate beasts creeping at snails' pace around a dusty ring. I told

him that I would show him something better if he would only come with me. Sit down beside us, Hippion, and tell us about the prospects for this great Fair; for no one knows more about it than yourself. From the length of this programme, I judge that the entries are as numerous as ever, and that all the old favorites are on the ground. Is it not so, Hippion?"

"Yes, sir," answered Hippion, seating himself. "The old favorites are all here, and a few new ones besides. There are, as you may see, a good many more than a hundred entries, and every animal has a record and story."

"And I suppose, dear Hippion," said the Schoolmaster, "that since you are now a reporter for the daily press, you have come prepared to write a full account of it for the newspapers?"

"Certainly I have," answered the young man. "And, in order to whet your appetites for what is coming, allow me to read my article in to-day's 'Morning Equus.' Here it is:

"There is but one Fayland in the universe, and its annual Horse Fair, that has been held from time immemorial, is its greatest attraction. The exhibition this year promises to eclipse everything heretofore accomplished. All the most famous horses of song, of fable, of romance, of history, are already on the ground. Every class, from thoroughbreds to hackneys, and from ponies to mechanical horses, will be fully represented. The exhibition of coaching stallions and chariot teams will be particularly imposing. Skinfaxe and Hrimfaxe, in their famous wolf act, will maintain their old-time prestige. Helios's four-in-hand will bear off the prize from all com-

petitors. Among the saddle-horses the world will never see a finer display. Of course the great Sleipnir, who has had so marvelous a history, is on hand, as he always is. So also is Pegasus, the favorite of the poets, as well as many humbler members of the class. The display of war horses has never been excelled, and includes all the old favorites, from the rival teams of the Trojan heroes to the unfortunate horse for which Richard the Third offered to give a kingdom. Among the high jumpers, Aurora's ethereal team will awaken many a drowsy spectator. Mahomet's prize-winner Al Borak, and Sheik Hâtim's Duldul, represent the best of the Arab stock; and Rakush, the Persian champion, will have no competitor, for there is no other entry in his class. Of nondescripts, in and out of harness, there are several interesting examples; and of performing horses, one or two that will astonish people who see them for the first time. In the department assigned to mechanical horses there is the usual number of famous entries. Athena's wooden horse will of course continue to hold his own; the horse of brass, which Chaucer's Squire first introduced to the modern world, is in splendid condition, and will show to fine advantage. The excursion, on the third day of the Fair, to the land of the Whinhims (Houyhnhnms), to observe the customs and habits of that famous republic of horses, will be a new feature of this year's entertainment, and one which every lover of the human race will enjoy. In the various —"

Here the reader was interrupted by the sound of a trumpet, heard faintly far down the race-track to the right.

"Ah!" cried the Schoolmaster, jumping to his feet and clapping his hands. "Here they come! Now, my young friend, you will see horses which are horses, if they are anything. Only keep your eyes open, and look sharp as they pass by."

THE DAY AND NIGHT RACES

"The horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring."
—*All 's Well that Ends Well.*

OVER in the Queen's pavilion, there was a fluttering of small flags, an eager movement among the attendants, and then the unfurling of a great silk banner from the top of the tower as a signal that the exhibition had begun. In the grand stand every voice was hushed; lords and ladies, knights and warriors, giants and dwarfs, all sat in their places and leaned eagerly forward in order to catch the first sight of the steeds which, by common consent and according to an ancient custom, were to open the entertainment. The idlers who had been lounging about the grounds seemed suddenly to awaken into life, and there was a general hurrying, with many a droll mishap, toward the already crowded stand and the outlying parts of the inclosure. The grooms who had been exercising some very common-looking animals upon the south trackway hastened to drive or ride their charges back to the stables. Everybody seemed to be on the tiptoe of expectancy, and Philip waited breathless to see what would happen.

Suddenly another and louder flourish of trumpets was heard, and then, far up the track to the right, a wonderful vision appeared. A white horse, larger than Philip had ever seen before, dashed into view and was galloping with lightning speed down the road toward the pavilions. With lightning speed, did I say? Indeed, it seemed rather as if he were followed by a con-

tinual flash of lightning — or was it not a burst of sunlight that pursued him and lit up the woodland, the meadows, and the fields, and every nook and corner of the world with the brilliancy of noonday? As he drew rapidly nearer, Philip could see that the color of the animal was not a pure white, but rather a rich yellow, delicate and soft like that of some precious gem. The light, which shone so wonderfully and beautifully upon everything that the steed passed in his course, was emitted from the mane which covered his neck and shoulders and floated in bright streamers of glory above his pathway. And behind him, standing in a two-wheeled car, was a young knight in white armor, who, with loud shouts and whip and persuasive words, urged him every moment to greater speed. Instead of a helmet the young man wore upon his head a blue hood which the wind floated backward, revealing his pale cheeks and his long yellow hair. As he approached the pavilion he turned and looked upward with a smile; but the next moment a cloud seemed to darken his countenance, and no sign of joy or hope remained. And why indeed does he turn his head so often to glance back over the road that he has passed? And what is the meaning of that look of terror which fills his eyes and clouds his face as he shouts again and again to his steed, and the two fly madly onward down the course?

"Speed thee! speed thee, fair Day!" cry all the people, rising as they pass. "Speed thee, Day, son of Delling, and thou steed of the shining mane! Slack not the rein, loiter not, but hasten — both of you! For Skol, the wolf, is on your track!"

Then Philip saw the cause of all the terror and haste. Adown the road, in the wake of the fleeing car, a monstrous gray wolf was coming fast and furiously. With bloodshot eyes fixed upon its wished-for prey, with long red tongue lolling from its open mouth, with panting breath and short, savage yelps, the beast loped steadily onward in chase of the flying car and its driver that were now disappearing from view far down the left.

"Skol! Skol! Skol!" cried all the people as he passed. And then, rising in their seats and hurling at him sticks, stones, and whatsoever weapons they had in hand, they shouted in derision: "Ah, Skol, you must run faster, or you will never overtake the Day! You are growing old, you are feeble, you lag!"

But Philip, trembling with fright, cowered down between the benches and seized the hand of the Schoolmaster as if for protection.

"Don't be afraid of the wolf," said the old man, kindly. "Remember that in this country nothing harms any one. And besides, this is only a spectacle, as people would say in New York. Be brave, and look up, for the second part of the play has begun."

Philip ventured to raise his head and look around him. He was surprised to see that the light of day had disappeared. It seemed as if the twilight had come and was already passing into darkness. Away up the race-course to the right, a single bright star appeared which seemed to grow larger and larger every moment. It was coming swiftly toward them. But was it really a star? And if not, what else could it be? Philip had hardly time to ask himself these

questions before they were answered. For in a moment there flashed into view a second giant steed, but this one was black as polished ebony, save only for the star that was in his forehead. His speed was every whit equal to that of the white horse which drew the car of Day, and he held his head erect and stepped very high, as though he knew his power and was proud of it. Even while going at his most rapid rate he champed upon the golden bit in his mouth, as if chafing under restraint; and the white foam that was thrown from his nostrils and lips was scattered in the wind, and fell in showers of dew upon the grass and overhanging trees, or rested like flecks of frost upon his long silken mane, that streamed in waves of darkness behind him. Black also was the two-wheeled car which he drew, save only that its sides were spangled with golden stars, and its front was adorned with a silver-white new moon. Standing in the car, with the reins in one hand and a whip in the other, was a tall and beautiful woman; her face was dark as that of an Indian princess, and her eyes were like two black diamonds glittering with a strange and awful brilliancy; and when she smiled a holy, restful calm seemed to fall on all things, and every one blessed her and was glad. But when she frowned, the heavens grew black, and men and beasts tried to hide themselves in alarm lest some evil might befall them.

As the black horse and his swarthy driver approached the grand pavilion all the people were awed and hushed as in the presence of a mighty mystery, and many of them knelt down in prayer. Then with one accord

they rose to their feet and lifted up their hands and cried:

"O Night, fearful but lovely daughter of Norvë, hasten thy going, and speed the returning of thy son Day, that so our lives may be brightened by his presence!"

And many were glad when she had passed by; but most, remembering her loveliness and the sweet spirit of rest which came with her, grieved that, after all, she had not lingered longer among them. But she had not dared to stay. For, like her son Day, she too was followed by a gaunt gray wolf which sought to overtake and devour her. The fierce beast was only a little way behind her car, his red jaws wide open, his sharp teeth laid bare, his bloodshot eyes fixed upon her. In the dim light he seemed to be even more terrible than Skol, the first wolf; and Philip, again quaking with fear, crept around to the other side of the Schoolmaster and hid his face in his cloak. Presently, however, he heard a great shout, as of joy, and, looking up, he saw that Night and her dewy-maned steed and their grim pursuer had disappeared from view around the western curve of the broad race-track. The weird twilight had passed away, and the brightness of the summer day had returned. Everything was as it had been when they first entered the place.

"Well, my young friend," said the Schoolmaster, "you would have seen no such running at the Greenport horse-show, I warrant you. People may talk as they please about their Raruses and their Sunols, and

their mile in 2:08, but what do you suppose was the speed of the two horses we have just seen?"

"It seemed to me to be a mile a minute, at least," answered Philip, carefully. "And yet that is impossible."

"A very long time ago," said the Schoolmaster, "when your English ancestors were a rude people cultivating little patches of ground in the forests, or gaining a livelihood by piracy on the high seas, people believed in these horses. Every morning Skinfaxe—he of the shining mane—ushered in the day, which gave light and heat and strength to the world and to men; and every evening Hrimfaxe—he of the frosty mane—brought the night, with its stars and its restful sleep, and its lurking terrors. And both were urged always to their utmost speed by the wolves of the twilight, Skol and Hate, who, it was feared, would at some time overtake and devour them. Of course every one of the animals had to make the circuit of the earth in twenty-four hours. As you saw them just now, it was all make-believe; and yet they were running at their old rate of speed."

"And that was twenty-five thousand miles in twenty-four hours," said Philip.

"Exactly. That, you see, was something over a thousand miles an hour. Now, there are how many seconds in an hour?"

Philip began to figure it up on a piece of paper; but Hippion, the young newspaper reporter, was too quick for him, and answered:

"Three thousand six hundred."

"Right," said the Schoolmaster.

"Then the speed of Skinfaxe and Hrimfaxe," said Philip, recovering himself, "was a mile in about three seconds and a half. That is nearly forty times faster than Sunol ran, and twenty times faster than the swiftest express train."

"I am glad that you have studied your arithmetic so well," said the Schoolmaster, smiling; "and yet all science, including that of figures, is the bane of poetry. Had it not been for the scientist, peering through his spy-glass, dear old Skinfaxe and Hrimfaxe might still be making their daily journeys round the world—providing, of course, that the wolves Skol and Hate had not devoured them. . . . But do you hear that trumpet? It is the signal that the last part of the day's racing has begun."

Philip, following the movement of the rest of the spectators, looked again eastward along the broad roadway. The next moment a four-wheeled chariot of dazzling beauty, drawn by two bright-yellow horses, hove in sight. In the chariot stood a fair-haired maiden, holding in one hand the reins, and in the other a golden shield. Whenever she spoke to the horses they bounded forward as if glad to obey her, and such was their speed that millions of sparks were struck off from the swiftly turning axle of the car. Had the maiden not held the shield in such a way as to ward off the intense heat and dazzling light that were radiated from these sparks, no one knows what might have happened. Philip had hardly time to look at her before the steeds and the car had rushed past and were hurtling away toward the west. And the people cried after them:

"Come again, another day, fair Sol! Come often with thy radiant team, and do not forget us!"

Soon another car came wheeling down the track, but its speed was not quite so swift, and the horses which drew it were smaller and of a lighter hue. The driver was a young man, pale-faced and wan; and he held by his side a great silver shield that was ever waxing and waning and changing its form. Reflected in the shield were the forms of two children, a boy and a girl, carrying on their shoulders a pole from the middle of which a pail of water was swinging. Very quietly did this car go sailing past, like a swan on the unruffled water of a lake, or like snow-flakes falling through the still air. And everybody looked quietly on and admired.

"Who are those charioteers?" whispered Philip.

"They are Sol and her brother Maane," answered the Schoolmaster. "They seem to have been brought on as a kind of supplement to Skinfaxe and Hrimfaxe and their drivers. But there is a very pretty story about them."

"Please tell it to me before the next horses are brought out," said Philip.

"It is an old story," said the Schoolmaster, "and many old-fashioned people used to believe it. Some questioning boy would ask 'Why does the sun sail through the sky every fair day?' or some inquisitive girl would say, 'Mother, who makes the moon glide so prettily among the clouds without ever hitting one of them?' And the good mother would answer by telling her children this story."

SOL AND MAANE — CHARIOTEERS

"Gallop apace, you fiery footed steeds!"—*Romeo and Juliet.*

A VERY long time ago there lived in the far North a man named Mundilfare, who had two children that were famed all the world over for their beauty and grace. The name of the boy was Maane, and that of the girl was Sol, and their father boasted that neither in heaven nor upon the earth were there any beings so fair to look upon as they, so bright of face, so firm of step, so noble in action. Of course his boasting gained for the children no friends, but rather stirred up envy and hatred; and the Asa-folk, who were the mightiest people in that country,— so mighty that they were sometimes called gods,— planned how to get them out of the world. Had Mundilfare been wise, he would have praised the children of the Asa-folk and let people think as they would about Maane and Sol.

The Asas had two horses, noble steeds as yellow as gold, and swifter than the storm-winds. They also had a chariot made of hammered gold, in which they had stored by a kind of magic all the sparks that flew up out of the vast fiery region of the South. Once they harnessed the horses to the chariot and sent them out over the earth, driverless and without a guide, to carry light and heat to the nations of men. But the plan was a failure. The horses, wandering whither they pleased, did not serve all parts of the world alike. Some lands were almost burned up with the intense heat that was given out from the car;

others were not visited at all, and the people who lived there perished in the cold and the darkness. And so the Asas were upon the point of giving up the scheme entirely; for, although under ordinary circumstances, as in the din of battle or in the roar of the storm, they were the bravest of the brave, yet none of them dared try to drive the golden steeds and the burning chariot. Then one of the wisest among them proposed a plan by which they might kill two birds with one stone, and at the same time bring great honor to themselves.

"This fair maiden Sol and her pale-faced brother Maane," said he, "are, as everybody knows, skilled in the management of horses. Now, let us put the girl into the burning chariot, with the shield Swalin in one hand, and the long, stout reins in the other, and let it be her duty to guide the fiery steeds through the pathway of the skies, favoring all men alike. And let us do likewise with the boy, giving him charge of the feebler team and the silvery chariot, which have stood idle these many years because none of us knew what to do with them. Thus we shall rid ourselves of the hateful boastings of this fellow Mundilfare, and shall confer blessings not a few upon all mankind."

No sooner was this proposition made than all the Asa-folk gladly agreed to it. They took the two children from their homes, and imposed upon each the wearisome task that had been suggested. To Sol they gave the burning chariot, which was henceforth called the sun-car, and to Maane they assigned the silvery car that carried the moon. When fair Sol ascended to her place and took the long golden reins in her hands, the

fiery steeds, of whom even the bold Asas were afraid, leaped up into the sky and, under her firm and gentle guidance, journeyed whithersoever she wished. And she named them Arvak and Alswin because they were ever wakeful and as swift as eagles on the wing. But the sparks which flew from the fast-turning axle of the sun-car were exceedingly hot and dazzling, and the steeds and their fair driver would have been burned up had not the cool shield Swalin reflected back the heat and sheltered them from the blinding light; nor, indeed, would the horses have been safe even then, had not the Asas hung upon their necks two wind-bags that blew cooling breezes about them all day long and kept them ever fresh and vigorous.

Maane's team was a very gentle one, and he had no trouble in guiding it wherever he wished; and his chariot gave out no heat, but only a soft, silvery light which everybody, and especially children, loved to look upon. Now and then some child who had been very good, or some silver-headed man or sweet-voiced lady, would catch a glimpse of Maane's beautiful face; but it was not often. Once upon a time two children named Juke and Bil — or, as you have it in English, Jack and Jill — went up to their father's well to fetch a pail of water; and the pail was hung from a long pole which they carried on their shoulders. Looking up at the round full moon sailing in the sky, they saw the bright charioteer, and were so charmed by his lovely face that they forgot all about their errand and thought only of the fair vision in the sky above them. And so, wherever Maane drove his team, there they went also, careless of their burden and thoughtless of

the bumps and falls which they got in running after the moon. Maane, who had been watching them all the time, was touched by their devotion to him, and finally, after they had wandered very far from home, he drove his team close down to the earth and lifted them into the car beside him. And now, any bright night when the moon is full, you may see Jack and Jill with the pole still lying on their shoulders and the pail of water still hanging below it; for they never, never tire of admiring the beauty of their master's face.

The life of Sol and Maane was not an unhappy one, for they loved the horses which they guided, the one daily, the other nightly, over the vaulted blue roof of the sky. They delighted to look down upon the earth, now covered with verdure and beauty, and now shrouded in snow and icy desolation; to see the busy movements of men in country and town, or on the vast sea; to watch the children at their play, the farmers at their work, the huntsmen in the chase, and the warriors marching to battle and glory. There was not much that happened anywhere on the earth without one or the other of them seeing it. For when Sol sank to rest in the great sea, or drove her fiery steeds down behind the western hills, Maane would start out with his feebler team and drive silently onward among the clouds and the troops of stars—silently lest he should waken the sleeping earth. But his sleek-coated horses were never able to keep pace with Arvak the ever-wakeful, and Alswin the eagle-chaser, which drew his sister's car; and so, even if they started together, he was sure to fall steadily be-

hind, little by little, every day, until at the end of four weeks Sol would gain upon him one entire trip. Then, when she passed him in her swift car, he would hide his face in his long cloak because of the dazzling sunlight, and the two would begin the race over again. But it always ended the same way: Sol would make twenty-eight trips to Maane's twenty-seven.

But by and by, when the Asas had been almost forgotten, a wise man came into the world, who spent all his time in looking at things through a glass, and in writing long rows of figures in a little book, and in putting everything at right angles on shelves instead of letting them lie around loose. He looked at the sun-car and the moon-car through his glass, and declared that he saw neither horses nor drivers, nor indeed any wagons, but only the sun and moon. But there is no wonder that he did not see them, for his eyes were not of the right kind, nor his heart either, for that matter. Then he set out to prove by figures that the sun always stands in the same place, and that the moon is too big to be put into a wagon of any kind; and, after much talking, he succeeded in making a great many people think that he knew more about such things than did the charioteers themselves, or even the Asa-folk, who had started the whole affair. Of course Sol and Maane did not care to stay in the business after they found that the world was losing faith in them, and so they went into retirement, as people would say nowadays — that is, they turned their steeds about and drove their chariots into the safe and pleasant country of Morgan the Fay, where all such creations of the fancy find refuge.

"BUT I thought," said Philip, "that the driver of the sun-chariot was a man, and that his name was Helios."

"And you were right," answered the Schoolmaster. "But in those old times each nation had its own sun-chariot. Helios drove only for the Greeks; and his four-in-hand is perhaps the finest team that we have with us to this day."

"Shall we see them run?"

"They are not down for a race this year, but they will be driven slowly past us by one of the grooms. In fact, here they are now!"

If Philip had been pleased with the shining steeds Arvak and Alswin, he was now intensely delighted at the sight of the superb four-in-hand team of yellow-creams that were driven down the track. They did not pass with the glitter and the rush of the horses that had preceded them, for they were not out for an exhibition of speed. The lookers-on, therefore, had plenty of time to admire their dazzling beauty, their graceful movements, and their perfection of form.

"I wish you would tell me something about them," said Philip, when at last the horses were driven away to their stables.

"My friend Hippion knows their history all by heart," said the Schoolmaster; "and I think he will take pleasure in reciting it to you. Will you not, Hippion?"

"Certainly I will," answered the Reporter pleasantly. "It is still several minutes until the time for the next team, and while we wait I will tell you the tale of sky-aspiring Phaëthon and his adventure with his father's four-in-hand."

HELIOS'S FOUR-IN-HAND

> . . . "The heavenly-harnessed team
> Begins his golden progress in the east."
> —*Henry IV.*

HELIOS, as you know, was the most famous charioteer that the world has ever seen. Just how long he had been driving the chariot of the Sun nobody could tell; but it must have been many, many years. People said that he had never done anything else; and the oldest inhabitant had no recollection of the time when he began. He never missed a day—not even Sunday; and on holidays he was always up and at it early, cracking his whip cheerily to waken the children. Sometimes on cold winter mornings he was a little late in getting a start, but whenever this happened he was sure to make up for lost time, and finish the journey just that much earlier in the afternoon. He seemed to dislike the cold very much, but that may have been because he was so old. Starting from the home of the Dawn in the far, far East, he made a daily trip to the verge of Old Ocean's stream in the distant West. How it was that he always got back to his starting-point before the next morning was somewhat of a mystery. Nobody had ever seen him making his return trip, and hence all that men knew about it was guesswork. It matters very little to us, however; for that question has nothing to do with the story which I am going to tell.

The old charioteer always slept soundly in the morning, and seldom awoke until he heard his young sister, the maiden whom men call Aurora, rapping at the

door of his bedroom, and making her voice echo through the halls of the Dawn.

"Up, up, brother Helios!" she would cry. "It is time for you to begin your journey again. Up, and delight the world once more with your shining morning face and your life-giving presence!"

Then Helios would hasten to the meadows where, through the night, his steeds had been feeding, and would call them each by name:

"Come hither, beautiful creatures! Hasten, for Aurora calleth. Eös, thou glowing one! Æthon, thou of the burning mane! Brontë, thou thunderer! Sterope, thou swifter than lightning! Come quickly!"

The wing-footed steeds would obey. The servants would harness them to the golden car, and Aurora and the Morning Star would deck their manes with flowers and with wreaths of asphodel. Then Helios would step into the car and hold the long, yellow reins in his hands. A word from him and the proud team would leap into the sky; then they would soar above the mountain tops and mingle with the clouds, and grandly career in mid-air. And Helios, holding the reins steadily, would gently restrain them, or if they lagged would urge them forward with persuasive words. It was the grandest sight that men ever saw, and yet they never seemed to think much about it — perhaps because it was seen so often. If Helios had failed for a single day, what a wonderful hubbub and fright there would have been.

The wife of Helios was a fair young lady named Clymene, who lived not far from the great sea, and who, according to some, was a nymph, but according

to others a fisherman's daughter: and they had an only son named Phaëthon. Helios loved this son above all things else on earth; and he gave him many rich and noble gifts, and counseled him to be brave and wise, and especially to be contented with his lot in life. And Phaëthon grew to be a tall and comely lad, fond of his looking-glass, soft-handed, and proud of his ancestry. Some of his companions, who were only common mortals, liked to flatter him because of his supposed wealth, while there were many others who despised him because he affected to look up to the Sun.

"See the upstart who calls himself the son of Helios," sneered one.

"Ah, but he will have a sorry fall some of these days," said another.

"You are a pretty fellow to claim kinship with the charioteer of the Sun," said a worthless loafer whose name was Epaphos. "With your white face, and your yellow curls, and your slender hands, you are better fitted to help your mother at her spinning than to be a leader of men."

"But," said the boy, "my father Helios, who drives the burning chariot, and who —"

"Don't talk to me," interrupted the unmannerly fellow — "don't talk to me about your father the chariot-driver. Why, you would be frightened to death to drive your sister's goat-cart over the lawn; and you would shriek at the sight of a real horse. How dare you claim descent from the charioteer of the skies? Nonsense!"

"A pretty son of Helios, indeed!" laughed the other rowdies who were with Epaphos; and some

young girls that were passing tossed their heads and smiled.

"I will show you!" cried Phaëthon, angrily. "I will do what none of you dare do: I will ride the wild horses of the plain; I will harness them to the king's war-chariot, and drive them in the great circus! I will prove to you that I am worthy to be called the son of Helios!"

"Perhaps you will take his place as driver of the sun-chariot? A day's rest now and then would do the old man great good," sneered Epaphos.

Phaëthon hesitated. "My father," said he, "is one of the immortals, and I am earth-born. And yet — and yet —"

"And yet," shouted his tormentors, "until you have driven the sun-chariot through the skies, nobody will believe that you are the son of Helios!"

And they went on their way laughing.

"You may sneer, and you may laugh," said Phaëthon, "but the time will come when you will honor me, both for what I am and for what I can do."

After that there were many who made sport of the boy's pride. They did this not because they bore any ill-will toward him, but because they found a sort of pleasure in twitting one who had set himself up as better than themselves. One by one the young men who had hitherto been his comrades drew themselves away from his companionship; and his girl friends, although they still admired his good looks and pleasant manners, treated him with a coldness which every day became more marked. When he passed along the street the small boys would hoot at him and call out,

"Charioteer!" and derisively ask if his father knew he was out. Even the old men who had known him all his life advised him to buy a spade and go to work in his mother's garden, and stop gazing into the sky.

But Phaëthon took little notice of these taunts. Steadily, and with a determined purpose, he set about making himself ready for the great undertaking of his life. He exercised himself daily in feats of strength; he practised running and leaping and throwing weights, until his muscles were hardened and made as elastic as Apollo's bow. Then he took lessons in horsemanship from the greatest riding-masters in the world. He spent months on the grassy steppes of the Caspian, where he learned to lasso wild horses, and, leaping astride of them, to ride them barebacked and bridleless until they were subdued to his will. He entered the chariot races at Corinth, and with a team of four outdrove the most famous charioteers of Greece; and at the great Olympic games he won the victor's crown. No other young man was talked about as much as he.

"A bright young fellow with a brilliant future before him," said some.

"A fine example of what hard work and a little genius can do," said others.

"A lucky chap," said still others—"a mere creature of circumstances. Any of us could do as well, if as many favorable accidents would happen to us to help us along."

"A vain upstart," said those whom he had beaten in the race—"a fop with a girl's face, and more hair than brains, whom the gods have seen fit to favor for a day."

"He claims to be of better blood than the rest of us," said the followers of Epaphos; "yet everybody knows that he was born in a miserable village a long way from Athens, and that his mother is the daughter of a fisherman."

But the young girls whispered among themselves: "How handsome he is, and how deftly he managed the reins! What if he be indeed the son of Helios! Would n't it be grand to see him sitting in his father's chariot, and guiding the sun-steeds along their lofty road?" And they said to him, "Phaëthon, if you will drive your father's team for only one little day, we will believe in you."

At length Phaëthon made a long journey to the golden palace of the Dawn in the far distant East. Helios, with his steeds, had just returned from the labors of the day, and he was overjoyed to see his son. He threw his arms about him, and kissed him many times, and called him by many endearing names.

"And now tell me," he said, "what brings you here at this quiet hour of the night, when all men are asleep. Have you come to seek some favor? If so, do not be afraid to tell me; for you know that I will do anything for you — that I will give you anything that you ask."

"There is something," said Phaëthon, "that I long for more than anything else in the world; and I have come to ask you to give it to me."

"What is it, my child?" asked Helios, eagerly. "Only speak, and it shall be yours."

"Father, will you promise to do for me that which I shall ask?"

Then Helios lifted up his hands, and vowed by the the river Styx which flows through the under-world, that he would surely grant to his son Phaëthon whatsoever he desired. And this he did, knowing full well the terrible punishment that would be his in case he should not observe that vow. Nine years he would have to lie on the ground as though he were dead, and nine other years he would be shut out from the company of his friends; his sun-car would be broken in pieces, and his fleet horses lost forever, and the whole world doomed to everlasting night.

The young man was glad when his father had made this vow. He spoke quickly, and said: "This, then, O father, is the boon which I have come to ask, and which you have promised to give: it is that I may take your place to-morrow, and drive your chariot through the flaming pathway of the sky."

Helios sank back terrified at the request, and for a time could not speak.

"My child," he said at last, "you surely do not mean it. No man living can ever drive my steeds; and although you have kinship with the immortals, you are only human. Choose, I pray you, some other favor."

Phaëthon wept, and answered: "Father, there are some people who do not believe that I am better than mere common men, and they scorn me to my face. But if they could once see me driving the sun-car through mid-air, they and all the world would honor me. And I can drive your steeds; for have I not mastered the wildest horses of the desert, and have I not driven the winning chariot in the Corin-

thian races? By long years of patient training I have fitted myself for this task."

Through all the rest of the night Helios pleaded with the young man, but in vain: Phaëthon would not listen to any refusal. "This favor I will have or none," said he. "I will drive the sun-car through the heavens to-morrow, and all men shall know that I am the son and heir of Helios."

At length Aurora, in her yellow morning robes, knocked at the door, and Helios knew that no more time could be spent in vain entreaties.

"Ah, my son!" he said, "you know not what you have asked. Yet since I have made the vow I will not refuse you. May the immortals have you in their keeping, and ward all danger from you!"

Then the four horses were led out and harnessed to the car, and Helios sadly gave the reins into Phaëthon's hands.

"Thy folly will doubtless bring its own punishment, my son," he said; and, hiding his face in his long cloak, he wept.

But the young man leaped quickly into the car, and cried out, as his father had been wont to cry: "On, Eös! On Æthon, Brontë, Sterope! On, ye children of the morning! Awaken the world with your brightness, and carry beauty and gladness into every corner of the earth. Sterope, Brontë, Æthon, Eös, on with you!"

Up sprang the steeds, swift as the thunder-clouds that rise from the sea. Quickly they vaulted upward to the blue dome of heaven. Madly they careered above the mountain tops, turning hither and thither

"MADLY THEY CAREERED ABOVE THE MOUNTAIN TOPS."

in their course, and spurning the control of their driver; for well they knew that it was not their old master who stood in the chariot behind them. Then the proud heart of Phaëthon began to fail within him. He quaked with fear, and the yellow reins dropped from his hands.

"O my father!" he cried, "how I wish that I had heeded your warning!"

And the fiery steeds leaped upward and soared in the heavens until they reached a point higher than any eagle had ever attained; then, as suddenly, they plunged downward, dragging the burning car behind them; then, for a long time, they skimmed close to the tree-tops, and dangerously near to the dwellings of men. From the valley of the Nile westward, across the continent of Africa, they passed in their unmanageable flight, and the region that had once been so green and fertile was scorched into a barren desert. The rivers were dried up, and the fishes in them died. The growing grain, the grass, the herbs, the trees — all were withered by the intense heat. The mountains smoked, the earth quaked, and the sky was lurid with flame. The fair people who dwelt in that ill-fated land hastened to hide themselves in caves and among the rocks, where many of them perished miserably from thirst and the unbearable heat; and those who survived and came forth again into the light of day were so scorched and blackened that their skins were of the hue of night, and no washing could ever make them white again. Then all living creatures, great and small, cried out in their terror, and besought the ever-living powers to save them from destruction.

And Mother Gæa, queen of earth, heard them; and, pitying them, she prayed to great Zeus, ruler of gods and men, that he would do something to stop the mad course of the driverless steeds ere the whole world should be wrapped in flames. Zeus, from his palace on high, heard her prayer, and hurled his thunderbolts upon the head of the hapless Phaëthon. The youth, stricken and helpless, fell headlong from the car, and the team of Helios, frightened into obedience, soared aloft to their accustomed pathway, and, though driverless, pursued their journey to the shore of the western ocean. Helios was there awaiting their coming, and when he saw that Phaëthon was not in the car deep sorrow filled his heart; he covered his face with his cloak, and it was long ere his smiles were seen again as of yore.

As for Phaëthon, he fell into the great river Po, and messengers hastened to carry the news of his death into the country of his birth. When those who had taunted him and goaded him on to his fate heard what had happened, they began at once to bewail his sad death, and to laud his courage and skill.

"Alas!" cried they, "a great hero, a true son of Helios, is lost to the world! What a pity that he did not hearken to our advice, and stay here among his mother's kindred! Had he done so, we would have honored him as one having kinship with the great, and he might have lived to see a happy old age."

"How handsome he was!" said the maidens who had formerly turned their faces from him, "and how skilful and brave! In all the world we shall never see his like again."

And the daughters of the West built him a noble tomb of marble near the shore of the great sea, and they caused an inscription to be engraved upon it, which said that although he had failed in what he had undertaken, yet he was worthy of honor, because he had set his mind on high things. And Phaëthon's own sisters wandered broken-hearted up and down the banks of the Po, until they were changed into the tall and stately poplars of Lombardy, and the tears which they had shed, falling into the water, were hardened into beads of precious yellow amber.

The old charioteer Helios, though smitten with grief, returned at once to his duty. And for many, many years thereafter he continued to drive his four-in-hand as though nothing had happened; but it was observed that he had lost somewhat of his former vigor, and that his steeds no longer pranced through the skies with the joyousness of earlier times. At length, when mighty Zeus had fallen from his place, and great Pan was dead, and Mother Gæa was none other than the great round earth, the Man of Facts came to the front, with his spectacles, and his measuring tape, and his little memorandum book.

"Father Helios," he said, "your sun-car seems to be rather an antiquated affair for this progressive age of ours, and you yourself are rather behind the times. It is a great deal easier and more scientific for the earth to spin around on its axis than for the sun to be eternally trundled about in a chariot. We 'll find room for your old rattle-trap in the back yard, where it may stay among the other rubbish of bygone ages. And the horses, Eös, Æthon, Brontë, and Sterope, we will turn out to grass."

HIPPION had scarcely finished his story when the waving of flags in the Queen's pavilion announced that another team was being brought out for exhibition. A moment later a chariot drawn by two superb silver-gray horses was driven at a swift rate along the track. Philip had already seen so many wonderful steeds that he was not at all surprised at anything in the appearance of these. They lacked both the brilliancy and the dash of Helios's yellow-creams, but there was a calm stateliness about them, and a gentle gracefulness in all their movements, that somehow made them more lovable and attractive than their fiery rivals.

"They are Selene's famous silver-grays," said the Reporter, as they passed. "Just as Maane's nameless steeds drew the moon-car for your English forefathers, so did these handsome fellows perform the same service for my Greek ancestors. Only see with what dignity and grace they lift those silver hoofs of theirs, how proudly they hold their heads, and how silently they glide along the course, like a ship sailing on a glassy sea!"

"I like them better than Maane's white horses," said Philip.

"And therein you show your knowledge of poetry as well as of horse-flesh," said the Schoolmaster. "Some of the prettiest poetical ideas, both of ancient and of modern times, are connected with these handsome horses, and the 'goddess excellently bright,' who is their mistress. But this finishes the exhibition for to-day, and everybody, as you see, is going home. While you are walking with me to my lodgings I will tell you something more about this famous team."

SELENE'S SILVER-GRAYS.

"That which is now a horse, even with a thought
The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct
As water is in water."—*Antony and Cleopatra.*

There were never but two of them,— although some men say there were four,— graceful, gentle, obedient, silver-gray. Next to the fiery steeds that drew the sun-car, they were the swiftest horses that the world has ever looked upon. But nobody remembers their names.

Selene — pronounce it in three syllables, please — Selene was the sister of Helios, and, like him, she was a charioteer whose duty and destiny it was to carry light to the people of the earth. Whenever her brother descended with his sun-car into the watery west, and night came on apace, it was expected of her to come out and guide the moon along the pathway of the skies. Had her horses been a little swifter, and had she always been attentive to business, the earth would never have been left in total darkness. But the gentle steeds which she drove were somewhat slower than the mettlesome team that drew the golden car of the sun, and hence, do all that she would, she could not help losing an hour every day. Then there were times when she failed to appear at all, while at other times she made so late a start that she might almost as well have stayed at home. She could seldom be depended upon, and her fickleness was so well known that it became a proverb.

Men said that she spent much of the time in hunting. Her chariot was of silver, beautifully wrought, and it was engraved all over with hunting-scenes and

with pictures of coursing hounds and fleeing deer, of armed huntsmen and timid beasts, and of cool forest shades and flowery meadows and rugged mountain slopes. The horses, you may well believe, were of such rare grace and exceeding beauty that when they soared aloft in the early hours of the evening, they presented a picture of delight such as we rarely see nowadays.

In fact, they were admired much more than their fiery cousins, that drew the sun-chariot, perhaps because they were gentler and did not dazzle the eyes so much. But, even in those olden times, it was not everybody that could see them, and only children and poets and lovers had keen enough eyesight to behold their queenly mistress as she stood erect in the car with the silvery reins in her hands. She was very tall, white-armed, and flaxen-haired; and she wore a golden diadem upon her head, and long white wings grew from between her shoulders. Leaning by her side were the bow and arrows which she used in the chase; and hanging upon her arm was the great round moon-shield, from which a silvery light was shed upon all the earth beneath.

Once, while hunting in a grove, she saw a young man called Endymion lying asleep upon the ground, and she thought him so beautiful that she wished to have him always within her sight. And hence she bound poppies about his head so that he might never waken, and carried him to the top of old Mount Latmus, where she laid him upon a bed of mosses in such a position that the light from her moon-shield would kiss his lips while she was driving her chariot through the sky. And there Endymion lay for ages, never grow-

ing old, but asleep and knowing nothing of the honor that had been awarded him. But finally, when the Man of Facts came and relieved fair Selene of her moon-shield and sent it revolving alone around the earth, it was found that Endymion had disappeared, but how or when nobody could ever tell.

The white steeds of Selene now no longer journey through the sky, and neither children, nor lovers, nor poets have seen their queenly mistress for many a year. But I must believe that rare old Ben Jonson saw her and her chariot some three centuries ago. Otherwise he would not have addressed this little poem to her, calling her by her favorite name, Cynthia:—

> Queen and huntress chaste and fair,
> Now the sun is laid to sleep;
> Seated in thy silver chair,
> State in wonted manner keep.
> Hesperus entreats thy light,
> Goddess excellently bright!
>
> Earth, let not thy envious shade
> Dare itself to interpose;
> Cynthia's shining orb was made
> Heav'n to clear when day did close.
> Bless us then with wishèd sight,
> Goddess excellently bright!
>
> Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
> And thy crystal shining quiver;
> Give unto the flying hart
> Space to breathe, how short soever —
> Thou that mak'st a day of night,
> Goddess excellently bright!

SECOND DAY

HIGH-JUMPERS AND HIGH-FLIERS

THERE were two reasons which prompted Philip and his friends to be on the grounds very early the next morning. In the first place, it had been given out that there would be an exhibition of some wonderful feats in high-jumping by a couple of remarkably timid animals which never showed themselves after sunrise; and as this was one of the chief attractions of the day, they could not well afford to miss seeing it. Secondly, the Schoolmaster was anxious that the boy should learn something of the manner in which the horses were cared for in the best-conducted stables in the world.

As they strolled along in the moonlight — for day had not yet begun to appear — the old gentleman remarked that there were five things necessary to the health and physical perfection of horses, no matter where they were reared. These were pure air, abundant exercise, wholesome diet, regular hours, and scrupulous cleanliness.

"And you may add to these," he said, "kind treatment at all times. For what horse will thrive unless he is happy? And what horse can be happy that lives in constant dread of kicks and blows and harsh words?"

The work in the stables began long before daybreak, and it was very interesting to watch the tiny lads and undersized men as they groomed and fed the animals intrusted to their charge. The soundest and brightest oats, the sweetest hay, the purest water warmed by yesterday's sunbeams, were given to the beasts for their early breakfast; and then, with the greatest care and solicitude, they were rubbed down until their glossy coats shone as if polished, and their long manes were combed, and their flowing tails — for there was no cruel "docking" done in those stables — were loosened from the plaits in which they had been held during the night. A little later on, they would be ridden out for exercise, and made to walk, gallop, and canter for one, two, or three hours, not on the hard-packed roadway, but over the soft turf of the meadows and the low-lying hills.

Philip would have been pleased to loiter among the stables all day, admiring the beauty of the thoroughbreds, and watching the brisk movements of their keepers, but the Schoolmaster hurried him away, saying that if they would see the high jumping which was promised for that morning it would be necessary for them to go at once to the top of the little knoll close by, whence they would doubtless have a full view of the performance.

On their way thither, Hippion the Reporter explained to Philip that this was not a very popular exhibition. "Most people," he said, "would rather lie in bed than take the trouble to come out and see it. There are several men — and women, too, for aught I know — who crossed the Atlantic Ocean in 1893 to

"A LITTLE LATER ON, THEY WOULD BE RIDDEN OUT FOR EXERCISE."

see the World's Fair, and yet they have never seen this most magnificent sight. They won't take the trouble to turn over in their beds and open their window-blinds to view that which surpasses all the wonders of the White City. But do you know why? Their eyesight is not good."

They reached the summit of the knoll just as the moon was dipping out of sight behind the western mountains, and Philip saw that only two other persons were there to view the first exhibition of the day. One was a slender young man with a pale face and dark liquid eyes, whom the Schoolmaster greeted with great warmth, and introduced to Philip as a very dear friend of his, an artist who never missed an opportunity like the present. The other proved to be a young poet, also an acquaintance of the Schoolmaster's, who had written but little, although, as everybody knew, his heart was full of music and of veneration for whatever is beautiful and true.

"I doubt not," said he, "but that we are all here for the same purpose, namely—to witness the feats of Aurora's famous horses. As my friend the Artist knows more than any other man about this team of high-jumpers, I suggest that he relate their history while we wait for their coming."

The Artist bowed and smiled, and, while all stood with their faces turned toward the east, began his story.

AURORA'S HIGH-JUMPERS

"That runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular."— *Henry IV.*

THE steeds ever young that bring the morning — that is what they used to be called. People who wanted to see them had to rise very early indeed, for Lampus and Phaëthon were as shy of the sunlight as owls are of the day. They were not fast travelers like the wondrous teams of Helios and Selene, and so far as I know, they never made long journeys. But of all the high-jumpers that have ever delighted mankind they were the champions. When they spurned the earth with their golden hoofs and leaped high among the morning clouds, it was hard to say whether they were leaping or flying; for they always moved together, and drew behind them the chariot in which their mistress stood.

You have been told of the maiden Aurora, her who tapped every morning at the door of Helios's chamber and warned him that it was time to be climbing into his chariot. She was the old charioteer's younger sister. Snow-footed Aurora she was called — yellow-robed, rosy-fingered, air-born Aurora. Her daily duties were always the same, from the beginning of the year to the end. She had no very grand adventures; she cared but little for romance; she was a stay-at-home body whom few appreciated, but whom it was a pleasure to know. Three things she did every morning: she aroused her brother, she awakened the birds, and she drove her team of high-jumpers out for exercise.

Very, very early on a summer's morning, just as the darkness begins to fade away—that is the time when everybody used to go out to see Aurora's wonderful team. The air is cool and bracing, and a gentle breeze is blowing down from the mountains. Chilly? Wrap your cloak about your shoulders, for you will not have to wait long. A moment ago, you could hardly see your hand before you. Now, see! Faint rays of light begin to appear low down in the east. Be still, it is Aurora bringing out her chariot! And soon the whole sky is lit up with a soft, mellow light. It is the radiance streaming from Aurora's smiling face!

Do you see those long, narrow clouds floating lazily at some distance above the horizon? Aurora is putting up her bars. At first they are dark, but they change color rapidly. Now they are a mottled gray with streaks of tawny brown; now they are variegated with spots of crimson and patches of purple and gold. Here is one that has turned to a saffron-yellow, another has become a creamy white, and a third has melted into vapor and is rapidly dissolving into nothingness. Aurora's team is ready for the grand ascent.

You do not see them? How unfortunate!

But do you not see that flood of light that leaps up and surmounts the cloudy bars, and spreads itself out to right and left, and finally seems to lose itself in the blue sky dome above us? If your eyes had been sharper, you might have gotten a fair view of Aurora then, and of the horses Lampus and Phaëthon, and of the chariot.

But try again! Turn your eyes towards the mountains, and, while your heart is full of lofty thoughts,

look upward. See those bright points of light leaping from cliff to crag, and from peak to snowy summit! See them as they rapidly descend, leaving behind them everywhere a trail of mellow glory! Ah, there they are — two horses of immense size and of a form so delicate and ethereal that they seem like clouds of sunbeams in the air, as they glide swiftly downward. Behind them floats a car of liquid light, not brilliant as with gems and fiery meteors, but shedding soft, iridescent rays through the air, and beautifying the earth and the sea. And in the car is Aurora herself, so majestic, so ethereal, so like a vanishing cloud of light, that —

Ah, but the sun has risen, and horses, chariot, and fair driver have disappeared as though by magic — have melted away in the mists of the morning, and we shall see them no more.

People nowadays, even those who are early risers, have little thought for the high-jumping steeds Lampus and Phaëthon, although they have named a useful domestic article after one and a four-wheeled vehicle after the other. As regards their rosy-fingered mistress, ask the Man of Facts. "The phenomena of the dawn," he will tell you, "are but the results of the reflection and the refraction of the solar beams from the atmosphere and from suspended nebulous vapor of varying density, previous to the appearance of the solar luminary above the visible horizon."

As the sun arose above the hills and trees the activity in the great horse-park increased. By nine o'clock the benches in the grand pavilion were crowded

with the same motley concourse of old-fashioned people that had sat upon them during the previous evening. The Schoolmaster, and Philip with his newly made acquaintances, had found a comfortable place where they could see everything that was going on, and there they awaited the sound of the trumpet that was to announce the beginning of the morning's entertainment. In the mean while some very dark clouds began to form on the horizon, and soon a brisk wind arose that sent them scurrying, as it were, over the distant hilltops, leaving a trail of white mist behind them, and giving to the sky a gray, chilly aspect, such as is common in late November and sometimes in the early weeks of spring.

Soon the trumpet sounded, and a four-in-hand team of mettlesome horses was driven with great speed, not along the race-track, but across the meadow and up the grass-carpeted slopes of the hills, until they finally seemed to mingle with the scurrying clouds, and were lost to sight among their dark folds.

"The black steeds of Aidoneus!" cried the Schoolmaster. Then, turning to the Poet, he said: "I have promised my young friend that he shall hear the history of all the horses that are exhibited to-day, and I know of no one who can tell the story of these stormy fellows better than yourself. We won't ask you for a poem, but if you will kindly repeat that one-syllabled version which you read to me last year, I assure you we shall all be your debtors."

And so, while the rest of the audience listened to the rushing music of the orchestra, Philip and his friends gave ear to the Poet's simple story.

THE BLACK STEEDS OF AIDONEUS

. . . "I did hear
The galloping of horse: who was't came by?"
—*Macbeth.*

THEY lived for the most of the time in a land of dread, deep down in the earth, where the light of the sun could not reach them; and that, it may be, is what made them so dark. Men said that they were as black as coal, as ink, as tar, as the ace of spades. But they were so strong and swift and proud, and their eyes were so bright, and their coats were so sleek, that no one could see them and not wish to have them for his own. And yet so sharp of tooth, so light of heel, so full of fire were they, that it would have been worth your life to touch them. King Aidoneus kept them in stalls of gold that he had built for them near the banks of the stream which is called the Styx, and there he fed them and cared for them with his own hands. But since in all his realms there was no light of the sun, nor smiles of friends, nor joy of life,—naught but tears and the shades of night,—he liked at times to come up to the world of love and hope to see what kind of cheer he might find there. And so now and then men caught sight of him in a cloud-like car drawn by his four coal-black steeds, which flew through the air with the speed of the wind, or pranced and reared on the edge of some steep cliff, or leaped down from the top of some far-off height. And the tales which they told of his deeds were such as fill the heart with fear; for they said that his breath was cold as the blast of the north wind, or else hot

as the fire that leaps from Mount Etna's mouth; and cloud and storm, and hail and snow, and dire pain and dread — all these he brought to the earth in the wake of his swift car and night-black team.

Now one day in the late fall, when the frost had not yet touched the leaves, and the fields were still bright with bloom, he thought that he would ride out and see some of the fair things that had been born of the earth and the sun — things that but to look at would touch a spring of joy in his sad heart. He rode up by way of Mount Etna, and out through the smoke and clouds that poured from its top, and looked down toward the green fields of Enna, not far from its base. Then, with a sharp word to his team, he drove in great haste down the steep slopes, and paused not till he reached the plain.

Some girls who lived near the foot of Mount Etna had gone out to spend the day in the fields, and with them was a fair young maid named Persephone, the child of Dame Demeter. The sun was warm, the sky was fair, the grass was soft, and the girls, free as the wild birds of the wood, ran here and there, and dreamed of no harm. At length Persephone, tired of play, sat down on a stone to rest; but the girls that were with her went on, and were soon out of sight. Then all at once she heard a strange sound as of huge wheels and the tramp of hoofs, and ere she had time to run home to the safe arms of Dame Demeter, a black car drawn by four coal-black steeds was at her side. In the car stood a tall, sad-faced man, dark-eyed and pale, who wore a crown of gold on his head. Persephone screamed and stood still — it was

all that she could do. Then she was caught up in the strong arms of Aidoneus, who at the same time swung his long whip in the air and cried out to his steeds:

"On, Eton, thou who art swift as birds on the wing! On, Nonios, thou whom no flash of light can outspeed! On, Abatos; no storm is so fleet as thou, no thought can run so fast! On, Abastor; race thou with the stars that shoot through the sky! Speed ye all! Speed ye all!"

And the wild steeds, urged thus by lash and speech, flew through the air, as it were, and climbed up, up, up the steep slopes of Etna, and paused not till they stood on the edge of the great black cup and the flue whence smoke and blue flames came up from the dim depths of Aidoneus's realm. Poor Persephone shrieked, and tried to leap out of the car; but the stern old King soothed her fears with kind words, and told her that so long as she would stay with him she should be safe from harm. Then a sheet of flame shot up and shut out the light of day, and the steeds, the car, the King, and the maid went down, down, down, and were seen no more.

When the news was brought to good Dame Demeter that her child was lost, she did not faint nor cry out in her great grief and fear, for she was too brave and wise for that. But she went out at once in search of the maid, and vowed that she would find her or come back no more. With a black veil wound round her head, and with a torch in her hand, she crossed the seas, and went from land to land, and asked all that dwelt on the earth if they had seen her child. For a whole year she searched in vain. Then she

thought that she would go to Helios, him who drives the sun car through the skies, and ask him.

"Great Helios," she said, "I know that your eye takes in all the world, and that the deeds of both gods and men are known to you. Tell me, I pray you, have you seen my lost child Persephone?"

Kind Helios was glad that she had come to him. Yes, he had seen Persephone. As chance would have it, he had seen Aidoneus when he rushed down from Etna; he had seen him lift the child from the ground and place her in his black car; he had seen the last wild leap down Mount Etna's throat.

"She is with Aidoneus," said he; "and he has made her the queen of his dark realms. But he would not have seized her as he did had he not had leave of Zeus, the king of gods and men."

Then Dame Demeter gave way to her grief and rage; and she sent word to Zeus that no fruits nor grain should grow in all the world so long as Aidoneus kept Persephone in his halls. For it was Dame Demeter, men said, who gave life to the trees and plants, and made them bloom and bear fruit. Zeus and the gods that were with him knew that the dame would be as good as her word, and the thought filled them with fear. If there should be no food for men, save flesh and fish, they would soon be as wild as they were in the old, old time, and would care naught for the gods.

"It is hard to have to give up to her whims," said great Zeus; "but the best that we can do is to fetch Persephone back to her."

And so he bade Hermes, him who had the winged feet, to go down to the halls of Aidoneus and bring the lost maid back.

Aidoneus was glad to see Hermes, but he frowned when he learned why he had come.

"Do you not know the law?" he asked.

"What law?"

"There is a law which none of the gods—no, not yourself, nor even Zeus—can break. I will read it to you." And he took a black book from the shelf on the wall, and, when he had found the place, read these words:

"*That one, be it god or man, maid or child, who tastes food while in the realms of Aidoneus, shall not go out therefrom so long as the world stands.*"

Then Hermes asked Persephone if food had passed her lips since the day that Aidoneus had brought her to his halls. And the maid told him that she had been too sad to think of food; yet once, as she stood on the banks of the Styx, she had plucked some bright red fruit that grew there.

"Did you taste it?"

"Yes, I took just one small bite, and then threw it far from me."

Aidoneus clapped his hands with glee.

"What kind of bright red fruit grows on the banks of the Styx?" asked Hermes.

"Pomegranates," said the King.

"But what is a pomegranate?" asked Hermes. "A poor kind of food. At the best, not more than one third of it is fit to eat. The rest is skin and seeds."

And so he took Persephone back to Dame Demeter, and said that for eight months of each year she should live in the glad green earth; but that for four months Aidoneus might claim her as his queen. Hence it is that so long as the grains of corn lie dead in the

ground, Persephone stays in the drear realms of Aidoneus. But when the stalks begin to grow and the buds of the fruit trees to burst, then the sad-faced King comes in his dark cloud-car, drawn by his four night-black steeds, to bring Persephone back to Dame Demeter's door. And there the fair maid lives all through the spring and the warm months of the year, till at last the chill days of the late fall bring snow and ice and hoar frost. Then comes Aidoneus on the wings of the storm-cloud, with Eton, swift as birds, and Nonios, quick as light, and Abatos, fleet as thought, and Abastor who outspeeds the stars. And they bear the maid up Etna's slopes, and are lost to sight in the smoke and blue flames.

Dame Demeter was so glad that her child had been found and brought back to her home that she went through all the world to tell it, and to show men how to grow grain and raise fruit. To a man whose name was Triptolemus she gave a green car filled with corn and drawn by winged dragons. And Triptolemus flew to and fro from land to land, and sowed the grain; and in all the earth there were fields of corn and much fruit. And men learned to till the ground.

When the chill days of late November come, dark clouds will sweep through the air, blown by wild gusts of wind, with whiffs of white snow in their train. They are the black steeds of Aidoneus, and the dark car, and the sad-faced King; and they bear Persephone to the shades deep down in the earth. But in four months therefrom the sun will call; the seeds in the ground will sprout and grow; the buds will swell and burst; the dark clouds will come with the winds, as of

yore, but this time they will bring life in their train. The fair Queen will come home in the car that is drawn by the four black steeds of Aidoneus.

Just then the bugles blew another blast, and it seemed to Philip as if all the winds of heaven had been suddenly unbridled. A cyclone, had it swept across the park and the meadows beyond, would not have made a greater stir, nor sped with greater swiftness, than did the monstrous gray steed which was at that moment turned out for exhibition. Taken all in all, he was the most remarkable animal that had yet been shown at the fair. His body was long and slender, but well made, and was supported by eight slim legs which gave him the oddest appearance imaginable. As the creature went gliding along, smoothly and yet with irresistible force, the reeds and tall grass on either side of his pathway bowed to him as if in reverence, and a whirlwind followed in his wake.

"The black steeds of Aidoneus are no match for that fellow!" cried the Artist.

"Saddle-horse against chariot, every time!" cried the Reporter, clapping his hands.

"He used to bring the seasons just as surely as did the black fellows," said the Schoolmaster; "and he has always borne a better name. And, by the way, the story which the old Norsefolk tell of his journey to the under-world has many points in it that remind me of the tale which our friend the Poet has just related."

Philip looked up inquiringly, and the Schoolmaster went on.

THE EIGHT-FOOTED SLIPPER

. . . "A horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose."
—*Henry IV.*

Did you ever hear of the curious riddle which old-fashioned people in the North used to tell one another on Wednesday mornings? It was something like this:

"Who are the two that ride over the rainbow? Three eyes have they together, ten feet, two arms, and a tail. And thus they journey through the world."

You can't guess it, and it will be of no use for you to try. But all those old-fashioned people knew the answer; and everybody repeated the question to everybody else, not as a puzzle nor to gain information, but but simply because it was the custom, and therefore the right thing to do. In that respect it was like the briefer and more matter-of-fact riddle which people propound to one another nowadays: "It 's a fine morning, is n't it?" But it did n't mean the same. The answer which everybody gave to everybody was this:

"The two who ride over the rainbow are Odin and his steed Sleipnir. Odin has one eye, the horse two; the horse runs on eight feet, Odin has two; two arms has Odin, and the horse has a tail."

A horse with eight feet would of course have many advantages over the commoner kind that have only four. If a heavy load had to be drawn, only think what a wonderful leverage his long legs would give him! If a long journey were to be taken, how nicely he could hold up half of his feet and give them a rest while the other four were steadily jogging along!

And then, in racing and jumping, what an impetus all those legs, working together, would give him! What a fine picture the gray steed Sleipnir must have presented as he glided with long strides across the barren wolds of the great Northland — slipping along, as it were, almost noiselessly from place to place, thus winning his expressive name — the Slipper, or the Glider. And he was not only swift and strong, but he was wise; for mystic runes, the letters of the alphabet, were engraved upon his teeth. Many tales are told of his prowess and of the feats which he performed, but I will repeat to you only one — the famous story of his journey to the underworld.

There was great grief in the house of Odin, for word had been brought that Balder, his best-loved son, was dead. Balder, the white, the pure, the good, the fair, had been treacherously slain, and all the world was in mourning. Who now would bring good gifts to men? Who would bless them with smiles and sunlight, as Balder had done? Out by the shore of the sea the people had gathered to perform the last sad rites for the dead hero. Balder's own ship, the *Ringhorn*, had been drawn up on the beach, and in it were placed all the most precious things that had been his. The deck was piled with cedar-wood, and between the layers of sticks were placed gums and rich spices and fragrant leaves, and the whole pile was covered with fine robes, and a couch was made whereon to lay the body of the dead. Then Balder's horse, Gyller the Golden, was led on board, saddled and bridled as if for a long journey. His arms also

were brought — his shield and sword and bow and quiver — and laid by the side of the couch. Finally the hero himself was borne to his last resting-place, and Nanna, his young wife who had died of grief, was laid beside him. The great ship was pushed into the sea and set on fire. Wrapped in flames and hidden by dense clouds of smoke, it drifted far away from the shore.

"Alas! alas!" cried the people, "what will become of us, now that Balder is dead — now that the sunlight is gone out of the world?" And they went to their homes weeping, and sat down in the darkness and cold, and could not believe that aught of joy would ever come to them again.

And other things sorrowed, too. The trees bent their heads, and the leaves upon them fell withered to the ground. The meadows doffed their green summer coats and dressed themselves in sober suits of russet. The birds forgot to sing. The small creatures of the woods hid themselves in the ground or in the hollow trunks of the trees. The cicadas no longer made merry in the groves. The music of the busy world was hushed. Nowhere could be heard the sound of the spindle or the loom, of ax or flail, of the harvesters' song, of the huntsmen's horn, of the warriors' battle-cry; but only the dull thud of the waves beating against the shore, or the wild whistling of the winds among the dead branches of the trees.

In the King's high halls Balder's mother lamented his untimely fate, and his sisters were beside themselves with grief. Odin, with his blue hood pulled down over his face, sat silent in the twilight and

listened to the moaning of the sea. He was not only troubled because of the death of his son, but the sadness of the world oppressed him. What if the universal grief should continue and joy never return? Frost and ice and darkness would at length overwhelm the earth, and the race of mankind would perish.

"We must bring lost Balder back to us!" he cried. "He must not stay in the gloomy halls of the underworld. And yet how can we persuade Hela, the pale-faced Queen of that region, to give him up?"

"Hela is deaf to prayers," answered one of his councilors; "and, moreover, she will be glad to keep the bright Balder in order that perchance some joy may be known to the dwellers in her own domains. And yet, mayhap, if some one of your own household shall go down and carry your prayers to her, she will relent and give him up."

"Ah, so she may!" cried the Queen-mother. "But who among his brothers will dare undertake so fearful a journey?"

"I will dare!" cried Hermod, Balder's younger brother. He was only a little fellow, but he was famous all over the world for the quickness of his movements and for his horsemanship. "I will go down to Hela's house with your prayers, if only I may ride Sleipnir, who is both fleet and sure-footed."

Gray Sleipnir was at once led out and saddled with the greatest care; and food and drink were given him, enough for eighteen days. Then Hermod, booted and spurred, sprang upon him and rode fearlessly away along the shadowy highroad that leads toward the

land of the stern-faced Hela. Nine days through mists and fog, nine nights amid darkness and unseen perils, did the good steed gallop steadily onward; and his eight iron hoofs, clattering upon the rocky roadway, roused strange echoes among the barren hills and frowning mountain passes. Nine days and nine nights did bold Hermod sit in the saddle with his face bared to the chilling winds and his heart set firm upon his errand. Many were the sad-eyed travelers whom they overtook, all journeying toward the same goal, but not one did they meet returning. And pale specters flitted in the air above them, and ogres grinned in the darkness, and owls hooted from the clefts of the rock. But none of these things could frighten Sleipnir; for were not the mystic runes of Odin engraved on his teeth? And no terror could make Hermod falter; for was not his errand one of love and mercy?

At length, having passed through a dark and narrow valley where there were many unknown and fearful things, they came out upon a broad plain which is the beginning of the great silent land. A dim yellow light illumined the sky, and the air seemed soft and mild, and a restful peace abode there. But no sound of any kind was heard; even the striking of Sleipnir's hoofs upon the pavement was noiseless; and when Hermod tried to sing, he found that he could not hear his own voice. On the farther side of the plain they came to a broad river that flowed silently toward the sea. It was the river Gjol, and across it was the long Gjallar Bridge, a narrow roadway roofed with shining gold. Here Sleipnir slacked his pace, and Hermod found that the great silence had been left behind. At

the end of the bridge was a gate, behind which stood a maiden named Modgud, whose duty it was to take toll of all the travelers who passed that way.

"Who are you," she asked, "who ride so heavily across the frail Gjallar Bridge, and what kind of beast is that which you bestride?"

"I am Hermod, of the house of mighty Odin," was the answer; "and this beast is Sleipnir the Glider, the fleetest and the wisest of all horses."

"Why do you ride so hard, and why are you so wondrous heavy?" asked the maiden. "Never have I seen this golden bridge shake and sag as it did under your weight. Only yesterday five thousand passengers were crowded upon it at once, and yet it trembled not in the least. Surely you are not the kind of man that should travel this road. There is too much color in your face, and too much strength in your arm. Why do you ride into the land of Hela?"

"I am on my way to Hela's halls to find my brother Balder," answered Hermod. "He has but lately passed this way, and I doubt not but that among all the multitudes who have given you toll you remember him."

"Indeed, I do remember him. Two days ago he came, riding his good steed Gyller the Golden, and his sweet-faced wife Nanna was beside him. Never before did such brightness cross this river; never before did beauty such as his pass over into the land of Hela. If you will promise to bring him back this way, I will lift the gate and allow you to ride on, for I see you have nothing to give me for toll."

"I promise," said Hermod. "But which way shall I ride to find Hela's halls?"

"The way lies downward and northward," answered Modgud. "It is not far, and you cannot miss the road. Farewell!"

Hermod gave the word to Sleipnir, and the horse galloped swiftly onward down the steep way that the maiden had pointed out. In a little while they came to the walls of a huge castle that stood gloomy and dark among the hills. On the outside was a deep moat filled with water. The drawbridge was up and the gate was shut. Hermod tried to call to the watchman, but the sound of his voice died away before it left his mouth. He looked around in the hope that he might attract the notice of some one in the towers or on the walls. But there was not a soul in sight. At length he dismounted and gave Sleipnir a good breathing-spell, while he measured with his eye the distance to the top of the castle wall. Then he stroked the horse's gray mane, read the runes on his teeth, and whispered them in his ear. At last he carefully tightened the saddle-girths and remounted.

"Good Sleipnir," he said, "you have borne me thus far, and have not failed me. Stand me in stead this one time, I bid you. Let those eight long limbs of yours be wings as well as legs!"

Then, at a touch of the spur, Sleipnir sped with lightning swiftness down the narrow roadway toward the edge of the moat, and in another moment was flying through the air right over the gate and into the courtyard beyond. It was a wonderful leap; but then it was a wonderful horse that made it. No sportsman's trained hunter ever cleared ditch and hedge with half the ease and grace that great Sleipnir cleared the high

wall of Hela's castle. Safe within the courtyard, Hermod alighted and tied the horse to an iron post that stood by the side of a fountain. Then, seeing that all the doors were open, he walked boldly in without asking leave of any one, and made his way to the long banquet-hall where Hela and her guests were feasting. Whom should he see, sitting in the foremost seat at the Queen's right hand, but his brother Balder! The light which shone in Balder's countenance and glittered in his eyes shed a soft radiance over the entire hall, such as its gloomy walls had never seen before; and the faces of the guests were wreathed in smiles, and the Queen herself seemed to have forgotten all her sternness. Hermod, unbidden though he was, was welcomed very kindly, and a seat was given him at the table. All that evening he mingled with the guests in the hall. He talked with his brother, or told wondrous stories in the hearing of the Queen, but not once did he speak of the business upon which he had come.

The next morning, when he thought that Hela was in her pleasantest mood, Hermod asked whether Balder might not ride home with him to his sorrowing mother, whose heart would be broken if he did not return.

"Does she weep for him?" asked the Queen.

"Yes, and not only she, but my father and his councilors, and our brothers and sisters—all the household of Odin weep."

"There are so many such households that, if weeping availed anything, I should soon be deprived of all my subjects. There is no home that does not weep for its loved ones."

"But all mankind weeps for Balder."

"All mankind? Well, if that be true, there is some reason for your request, but not enough."

"All living creatures mourn for him," added Hermod.

"Indeed! But I should weep if you were to take him away from me. Do things that are lifeless also grieve for him?"

"Truly they do. The very rocks shed tears, as do also the mountains and the clouds. There is nothing that does not weep."

"Do you know that this is true? Will you swear it?" asked the Queen, earnestly.

Hermod hesitated. "I am quite sure that it is true," he finally answered. "But, not having seen everything, I cannot now make oath to it."

"I will tell you what I will do," said Hela. "Do you return to your home, and let Odin send into all the earth and find out for a truth whether everything really weeps for Balder. If he shall find that this is the case, then come to me again, and I will give your brother up. But if a single thing shall refuse to shed tears, then Balder shall stay with me."

Hermod was not altogether pleased with this answer, but he knew that it was useless to plead any further with the Queen, and so he took leave of her, and made ready to return. Balder took from his finger a precious golden ring, and gave it to him to carry to Odin as a keepsake; and Nanna sent a kerchief of green and some flowers to her mother. Then Hermod mounted good Sleipnir again, and rode back, along the fearful way, out of the land of Hela, and came on the tenth day to Odin's palace.

There was, of course, still greater grief in the King's household when it was seen that Hermod returned alone. But when he made known the conditions on which Hela would give Balder back to them, all were glad, for they felt sure that, at the worst, it would be but a few months until they should see his bright face again.

And so messengers were sent into all the world, praying that everything should weep for white Balder. And everything did weep — men and beasts and birds, trees and plants, rivers and mountains, sticks and stones, and all metals. At the end of a year the messengers returned, very glad to report the result. But just before reaching Odin's halls they passed the mouth of a cavern wherein sat a toothless old hag named Thok. They asked her kindly to weep for Balder. She shook her head, and mumbled between curses:

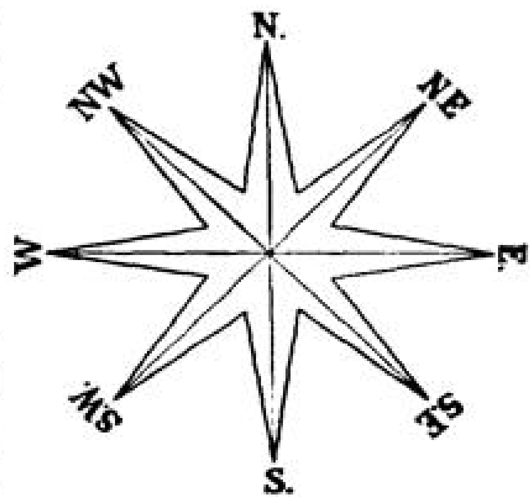
"Bah! Why should such as I weep? Little good did he ever do me; little good will I do him. Go and tell him to stay where he is."

The joy of the messengers was turned to sadness, and with bowed heads they went up the hill whereon Odin's palace stood, and told the whole story.

When kind Hela heard, however, that not anything save the grim ogress had refused to weep for Balder, she was moved to be better than her word. For she consented that Balder, for six months in every twelve, might live with his mother, and gladden the earth with his bright presence. But during the other half of the year she would keep him in her own halls. And this is why the sun shines, and the trees are green, and the birds sing, and men rejoice from April to October, for

that is the season of Balder's stay with them; but during the other months the sun seldom shows his face, and all things are silent and sad, because Balder has gone back to the under-world.

But we must not forget the good steed Sleipnir. Although he never made another journey to the underworld, there was scarcely any part of the earth to which his long legs did not sometimes carry him; and especially in the far North he was a familiar figure long after Odin had gone from the earth. When the fierce winds came down from the mountains and rattled the window-panes and made the peasants' cottages tremble, people would sometimes imagine that they saw old Sleipnir gliding along in the very forefront of the blast. When the storm came from the north, it was Sleipnir's north leg that brought it; when it came from the south, it was his south leg; and so each one of his eight long limbs was responsible somehow for its own particular kind of storm. They may all be represented by a diagram that will probably remind you of the points of the compass.



In some parts of Sweden the old horse had, until quite recently, a troublesome habit of running through the harvest fields and making sad tangles of the standing grain. But by and by the cunning farmers learned a trick that saved them from all further trouble. As soon as the oats or barley was

tall enough they would cut and tie up a fair sheaf of it, and lay it high up on a fence where the frolicsome old fellow would be sure to see it before getting into the field.

"Ah! how kind the dear farmer is to provide this sheaf of sweet barley for me," Sleipnir would say to himself. "I really cannot have the heart to tangle his grain." And then he would gallop away to the next farm. Wednesday night was — and still is, for all I know — his favorite time for visiting the fields; for Wednesday, as you know, is Odin's day. And that, I supppose, is the reason why people always selected Wednesday as the best time in the week for puzzling one another with the question:

"*Who are the two that ride over the rainbow?*"

"THAT reminds me of another puzzle," said the Reporter. "Who are the twenty and two that cross the rainbow?"

"A very pretty puzzle indeed," responded the Artist, "but not a very hard one to answer. For who ever dared try such a feat but Odin and his councilors astride of their eleven fearless saddle-horses? Talk of performing on the tight-rope!' What is that to walking on the edge of a rainbow? And yet to Sleipnir and the ten nimble fellows that accompanied him it was a matter of every-day occurrence."

Seeing that everybody was interested in what he said, the Artist continued talking about

THE SADDLE-HORSES THAT RIDE OVER THE RAINBOW

"Those that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs."—*Henry V.*

It was a grand sight to see Odin and his ten councilors riding over the rainbow bridge every fine morning. It was a sight not visible to everybody; for, as you know, and as modern science has plainly proved, it is impossible for any two persons to see the same rainbow at the same time. And so, while your next-door neighbor might be favored with a delightful view of the very rainbow over which the grand procession was passing, your own less fortunate eyes would be able to see nothing but a common, every-day bow — or possibly no bow at all. But the fact that a thing is invisible to you is no proof that it does not exist.

One end of the shimmering bow that Odin and his councilors crossed was on the top of the snowy mountains of Himminborg, and the other end was beneath the great ash-tree called Yggdrasil. It was never a highway for general travel,— it was far too delicate for that,— and hence the approaches to it were guarded with the greatest care. The warder who had charge of it was a son of Odin called Heimdall, or Homedale, who lived in a fair white castle built on a lofty peak from which he could overlook all the world. His eyes were sharper than any eagle's, for there was not an object within a hundred miles that he could not see; and, what was even more wonderful, they were as useful in the

darkness of night as in the full glare of noonday. And his ears? They must have been painful to him: for his sense of hearing was even more acute than his sense of sight. There was nothing very wonderful in his being able to hear the grass growing in the meadows, for you yourself may do as much on some still warm night in midsummer after the fall of a refreshing shower. But Heimdall could do much more. He could hear the wool growing on the backs of the sheep; he could hear the footfalls of fairies ten miles away; he could hear — not the ticking of a watch, for they had no watches in Himminborg — but people said that he could hear the sun's shadow moving over the face of the sun-dial! And Heimdall's teeth, I have heard, were of pure gold—not artificial golden teeth, such as dentists might put in nowadays, but genuine natural products. Among the choicest treasures in his old halls was a huge sword, called Hofud, which he kept very sharp, in readiness for the time when the giants should try to steal the rainbow; and he had also a golden horn, with which he was to summon the Asa-folk upon the first appearance of danger.

Every morning, if the weather was fine, Heimdall unbarred the white gate at the Himminborg end of the rainbow bridge, and threw it wide open for the passage of the mighty Asas, who came riding down on their way to their council-hall beneath the spreading branches of the ash-tree Yggdrasil. First came Odin, astride of the matchless steed Sleipnir; then followed Balder on Gyller the Golden; the sweet singer Bragi, on his white pony Glad; the one-armed warrior Tyr, on the shining charger Gler; the dark-faced Hoder,

astride of Skeidbrimer, the fleet-footed; the silent Vidar, with his big feet pommeling the sides of his good steed Silvertop; the studious-minded Vale, riding the airy horse Sunbeam; the handsome Uller, astride of his favorite Lightfoot, with his bow and arrow in his hand, and his snow-shoes hanging from the saddle-bow; smiling Forsete, the peacemaker, on gray Siner, the strong; and lastly, cunning, wicked Loki, mounted on the vicious colt Pale Hoof, ever planning some new mischief and plotting to outwit his worthier comrades. After all these had passed through the gate, Heimdall mounted his own gallant horse Goldtop, and rode forward with them across the shimmering bridge. He tarried not in the rear, however, with evil Loki, but with a touch of his golden spur he urged Goldtop to a gentle canter, and in a moment took his place by the side of his shining brother Balder.

And thus the eleven mighty ones passed in grand procession along the tremulous pathway of light. Red were their saddle-girths; orange-colored their silken reins; yellow the golden bits; green the wreaths about their foreheads; blue the mantles on their shoulders; dyed as with indigo, their tasseled sword-belts; purple, the robes beneath their white armor. And thus they rode to the council-halls in the shadow of the great tree Yggdrasil.

There was one of Odin's councilors, however, who dared not set foot on the shimmering bridge. Thor, his minister of war, would have broken the fair structure into thousands of fragments had he tried to cross it. He was obliged, therefore, to go to the place of meeting by a roundabout and difficult road; and yet

he traveled with such rattling speed that he was seldom behind time in making his appearance. He did not care to ride on horseback, and I doubt if any steed could have carried so boisterous a fellow; but he had a team of frisky goats, named Tangnost and Tangrisner, that he hitched to an iron chariot, and that bore him through the air and over the clouds, and whithersoever he wanted to go. And so, while his comrades were riding silently and very orderly over the vaulted rainbow bridge, great Thor was speeding along in the wake of the storm, thundering down the mountain-sides, rattling over the plains, flinging his heavy hammer hither and thither like lightning-flashes amid the clouds, and filling the world with momentary terror.

You have a lively imagination — look around you now, and enjoy the beautiful and awe-inspiring scene. In the east the sun shines bright in the clear sky. But overhead and all down the west to the very horizon, dark clouds hover and threaten and pile themselves up, one on another, like black mountains ever shifting, ever changing in the storm. See those peaks of gray pointing toward the zenith! See those toppling cliffs edged with silver and tipped with gold — they are the mountains of Himminborg, wherein Heimdall dwells! Now see the rainbow, like a shimmering bridge, spanning the green earth, with one end amid the mountains and the other lost in the mists and dim shadows of the distant north, where doubtless the Yggdrasil tree stands. Look closely now, and mayhap you will see the eleven horsemen riding in Indian fashion and with lofty dignity over the frail bridge!

Do you see them?

How unfortunate if this does not happen to be the right rainbow after all! But we will hope for better luck next time.

Now look beyond, into the inky black clouds that are rolling upward in volumes of fearful darkness, threatening to overwhelm the earth. Did you see those streaks of flame dancing in the gloom? Thor is speeding his goats. Did you hear that distant rumbling as of a farm-wagon rolling over a stony road? The great iron car is bumping over the clouds. Ah, what a vivid flash of lightning! Thor has thrown his heavy hammer at some storm giant in his path. And what a deafening clap of thunder! The hammer has doubtless struck the mark, and the storm giant, with battered head, will retire from the field. Do you hear now that continued rumble and rattle that fills the air, like the discharge of a thousand big guns, and then rolls away to the northward over the plains and between the hills? Thor's goats are making wonderful headway now over the rough causeway of the clouds, and their master is beating on the iron dashboard of the car to cheer them as they go. . . . But now the clouds are scattering, are clearing away, and our eyes are not strong enough to see the rainbow any more to-day. Odin and his councilors are sitting in their council-chamber. The eleven horses that ride over the rainbow stand in the shade of the Yggdrasil tree.

"I AM glad that the storm has passed away," said the Schoolmaster, "for now we shall see the contest between the two high-fliers who can truly be called the champions of the air."

At that very moment the trumpets sounded, and two superb creatures that looked like horses with wings were led out upon the green. Philip expected every moment to see them spread their pinions and soar up into the air, but in this he was disappointed. The grooms who had them in charge held fast to their halters, and although the horses seemed very restless and almost unmanageable, they made no effort to fly.

While the company were admiring the graceful forms of the animals and the beauty of their folded wings, the Schoolmaster whispered to Philip that, since the Muses had ceased to haunt the mountains of Greece, their steed Pegasus had seldom tried his wings, and that it was altogether likely that he would soon forget how to unfold them.

"Which one of the two is Pegasus?" asked Philip.

"The handsomer one, whose every movement is a poem," answered his friend. "His rival, the gaudy fellow with the rainbow wings, is Griffen, a younger and very inferior horse, beloved of romance writers and truthful travelers. Of course everybody knows that Pegasus will be the prize-winner."

"How did he come to belong to the Muses?" asked Philip.

The Schoolmaster adjusted his spectacles and, leaning back in his seat, sat in silence some time, watching the movements of the two animals. Then, seeming to remember himself, he said: "That is a question to which I cannot give a direct answer. But I will tell you his history, and if that does n't throw some light upon it I would advise you to ask the Muses themselves."

THE WINGED HORSE OF THE MUSES

"O, for a horse with wings!"—*Cymbeline.*

PEOPLE said that the gods sent him to the earth. Of course it was very desirable to account in some way for the appearance of so wonderful a creature, and there was no easier way to do it. But to this day nobody knows anything about his origin. When first seen he was simply a beautiful horse with wings like a great bird, and he could travel with equal ease in the air and on the ground. He did not appear to have an over-abundance of horse-sense; but he was affectionate, and docile, and very brave. He was the Poet's favorite at a very early period; and there are some versifiers nowadays who claim to write their effusions with pens made from quills that have been plucked from his wings. But such effusions, somehow, lack the flavor that one would expect to find. If these latter-day poets could rediscover the old Fountain of the Horse in Bœotia, and drink a few refreshing draughts therefrom, it might do them good and improve their verses.

You never heard of such a fountain?

Well.

A good many years ago — so many that we shall not bother about the date—this wonderful animal, after a long and wearisome flight above the clouds, alighted at a pleasant spot near the foot of Mount Helicon, in Bœotia. He was hot and thirsty, and having seen some reeds growing at that spot, he hoped that he would find there a stream of water, or at least a small pool

from which he could drink. But to his disappointment there was n't a drop of water to be seen — nothing but a little patch of boggy ground where the tall grass grew rank and thick. In his anger he spread his wings and gave the earth a tremendous kick with both of his hind feet together. The ground was soft, and the force of the blow was such that a long, deep trench was opened in the boggy soil. Instantly a stream of water, cool and sweet and clear, poured out and filled the trench and ran as a swift brook across the plain toward the distant river. The horse drank his fill from the pleasant fountain which he himself had thus hollowed out; and then, greatly refreshed, unfolded his wings again and rose high into the air, ready for a flight across the sea to the distant land of Lycia.

Men were not long in finding out that the waters of the new spring at the foot of Mount Helicon had some strange properties, filling their hearts with a wonderful sense of whatever is beautiful and true and good, and putting music into their souls and new songs into their mouths. And so they called the spring Hippocrene, or the Fountain of the Horse, and poets from all parts of the world went there to drink. But in later times the place fell into neglect, for, somehow, people were so busy with other things that they forgot the difference between poetry and doggerel, and nobody cared to drink from Hippocrene. And so the fountain was allowed to become choked with the stones and dirt that rolled down from the mountain; and soon wild grass and tall reeds hid the spot from view, and nobody from that day to this has been able to point out just where it is. But many a true poet has

thirsted for the miraculous water, and you will remember that one, at least, has cried out for it in the earnestness of his desire:

> Oh, for a beaker full of the warm South,
> Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
> With beaded bubbles winking at the brim!

But the horse?

We left him poised high in the air, with his head turned towards the sea and the distant land of Lycia. I do not know how long it took him to fly across, nor does it matter; but one day, full of vigor and strength, and beautiful as a poet's dream, he alighted on the great road that runs eastward a little way from the capital city of Lycia. So softly had he descended, and so quietly had he folded his great wings and set his feet upon the ground, that a young man who was walking thoughtfully along the way did not know of his presence until he had cantered up quite close to him. The young man stopped short to admire the beautiful animal, and when he came quite near reached out his hand to stroke his nose. But the horse wheeled about and was away again as quick as an arrow sent speeding from a bow. The young man walked on again, and the horse soon returned and gamboled playfully around him, sometimes trotting swiftly back and forth along the roadway, sometimes rising in the air and sailing in circles round and round him At last, after much whistling and the offer of a handful of sweetmeats, the young man coaxed the horse so near to him that by a sudden leap he was able

to throw himself astride of his back directly between his great gray wings.

"Now, my handsome fellow," he cried, "carry me straight forward to the country that lies beyond the great northern mountains. I would not be afraid of all the wild beasts in Asia if I could be sure of your help."

But the horse did not seem to understand him. He flew first to the north, then to the south, then to the north again, and sailed hither and thither gaily among the white clouds. At the end of an hour he alighted at the very spot from which he had risen, and his rider, despairing of making any progress with him, leaped to the ground and renewed his journey on foot. But the horse, who seemed to have taken a great liking to the young man, followed him, frisking hither and thither like a frolicsome dog, not afraid of him in the least, but very timid of all other travelers on the road. Late in the afternoon, when they had left the pleasant farm-lands of Lycia behind them and had come to the border of a wild, deserted region, an old man, with a long white beard and bright glittering eyes, met them and stopped, as many others had already done, to admire the bèautiful animal.

"Who are you, young man," he inquired, "and what are you doing with so handsome a steed here in this lonely place?"

"My name is Bellerophon," answered the young man, "and I am going by order of King Iobates to the country beyond the northern mountains, where I expect to slay the Chimæra, which lives there. But as for this horse, all I know is that he has followed me since early morning. Whose he is and from whence he came I cannot tell."

The old man was silent for a few moments as if in deep thought, while Bellerophon, very weary with his long walk, sat down on a stone to rest, and the horse strolled along by the roadside nipping the short grass.

"Do you see the white roof over there among the trees?" finally asked the man. "Well, underneath it there is a shrine to the goddess Athena, of which I am the keeper. A few steps beyond it is my own humble cottage, where I spend my days in study and meditation. If you will go in and lodge with me for the night, I may be able to tell you something about the task that you have undertaken."

Bellerophon was very glad to accept the old man's invitation, for the sun had already begun to dip below the western hills. The hut contained only two rooms, but everything about it was very clean and cozy, and the kind host spared no pains to make his guest comfortable and happy. After they had eaten supper and were still reclining on couches at the side of the table, the old man looked Bellerophon sharply in the face and said:

"Now tell me all about yourself and your kindred, and why you are going thus alone and on foot into the country of the Chimæra."

"My father," answered Bellerophon, "is Glaucus, the king of far-off Corinth, where he has great wealth in horses and in ships; and my grandfather was Sisyphus, of whom you have doubtless heard, for he was famed all over the world for his craftiness and his fine business qualities, that made him the richest of men. I was brought up in my father's house, and it was intended that I should succeed him as king of Corinth; but three years ago a sad misfortune happened to me.

My younger brother and I were hunting among the wooded hills of Argos, and we were having fine sport, for we had taken much game. We had started home with our booty, and I, who was the faster walker, was some distance ahead of my brother, when, suddenly, a deer sprang up between me and the sun. Half-blinded though I was by the light, I let fly an arrow quickly. The creature bounded swiftly away, unhurt, but a cry of anguish from the low underbrush told me that I had slain my brother. Vainly did I try to staunch the flow of blood; vainly did I call upon the gods to save him and me. He raised his eyes to mine, smiled feebly, pressed my hand as in forgiveness, and was no more. I knew that I dared not return home, for the laws of our country are very severe against any one who, though by accident, causes the death of another. Indeed, until I could be purified from my brother's blood, I dared not, as you know, look any man in the face. For a long time I wandered hither and thither, like a hunted beast, shunning the sight of every human being, and living upon nuts and fruits and such small game as I could bring down with my arrows. At length I bethought me that perhaps old King Prœtus of Tiryns, in whose land I then was, might purify me; or if not, he might at least slay me at the altar, which would be better than living longer as a fugitive; and so, under the cover of night, I went down into Tiryns, and entering the temple with my cloak thrown over my head, knelt down at the shrine where penitent murderers were wont to seek purification. I need not tell you how the king found me and purified me and took me into his own house and treated me for a long time as

his own son; it would make my story too long. . . . But a few weeks ago I noticed that a great change had come over him, for he no longer showed me the kind attention which I had learned to expect of him. The queen, too, seemed to have become my enemy, and treated me with the haughtiest disdain. Indeed, I began to suspect that she was urging her husband to put me out of the way, and I should not have been surprised if he had banished me from his court. I was, of course, uncomfortable, and was trying to think of some excuse for leaving Tiryns, when the king, very early one morning, called me into his private chamber. He held in his hand a wooden tablet, sealed with his own signet, and he seemed to be greatly excited about something.

"'Bellerophon,' he said, 'I have written on this tablet a letter of very great importance, which I wish to send to my father-in-law, King Iobates, of Lycia, beyond the sea. You are the only man whom I can trust to carry this letter, and so I beg that you will get ready to go at once. A ship is in the harbor already manned for the voyage, and the wind is fair. Before the sun rises you may be well out at sea.'

"I took the tablet and embarked, as he wished, without so much as bidding good-by to any of his household. A good ship and fresh breezes carried me over the sea to Lycia, where I was welcomed most kindly by your good king Iobates. For he had known both my father and my grandfather, and he said that he owed me honor for their sakes. Nine days he held a great feast in his palace, and all the most famous philosophers, merchants, and warriors were invited to his table, in order that I might meet them and hear them talk.

I had not forgotten the tablet that King Prœtus had given me, and several times I had made a start to give it to Iobates; but I knew that it would be bad taste to speak of business at such a time. On the tenth day, however, after all the guests had gone home, he said to me:

"'Now tell me what message you have brought from my son-in-law Prœtus and my dear daughter Anteia. For I know that they have sent me some word.'

"Then I gave him the tablet. He untied the ribbon which bound the two blocks of wood together, and when he had broken the seal he lifted them apart and read that which was engraved on the wax between them. I do not know what this message was, but it must have been something of great importance, for the king's face grew very pale, and he staggered as if he would fall. Then he left the room very quickly, and I did not see him again until this morning, when he called me into his council chamber. I was surprised to notice how haggard and worn he was, and how very old he seemed to have become within the past three days.

"'Young man,' he said, speaking rather sharply, I thought,—'Young man, they tell me that you are brave and fond of hunting wild beasts, and that you are anxious to win fame by doing some daring deed. I have word, only this morning, that the people who live on the other side of the northern mountains are in great dread of a strange animal that comes out of the caves and destroys their flocks, and sometimes carries their children off to its lair. Some say it is a lion, some a dragon, and some laugh at the whole affair and call it a goat. I think myself that it must be the very same

beast that infested the mountain valleys some years ago, and was called by our wise men a Chimæra; and for the sake of the good people whom it annoys, I should like to have it killed. Every one to whom I have spoken about it, however, is afraid to venture into its haunts.'

"'I am not afraid,' said I. 'I will start to the mountains this very hour, and if I don't bring you the head of the Chimæra to hang up in your halls, you may brand me as a coward.'

"'You are a brave young man,' said the king, 'and I will take you at your word, but I would advise you to lose no time in starting.'

"I was surprised at the way in which the king dismissed me, and the longer I thought about the matter the stranger it all seemed. But there was only one thing to do. I walked out of the king's palace, found the shortest road to Mount Climax, and—here I am!"

"Do you have any idea what it was that King Prœtus wrote to King Iobates?" asked the old man.

"Why should I?"

"Then I will tell you. He wrote to say that you had been accused of treasonable crimes in Tiryns, and that, not wishing to harm you himself, he had sent you to Lycia to be put to death. King Iobates was loath to have this done, and so he has sent you out against the Chimæra, knowing that no man ever fought with that monster and lived. For she is a more terrible beast than you would believe. All the region beyond the mountains has been laid waste by her, hundreds of people have been slain by her fiery breath alone, and a whole army that was lately sent out against her was routed

and put to flight. The king knows very well that she will kill you."

"But what kind of a beast is this Chimæra?" asked Bellerophon.

"She is a strange kind of a monster," was the answer. "Her head and shoulders are those of a lion, her body is that of a goat, and her hinder parts are those of a dragon. She fights with her hot breath and her long tail, and she stays in the mountains by night, and goes down into the valley by day."

"If I had only a shield, and my bow and arrows, and could ride the good winged horse whithersoever I wished him to go, I would not be afraid of all the Chimæras in the world," said Bellerophon.

"Let me tell you something," said the old man. "Do you go out to the little temple in the grove before us and lie down to sleep at the foot of the shrine. Everybody knows, that to people who are in need of help Athena often comes in dreams to give good advice. Perhaps she will favor you with her counsel and aid, if you only show that you have faith in her."

Bellerophon went at once to the little temple and stretched himself out on the floor close to the shrine of the goddess. The winged horse, who had been feeding on the grass, followed him to the door, and then lay down on the ground outside. It was nearly morning when Bellerophon dreamed that a tall and stately lady, with large round eyes, and long hair, that fell in ringlets upon her shoulders, came into the temple and stood beside him.

"Do you know who the winged steed is that waits outside the door for you?" she asked.

"Truly, I do not," answered Bellerophon. "But if I had some means of making him understand me, he might be my best friend and helper."

"His name is Pegasus," said the lady, "and he was born near the shore of the great western ocean. He has come to help you in your fight with the Chimæra, and you can guide him anywhere you wish if you will only put this ribbon into his mouth, holding on to the ends yourself."

With these words she placed a beautiful bridle in Bellerophon's hands, and, turning about, walked silently away.

When the sun had risen and Bellerophon awoke, the bridle was lying on the floor beside him, and near it were a long bow with arrows and a shield. It was the first bridle that he had ever seen — some people say that it was the first that was ever made — and the young man examined it with great curiosity. Then he went out and quickly slipped the ribbon bit into the mouth of Pegasus, and leaped upon his back. To his great joy he saw that now the horse understood all his wishes.

"Here are your bow and arrows and your shield," cried the old man, handing them to him. "Take them, and may Athena be with you in your fight with the Chimæra!"

At a word from Bellerophon, Pegasus rose high in the air, and then, turning, made straight northward towards the great mountains. It was evening when they reached Mount Climax, and quite dark when they at last hovered over the spot which the Chimæra was said to visit at night. Bellerophon would have passed on without seeing her, had not a burning mountain sent out a

"PEGASUS ROSE HIGH IN THE AIR."

great sheet of flame, that lighted up the valleys and gave him a plain view of the monster crouching in the shadow of a cliff. He fitted an arrow quickly in his bow and, as Pegasus paused above the edge of the cliff, he let fly directly at her fearful head. The arrow missed the mark, however, and struck the beast in the throat, giving her an ugly wound. Then you should have seen the fury of the Chimæra, how she reared herself on her hind feet; how she leaped into the air; how she beat the rocks with her long dragon's tail; how she puffed and fumed and roared and blew her fiery breath toward Pegasus, hoping to scorch his wings or smother both horse and rider with its poisonous fumes. Bellerophon, when he saw her in her mad rage, could no longer wonder that the whole country had been in terror of her.

"Now, my good Pegasus," he said, stroking the horse's mane, "steady yourself just out of her reach, and let me send her another keepsake!"

This time the arrow struck the beast in the back, and instead of killing her, only made her more furious than ever. She attacked everything that was in her reach, clawed the rocks, knocked trees down with her tail, and filled all the mountain-valleys with the noise of her mad roarings. The third arrow, however, was sent with a better aim, and the horrid creature, pierced to the heart, fell backwards lifeless, and rolled over and over down the steep mountain side, and stopped not until, with thousands of loose stones that had been set in motion by her fall, her body bounded far out into the valley below.

Bellerophon slept on the mountain that night, while his steed kept watch by his side. In the morning he

went down and found the Chimæra lying stiff and dead in the spot where she had rolled, while a score of gaping countrymen stood around at a safe distance, rejoicing that the monster which had laid waste their fields and desolated their homes had at last been slain. Bellerophon cut off the creature's head, and remounting his faithful Pegasus, set out on his return to King Iobates. What finally became of the body of the Chimæra, I cannot say; but it was certainly not entirely destroyed, for the world is full of chimerical notions even to this day.

Of course old Iobates was astonished to see Bellerophon come back with the monster's head in his arms. All that he did was to thank the young hero for the great service which he had done for his country; and then he began to study up some other means of putting him out of the way.

As for Pegasus, there is but little more to tell. After the famous fight with the Chimæra, he did not forget his affection for his master, but he never aided him again in any of his great exploits. Finally, Bellerophon bethought him that, since this world was beset with so many distressing things, worse even than Chimæras, he would leave it and ride on the back of Pegasus to heaven. There is no knowing what he might have done, had not Zeus, just in the nick of time, sent a gadfly to sting the horse. Pegasus, very thoughtlessly for a horse of his wisdom, made a wild plunge to escape the fly, and Bellerophon, taken by surprise, was tumbled to the earth. Strange to say, the hero was not killed, but only blinded by his fall; and he never heard of Pegasus again.

Some say that the horse flew straight onward and

upward to Olympus, where Zeus made a draft-horse of him and required him to carry his thunderbolts about from place to place.

And that reminds me of another story that is told about the origin of the fountain Hippocrene.

Once on a time, a contest in music was in progress, such as the world never sees nowadays. The nine Muses were singing against the nine daughters of Pierus on Mount Helicon. So long as the daughters of Pierus were singing, everything was silent, dark, unmoved. But as soon as the Muses began their song, the rivers and the sea stood still to listen, and Mount Helicon was lifted slowly up toward heaven. It kept on rising, rising, as the song continued, and the mighty folk that were on Mount Olympus became alarmed lest it should overtop their favorite peaks and throw them into the shade. In this dilemma, therefore, Zeus sent the horse Pegasus to put an end to Helicon's uplifting. The steed, hovering in the air, gave the mountain a mighty kick, which made it sink back, trembling, into its old place. But, wonderful to relate! from the cleft made in the rocks by the creature's sharp hoofs, the blushful waters of Hippocrene gushed forth, and the place was made forever sacred to the Muses.

In ancient times, some people believed this story in preference to the one which I told you at first. You are at liberty to choose whichever you like best, for both are equally untrue.

"I AM willing to believe both," said Philip, when he saw that the story was ended; "for both relate that the famous fountain was produced by the heels of the

winged horse. But did all poets in those ancient times have to drink of the waters of Hippocrene before they could write verses?"

"Yes, in a figurative way," answered the Schoolmaster;" and even to this day, when some true poet arises and delights the world with his music and his beautiful thoughts, it is not uncommon for people to say that he has been drinking from the springs of Helicon."

"And yet," said the Artist, "there are many men who cannot distinguish poetry from doggerel, or discover that Pegasus is in any way a better horse than that miserable Griffen that paces by his side."

"What is this Griffen?" asked Philip. "He does n't look like a real horse."

"He is a product of the Middle Ages," said the Schoolmaster, "and was immortalized by the poet Ariosto. He is a true horse with wings, although he derives his name from the ancient gryphon, a monster which had the head of an eagle and the body of a lion. He is the horse of the trickster, the rhymester, and the truthful traveler, and his reputation was never so good as to be above question."

"And yet he is far more modern than Pegasus," interrupted the Reporter.

"That may be true," said the Schoolmaster. "They tell me, Hippion, that you have backed the gaudy steed, and so, of course, you know more about him than any of the rest of us. Come, delight and instruct us by relating his pedigree and the history of his adventures."

The Reporter was pleased to have this opportunity given him to exercise his voice, and he began at once.

GRIFFEN THE HIGH-FLIER.

"If I tell thee a lie, call me a horse."—*Henry IV.*

I AM going to tell you a story of magic; and in magic there is about as much consistency as in dreams.

Old Atlantes, the wizard of the Pyrenees, had built a tower for his laboratory on the topmost peak of a gray mountain. There was no magic about the tower at first—only solid walls of masonry with one narrow door and, at the top, a dome of glass where the sage could sit and gaze at the stars. But the wise wizard hoped that by the exercise of his art he would be able to bring magic out of the place by-and-by. And so, if you could have looked in upon him on any fair night or rainy day, you would have seen him surrounded by retorts and alembics, and pots and vials, and wands, and magic circles and books, and signs of the zodiac, and the thousand and one things necessary to the wizard's trade. Scattered about the room, in no very orderly manner, were bundles of all kinds of herbs, ingots of gold and silver, thin sheets of tin and copper and zinc, curiously-shaped bits of colored glass, rolls of wire, and many a strange instrument and tool, the uses of which were known only to Atlantes himself. Sometimes the people in the valley below would see thick clouds of black smoke coming out of the chimney of the wizard's den, as they called it; and belated travelers, groping along the highway on dark nights, reported that they had seen sheets of flame and balls of red fire shooting from the high tower. Atlantes had not been long in his lofty perch before he was the terror of all the country round about. When he ventured down

into the valley, the poor folk who saw him would cross themselves and mutter prayers to the Virgin and look at his feet to see whether they were not hoofed. Men would go miles out of their way rather than venture along the highroad that ran directly beneath his aery; and strange tales were told of children and knights and ladies that had been spirited away by his enchantments and held in captivity by him. But old Atlantes cared little for what people said about him, so long as they did not disturb him in his studies and experiments.

Like other alchemists, he hoped that his experiments would some day lead him to the discovery of the philosopher's stone, which would transmute all the baser metals into gold, and hence the most of his studies were directed to that end. He thought that, if he could only get the smallest vialful of the fluid called lightning, and mix it with some other ingredients which he had at hand, the secret would be within his grasp. But how to obtain the lightning-fluid was the puzzle — and having obtained it, how could he control it until the mixture should be effected? One night, when a great storm was raging in the mountains, and the thunder was rolling from peak to peak, and flashes of lightning filled the air with terror, he tried a very odd experiment which he had been thinking of for a long time. He understood very well the terrible nature of the lightning-fluid in its free state, and hence he was wise enough not to risk bringing it into his laboratory until it was properly confined. He had arranged, therefore, for trying the experiment at some distance from his tower. There he had hewn a deep cavity in the rock,

within which he now placed a huge jar and several pots containing some objects the names of which he would never disclose. I think that among them there were several strips of copper and zinc, a solution of potash, a bar of soft iron bent into the shape of a horseshoe, and possibly some other things now well known to electricians. At any rate, he arranged them very carefully, and having laid a slab of marble over the cavity, went back to his tower to await what might happen.

In the morning the storm had cleared away, the sky was cloudless, and the wizard, as he stepped from his door, could hear the peasants singing in the harvest fields far over the hills. When he called to mind the experiment of the night before, he smiled at his ludicrous folly, as it now seemed to him. And yet, curious to know what the storm might have done with his magic mixture, he went out and lifted the marble slab. Had a flash of lightning really issued from the cavity, he could not have been more astounded. For, from the urn wherein he had placed, as I suppose, the zinc and the copper, and the potash solution, there sprang a white horse with great wings from which the sunlight reflected all the colors of the rainbow. Any other man would have been much more astounded than Atlantes. But you must know that he was acquainted with all the lore of the ancients, and he recognized the horse at once as the modern descendant of Pegasus, the carrier of the thunderbolts of mighty Zeus. He was happier than if he had really discovered the philosopher's stone. He called the horse Griffen, and the airy creature submitted itself at once to his mastership.

And now the wizard, with the aid of his winged steed, began to build a marvelous castle of magic among the mountains of Spain. The structure was finished in a day and a night; and, viewed from the plains below, it appeared to be as beautiful as a dream and as delicate and ethereal as the white clouds of a midsummer day.

The country people were not more surprised to see the shining walls and lofty turrets looming up from the hitherto barren summit of the mountains than they were astounded at the unwonted sight of a horse winging its way in mid-air with the white-bearded wizard seated on his back. Knights and soldiers riding through the country wondered what feudal lord had built his stronghold so high above the plain, but, search as they would, they could find no road nor even so much as a pathway by which anyone could ascend to it. Nobody would have been surprised to see the castle disappear as suddenly as it had come into being; but there it stood day after day, its roofs and battlements gleaming in the sunlight, and the blue smoke rising from its tall chimneys. It seemed to have come to stay.

But what was the use of a noble castle without any noble men or fair women to live in it? If Atlantes had been less wise, this question would have given him some concern; but he had built the palace for inhabitants, and he understood exactly how to encourage immigration into his territories. He might have filled his halls with phantoms bred of his own fanciful dreams and as unsubstantial as the castle itself; but he was too much of a realist for that. He was himself a creature of flesh and blood, of brawn and brains, and he felt that only men and women of the same persuasion were fit to enjoy

the delights of his airy palace. Besides all this, there was another reason why he wished that his halls should be the resort of the noblest knights and the most beautiful ladies in the world. He was the foster-father and guardian of a young Moorish prince, named Roger, whom he wished to have always by him, while at the same time he should learn all those graceful accomplishments that one can acquire only by contact with the best society. To obtain the kind of guests which he preferred, therefore, he had recourse to a cunning stratagem.

Early in the morning, with his great spectacles astride his nose and a big book in his hands, he would mount his winged horse and soar out over the country to some spot where a noble cavalier or a fair, high-born dame would be likely to pass during the day. There he would wait until his unsuspecting victim drew near, when the horse would suddenly alight and block up the road. Then the wizard, still sitting in his saddle, would begin to read aloud from the book. At the sound of the very first word, the knight or fair lady would forget everything that had ever happened before, would forget home, friends, nationality, and name, and think only of the honey-sweet tones that issued from the magician's lips. When the last words were pronounced the victim would come meekly forward, and, being lifted upon the pillion behind Atlantes, would be firmly strapped to the saddle. Then the good horse would spread his rainbow wings, and carry his double burden to the great air-castle on the Spanish mountain.

Thus the cunning wizard filled his halls with the nobility of France and Spain. Nobody who once entered

the golden gateway cared to go out again, but lived in utter forgetfulness of his past life, thinking only of the delights of each passing hour. He could not even recall his own name, and he never thought of asking for the names of others. Everything was done that could be done for the comfort and amusement of the wizard's guests. In the great courtyard was a fountain playing in a huge marble basin supported by crouching lions. Beyond it were pleasure gardens filled with flowers and fruits. The interior of the palace was in keeping with its marvelous exterior. The floors were of marble or were covered with the softest carpets, the walls were hung with the finest tapestry, the ceilings glittered with many a gem. Soft couches invited every one to rest. The sweetest music floated on the perfumed air. The tables in the broad dining-hall were loaded with delicacies. Servants moved hither and thither, attentive to every call. What mortal would wish to awaken from such dreams of enchantment, to return again to the world of war and bloodshed and toil and trouble?

It is altogether possible that Atlantes would have robbed all Europe of its chivalry and beauty, had not something occurred to put an end to his schemes. But as it often happens to mice and men, so also did it happen to the wizard. The fact is that he had grown tired of sallying out every day on Griffen's back in search of new guests, and so he had planned another way of entrapping unwary cavaliers into his prison-house. After much labor and thought he cleared away a narrow bridle-path from the highroad at the foot of the mountain to the gates of his castle at the summit. The lower end of this pathway was hidden in a thicket

close by a gushing spring of water, and so cunningly was the whole thing constructed that nobody, looking up from below, would notice the smallest sign of a path; and yet if knight or footman once entered the hidden road, he could follow it with the greatest ease to the end. Old Atlantes, like a great spider in his den, sat in his high towers and kept a sharp lookout for his prey. Whenever he saw any knight riding along the highroad who appeared to be worthy of becoming his guest, he devised some means of enticing him to enter the bridle-path. After that, of course, it was very easy to persuade him to ascend until he had safely entered the great trap which had been set for him at the top. This new scheme seemed to succeed wonderfully well, and in a short time there was scarcely a horseman of any note in all Spain who had not fallen into the snare.

It so happened one warm day in summer that a famous English traveler named Astolpho stopped at the spring to rest and to bathe his hot face in the flowing stream. He rode a beautiful black horse named Rabican, which the King of Cathay had lately given him as a token of his esteem. This horse he left in the shade of some trees at a little distance from the road, while he returned to the spring to quench his thirst. He laid his spear and shield down upon the ground, and by them placed the heavy morion that he had lifted from his head. Then, on hands and knees, he leaned over to drink. But scarcely had his lips touched the water, when a noise caused him to look around. A gawky countryman had loosened Rabican and was in the act of leaping upon his back. Astolpho quickly seized his spear and ran to save his

horse and take the thief. But the rogue was not so easily captured. He entered the bridle-path and urged the horse up the steep ascent. Astolpho followed, always upon the point of laying hold of the horse, but always just a little too far behind. Soon he was surprised to find himself at the top of the mountain and at the very entrance to the great white castle whose towers he had seen and admired from below. The gate was open as if beckoning him to enter, and Rabican and his rider had already disappeared within. Astolpho, not minded to lose so good a steed, ran boldly onward into the courtyard.

Some knights were there, pitching horse-shoes, but they were so busy with their game that they did not notice his entrance. He looked into the banquet hall. A number of lords and ladies were seated about the table, feasting and making merry. He ran into the garden. There was no Rabican there. He peeped into the cellars. Hogsheads of wine and barrels of beef and pork were ranged about the walls, and red-faced kitchen servants were running here and there, but there were no signs of either the horse or the thief. He asked a lubberly boy to show him the way to the stables, but the fellow merely stared at him and made no answer. Going through the courtyard again, he saw that the great gate had been closed. He was about to summon the watchman to open it for him, when an old man with long flowing beard came out with a book in his hand and began to read. But Astolpho, too, had a book—a book which a prince of India had given him, and which he always carried with him—and he was proof against all enchantments

of that kind. He knew at once that he had been entrapped in a magic castle, and without heeding the wizard in the least, he turned to his own book to learn from it how he might escape. It was a kind of guidebook to all the houses of enchantment in the world, and he soon found the chapter that was devoted to the air-castles of Spain. The directions were very plain:

"How to Foil the Enchanter and Set his Prisoners Free. *Raise the white stone slab that lies beneath the doorway. The spirit that is pent beneath will escape, and the palace will go up in smoke.*"

It was all very simple, certainly. Astolpho had no trouble in finding the white stone, and he began prying it up with his spear. Atlantes, greatly alarmed, cried out to the watchman to open the gate and let the intruder go; and in order to drive him out he tried all the new enchantments that he could think of. The guests, hearing the unwonted uproar, came crowding out to see what new thing had been invented for their amusement. All wore curious colored glasses that the wizard had given them, and to each of them Astolpho appeared in a different form. To one he seemed a giant; to another a dragon; to a third an ugly dwarf; and to still another a savage beast. All with one purpose rushed upon him with swords and sticks and stones, anxious to drive him away from their palace of pleasure. It would have gone hard with Astolpho, had he not thought of a magic horn which he wore suspended by a gold chain about his neck. It was the gift of a famous enchantress, and was worth a thousand swords. He put it to his lips and blew a single blast.

The sound was so fearful that Atlantes and all his guests and servitors took to their heels, and hastened to hide themselves in the inner chambers of the palace. It was then but the work of a few moments for Astolpho to raise the white stone. It revealed the entrance to a spacious chamber in which were a thousand curious things—burning lamps, magic circles, golden bridles, and the like—and at the farther end, tethered by a golden cord, was our old friend Griffen, fully caparisoned with saddle and bridle, all ready for a flight among the clouds. What was Rabican compared with such a steed as this? Astolpho lost no time in leading him from the chamber.

At the very moment that Griffen emerged from the underground chamber, a clap of thunder rent the air, and lo, the wonderful palace of enchantment disappeared. Not one sign of the beautiful structure was left to show where it had stood. The barren rock, which formed the summit of the mountain, was as smooth and clean as if it had been swept by the winds and polished by the hail. And there were the knights and fair ladies who had so lately been the guests of Atlantes, standing bewildered and frightened and cold on the very edge of the dizzy cliff. Astolpho thought that he recognized among them many of his old-time comrades-in-arms, who had fought with him under the banner of Charlemagne a long time before. Soon, as if by instinct, they turned about and filed sadly and silently down the narrow bridle-way to the plain. Once safely on the highroad, they betook themselves their several ways, but neither their memory nor their proper senses came back to them until each had reached his own home.

As for old Atlantes, he skulked down the mountain, and made his way on foot across the country to the high-built tower in the Pyrenees, where he was when we first met him. And there, I have been told, he was content to stay for the rest of his life, busy among his retorts and alembics and herbs and minerals and signs of the zodiac.

And Griffen? You should have seen how proudly he soared into the sky with brave Astolpho on his back. He and his master became famous as the greatest travelers of their time. Distances were nothing to them. Mountains and seas and broad rivers were no barriers to hinder them. First, they journeyed northward above the vineyards and fields of fair France, stopping an hour in Paris to greet Charlemagne and his paladins, and to condone with them because they had no horses with wings. It was while here that Astolpho learned that Orlando, the noblest of the men of his time, had lost his senses and had wandered away to Africa, or somewhere else, in search of them. Astolpho set off at once to find him, resolved that he would never rest until he had brought the lost hero back to France. And so the gallant Griffen winged his way back toward Spain; he hovered for a few minutes above the wizard's high-built tower, while his rider consulted with Atlantes about the direction he should take; he turned eastward and skirted the vine-clad hills of Provence; he floated high above the snow-clad Alps, and neighed shrilly as he passed over Genoa, nestled between the mountains and the sea; he dropped one of his quills in Florence, and whinnied to the Pope as he saw the City of Seven Hills sleeping beneath him; and, all the time, Astolpho

sat astride of him, with pen in hand, inditing wonderful stories of his adventures in foreign lands. They alighted only when they were hungry, for the horse never tired, and Astolpho had only to look at a city to know all about its history, its people and their customs, its public buildings and its laws, and whether any demented knight was wandering about its streets. Leaving Italy, they passed over the Mediterranean, flinging down another quill at Malta, and throwing side-glances toward Athens and Constantinople. Speeding over old Egypt, from north to south, Astolpho read the history of thirty centuries in the pyramids, and wise Griffen solved the mystery of the sphinx. Finally, after topping the Abyssinian mountains, they alighted in the mythical land of Prester John, and Astolpho at once introduced himself to that wise monarch, and stated the business which had brought him thus to the very ends of the earth.

"Great king," he said, "we had in our country a knight, noble, and brave, and kind, who in an unlucky moment had the misfortune to lose the greater part of his senses. I have searched for them in every nook and corner of the known world, but, alas, I cannot find them. The unfortunate knight himself is at this moment somewhere in the Dark Continent, useless alike to himself and his country. As a last resort I have come to you, knowing how wise you are, to ask whether there are not some superfluous senses lying about, unclaimed, in your kingdom."

"That is a fine horse that you ride," said the king. "He must be a swift traveler."

"He is very fleet, indeed," answered Astolpho. "Why, sir, he can girdle the earth in forty minutes."

"Then, how long would it take him to fly to the moon?"

"He has never been there, but I suppose it would not require very long—say, not more than twenty minutes—half as long as to go round the earth."

"Then, if you are willing to make the journey," said Prester John, "I doubt not but you will find there the thing that you are looking for. For the moon, you must know, is the attic chamber of the world, and everything that is lost finds its way there sooner or later. Lost pins, lost stitches, lost opportunities, lost sheep, lost time, lost causes, lost money, lost senses—they all go to the moon, where the three weird Sisters bottle them up and label them, and lay them on the shelf till called for. There is only one thing that is never given back again, no matter how loudly its owner demands it."

"What is that?"

"Lost time," said old Prester, solemnly; "and I would advise you to lose none of it if you would go to the moon to recover your friend's senses."

Astolpho, taking the hint, threw himself astride of Griffen, and the horse soared aloft towards the full moon, which had just risen, round and bright, above the eastern hills.

But why should I weary you with the story of that marvelous flight? And why need I tell you how the brave Astolpho found Orlando's senses just as the wise king had said he would? Neither would you care to hear how Griffen winged his flight back to the earth again; nor how his master searched through darkest Africa until he had found his demented friend; nor how Orlando took his recovered senses as a child takes

nauseous medicine; nor how good Griffen, with proud Astolpho on his back, finally wended his way over sea and land to the noble island of Britain. I will not tell you of any of these things, nor of any of the later journeys of the two famous travelers. For you will find the whole story truthfully narrated in the books which Astolpho wrote with a pen plucked from the gallant Griffen's wing.

At that moment Philip noticed that a gentle south wind was beginning to blow, moving so softly that it scarcely lifted the light folds of the silken flags which hung above the pavilion, stirring so gently that the restless leaves of the aspen trees were barely set in motion by it; but it was laden with sweetness and balmy with pleasant odors from a thousand blossoming orchards.

"Ah, here comes the next high-flier!" exclaimed the Schoolmaster, baring his head. "He is not a fast traveler, and yet he has ten times as many admirers as either Pegasus or Griffen."

Philip looked around but he could see nothing.

"Where is he?" he asked.

"You cannot see him with your eyes," said the Poet; "you can seldom hear him with your ears. But we have other senses besides seeing and hearing, which tell us that he is passing us now. A blind man could see him."

Philip was puzzled. But the Artist kindly relieved him by showing him the following word-picture of a giant steed which the Norse people used to call Hofwarpner.

THE HOOFTHROWER

"The earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes." —*Henry V.*

THERE is a white maiden of the race of giants, and her name is Gnaa.

Hard to pronounce, is it?

Take it to a school where they teach phonic spelling.

Guh-nay-yea!

That is not exactly right, but try again.

As I was saying, there is a white maiden of the race of giants, and her name is Gnaa. She rides an ambling steed which is sometimes called Hofwarpner—or, in plain English, Hoofthrower. The steed is as white as his mistress, and he journeys through the air and over the sea. Once upon a time somebody asked:

> What flies there?
> What fares there?
> What glides in the air?

And Gnaa answered:

> I fly not,
> Though I fare
> And ride through the air.

Whether the white maiden ever spoke again, history saith not, and I cannot tell.

But you know her, and you know her horse.

You have never met them? Well.

Did you ever, standing in an orchard on a perfect June day, feel the warm air gently caressing your cheeks as it came journeying softly onward from the sunland of the South? You thought it was the air, but let me whisper to you that it was the long gossamer

gown of Gnaa gliding among the new-leaved branches of the trees, just bending the flower-tipped daisy stalks, and trailing lightly among the grass and tall clover, as she fared onward upon her silent steed.

Did you notice that delicious odor of apple blossoms mingled with the perfume of violets and roses, which seemed to fill the air with a benediction and a poem? It was borne to you on the ambling hoofs of Hofwarpner, which are so light that, while they gather sweetness from whatever flower they touch, yet they have never been known to crush the most fragile blossom that opens to the sun.

I doubt whether you have ever seen Gnaa, she is so airy a being; but you have met her, and she has kissed your cheek. It may be that never until to-day have you heard the good Saxon name of her ethereal steed; but he has made you happy more than once. And next summer you may renew your acquaintance with both the white maiden and Hofwarpner, not only in the blossoming apple orchard, but in the fields, the meadows, and the woods. And when you go down to the seaside in the hot days of July, you may see the gentle ripples — not big waves — which are made by Gnaa's long skirts trailing over the water, and you may feel those soft caresses on your cheeks which you mistook for something else; and Hofwarpner, the great silent ambler, will bring to you on his airy hoofs the fresh, invigorating odor of the salt sea.

Just then the bugles sounded again, and heralds from the Queen's Horse Guards announced that the day's exhibition was at an end.

THIRD DAY—FORENOON

NONDESCRIPTS IN AND OUT OF HARNESS

BRILLIANT sunshine and refreshing breezes favored the third day of the Horse Fair; and sight-seers, anxious not to miss any feature of the unique exhibition, thronged every part of the grounds. Curious freaks of nature have always a strange fascination for the multitude; and hence the hope of seeing giant horses, fish-horses, cannibal horses, horses with human faces or human feet, performing horses, and the like, had brought together great crowds of that class of people who usually patronize the circus and the dime museum. Philip and the Schoolmaster, with the Reporter, the Artist, and the Poet, spent the earlier hours of the forenoon in visiting the stalls and in looking at the nondescript steeds as they were brought out one by one for exhibition. Later on, when the sun had climbed well up toward the zenith, and the crowds of sight-seers had become oppressive, they found pleasant seats under the canopy of the grand pavilion, where they remained for some time, talking over the events of the morning, and telling stories concerning the horses which they had seen. The first story, as it so happened, was related by the Poet; and, to tell the truth, it was neither so much of a story nor so much of a poem as Philip had hoped to hear.

THE SEA-HORSES AND THEIR MASTER

"I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns."
—*Henry V.*

If you should ever sail across the Ægean Sea, do not forget to look down into its depths for the ruins of the palace of Poseidon. For it was there that the King of the Sea and of horses is said to have had his glittering golden mansions—his spacious halls of white marble, and many a pleasant chamber richly curtained and sparkling with pearls and precious stones. There, on soft couches, the nymphs reclined and sang songs of the ever-enduring sea. There the herald of the deep—old Triton—blew his horn, and the graceful nereids danced, and the monsters of the watery kingdom made merry. There, too, were the marble stalls wherein Poseidon kept his famous chariot horses, the Hippocampi. Queer creatures these were, large and strong, and very different from the puny things of the same name which fishermen sometimes bring up in their nets. With their graceful heads held high, with their proudly curved necks and their golden manes, and their long, supple bodies, they were handsomer than the handsomest of land horses. As for strength, they were stronger than the waves; and as for swiftness, they were fleeter than the fleetest ocean greyhound of our own time. When Poseidon climbed into his chariot and gave the word to his steeds, they bounded forward with gladness upon the waves, and so briskly did they speed that the bronze axle of the chariot was untouched by the spray. What a grand picture it must have been—the billows rolling mountain high, the horses leaping from crest to crest, the golden car flying through the air,

the stern old King holding the long reins! When the end of the journey was reached, the lordly charioteer would alight and loose the horses from the yoke; then he would tether their feet with golden cords, and give them ambrosia to eat until he should be ready to mount and drive onward again.

Poseidon was very fond of horses, whether of the sea or of the land. Some have said that it was he who first gave the horse to mankind, and in a certain sense this may have been true. For of what use were the wild coursers of the plain ere Poseidon had taught men how to catch and tame them, and how to ride upon them without bit or stirrup? He was also the first to harness horses to the chariot, and the first to drive them in the race. Hence it was that he was spoken of as the patron of horses no less than as the ruler of the sea, and every horseman invoked his aid and guidance before entering upon any contest where the speed of his steeds was to be taken into account. And very many of the most famous steeds of the old, old time are said to have belonged to him, or to have been trained by him.

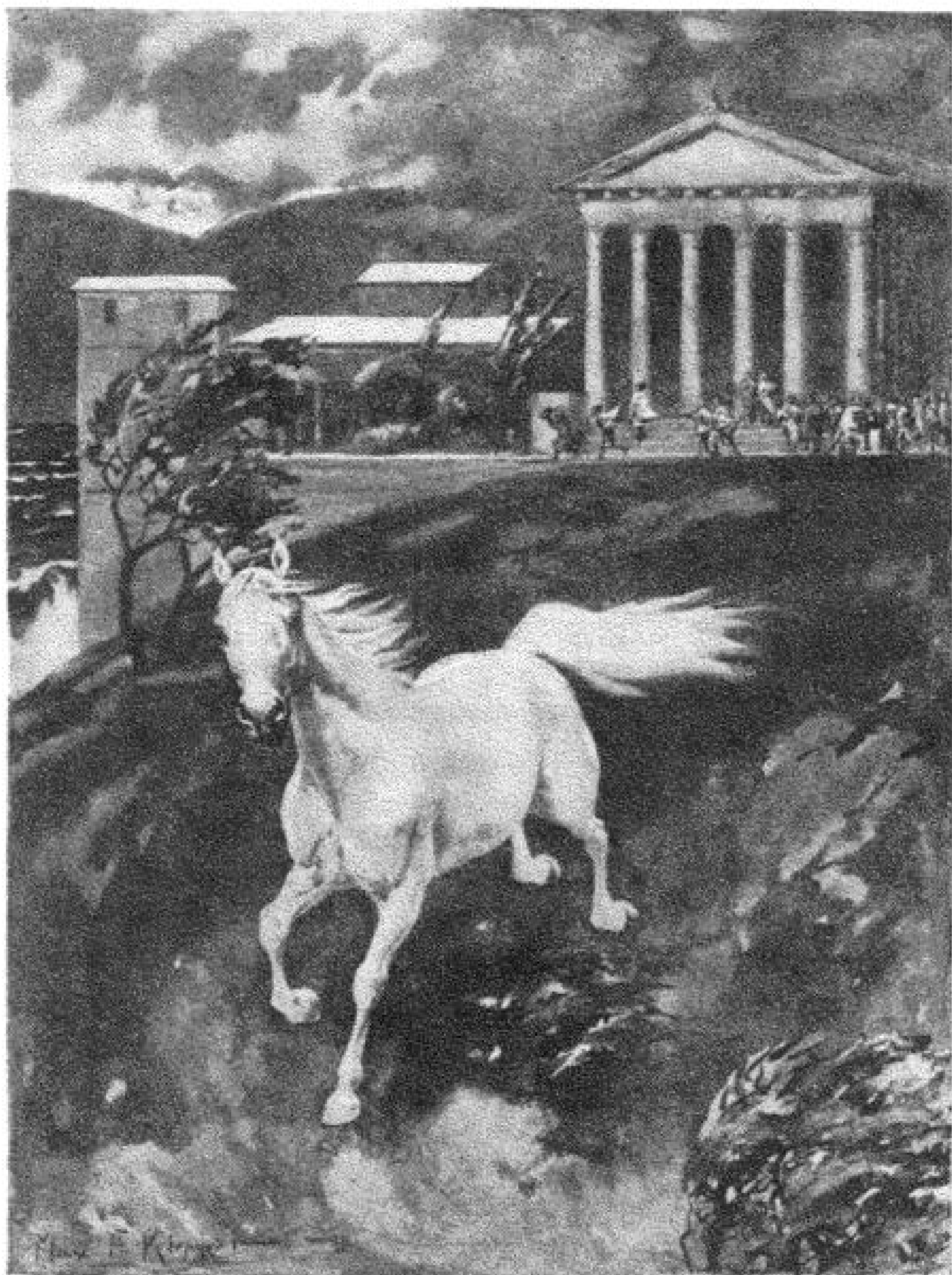
"But it was Athena who made the horse really useful," said the Schoolmaster. "It was she who invented the bridle with bits, as you have already learned from the story of Pegasus. It was she also who taught men how to yoke horses to the plow, and how to care for them so that they should improve in beauty and swiftness and strength. And so I am minded to tell you a story about a certain contest which she once had with Poseidon, and about that first horse which the old Sea King is said to have given to men."

THE SHIP OF THE PLAINS

"My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that color."
—*Twelfth Night.*

HE was the first real flesh-and-blood horse of which we have any account. Some men say that he was the first animal of the kind that ever lived, but this is doubtful. Snowy white, without spot or blemish, from the tips of his ears to the tips of his amber hoofs, how he must have astonished the simple-minded folk of Cecropia when he leaped into their midst right out of the earth at their feet! If you should ever go to Athens and climb to the top of that wonderful hill called the Acropolis, look around you. You may see the very spot where it all happened. But to the story.

Did I say that the people who lived there at that time were simple-minded? Rather child-like they were in some ways, and not so worldly-wise as they might have been had they lived several thousand years later. But they were neither simpletons nor altogether savages. They were the foremost people in Greece. It was all owing to their king, wise old Cecrops, that they had risen to a station superior to that of the half-wild tribes around them. He had shown them how to sow barley and wheat and to plant vineyards; and he had taught them to depend upon these and their flocks and herds for food, rather than upon the wild beasts of the chase. He had persuaded them to lay aside many of their old cruel customs, had set them in families with each its own home, and had instructed them in the worship of the gods. On the top of the Acropolis they had built a little city, and surrounded it with walls as a protection against attacks from their war-



"SWIFT AS THE WHIRLWIND."

like neighbors; and from this point as a center they had, little by little, extended their influence to the sea on one side and to the mountains on the other. But, strange to say, they had not yet given a name to their city, nor had they decided which one of the gods should be its protector. They had been so busy, learning and doing, that they had had no time to think about such matters.

On a certain day in autumn, after the grain had been harvested and the grapes had been gathered and made into wine, two strangers suddenly appeared in the market place. Nobody knew whence they came, nor how they had climbed the steep pathways and entered within the walls unseen by the guards. The man, dark-haired, huge-limbed and strong, bore as his only weapon a trident, or three-pronged harpoon, made of bronze. The woman was tall and stately, with large, round eyes, and long hair that fell in ringlets about her shoulders, and she wore a gleaming helmet upon her head, and carried a bright, round shield upon her arm.

"What is the name of this city?" asked the man, speaking to the wondering people in the market place.

"It has no name," answered one of the wisest among them; "but we sometimes call it Cecropia, or the city of Cecrops, the King who founded it and is its ruler. The country round about us is called Attica, because it is bounded on three sides by the sea."

"But where is your temple?" asked the woman. "And which of the gods is your city's patron and guardian?"

"Truly, we have but lately learned that there are any gods," was the answer; "and we render homage unto

them all. If we knew which one of them would bless our people with the richest gifts, that one should be our patron and guardian, and to that one we would rear a temple. But how shall we know?"

"Do but lead us into the presence of the King," said the strange man, "and the matter shall be decided at once."

It happened that at that very moment King Cecrops was seated in his chair of state at the gate of the market place, where he was wont every morning to listen to the petitions of his people and to dispense justice to rich and poor alike. When the two strangers were led into his presence he was so struck by their majestic appearance that he arose and received them standing, and in tones of humility and respect bade them make known their names and their errand.

"My name," said the stately woman, "is Athena, and it is I who give men wisdom and skill and teach them the arts of peace and instruct them in all manner of handicraft. Make me the patron and guardian of this beautiful new city that you have builded, and its fame and that of the people who dwell therein shall be remembered to the end of time."

"Not so!" cried her companion. "I am Poseidon, the strong, the ruler of the sea, the shaker of the earth, and I claim this city for my own. Would you be rich and powerful, with fleet ships upon the sea and great armies upon the land? Would you make yourselves feared by all the nations of the earth? Then accept me as your patron, and build me a temple here upon your Acropolis!"

"Which shall it be, my people?" asked King Cecrops of the multitude that had gathered around. "Which shall we choose for our city's heritage, Wisdom or Strength?"

"Wisdom!" cried some. "Strength!" cried others. And there was great confusion. Finally, an old man with white hair and very long white beard made himself heard.

"It seems to me, O King," he said, "that we should choose that one for our patron and guardian who can give us the most substantial blessings. We are a new people, and as yet we know so little of either Wisdom or Strength that we are not qualified to judge which is best. But let Athena and Poseidon each give us something, now and here, as a sample of the blessings which they promise us, and do you, O King, with your twelve councilors, decide which has offered the better gift; and then we will choose that one to be the patron and guardian of our city, and to that one we will build a temple here on our Acropolis."

"It is well!" cried the King.

"It is well!" cried Athena and Poseidon.

"It is well!" echoed the people.

"And do you agree?" asked the King, addressing the rival claimants.

"We agree," said they both. "We submit to the trial at once; and do you and your councilors decide which of our gifts is the more acceptable."

Then Poseidon strode haughtily forward, and smote the bare rock with his trident. So heavy was his stroke that the entire hill trembled beneath it, and a deep, narrow cleft was opened in the solid limestone.

Then out of the fissure there leaped a snow-white horse with flashing eyes and arching neck and impatient feet. It was the most wonderful creature that the people had ever seen, and they were terribly frightened by his sudden appearance. Many of them ran to their houses and closed the doors behind them, while others climbed upon the walls or sought safety in the citadel.

"Behold the horse!" said Poseidon, "the noblest of all beasts, man's best friend, the emblem of power and strength, and of your own glorious future with me as your patron and protector."

Then Athena touched the ground with her shield, and forthwith there sprang out two tiny green leaves; and to these two other leaves were added, and then others and others until a slender twig appeared. Then the twig grew into a spreading tree, with clusters of flowers and rich, oil-producing fruit; and birds built their nests among the branches, and children gamboled in the shade beneath.

"Behold the olive-tree!" said Athena. "It is my gift to you, and the emblem of the blessings that I will confer upon your city."

The King and his councilors sat for a long time in silence, looking now upon the beautiful but terrible animal, and now upon the tree with its fruit and flowers and inviting shade. The horse was by far the most attractive object that they had ever seen, and the longer they looked upon him the more their wonder grew.

"What will we do with him now that we have him," asked one.

"Will he feed the hungry?" asked another.

"Truly, he will be but an expensive luxury to us,"

said a third, "and not nearly so great a blessing to our people as the olive-tree."

And so they rendered their decision. Poseidon's gift, they said, was a noble one, a wonderful one; but Athena's was preferable because it promised the most substantial blessings to all the people.

"Athena shall be our patron and protector!" cried they.

"And the name of our city shall be Athens, and we are henceforth Athenians!" cried all the people. And they forthwith began to clear the ground for the erection of that world-renowned temple the ruins of which still crown the summit of the Acropolis. And Athena took up her abode with them.

As for Poseidon, he strode out of the gates in great rage, and the hill shook again under his heavy footsteps as he descended to the plain. He loosed all the winds and sent them hurtling against the walls of Athens, and for twelve days there were storms on sea and land the fiercest that men had ever seen. But what had those to fear who had chosen Wisdom for their protector and friend?

The wonderful steed which Poseidon had brought out of the rock was a greater terror than the storm, and the good people were glad to open the great gate and allow him to depart. Having descended into the open fields, he tossed his head proudly, kicked his heels high into the air, and set off at great speed toward distant Thessaly and the vast pasture lands of the North. The men of Athens watched him in his flight across the plain. Swift as the whirlwind, with his long mane floating gracefully over his back, he looked not unlike some

white-sailed vessel scudding before the wind across the ruffled surface of the sea. The people had been at a loss to find a name for the strange creature, but they caught eagerly at the suggestion that now offered itself.

"See!" cried one, "is he not a ship, a skiff with sails?"

"He is the Ship of the Plains!" said another.

"Yes, we will call him Skyphios, or the Ship of the Plains!" cried they all.

And men afterward said that it was from Skyphios that the wild horses of the Scythian desert—nay, of all the world—were descended.

"THE SHIP OF THE DESERT."

"Who was it that called the camel the ship of the desert?" asked Hippion.

"It would be hard to tell," answered the Schoolmaster, "for the expression is a very common one and very old. I think it was Byron who said,

> "Let me have the long
> And patient swiftness of the desert-ship,
> The helmless dromedary."

"The camel is very properly called a ship," said the Reporter, "for he is a carrier of burdens and of travelers

across an ocean of sand. But I can see no resemblance between a ship and the wild horse of the plains."

"The people of Athens could see it," said the Artist.

"It seems to me," said the Poet, "that it is as appropriate to call a horse a ship as a ship a horse; and Homer speaks somewhere of

> "The swift ships, those horses of the sea
> With which men traverse its unmeasured waste."

"The Man of Facts would probably say that the chariot horses of Poseidon which bore him from one part of the sea to another were only vulgar and very dirty ships," said the Schoolmaster.

"Do you know," asked the Poet, "that the white-crested waves which are seen on windy days on Lough Leane in Killarney are sometimes called 'O'Donohue's white horse'? The good Irish folk who live in that neighborhood will tell you a pretty legend of a brave young chieftain who was drowned a long, long time ago in the blue waters of this lake. But they say that he lives there yet, and that every year, on Mayday, he mounts the milk-white steed which he bestrode upon the fateful day of his drowning, and rides over the waves to meet the bonny bride who is waiting for him on the shore. And as he rides, troops of boys and girls run before him, beside him, behind him, scattering flowers and singing gay songs — skipping, dancing, and rejoicing because it is his bridal day. Everybody whose eyes are good enough may see this wonderful procession speeding over the lake; and everybody may see the waiting bride standing where the white-caps dash upon the beach, stretching out her hands and singing:

"Of all the proud steeds that ever bore
Young plumèd chiefs on sea or shore,
White Steed, most joy to thee,
Who still, with the first young glance of spring,
From under that glorious lake dost bring
My love, my chief, to me.

"While, white as the sail some bark unfurls
When newly launch'd, thy long mane curls,
Fair Steed, as white and free;
And spirits from all the lake's deep bowers
Glide o'er the blue wave, scattering flowers
Around my love and thee.

"Of all the sweet deaths that maidens die
Whose lovers beneath the cold wave lie,
Most sweet that death will be,
Which, under the next May evening's light,
When thou and thy steed are lost to sight,
Dear love, I 'll die for thee.'

"I should think," said the Schoolmaster, "that a heavy fog would be better than eye-glasses to render O'Donohue's white horse visible to the short-sighted people of Killarney. Many a man can see things in the dark which he could not possibly discern in the glare of the noonday sun. And this reminds me that our friend the Artist was to tell us something about the great fog horse, Goldfax, and the famous race which he ran with Odin's eight-footed Sleipnir."

The Artist, after a moment's hesitation, moved his chair toward the window, and related the following story.

GOLDFAX'S GREAT RACE

"The adage must be verified,
That beggars mounted run their horse to death."
—*Henry VI.*

One must needs have a big mouth to relate the incidents which preceded the great race between the giant steed Goldfax and Odin's eight-footed horse Sleipnir; for only big words can appropriately describe so huge an affair.

Prompted by an intense desire to extend his knowledge concerning those inaccessible regions which lie contiguous to the northern extremity of our continent, the magnanimous Odin, mounted upon the indefatigable Sleipnir, had undertaken a journey of exploration into lands hitherto unvisited by mankind. On the thirteenth day after the inception of this enterprise he approached the solitary shores of the vast septentrional ocean. Before him, in a state of semi-congelation, extended a trackless wilderness of water, which presented an impassable barrier to his farther progress. Behind him stretched the barren plains and interminable marshes which he had but recently traversed. On either side of him loomed two or more peculiar eminences having the appearance of frigid, insurmountable mountains. The precipitous sides of these rugged heights appeared to be composed of barren rocks and glistening masses of everlasting ice. Their towering summits were invisible, being concealed in the midst of impenetrable clouds; and not even the acutest observation could form any conception of the immensity of their altitude.

As the adventurous chieftain sat astride of his indomitable steed and contemplated the solemn grandeur which invested the scene, he was astonished to perceive that the eminences which reared themselves on his right were in a strangely agitated condition, and that one of them was in the act of transferring itself to another locality at a distance of perhaps half a mile to the eastward. Glancing upward along its precipitous slopes, he discovered that the nebulous vapor which had hitherto concealed its summit had been partially dispelled, revealing the monstrous body, the broad shoulders, and the shaggy head of a giant. The towering masses which he had mistaken for mountains were only the legs of the enormous creature. Upon perceiving the true character of his neighbor, Odin turned his steed about and cautiously withdrew to a respectable distance, for he deemed that, in emergencies such as now confronted him, discretion was the preferable portion of valor. Some moments elapsed before the giant appeared to recognize the exact position of his visitor, and in the meanwhile, the clouds having been entirely dispersed, Odin could distinctly discern the entire outline of the amplitudinous monster. Presently, in a voice resembling the roll of mighty thunder and the terrific bombilation of artillery,— multisonous, uproarious, deafening,— the latter demanded:

"What incomprehensible imbecile ventures thus to invade these everlasting solitudes and to disturb the repose of the invincible Hrungnir?"

Odin, with that characteristic civility for which he was universally distinguished, made reply.

"I am Odin," said he, "and had I known that this

was the resting-place of Hrungnir, the great Fog-king, I would not have disturbed him."

Mighty Hrungnir appeared to be immensely gratified upon hearing this extremely politic answer, and his ill temper was perceptibly mollified. He inclined his head forward until it approached within somewhat less than a mile of the earth, and carefully scrutinized both Odin and his steed.

"That animal," he roared, "which sustains your insignificant individuality, appears to me to be a most magnificent specimen of the equine octoped. I apprehend that he is an incomparable traveler."

"You are right," said Odin; "he is indeed a noble steed, and there is not a horse in the world that can outrun him."

"Pshaw!" answered Hrungnir. "What inconceivable nonsense you perpetrate! There are at this moment innumerable steeds in Giant-land whose slowest pace is swifter than the rapidest transit of which your puny beast is capable."

"I 'll wager my head," cried Odin, losing his temper, "that there is n't a horse in all your dreary country that can overtake Sleipnir in a fair race across the plains."

"Enough!" roared Hrungnir. "Your head is as good as forfeited already. Here is my own unapproachable roadster, Goldfax, the unexcelled. With him I will overtake you ere you have ridden ten leagues."

Then Odin perceived that the other eminences which he had mistaken for mountains were the legs of Goldfax, the mighty horse of the Fog-king. The clouds which had concealed his vast proportions had now dis-

appeared, and as he stood upon the desolate shore his immense body was plainly revealed, as was also his huge head, which he held so high that it seemed to penetrate the sky. Hrungnir made haste to mount him. In one hand he held the mighty reins, which were like ship's cables in strength and circumference; in the other was his whip, a mighty pine tree plucked from the forest. Odin waited patiently until the unwieldy monster had seated himself comfortably in the saddle, and then the great race began. The valiant Sleipnir understood perfectly his own capabilities as well as those of his bulky pursuer, and hence he set off at a brisk but easy canter, keeping always just far enough in advance of the giant to avoid being taken, and yet seeming to be almost within the reach of his long arm.

Clitter, clatter, clatter, clitter, over plain and frozen tundra, over many a mile of moorland, trotting where the road was rocky, ambling where it was the smoothest, pacing where it was the steepest, racking, pacing, ambling, trotting, looking back as if in laughter, neighing shrilly, prancing lightly, spurning stones and sand and gravel, wading rivers, climbing hills and never panting, leaping fences, stepping high in fields of clover, speeding on into the highroad, clitter, clatter, clitter, clitter — that is how the gray steed Sleipnir gaily ran the race with Goldfax from the frozen northern ocean to the castle of his master.

And ponderous Goldfax pounded on behind, nor slackened his pace once, but madly pursued the swift Sleipnir o'er plains and wide marsh-lands and bogs and broad rivers, through forests and meadows and farm-

lands, past villages, towns, and strong castles, determined to catch the gay fellow who taunted him, neighed at him, dared him to follow — thus galloped great Goldfax, untiringly, steadily, heavily, foolishly, blindly, till finally into the country of Odin unwitting he entered, nor halted, nor knew where he ventured till, through the wide-open gateway, into Odin's own courtyard he trotted and was brought to a sudden "Whoa!"

The courtyard was one of ample dimensions, sufficiently commodious for the admission of a thousand cavaliers; but so gigantic were Goldfax and his rider that they could barely squeeze themselves between the walls. During their long, pounding gallop, however, they had already shrunk to less than one tenth of their original proportions, otherwise they could not have entered at all; and no sooner did the great gate clang behind them, making them prisoners in the castle, than they began to shrink still more rapidly, and were presently reduced to a very respectable size. Then Goldfax was led away to the king's stables, where he was given a bountiful dinner of fresh oats and sweet clover; and Hrungnir sat down in the banquet-hall with the heroes of the realm, and found so great cheer in the flowing bowls of mead which were passed around that he forgot all about the manner in which he had been outwitted and entrapped.

"Bravo, my young friend!" exclaimed the Poet. "It is hard to say which is the largest, your words, your horse, or your story. The tale reminds me, I scarcely know why, of a little story which my English aunt used to tell me when I was a child."

SORREL THE LEAPER

"How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse!"
—*Richard II.*

BELLE the Giant had made a great wager that his horse, which he called Sorrel, could leap over every hedge in England without touching the ground oftener than there are days in the week. So he led him to the top of a hill, and made ready for the first great jump. As he was tightening the saddle girths a countryman who was passing that way asked:

"What is the name of this hill?" But the giant understood him to say, "What are you going to do?"

"Mount Sorrel!" he exclaimed, as he sprang into the saddle and drove his spurs into the poor animal's flanks.

Sorrel was a monstrous fellow, and his legs were very long and strong. He leaped as far as he could, and landed in the midst of a cluster of houses where two highroads met.

"This is one leap [Wanlip]!" cried the giant; and the place is called by that name until this day.

Then he reined the good horse up, and, lashing him with his whip, forced him to jump again. Poor Sorrel did not do so well this time, for there were some tree-covered hills in his way, and it was only by the greatest effort that he cleared them. When he came down in a pleasant valley where there was only a farm-house and an inn, it was found that he had burst the saddle girths, the reins, and even the bits of his bridle. Half dazed and in great distress, he looked around at his

master and asked—for the great leap had loosened his tongue:

"What place have we here?"

"You have burst all!" exclaimed the giant, very angry. And so that place, which soon grew into a little village, has borne the name of Burstall ever since.

The third leap was a mighty one, and Sorrel acquitted himself grandly. But, landing unfortunately in a heap of stones, he was brought to his knees, and Belle the Giant was sent flying over his head. The horse recovered himself as soon as he could, but he saw, to his great grief and dismay, that his master had broken his neck and was dead. When the people of that neighborhood learned of the sad accident, they dug a deep trench in which they laid the body of the foolhardy giant, covering it over with hundreds of cart-loads of stones. And they called the place Bellegrave forever afterward.

As for Sorrel, he was often seen on summer evenings rearing his great head and shoulders above the summit of some distant hill, leaping over the tree-tops in the King's forest, or kicking up his heels on the farther side of the trackless moor where the sky touches the earth. But there was never another giant in Bellegrave, Burstall, or Wanlip who had the courage to attempt to mount Sorrel.

"I KNOW a good many philologists who might learn a lesson from that story," said the Schoolmaster. "You see, it accounts for the names of four places in Great Britain, and may therefore be regarded as a kind of semi-historical narrative. I fancy that, next to Gold-

fax, old Sorrel will carry off the prize when the judges come to make the awards to the giants. He is a trifle larger and a good deal handsomer than the monster Aullay, who comes next to him in the list of nondescripts."

"Is there anything to tell about Aullay?" asked Philip.

"Nothing that is worth listening to. He is the horse who carries his trunk with him, like the elephant, you know; and he is so big that Jumbo, standing by his side, would look no larger than a sheep. According to the poet Southey, King Baly of India was the owner of this beast that

> "With elephantine trunk could bind
> And lift the elephant, and on the wind
> Whirl him away with sway and swing,
> E'en like a pebble from a practised sling."

"But for sheer ugliness," said the Reporter, "give me that hideously great mare that was trotted out on the track this morning."

"I think so, too," said Philip. "Who could have owned such a creature?"

"She belonged to a young giant named Gargantua," said the Schoolmaster; "and we are indebted to a certain jolly old curé of Meudon for her history. I have a brief revised version of it, which I will repeat to you if you would like."

"I should be delighted to hear it," said Philip.

Thereupon the Schoolmaster related the following story of one of the most remarkable nondescripts of which there is any account.

GARGANTUA'S GIANT MARE

"A tired mare, yet she will plod."—*Henry V.*

SHE was a native of Africa—for Africa, as you know, is the home of all kinds of monstrous beasts. King Fayolles, of Numidia, had captured her among the wilds of the Atlas Mountains; and as she was naturally docile and affectionate, he had no trouble in taming her. But she was too large for a saddle horse, and too clumsy for any other purpose; moreover, she was such a hearty eater that the King's stables could not hold provender enough for her. There was certainly no profit in keeping such a creature. She was worse than any white elephant, and more than six times as big. The great question of state in Numidia was what to do with her. It was suggested that she should be presented to some unfriendly power; but then no unfriendly power would accept of her, unless forced to do so, and the Numidian army had its hands full already. In a lucky moment King Fayolles remembered that there was in southern France a giant so very large that he had never ridden on horseback, and this giant had a young son named Gargantua, who promised to be even greater than his father. Ah, here was fortune! The mare should be sent as a present to the giant.

And so the creature was transported across the Mediterranean in three caracks and a brigantine,—one foot planted on the deck of each vessel, I suppose,—and safely landed from the harbor of Olone, wherever that might be. You can hardly imagine the astonishment of the people when they saw her. She was of a

burnt-sorrel hue, with a mixture of dapple-gray spots; and she had slouch-hanging ears like the goats of Languedoc, and her feet were cloven into toes. Ugly though she was, the giant was delighted to receive so valuable a present.

"Now," cried he, "I shall have the desire of my heart; for here is a palfrey that is fit to carry my son to Paris. The boy shall ride thither at once, and he will one day become a great scholar. Indeed, if there were no dunces we should all be wise men."

The very next morning, therefore, Gargantua, seated astride of the great mare, began the long journey to Paris. He was accompanied by his tutor and a young page, each riding a common horse, and the time passed very merrily—the big beast jogging thoughtfully along the highway, with the two smaller animals cantering gaily behind. All went well until the party reached a spot a little above Orleans, where there was a forest some five-and-thirty leagues long and almost half as broad. This forest was so full of dor-flies, horse-flies, and mosquitos that it was a place of terrible torment to every creature of the horse kind that entered into it. "But Gargantua's mare," says the truthful old chronicler to whom I am indebted for this story—"Gargantua's mare did avenge herself handsomely of all the outrages that had been therein committed upon beasts of her quality. For as soon as they were entered into the said forest, she began switching right and left with her tail, and with such effect that she overthrew all the wood along and athwart, here and there, this way and that way, longwise and sidewise, over and under, and felled everywhere the trees with

as much ease as a mower doth the grass; and all the country was thereby reduced to a champaign field, with nowhere either a tree or a fly. But all the breakfast that the gentle old palfrey got that day was a little yawning and gaping; and I have heard it said that the people of that country are still in the habit of breaking their fast in that way, which they find to be both cheap and good."

When, finally, the young giant arrived in Paris, mounted upon his monstrous steed, you may imagine the stir which they made. The streets were so narrow that Gargantua, as he rode through them, was obliged to lift both of his feet to keep them from being crushed against the houses; and he amused himself by looking into the sixth-story windows, and by tapping the church bells with his forefinger as he passed.

But there is absolutely nothing more to tell of Gargantua's giant mare.

"SHE probably came to as sudden an end as did your story," suggested the Reporter.

"I have but little doubt of it," said the Schoolmaster; "but the jolly old curé whose history I have followed seems to have forgotten about it, and so we can only conjecture."

"It does n't require a giant, however, to perform prodigies," remarked the Artist. "There is Marocco, the wonderful horse that belonged to the wizard Banks, and was exhibited in London in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. He was skilled in all the trickery of the times: could play cards like the learned pigs that are exhibited in the museums nowadays, and could read

and write as well as the majority of Her Majesty's subjects—which, you know, was not very well. It is said that with silver shoes on his feet he even climbed to the top of St. Paul's, and performed some wonderful acrobatic feats, the like of which have never been attempted since. But historians are in some doubt about the truth of these statements, although neither Hume nor Macaulay has denied it. In an evil day the wizard was induced to go to Rome to exhibit his wonderful horse before the Pope and his cardinals. The steed was arrested, tried for witchcraft, and condemned to be burned at the stake; and his master, for aiding and abetting him, was sentenced to suffer the same punishment. You wonder at such folly? Why, sir, the Puritans at Salem, Massachusetts, acted just as foolishly more than a hundred years later."

"Baron Munchausen had a horse named Lithuanian, if I mistake not, who imitated some of the feats of Marocco, such as climbing church steeples and doing other innocent and impossible things," said the Schoolmaster. "This horse lacked none of the qualities necessary to a perfect creature of his class. 'He was so gentle,' said his master, 'so spirited and so fierce—at once a lamb and a Bucephalus—that he put me always in mind of the soldier's and the gentleman's duty.'"

"Talking about the feats of Marocco," said the Artist, "reminds me of the wonderful performances of Badger, the inimitable English fox-hunter owned and ridden by Charles O'Malley. The gallant fellow made nothing of climbing a five-foot wall, rolling over and over his rider from the top to the bottom of long hills, and finally leaping over 'sunk fences' twenty feet wide. And

yet he was only a common horse — neither a prodigy nor a giant."

"I cannot help thinking of Gargantua's giant mare," said Philip. "How ridiculous she must have looked with her lop-ears and cloven feet!"

"We have it on the authority of the Roman historian Suetonius that the feet of Julius Cæsar's horse were cloven into toes," said Hippion the Reporter. "Indeed, he not only asserts that they were cloven, but he gives us to understand that they were like the feet of a man. And some English poet — I forget his name — has gone a little further, and written a couplet about

> "That Cæsar's horse who, as fame goes,
> Had corns upon his feet and toes."

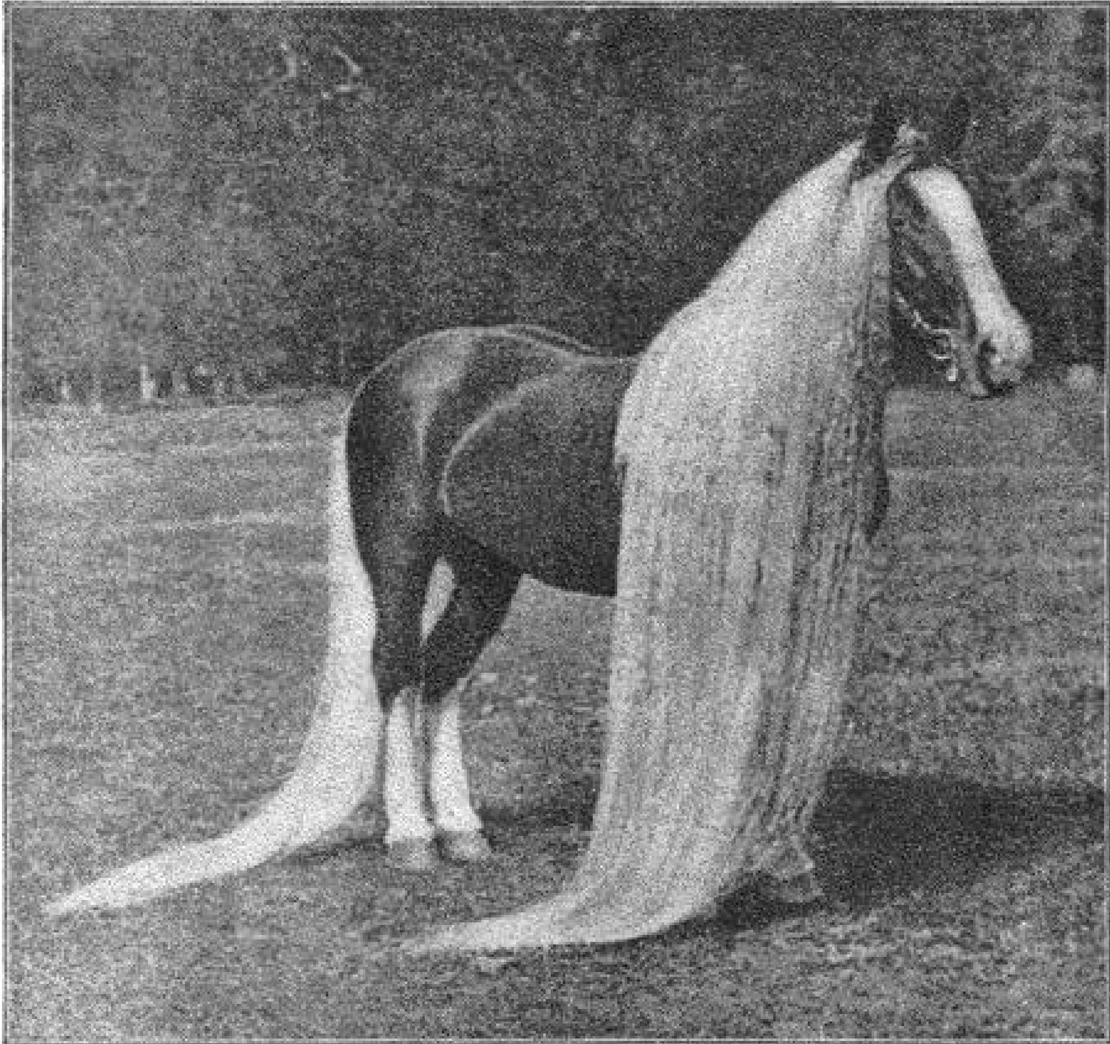
"Arion, the famous horse which Hercules gave to Adrastus, was similarly gifted," said the Schoolmaster; "that is, the feet on his right side were like those of a man, while those on his left were very neatly hoofed as they ought to be. Old stories say, too, that he understood the language of his master, and could speak Greek more fluently than a college professor."

"I should think he would be always stepping on his own toes," said Philip.

"Why so?" answered the Schoolmaster. "Do you think that his scholarship would interfere with his walking?"

"Ah, no," said Philip, laughing; "but his queer feet — only think of them! When I was in New York, two or three years ago, I went to see a horse that had the longest mane and tail in the world. They were so long that if his master had not done them up in plaits he could not have walked at all. His name was Linus, and

he had been brought from the West somewhere. There was nothing strange about him but his long hair. His tail was nine feet long; his foretop was five and one half feet long; and his mane measured exactly seven



"THERE WAS NOTHING STRANGE ABOUT HIM BUT HIS LONG HAIR."

feet ten inches. He was rather handsome, too,—a golden chestnut with white hind feet and a white face."

"A good horse for a modern museum, I should think," said Hippion, "but he would make no show at all in our Horse Fair. The fact is that a nondescript must have more than merely a long tail or a handsome mane to make him immortal. There must be something about him or about his master which connects him

with the history, the poetry, or the folk-lore of the country to which he belongs."

"Yes," said the Schoolmaster; "that is the prime condition of entrance into this Horse Fair; and none of the creatures that were brought out for exhibition this morning are lacking in that respect. There are two nondescripts, however, which are not here—gigantic horses which, on account of their very nature, can never be transported to Queen Morgan's grand park. One is the Red Horse of Warwickshire, the monstrous figure of a war-horse carved in the reddish sandstone of a sloping hill—when and by whom nobody knows; but it is said to have been made as a witness to keep in everlasting memory a certain decisive battle in which the Saxons defeated the Danes. The other is the Saxon White Horse, which is rudely engraved in the chalky cliffs of Uffington Hill, Berks, more than one thousand feet above the level of the sea. It is a rude and imperfect figure, nearly four hundred feet in length. On fair days its outlines may be plainly seen twelve miles away. It, also, is a battle monument, and is said to commemorate King Alfred's first great victory over the Danes, in 871."

"Our old Saxon ancestors," remarked the Artist, "were true lovers of the horse. The very names of their chieftains indicate as much—Hengist, a horse, and Horsa, a horse; and the standards which they carried in battle bore the figure of a horse. And what other creature symbolizes so many noble qualities? For in the horse we see strength, swiftness, courage, beauty, grace, endurance, fidelity, and knowledge. I could never understand why the people of modern

times should prefer the lion or the eagle for their national emblems; for what do these creatures represent but fierceness and bloodthirstiness, qualities which horses have never possessed?"

"This is not the place to enter into an argument concerning such questions," said the Schoolmaster. "But you remember that among the nondescripts which are on exhibition to-day there are several horses that are different from their kind — some in their bodies, and others, we might say, in their minds. There, for example, are the horses of Duncan, the murdered King of Scotland. What did they do?

"And Duncan's horses — a thing most strange and certain —
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
War with mankind.
Old Man. 'T is said they ate each other.
Ross. They did so, to the amazement of my eyes
That look'd upon it.

"I cannot understand how they could do such a thing, but Shakespeare, in the tragedy of Macbeth, is my authority."

"The story of Diomed's man-eating horses is not half so hard to believe," said the Reporter.

"I don't remember that story," said the Artist. "Suppose you contribute to our entertainment by repeating it to us who have forgotten it."

"With my own emendations?"

"With your own emendations."

THE MAN-EATERS

"Strange food for horse! and yet, alas,
It may be true, for flesh is grass."

—*Hudibras.*

A JOLLY fellow, in his way, was old Diomed of Bistonia, and crafty beyond all other men of his time. Just how and when he had become the chief ruler of his native town nobody knew and nobody cared to ask. But — whether through love or through fear, it matters not — his people seemed to be proud of him, and were ready to lend a hand to whatever enterprise he might undertake. The oftener he put his hands into the public treasury and drew out the funds for his own private use, the louder would the heavily taxed citizens shout, "Hurrah for Diomed, the people's friend!" And whenever he walked along the streets for an airing, or drove his team of fleet coursers around the park, the women and children would run after him, screaming, "Long life to our own good Diomed!" And yet, all this time, he was taking the food from their mouths and the clothing from their backs to provide for his own selfish enjoyments. Although they did not have elections in those days, it happened, every now and then, that Diomed would want some special favor from his people, and at such times he would have a smile and a good word and a hearty handshake for everybody; and everybody would go home feeling very good, and cheering for Diomed and saying, "What a grand fellow he is!"

There were in Bistonia, at that time, a number of peaceable, industrious Strangers, who had come hither

from beyond the sea because they had heard that it was a new place, where work was plenty and wages were good. These men cared but little for Diomed, so long as he would allow them to live quietly and follow each his own trade; and hence, while the Bistonians spent much of their time in running after the great man, the Strangers remained in their little shops attending to their own business. As they were seldom idle, and lived frugally, and spent nothing in torchlight processions in honor of Diomed, they could afford to work for small pay, and were all the time laying up something to carry back with them to their own country. All this, of course, made Diomed very angry.

"Do you see how these Strangers are robbing you?" he cried to the rabble that was hooting at his heels one day. "Do you see how they underbid you at your labor, and how they are hoarding up Bistonian gold to carry back to their benighted land? No wonder your children are crying for bread. It seems to me that Bistonia ought to be for the Bistonians!"

"Hear! hear!" cried his delighted followers. "Bistonia for the Bistonians!"

"Down with the Strangers!" shouted others. And the whole populace followed Diomed to the very doors of his palace, repeating the cry, "Bistonia for the Bistonians!"

In the rear of the mansion which the great man had built and beautified with the toil of his subjects were his stables and a large private park, all inclosed by a very high wall. Here he kept his horses — a wonderful collection of chariot steeds and fast racers, the best in the world; and none of the Bistonians was so well fed

or so carefully housed as they. The most famous among all these animals were two wild mares — Dinos the marvel, and Lampon the brilliant — that Diomed's herdsmen had captured when mere colts on the grassy plains of northern Thrace. White as snow when it glistens in the sunlight, with large fiery-red eyes, clean-limbed, fearless, alert,— it was strange that such savage natures should lurk in forms so fair. But these mares could never be tamed, and only Diomed himself dared to venture into their stalls or lay hands upon them. Men said that they were tigers which had taken upon themselves the shape of horses; for they were not only wild and fierce, but bloodthirsty. They would leave their barley and clover untouched if a freshly killed animal was offered to them; and it had finally become one of Diomed's favorite amusements to see them kill their own game. Dogs, deer, and other beasts, small and large, were turned loose into the great cage-like stable to become the food of the savage creatures. The mares had even killed and eaten several of their keepers, and men who were not afraid to twitch the beards of untamed lions shrank back appalled when invited to stroke the velvet nose of Dinos or of Lampon.

On the evening after the great demonstration against the Strangers Diomed sat in his chamber in consultation with his prime minister. The question between them was what to do with the Strangers.

"They are plainly of no use in Bistonia," said Diomed, "and our people demand that they shall be put out of the way. It will cost something to dispose of them; but then many of them are quite wealthy, and all their

goods must become mine, to pay me for the trouble they have given me. The only question is, What shall we do with them?"

"If you will allow me," said the Prime Minister, "I will tell you what I once heard read from a book. It seems that in the reign of the great King Busiris a host of these same profitless Strangers invaded Egypt, and were robbing the poor Egyptians, just as these men are now taking away the substance of the Bistonians. King Busiris disposed of them in such a way as to kill two birds, nay three, with the same stone. He sent forth a decree that they should be sacrificed to the bulls and cats that are the gods of the shrewd Egyptians, and by so doing he gained great renown among his people, he provided food for his favorite animals, and he filled his treasury with the spoils. Do you see?"

"Capital!" cried Diomed. "And the decree which I send forth is this: *That every Stranger found, after this day and hour, within the borders of Bistonia shall be sacrificed to my wild mares Dinos and Lampon.*"

. . . . .

Of all the Strangers in Bistonia only one escaped. Secreting himself on a ship that was just ready to sail, he was carried safely beyond the reach of Diomed, and was finally landed in his own country. There he reported how all his fellow Strangers had fallen victims to the cruelty of Diomed, and had become food for the fierce man-eating mares; and he gave a vivid picture of the manner in which the crafty old tyrant had thrown them, struggling, into the iron mangers or penned them up in the massive stable where the beasts were turned

loose upon them. Of course the whole world was stirred with indignation, and a good many plans were talked of for avenging the luckless Strangers.

It so happened that the great hero Hercules was at that time just in the midst of the tasks which he had undertaken for the purifying of the world from evil. He had slain the Nemean lion and the Lernean hydra; had captured the Ceryneian stag and the Erymanthean boar; had cleansed the Augean stables, frightened the Stymphalian birds, and led the Cretan bull through the streets of Mycenæ. He now readily undertook the task of drubbing old Diomed, and of putting his man-eating mares where they would never do any more harm. At the head, therefore, of a little army of heroes, he sailed straight for Bistonia, landed upon the coast, and demanded satisfaction for the manner in which the Strangers had been treated. Of course the Bistonians resisted and a great battle was fought, in which Hercules won the day. Old Diomed was taken prisoner, and there was but one thing to do with him — feed him to his own animals. It was a fitting punishment for one so cruel and merciless.

Hercules, who had already had so much excellent practice in capturing wild beasts, had no trouble in leading the fierce mares from their bloody stable and in carrying them with him to Mycenæ. There, had he been so minded, he might have become the Barnum of his age and set up the greatest menagerie on earth. But he preferred, after exhibiting the mares for a few days, to turn them loose in the mountain forests of Thessaly. I have heard it said that they were devoured there by wild beasts, but I think it an unlikely story. Don't you?

"A VERY unlikely story, indeed," responded the Poet, "but it is far more reasonable than your emendations."

"The employment of horses as public executioners was by no means an unheard-of thing during the middle ages, or even later," remarked the Reporter. "The story of Mazeppa, the young Pole, is well known to everybody: how he was lashed to the back of a wild horse that was then sent adrift upon the great plains of Ukraine; how the maddened animal ran until it dropped dead with exhaustion; how Mazeppa was released by a wandering Cossack; and how he afterward became a prince of Ukraine. It is all told in Byron's famous poem. But the person who was sentenced to suffer death from horses was not often given any chance to escape. There was Queen Brunehaut of Austrasia, who was dragged to death by a wild horse; and there were numerous state criminals in France who were executed by being fastened to four horses and then pulled limb from limb. It was a horribly cruel thing to do—as cruel a thing as ever Diomed's horses were guilty of. Even as late as 1757 one Robert François Damiens was put to death in this manner for only attempting the life of Louis XV. Then there was the assassin Ravaillac, who—"

"Let us hear no more of it," interrupted the Schoolmaster, to whom such recitals seemed to be extremely painful. "There is still another nondescript—a famous creature, a high-flier and fast-flier. Her history is very interesting from the fact that it enters more or less into the religious belief of many millions of people. I will repeat it to you without emendations."

And then he related the following story.

AL BORAK

"Her fume needs no spurs; she 'll gallop far enough."
—Henry VI.

AL BORAK — the name is Arabic, and means The Lightning. And this is the story which faithful Moslems tell of the wondrous steed.

It was midnight, thirteen hundred years ago, and Mahomet the prophet lay asleep in his house in the ancient city of Mecca. Suddenly he was roused by hearing a loud voice crying: "Up, up, thou sleeper! Arise and make ready for thy journey!"

Mahomet leaped to his feet and looked about him. Before him stood a creature of dazzling radiance whom he took to be an angel. His face was white as the purest marble, his hair was of gold and fell in silk-like waves about his shoulders, his wings reflected all the colors of the rainbow, and his robes of spotless white were embroidered with gold and thickly set with precious gems. Mahomet was about to speak when he saw that the angel was holding the reins of a steed the most marvelous that any man ever beheld. It appeared to be a horse, and yet it was not like a horse. Its limbs were slender and long, its body strong built and finely formed, its coat sleek and glossy, and its silken mane so long that it almost swept the ground. Its color was white intermingled with golden-yellow, and there was a golden star in its forehead. Folded over its back were wings like those of an eagle, amid the plumes of which the lightning gleamed and flashed. Its eyes were brighter than coals of fire, its ears were sharp-pointed and restless, its nostrils were wide, blood-

red, and steaming. It had the face of a man, although the cheeks of a horse, and it spoke with a human voice in the purest Arabic.

Mahomet had no sooner seen this wonderful steed than he was filled with a desire to mount it. But when he reached forth his hand and made ready to spring upon its back, Al Borak reared high in the air, and would have struck at the prophet with its golden hoofs had not the angel restrained it.

"Be still, Borak!" cried the latter. "Do you not know who this is whom you oppose? It is Mahomet, the son of Abdallah, of one of the tribes of Arabia the Happy. He is the prophet of Allah, and it is through his intercession only that any creature can enter paradise."

Al Borak at once became as gentle as a lamb, and her eyes were filled with beseeching tears as she turned to the prophet and said:

"O thou, the most honored of mortals, I pray thee that thou wilt intercede for me!"

"Be assured that I will," answered Mahomet; "for never was steed more worthy of paradise than thou art!"

Then Al Borak allowed the prophet to mount upon her back, and, rising gently from the ground, she soared aloft above the desert sands and mountains of Arabia. The night was dark — the darkest that any man ever knew; and it was so still that all nature seemed sleeping and dead. There was no sound anywhere of stirring wind or of rippling water. No chirp of wakeful insect, no rustle of creeping reptile, no baying of dogs, no howling of wild beasts among the mountains, dis-

turbed the solemn hour. All Arabia was silent as the grave. And Al Borak, with face directed northward, and at a speed which out-distanced thought, sailed noiselessly through the gloom.

Only thrice did the steed alight upon the earth — first upon Mount Sinai, second in the village of Bethlehem, and finally at the gate of the holy temple in Jerusalem. Here Mahomet dismounted, and, fastening the steed to a ring which was attached to one of the stones of the temple, he left her and went in. But I need not speak of what happened to him there, nor of his further journey, nor of whom or what he saw; for those things have naught to do with Al Borak. When, at length, he returned to the gate of the temple, he found the steed in the place where he had tethered her, and, having remounted her, he was carried in an instant back to Mecca and set down at his own door. Then Al Borak, having bowed low in honor of the prophet, unfolded her wings again and soared aloft into the upper air, never again to be seen by mortal man.

The distance from Mecca to Jerusalem is about eight hundred miles as the crow flies, or as Al Borak flew. And yet, although the Arab seer had not stopped at Jerusalem, but had gone some millions of miles beyond, the whole affair was accomplished in less time than you can think of it. It is easy to prove that this was so. In the first hurry of setting out, a vase of water had been overturned by the angel's wing; but Mahomet returned in time to catch the falling vessel before its contents could be spilled. Could anything have been quicker? Not even thought or a flash of light could have outsped Al Borak.

THIRD DAY—AFTERNOON

EXCURSION TO THE LAND OF THE HOUYHNHNMS

IT was now the middle of the afternoon, the time announced for the excursion to the land of the Houyhnhnms—an event to which Philip had looked forward with many anticipations of pleasure. The journey thither was accomplished with magical quickness, and the entire excursion was fraught with interesting experiences. But after returning late in the evening with the Schoolmaster and his friends, Philip could not help wondering whether all his anticipations had been realized. He had had a good deal of amusement, it is true; but it was of that evanescent kind which leaves, after it is all over, scarcely any impression whatever upon the mind. Hippion the Reporter, however,—very thoughtfully for one of his vocation,—had carried a little book with him, and had jotted down therein a number of interesting notes concerning the Houyhnhnms. They were such notes as he might have written in his study, without ever having been within a thousand miles of Houyhnhnm land; but they lost none of their interest from the fact that he actually did interview the leading citizens of that horsy country. They were roughly written and without any literary polish, as the reader will readily perceive from the following copy.

A REPUBLIC OF HORSES

"Some time a horse I 'll be."—*Mid. N. Dream.*

HOUYHNHNMS!

Can you neigh like a horse?

Then do so, and at the same time try to speak the word Whinhims. That is the only way in which you can master the correct pronunciation of the name that appears above.

The country of the Houyhnhnms was discovered some two hundred years ago by a veracious traveler named Lemuel Gulliver, who wrote an extensive and very tedious account of its inhabitants and their customs. Mr. Gulliver's narrative was edited and given to the world by a certain clerical gentleman, the Rev. Jonathan Swift, commonly known as Dean Swift, and its veracity can therefore be depended upon—errors and omissions excepted.

It was this same Gulliver who discovered the countries of Lilliput and Brobdingnag, antiquated places which have but little interest to modern travelers, and are therefore not set down in any guide-book.

The land of the Houyhnhnms lies within the domains of fairyland, and is easily reached by a flight of fancy.

The only inhabitants are horses—intelligent horses who in their own language are called Houyhnhnms. This strange word, when translated into English, may signify either "horse" or "the perfection of nature."

There are several kinds of animals in Houyhnhnmland, and in Gulliver's time the most important and most numerous of these were the Yahoos—a kind of

human being with the human faculties omitted. A good deal of fault has been found with Dean Swift for the way in which he pictured these Yahoos, and it must be confessed that he painted them in no very pleasant colors.

The Houyhnhnms, it must be understood, are human brutes; the Yahoos are brute humans. The distinction is worth being observed. For, when some savage Yahoo in New York or London is guilty of deeds that would shame the whole brute creation, it is both improper and unjust that the newspapers should speak of him as a human brute—they thereby libel every four-footed animal that walks.

When Gulliver visited the Houyhnhnms they had advanced somewhat, but not very far, in the arts of civilization. They lived in comfortable houses which they had built; they had large farms, kept cattle, and managed dairies (how droll to see a fine human horse sitting on a stool and milking a cow!); and they knew how to make and use several kinds of stone implements. But they knew nothing about metals, although they manufactured some very passable earthen and wooden vessels, such as jugs, bowls, and pitchers. Their household furniture was, of course, of the very simplest kind.

Hands?

Oh, no. Differing from other horses in no respect except in the superiority of their minds, the Houyhnhnms have no hands. But, as Gulliver says, they are wonderfully deft in the use of their fore feet. He declares that he saw one of them thread a needle—which he lent her on purpose—by holding it in the hollow

part of her fore foot, between the pastern and the hoof. The thread? She probably held it in her teeth, but he does n't say so. He might have taught her how to sew, and then have introduced the fashions into Houyhnhnm-land—but he does not seem to have thought of that.

The language of the Houyhnhnms is a savage jargon of words consisting of whinnies and neighs in infinite variations. But it is very expressive. For instance, the word for died is *lhnuwnh*, which means "retired to his first mother." They have no alphabet, and consequently no books. But Gulliver discovered that they were great lovers of poetry; and he declared that their poems excelled those of all other mortals, and that "the justness of their similes and the minuteness as well as exactness of their descriptions were, indeed, inimitable." He ought to have translated some of these verses into English; but it appears that he had no eye whatever to business.

The Houyhnhnms have some very curious, old-fashioned ideas about truth, justice, honor, and such like virtues. But every horse, Houyhnhnm or no Houyhnhnm, has these ideas.

Gulliver tells us that they "trained up their youth to strength, speed, and hardiness by exercising them in running races up and down steep hills, and over hard, stony ground. Four times a year the youth of certain districts meet to show their proficiency in running and leaping, and in other feats of strength and agility, where the victor is rewarded with a song in his or her praise." That they play football, have intercollegiate foot races, and are perfect masters of the royal

game of golf, can hardly be doubted. But, so far as I have been able to learn, they have not yet acquired the art of playing lawn tennis or of riding on bicycles.

Gulliver says that they had never heard of such a thing as war, and that when he explained what it meant and described the results of a very mild battle, the simple creatures held up their fore hoofs in horror, and declared that nobody but Yahoos would ever think of engaging in so barbarous a business.

A modern visit to the land of the Houyhnhnms reveals no new facts concerning them. It must be acknowledged that Dean Swift's description of an intellectual horse fails to do justice to the noblest specimens of the equine race. His Houyhnhnm chiefs are detestable dolts compared with such animals as Rakush and Bucephalus and Bayard, and other four-footed fellows, who had, instead of human intellect, an abundance of good, strong horse-sense. But the country of the Houyhnhnms remains, and always will remain, just as Lemuel Gulliver saw it. In the fairy land of fable and romance new things may be created, but the old continue forever the same.

THE Reporter had scarcely finished the reading of his random notes when the clock struck the hour of midnight. Philip had been so overcome with weariness that he had fallen asleep and had not heard the half of them; and it was with feelings of relief that the company now postponed all further horse-talk until the morrow, when they expected to see some of the great war horses whose names are famous the world over, and whose deeds have been the subject of story and song for countless generations.

FOURTH DAY

THE CHAMPIONS OF THE BATTLEFIELD

THE fourth day of the great Fair was ushered in with martial music, with the flourish of drums and trumpets, and with a grand salute of a hundred guns. Nothing that Philip had yet seen had surpassed

"STEEL-CLAD KNIGHTS GALLOPED HITHER AND THITHER."

in novelty and brilliancy the morning's performances in the arena and upon the open plain. The scene was bewildering in the extreme, and full of strange excite-

ment. Warriors clad in armor of bronze, with glittering helmets and nodding plumes and sharp-pointed spears, drove their heavy chariots at breakneck speed across the field. Roman *equites* on mettlesome horses followed their invincible standard, as in the olden days when they rode out to conquer the world. Steel-clad knights, mounted upon heavy chargers and carrying long lances and stout shields, galloped hither and thither as if anxious to engage in battle. Wild Tatars, astride of fleet coursers from the Aral steppes, raced over the plain, wheeling now and then and shooting clouds of black arrows into the air. The sturdy yeomanry of England went out again with their longbows to repeat with the horsemen of France the famous battle of Agincourt. And mingled with all these were regiments of modern cavalry, dressed in bright uniforms with shoulder-straps and bright buttons and handsome swords. The exhibition was, in short, a grand object lesson having for its subject the war horse in all ages and nations.

Of course, when there was so much to see it was impossible to talk, and the Schoolmaster wisely refrained from saying anything about the history of the various horses which were thus exhibited. In the evening, however, after the show was entirely over, he returned with Philip and his friends to his lodgings, and the greater part of the night was spent in repeating stories about the famous battle steeds which poetry and romance have made immortal. The first story was told by the Schoolmaster, and as it was rather long he divided it into four parts, which, borrowing the language of the race track, he called heats.

SWIFT AND OLD-GOLD

"Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race."—*Macbeth.*

FIRST HEAT — BEFORE TROY

I COULD never quite understand why old King Peleus of the little city of Phthia in Thessaly should have been so great a favorite of the gods. To me he always seemed to be a kind of selfish fellow—a small man who had somehow crowded himself into the company of his betters, and who was blessed with much good fortune through no special merit of his own. He was a man of destiny, as some would say. Had he lived in our day, I think he would have been called Lucky Peleus. He would have owned a stable of fast horses, a race track, and probably a railroad; and he would have worn a flashing diamond in his shirt-front, and been elected to the State legislature. But, say what we will, he knew some things that were well worth knowing. For instance, he knew that the best way to govern men was to give them plenty of work to do; and hence his people of Phthia were such busy bodies that they were everywhere called Myrmidons, which in plain English means Ants. Indeed, an absurd story was told that when Peleus first came into that part of the country there was no city there, and not a sign of human beings, not even a wild man in the woods—nothing but a great ant-hill with its thousands of six-legged workers toiling and fuming and laying up their stores of winter food. But while the young outlaw—for Peleus was only such—sat footsore and hungry on the green turf and watched these wise creatures, how

by their industry they waxed rich, there came a sudden flash of lightning and a stunning clap of thunder from the clouds that hovered over Mount Olympus, and, presto! all was changed. The ant-hill was suddenly transformed into a white-walled town, and the insects themselves into busy men and women hurrying through the streets, carrying burdens, building houses, and buying and selling, just as though they had always been used to doing so. Armed warriors stood guard at the gates, and sturdy farmers with their teams of oxen were bringing in the produce of the fields; and in the middle part of the city, surrounded by a garden of olives and pomegranates, was a white palace which the Myrmidons had built for Peleus, whom they now hailed as their king. You may believe as much of this story as you please, and if it be true, you may set this down as the earliest of the many favors of fortune with which this man of destiny was blessed. There are other stories quite different, however, and you may take your choice among them. The more likely one is that the young man, having been exiled from his father's house in Ægina, gathered about him in the new country a colony of sturdy workmen and brave warriors who, by their own activity, soon changed the rude face of nature and made the wilderness a fit dwelling-place for men, just as the hardy pioneers of our own great West are doing to-day.

But the most interesting happening in the life of King Peleus was his wedding with the sea-nymph Thetis, for that was the starting point of the greatest romance that has ever been sung or written. Whether Thetis was really a silver-footed nymph, as the poets

would have us believe, or whether she was only the daughter of a fisherman, or possibly of some great sea-king or merchant-sailor with whom the Phthians had made a treaty, it matters not, the time was so long ago. But it is certainly true that she was famed all over the world for her beauty and her many graces; and Peleus, who was then too old to be handsome, had no easy time of it in the winning of her. The wedding was the grandest ever known, for there were gods and heroes among the guests; and the wedding presents, which were brought from land and sea and sky, were such as were never seen before or since. According to the custom of the time, the finest of these gifts were nominally for the bridegroom; but I have little doubt that had it not been for the sake of the beautiful bride they would not have been given. Among these gifts was a suit of well-wrought armor with a wooden tablet attached to it upon which was written: "This is from the gods." There was also an ashen spear of great weight which Cheiron, the Centaur, had cut and shaped from a tree that grew on the topmost crag of Mount Pelion. But the last and best of all were two peerless war steeds called Balios (Swift) and Xanthos (Old-Gold), the gift of the mighty sea-king Poseidon.

Both of these horses were of the same height, both were of the same perfect shape, and they moved together as if they had but one mind. Their color was that of old gold finely burnished, and their long manes, which were like silk for fineness, sparkled like sunbeams in the clear air of a frosty morning. Their eyes were like the eyes of eagles, their feet were light as the air, their speed was that of the west wind, and they understood the language of men.

Perhaps it would be unfair to say that King Peleus was prouder of these horses than he ever expected to be of his fair young wife. He had a fine suite of rooms fitted up for them in his palace at Phthia, and the best grooms in Hellas were employed to take care of them day and night. The fame of the steeds soon spread into foreign lands, and many were the princes and heroes that came from beyond the sea to look at and admire them. But the harness that belonged to them hung unused in its place upon the wall. For old King Peleus, who in his younger days had been a famous rider and driver, and had won the title of Lord of Horses, was too feeble ever to mount the war chariot again, and Swift and Old-Gold were too noble and precious to be driven by any common mortal. Every day they were bathed in wine and washed in the clearest spring water, their manes were oiled and combed and plaited in tresses, and they were allowed to gambol for an hour in the king's orchard. Otherwise they stood idle in their stalls, and knew neither bit nor lash nor loud war-cry; and while their master grew older and feebler with every change of the moon, they remained always young and beautiful and strong.

By and by a son was born to Thetis and the King, a fair-haired child who the soothsayers declared would be greater than his father and yet would die sooner than he. When the babe was brought in the nurse's arms to Peleus the old man looked upon him fondly and said:

"This is the hero who will drive the steeds Balios and Xanthos in battle. He shall also have the armor of well-wrought bronze which the gods gave me on my wedding day, and the mighty spear which Cheiron, my wise grandfather, hewed out of the mountain-ash."

But the babe, afraid of the gray locks and wrinkled visage of its sire, cried; and Peleus, turning away, said: "He is, after all, only a little whiner!" And they therefore called him Ligyron, which means whining.

When Ligyron was yet a very little child, his father sent him to live with Cheiron, who had a famous nursery and kindergarten of heroes at his home on the wooded slopes of Mount Pelion. The wise old Centaur changed the lad's name to Achilles and fed him with the hearts of lions and the marrow of bears and wild boars. And the boy was taught how to use the bow and how to manage horses and how to take care of his own body that he might always be strong and brave. He also learned what were the best ways of treating wounds, and what kind of herbs were good for medicines; and he became inured to exposure and danger, sleeping in the open air, chasing wild boars in the forest, riding barebacked on the half-tamed horses of the plains, and skirmishing with savage robbers in the mountain passes. He was not more than nine years old when, having finished his course in Cheiron's school, he went back to his home in Phthia, a tall, yellow-haired, sun-browned youth, very quick of temper, strong-limbed, and as graceful as he was brave. His fair mother wept when she saw him, for she remembered the soothsayers' prophecy that his life, although a glorious one, should be of short duration. His old father was very proud of him, and took him out to show him the treasures of the palace.

"Here," said the King, "is the matchless armor of bronze which the gods gave me on my wedding day. No man has ever yet worn it, but you are already well-

nigh large enough for it to fit you becomingly. See this fair, round shield with many an image of beauty graven upon it, and this helmet with its nodding horsehair plume — was ever anything so delightsome to a young warrior's eye? And here is the ashen spear which not one of our Myrmidons is strong enough to wield, but which your stout arms will soon be able to hurl. And, lastly, here are Swift and Old-Gold, the noblest war steeds that any mortal ever owned. All these things are yours, my son!"

As I have set out to tell you only about a famous team of horses, I shall not be expected to relate the history of that ever-memorable war in which Swift and Old-Gold acted so important a part — the war which the Greeks waged against Troy on the farther side of the Ægean Sea. Hence I shall not stop to explain the causes of that war, how they began at old Peleus's wedding feast and became active when beautiful Helen of Argos was carried away by foppish Prince Paris of Troy. Nor shall I tell how King Agamemnon lighted the war fires on every hilltop of Greece and summoned every warrior chief to join him in defending the honor of their country by punishing the Trojans and bringing fair Helen back to her home. Nor need I relate how the young Achilles was at first hidden away by his mother lest he should go to the war and lose his life therein; nor how, being discovered in his hiding-place, he was afterward persuaded to lead his Myrmidons to the attack upon Troy, although well knowing that he would never return to his native land; nor how nine long years were spent by the Greeks in making ready for the expedition, and as many more wasted in

desultory warfare along the Trojan shores; nor yet how, at the beginning of the tenth year, Achilles, being angered at Agamemnon's high-handed tyranny, drew off his Myrmidons and withheld his aid at the very time when the Greeks stood most in need of it. Of all these things you may read in the works of the great poets; my story has to do with Swift and Old-Gold and the events that grew out of Achilles's wrath.

A month had already passed since the quarrel, and Achilles sat sulkily in his hut, nursing his anger toward Agamemnon. On either side of him, skirting the sandy sea-beach, were the tents of his Myrmidons whom he had brought from far-off Phthia; and behind them, drawn up on the shelving shore just out of reach of the lapping waves, were the fifty black ships which had borne them across the sea. Opening into the same court yard as their master's hut was the stable wherein Swift and Old-Gold stood lazily champing the clover and parsley which the grooms had cut and brought to them from the meadows along the shore. Three times nine years had passed since they were given to old Peleus at his wedding feast, and yet they were as wondrously fair and strong and swift as they had ever been. Many times since crossing the sea, they had borne their young master into the din and fury of battle, and many times had their fearlessness and his prowess turned the tide of war. But now the days were passed in idleness. Their harness with their master's armor hung useless within the hut. The war chariot, polished and clean, stood well covered up beside the door, and Achilles's mighty ashen spear, leaned, half-forgotten, against the wall. The Myrmi-

dons lolled lazily upon the grass in the shadow of their tents, some sleeping, some playing checkers or games of chance, and some telling wonderful tales of warfare and adventure, and murmuring at the inaction of their chief—and every one of them yearned for war. But beneath the walls of Troy, only a short distance away, the rest of the Greeks were fighting a losing battle with the Trojans. In vain did the chiefs of Agamemnon lead their warriors into the fray. Their foes, led by brave Hector of Troy, worsted them on every hand, and later in the day drove them back beaten and disheartened to the shore of the sea and to the shelter of their ships.

And the two war steeds, champing clover and gazing out of the open door of the courtyard, talked together about the prospects of the war.

"Methinks," said Swift, "that unless our master takes the field the Greeks will soon be pushed into the sea."

"Agamemnon himself knows that," responded Old-Gold, "and he will send men to Achilles this very night, to persuade him to forget his anger."

"And what will our master do then?" asked Swift. "Tell me, brother, for thou canst sometimes see into the future."

"He will not be moved, for he is unforgiving. And yet he will allow his dear friend Patroclus to lead the Myrmidons into the fight. Have courage, brother, for I smell the fray afar off, and we shall have part in it ere many days."

That night the men of Troy encamped on the plain between the city and the ships, and Swift and Old-

Gold looking out could see a thousand watch fires blazing, and in the gleam of each sat fifty warriors proudly boasting of their deeds. But the Greeks were cowering among their tents on the shore and debating whether to betake themselves at once to their ships and return in disgrace to their native land, or whether to try the uncertain issue of another day of battle.

"Ah!" cried Swift, peering into the gloom. "Who comes here? It must be the men whom Agamemnon has sent out to treat with our master."

Moving with great caution along the shore, lest they should be heard by some Trojan picket, three noble Greeks were making their way toward the hut of Achilles. They were Ajax, the cousin of Achilles and next to him the mightiest of living heroes; Odysseus, the wiliest of the Grecian chiefs; and knightly old Phoinix, who had once been Achilles's schoolmaster in Phthia, and had taught him eloquence and the art of war. With these men were also two heralds who came to help them find the way. Very quietly did they draw near, led by the cunning Odysseus, and at every step they prayed the gods to make it easy for them to prevail with the stubborn-hearted hero. Unseen by any one save the two war steeds, they entered the open door, and crossing the courtyard, found Achilles in his own room playing a sweet air upon a lyre of curious workmanship, and singing of the glories of war, whilst over against him sat his friend Patroclus, silently listening. Surprised by their sudden coming, both of the young men sprang to their feet, Achilles with the lyre still in his hand. Then he welcomed them warmly as his dearest friends, and leading them forward he made

them sit down upon soft settles and carpets of purple, and turning to Patroclus he bade him bring forth a great bowl of mixed wine and a cup for each of his guests. And Patroclus did this and more: in the light of the blazing fire he placed a great fleshing-block, and upon it he laid a goat's back and choice pieces of mutton and pork; and having sliced them well, he pierced them with spits and roasted them above the hot coals. Then he put the meat on platters, and brought out baskets of white bread which he served to the guests. But Achilles himself served the meat, while Patroclus sacrificed to the gods by throwing some of the choicest pieces into the fire. When all had partaken of the good cheer before them Odysseus filled a cup with wine and pledged it to Achilles and made known the object of their coming.

All night long the three messengers pleaded with Achilles to lay aside his anger and, marshaling his Myrmidons, to give to the sorely tried Greeks the succor of which they stood in so great need. And they promised in the name of Agamemnon that he should have for his reward seven tripods untouched by fire, and ten talents of gold, and twenty caldrons of bronze, and twelve prize-winning horses, and seven women slaves skilled in the finest handiwork. More than this, if they should succeed in taking Troy, then Achilles might load his ship full of gold and bronze from the pillage of the palaces; and he might choose the fairest of Agamemnon's daughters for his wife, and take with her as her dower seven well-peopled cities that lay near the sea. But Achilles turned a deaf ear to all their entreaties, and declared that it was his purpose to

sail on the morrow with his Myrmidons back to his native land.

"Hateful to me," he said, "are Agamemnon's gifts, and to me he is not worth a straw. Not even if he gave me ten times, yea, twenty times, all that is his and all that may come to him—even though he should promise me gifts in number as the sand, yet he shall not persuade me. And so you have my answer."

And Ajax and Odysseus arose, and each man having taken a two-handled cup and made an offering to the gods, they went back sorrowfully to their own tents. But old Phoinix stayed with his one-time pupil Achilles.

On the next day, and the next, and the next, the battle raged fiercely about the camp and the ships of the Greeks; but Achilles and his Myrmidons stayed quietly in their tents and neither gave aid to their countrymen nor embarked on their ships to return to their native land. On the third day, however, Patroclus went out unarmed to see how things were faring with his friends. It was a sad tale that he brought back to Achilles.

"The bravest of the Greeks," said he, "are lying among the ships smitten and wounded. Everywhere the men of Troy press upon them; they have broken over the wall into the camp, and they are even throwing fire into the ships. If thou withhold thy help longer, surely thou art without pity—thou canst not be the son of Peleus and gentle Thetis, but art rather born of the gray sea and the beetling rocks. But if that old prophecy of the soothsayers holds thee back, then I pray thee let me go forth leading the Myrmidons to the

help of our kinsmen. And lend me thy armor and chariot and the war steeds, Swift and Old-Gold, so that the Trojans will mistake me for thee and perhaps be dismayed at my coming."

Achilles was moved by his friend's entreaties, and the more so as, looking toward the Grecian ships, he saw thick smoke arise and then great sheets of flame.

"Truly, you may go!" he cried. "Gird on my armor quickly, and I will call the Myrmidons."

Patroclus made haste to don the armor great and fair which the gods had given to old Peleus on his marriage day. Round his shoulders he belted a sword of bronze, and on his head he set a glittering helmet, and in his hands he took a mighty shield and two strong lances. But the ashen spear that Cheiron had made he left in the hut, for no man but Achilles could wield it. Then the horses, Swift and Old-Gold, were led out by Automedon, the skilfulest of charioteers, and harnessed in their places. Very glad were the noble steeds when they smelled the battle and knew that they were soon to take part in the dreadful fray. And in the side-traces Automedon put a third horse, a chestnut-colored steed named Pedasos, which Achilles had captured upon a time in Cilicia.

In the meanwhile Achilles and his squire had called the Myrmidons to arms, and now they came forward in close-serried ranks, shield pressed against shield, helm against helm, and man against man — the horse-hair crests on the bright helmet-ridges touching each other when they nodded, so closely together did they stand. And the proud war horses, Swift and Old-Gold, guided by the strong arms of Automedon and drawing

the car in which stood the fearless Patroclus, led the way into the thick of battle. And in one mass the Myrmidons fell upon the Trojans that were besetting the ships, and the din of the conflict waxed wondrous great. But when the Trojans saw the chariot drawn by the world-famous steeds and in it Patroclus shining in armor, they wavered in the fight, for they thought that Achilles himself had come out against them. Then, as if every man sought only his own safety, they turned and in dreadful panic fled as best they could away from the encampment of the Greeks. And wherever they were thickest in the flight, there followed Swift and Old-Gold, glorying in their strength and speed, crushing men beneath their feet, and overturning many a fleeing car. When they came to the great ditch that the Greeks had digged outside their camp, many were the horses and very many the men that fell in one terrible, struggling heap; but our swift steeds, guided by Automedon, leaped straight over all in their mad pursuit of the mighty Hector, who was speeding across the plain toward the shelter of his own gates.

But why tell of all the terrible deeds of that terrible day? Why tell of the fight beneath the walls of Troy, of the brave rallying of the Trojans under great Hector, and of the fierce onset of Sarpedon, who slew the goodly trace-horse Pedasos with his spear? Then indeed it might have gone hard with Patroclus had not Automedon reached over with his long-edged sword and quickly cut adrift the unlucky beast; and Swift and Old-Gold, no longer cumbered in their course, strained forward upon the reins and rushed furiously

onward. At length, however, there was a sad turn in the tide of battle, for Patroclus, still eager to meet the great Hector, was struck a mighty blow from behind. His helmet was smitten from his head and rolled rattling away beneath the horses' hoofs; the long lance which he bore was shattered in his hands, and the tasseled shield fell with a crash to the ground. The Greeks afterward said that no mortal dealt that blow, but only Apollo, whom no man can withstand. Dazed and blind and sorely wounded, Patroclus would have fled to the succor of his comrades. But Hector, seeing his sorry plight, now rushed upon him and with his spear gave him his death wound. With a crash the hero fell headlong to the ground, and the swift-footed steeds bore the chariot and Automedon, the driver, away from the field.

Then throughout the rest of the day Trojans and Greeks fought around the body of Patroclus, these that they might carry it to the ships, and those that they might drag it in triumph into the city. Swift and Old-Gold, when they had gotten away from the thick of battle and knew their warrior had fallen, would move no farther but stood still and wept. Vainly did Automedon try to coax them with gentle words; vainly did he ply the cruel lash; they would neither go back to the ships nor return to the field of fight. With their heads bowed to the ground, they wept hot tears for Patroclus, and their shining manes were covered with dust. At length, however, as if new courage had been put into their knees, they rallied and made a fierce onset upon the enemy, and behind them Automedon fought wildly, sweeping upon his

foes as a vulture upon wild geese. Being alone in the car, however, he could do small harm, for he was unable to wield his spear and at the same time guide his fiery team. And so the fighting went on over the body of Patroclus, from which Hector had already stripped the gory armor, and it was not until the evening that the Greeks were at last able to bear it from the field, and, with the stress of war waxing fierce behind them, carry it in sorrow back to the ships. And Swift and Old-Gold, their heads drooping and their manes bedraggled in dust and blood, returned with Automedon and the battered chariot to the tent of their master Achilles.

SECOND HEAT—ÆTHON AND GALATHE

The proudest of all the steeds that went out of the battle that day were Hector's royal horses, Æthon and Galathe. Red as the glowing flame, or as the sunset clouds, was Æthon; yellow as the buttercups that bespangle the meadows, was Galathe; swift as birds on the wing, and tireless as eagles, were they both. They had been reared in the rich pasture lands of Lycia, some say by Apollo, the archer-god, and had been chosen by their master for their beauty and strength. For ten years they had been fed in the king's own stalls and cared for by the hands of Hector himself, and among all the horses of Troy there were none to be compared with them.

From noon till evening on that eventful day, ever in the thickest of the fight, they had drawn their master's chariot without fear or weariness; and when at length

the darkness had put an end to the dreadful combat, it was with high heads and tossing manes that they betook themselves to the camp of the victorious Trojans. They knew that behind them rode the hero of the day, and at his feet lay the armor which he had stripped from Patroclus — the matchless armor which the gods had given to old Peleus. From out of the mêlée of battle they had come unscathed by any wound, and as fresh as when the grooms had led them from their stalls. All through that night they stood beside the chariot in the blazing light of the watch fires, and champed white barley and spelt, and waited impatient for the day.

"To-day our master will drive the Greeks into the sea," said red Æthon as the dawn arose behind the distant mountains.

"Yes," said Galathe, "to-day he will rid Troy of her foes. See! he has donned the armor of the gods which he stripped from foolhardy Patroclus. Not even Achilles would dare meet him now."

And when the sun had risen, gilding the towers of Troy with his beams, Hector marshaled his host and mounting his chariot led them forth to battle again.

In the meanwhile the death of Patroclus had wrought a great change in the stubborn heart of Achilles. His wrath toward Agamemnon was laid aside, and he vowed that he would not rest until he had slain Hector and avenged his friend. All night long he sat before the tents and wept, and as soon as morning dawned he hastened to prepare himself for the battle. The armor with which he girded himself was better even than that which he had lost through Patroclus's sad mishap. For it had been wrought by Vulcan, the lame black-

smith of the gods, and its likeness for beauty and service had never been seen. When he had proven the armor to see whether it fitted him, he drew forth the ashen spear, great and heavy and strong, which Cheiron had given to his father and which none of the Greeks could wield; and the grooms led forth his war steeds, and buckled on the breast-straps and put bits into their mouths and stretched the reins behind to the chariot. Then Automedon sprang up into his place, ready to drive to the field of combat, and Achilles, armed in his sun-bright coat of mail, stepped into the car.

"Xanthos and Balios, Swift and Old-Gold," he cried, "take heed that you bring your charioteer safe back to his tent and to his own folk, and do not leave him on the field as you left Patroclus!"

Then Old-Gold bowed his head to the ground until his long mane fell over his eyes and face, and said: "Truly, great master, we will bear thee safe this day, but yet thy death is not far away. It was through no fault of ours that the Trojans slew good Patroclus, but by the will of the gods. And so, too, shall thy own fate overtake thee."

Achilles was sorely troubled by these words, for never before had he heard aught of speech from the lips of the horse. "Xanthos," he cried, "why do you tell me of my death? I know that I shall never return to my old father and beautiful mother and dear native land; and therefore I will not hold my hand until I have avenged my friend." And having spoken, he rode onward, leading his Myrmidons and the hosts of the Greeks into the battle.

I need not follow the events of this day, a day in which

the tide of war was turned and the Trojans forced to flee into the city for their lives. It was with downcast heads that Æthon and Galathe dragged their master's chariot within the gates that afternoon, and their eyes no longer flashed with joy and pride. The terror of Achilles had cowed them utterly, as it had the entire Trojan host, and they knew that they had borne their master into the fight for the last time.

On the high battlements of Troy a sorrowful company was gathered—old Priam, the king, and his queen, and beautiful Helen of Argos, and such of the Trojan princes as the bloody fortunes of war had spared—and they wept and wailed and tore their garments for grief at the sad sight which they beheld outside of the walls. For Hector, the flower and hope of Troy, had been slain at the hands of Achilles. Despoiled of his armor, he lay bound to the tail of the victor's chariot, his head trailing in the dust. The pitiless lord of the Myrmidons stood in the car alone, and lashed his steeds to their utmost speed, and Swift and Old-Gold, unused to such barbarous cruelty, leaped wildly in their traces and flew over the plain with the swiftness of the wind, while a great cloud of dust arose about them as if to hide their master's heartless deed from the eyes of the pitying beholders. Then Hector's mother shrieked aloud in her grief, and tore her long hair, and threw her veil far over the wall. The king, his father, moaned piteously, and would have gone out alone from the gates to entreat the mercy of Achilles, had not those around him held him back. And the cries of the people upon the walls were echoed throughout the town, and there was mourning

and wild grief in every house. Around the entire circuit of the city, Achilles drove his team, and then, followed by his Myrmidons and with the body of Hector still trailing in the dust, he betook himself to his own encampment beside the sea.

Then Hector's squire, heavy of heart because of that day's work, went out into his master's courtyard and unyoked the steeds Æthon and Galathe, and led them away from the blood-stained chariot which they had drawn so often to victory.

"Never again," said he, "shall you bear your master into the field of strife; never again shall you lift your proud heads in joy. Better would it have been had we all been slain, for there is no longer any hope for Troy."

Then he washed them in clear water, and combed their manes as he had been used to do, and fed them with parsley and white barley. But they never drew war car again.

THIRD HEAT—THE CHARIOT RACE

On the next day Achilles made a great funeral for Patroclus, and there were games and a chariot race in honor of the dead hero. To the winners in the race he offered prizes: to the first, a slave woman skilled in handiwork, and a two-eared caldron of great beauty; to the second, a six-year-old mare that had never known the bit; to the third, a bronze caldron bright as new; to the fourth, two talents of gold; and to the fifth a two-handled urn that had never been used.

Some of the noblest of the Grecian chiefs took part in the race. Eumelus, a famous charioteer from Pheræ,

entered two horses which were said to be, next to Swift and Old-Gold, the finest in the world; Diomedes, whose war-cry was the loudest of all men, was there with a noble team of chestnuts, each of which was beautifully marked in the forehead with a gleaming white star; Menelaus came to the contest with his own horse, Podargos, with whom he had harnessed Aithe, a long-limbed roan mare belonging to his brother King Agamemnon; Antilochus, a son of the aged chief Nestor, brought a handsome team of blacks that had been reared in Pylos; and Meriones entered two bay steeds which had been bred in his father's pastures in the distant island of Crete, and which had not their match for beauty of form and smoothness of coat. But Swift and Old-Gold, the noblest of all the horses, remained in their stalls, mourning for Patroclus, who had been to them even dearer than their own master.

The turning-post at the farther end of the race course was the decayed stump of a tree, some six feet in height, standing far out on the plain. It had doubtless been often used for that purpose, for two white stones had been planted on either side to protect it from the chariot wheels that might otherwise strike against it, and there was a wide and smooth-worn road all round it. Not far from this turning-post Achilles had stationed his old friend Phoinix to act as umpire and to take note of the running at that point in the course. While the five charioteers waited in their places for the word to start, the aged Nestor, whom everybody revered for his wisdom, stood by the chariot of his young son Antilochus, and whispered words of advice into his ear.

"Remember," said he, "that the race is not always won by the swiftest. If it were so, you would do well to withdraw right now; for your horses are not very fast and I fear you will not win much glory. But it is skill and cunning that oftenest bear off the prize, and the driver who has a crafty mind will likely come in ahead of the simpleton who has only swift horses. Therefore, let me advise you to have a care for the turning-post. Drive close to it, and lean your body slightly to the left, and urge the off horse with voice and lash. But let the near horse hug the post so closely that the wheel will barely miss it by the thickness of your hand. Remember that the rub is at the turning-post, and that if you drive past the other chariots there you will be pretty sure of the prize, for they will hardly be able to overtake you on the home-stretch. And be sure —"

But the words of the old man were cut short by the voice of Achilles giving the command to start. Like five arrows shot from the same bow, the five chariots bounded forward in the race. The onlooking Greeks rent the air with cheers and loud outcries, each shouting courage to the chieftain that was dearest to him. A cloud of dust was raised about the horses that almost hid them and their cars from view and trailed behind them in their course. The wheels were sometimes on the ground, sometimes in the air, so swiftly did they fly; and the drivers, standing in their places, urged their steeds to greater and greater speed as the heart of each man grew big with the hope of victory.

But it was not until they had passed the turning-post and were running the last part of the course that

the real contest began. Then, surely, would Diomedes have won the race and great renown had not an accident befallen him. For he was speeding close behind Eumelus, and his swift team was gaining ground with every leap, when, overcome for a moment by the fierce heat of the sun, he allowed the long reins to fall from his hands. The horses swerved from their course and fell behind, and Diomedes, brave warrior that he was, felt the tears welling into his eyes as he thought himself thus thrown out of the race. But ere Eumelus had gained six chariot lengths upon him the reins were again in his hands. He afterwards said that the goddess Athena had picked them up from the ground, where they were trailing, and handed them to him. But I would rather believe that he leaped from the chariot while it was going at full speed and thus recovered them for himself. Some of his enemies said that the reins did not fall to the ground at all, but only to the floor of the chariot, and that Diomedes, when he saw them lying at his feet, made up the pretty story of the goddess in order that men might not laugh at him on account of his blindness and his foolish tears.

He would never have overtaken Eumelus, however, had not a worse accident happened to that famous charioteer. As Eumelus was driving along quite confidently, the yoke which held the pole of the chariot in place suddenly broke square off in the middle, and the pole fell to the ground, plowing along in the dust and throwing the horses sideways out of the course. Eumelus himself was hurled from the car into the low-spreading branches of a tamarisk tree, where he

"HE LEAPED FROM THE CHARIOT WHILE IT WAS GOING AT FULL SPEED."

lay for some time stunned and helpless. His well-trained horses, seeing his plight, stopped short and began quietly to graze upon the short grass among the bushes. Eumelus afterwards declared that it was the goddess Athena who broke his yoke and threw him into the tamarisk tree. It was a pretty way which those old heroes had of excusing their own faults and mishaps by laying all the blame upon the gods. Even in our own day there are some people who have much the same habit.

But now, not far behind, came Menelaus, speeding over the track with long-limbed Aithë and Podargos; and almost upon him was young Antilochus, standing high in his chariot and urging his sleek blacks with whip and rein. Presently they came to a narrow place in the course, where but one chariot could drive with safety, and there Antilochus cheered still more lustily and turned in by the side of Menelaus.

"Have a care, young man!" cried the latter in alarm. "Hold in your horses until we have passed this place, lest you run foul of my chariot and undo us both!"

But Antilochus only plied the whip the harder, and Menelaus, not wishing to meet an inglorious death on the race track, turned his team aside and allowed the rash young man to pass him.

"Go as you please, malicious fellow!" he cried after him in anger. "But if you gain the prize it will be unfairly, and little good shall it do you."

There was much surprise among the Greeks when the chestnut-colored team of loud-voiced Diomedes came first to the goal; for it had been a foregone conclusion that Eumelus, being the best driver in the

world, would easily win the race. The horses of Diomedes stepped high as they drew up in the mid concourse, and seemed as proud of their victory as did their master, who leaped quickly to the ground and leaned his long lash against the yoke. The squires hastened forward to loosen the team, while others of the hero's followers bore away the prize — the precious tripod and the slave-woman skilled in handiwork.

A moment later Antilochus passed the goal with his hard-laboring team, and only a chariot's length behind came Menelaus proudly urging his mettlesome mares; for, although put to undue disadvantage in the narrow pass, the latter had gained fast upon his rival, and long-limbed Aithë was just beginning to show her finest points as a racer. If the goal had been a disk's throw farther, Antilochus would have been left behind. Then, out of the great cloud of dust, Meriones emerged with his team of Cretan bays — beautiful horses, but not swift in the race. And, last of all, came Eumelus on foot, with tattered garments and swollen face, dragging his car behind him and driving his steeds in front.

"Here comes the best man of them all!" cried Achilles. "For, although last in the race, it is plain that the gods have put hindrances in his way. He shall have the second prize, the blooded mare that has never yet known the bit!"

The Greeks applauded loudly and were pleased, for Eumelus was a favorite with them all. But Antilochus leaped up in his chariot and began to plead for his right.

"O Achilles," he cried, "it is not seemly that you should bestow my prize upon another simply because

the gods have been unkind to him and his steeds have miscarried. He ought to have prayed to Athena before starting, and then he would not have come in last of all. Nevertheless, if he is dear to your heart, and you pity him, give him some other prize, no matter if it be greater than mine. But as to the mare, she belongs to me by right; I have won her and will not give her up."

Achilles, far from being angered at this speech, was pleased; for Antilochus was a man of his own age, and one of his dearest comrades.

"You shall keep your prize, my friend," said he, "and I will give Eumelus another of equal worth. I have in my tent a breastplate of bronze, curiously wrought, and overlaid with a casting of bright tin. That shall be his prize; but the blooded mare is your own."

Then Menelaus stood up, sore at heart and hot with anger toward Antilochus; and all the Greeks were silent when they marked his wrath. "Come now, ye chiefs and warriors!" he cried; "give judgment between me and this bold, malicious fellow who has shamed my skill and made my horses fail, and is now about to carry away the prize that is rightfully my own. Let Antilochus, as the time-honored custom of our people ordains, take oath that he has won the prize honorably. Let him stand up before his horses and his chariot and take in hand the long lash with which he drove, and laying it upon the necks of his steeds, swear by the great Poseidon, shaker of the earth, that he did not wilfully hinder my chariot by guile."

Wisely did young Antilochus answer him. "I pray you, good Menelaus, that you will bear with my folly. For I am much younger than you, and young men are

prone to act hastily and without judgment. And so I do, of my own free will, give you the mare; and if that is not enough, I will make amends for my offense by giving you some greater gift from among my own goods; for I would not that the friendship between us should be broken by so light a thing."

Then he went and fetched the mare and gave her to Menelaus. And the poets say that the heart of Menelaus was gladdened as when the dew falls upon the ears of ripening harvest-corn at the time that the fields are bristling and ready for the reapers.

"Young man," he said, "there are some who call you a wise man, and they are right, although the fickleness of youth sometimes gets the better of your reason. I will forget your offense, for it was only a boyish act. Nevertheless, beware hereafter how you try to outwit men who are older than yourself. The mare, which is rightfully mine, I give back to you as a free gift, that all the Greeks may see that I have not an unforgiving mind."

Having said this, he gave the mare into the hands of Antilochus's squires to lead away to their master's tent; but he himself took the shining cauldron that had been offered as the third prize; and all the Greeks applauded. The two talents of gold were taken by Meriones, who came in as the fourth in the race. But the two-handled cup, the fifth prize, remained unclaimed. So Achilles carried it to the venerable Nestor, eldest by far of all the Grecian chiefs.

"To thee, old man," he said, "I give this cup as a memorial of my dear friend Patroclus. I give it thee as a prize unwon, and yet deserved. For grim old age

weighs heavily upon thee, and never again canst thou strive in boxing, nor enter into the javelin match, neither wrestle nor race with thy feet."

And old Nestor took the gift gladly from his hands, thanking him for his kindness and praying the gods to grant him due grace.

FOURTH HEAT—THE THREAD OF FATE

THAT night, as Swift and Old-Gold stood in their stalls, champing sweet clover and looking out into the darkness, they saw a strange procession coming slowly across the meadows and drawing near to the spacious hut which the Myrmidons had built for their master Achilles. The sentinels had fallen asleep at their posts, and the warriors, weary and worn, had retired within their tents. The great chief himself, having closed and bolted the heavy outer door of his hut, was sitting at meat with his squire Automedon.

"Who is it who rides unchallenged toward our door?" asked Swift.

"Methinks," answered Old-Gold, "that it is old King Priam of Troy, coming in his sorrow to beg the body of his son Hector, which lies uncared for in our courtyard. I see in front a smooth-running wagon drawn by the two strong mules which the Mysians gave to the king in his happier days. All the world knows those mules, for they have never been matched in strength and endurance. On the wagon I see chests of gold and much fine bronze, which I suppose the old man is bringing to offer as a ransom for his dead son. And yoked to the king's light car that follows behind are two sad steeds

with drooping ears and lifeless gait. If I am not mistaken, the dull-coated creatures are Ethon and Galathe, the once proud creatures that drew Prince Hector into the battle."

Soon the wagon and the chariot drew up before the door, and the king and his groom dismounted. With them was also a herald, whose armor shone brightly amid the gloom, and whom neither Swift nor Old-Gold had ever seen before. The great door was barred with a huge bolt made of a log of pine, so heavy that three stout Greeks could barely move it, although Achilles alone could thrust it home. But the bright herald easily pushed it aside and opened the door without making any noise; and then, having bidden the king good-by, he as silently disappeared in the darkness.

"I do believe that he is Hermes, the kind messenger of the gods," said Old-Gold.

King Priam left the groom to mind the horses and the mules, and went boldly across the courtyard into the room where his great enemy sat; nor was Achilles aware of his coming till he saw him standing silently before him. As the warrior leaped astonished to his feet, the old king clasped his knees and entreated his pity, and reminded him of his own dear father Peleus in his lonely palace in far-off Phthia. And the heart of Achilles was strangely stirred within him as he remembered his boyhood and his native land and his sorrowing parents, to whom he should never return; and he gave kind heed to Priam's sad message, and the two lifted up their voices together and wept.

"This," said Achilles, "is the thread of fate which the gods have spun for miserable men, that they should

live in sorrow. For although they gave to Peleus splendid gifts, and favored him above all other men, yet they meted out to him great grief because no princely sons were born in his halls save only myself, who am doomed to an untimely death."

Then Priam besought him that, for the sake of his own father, so soon to be bereaved, he would deliver to him the body of Hector and accept therefor the rich ransom that he had brought. Without saying a word in reply, Achilles, followed by his squire, hastened across the court-yard and leaped through the great door. Then, loosing the horses and the mules, they began to unload the countless treasures. And when they had carried all into the house, they took up the body of Hector from the place where it lay, and, having covered it over with a doublet and a princely robe and laid it upon a bier, they lifted it into the polished wagon.

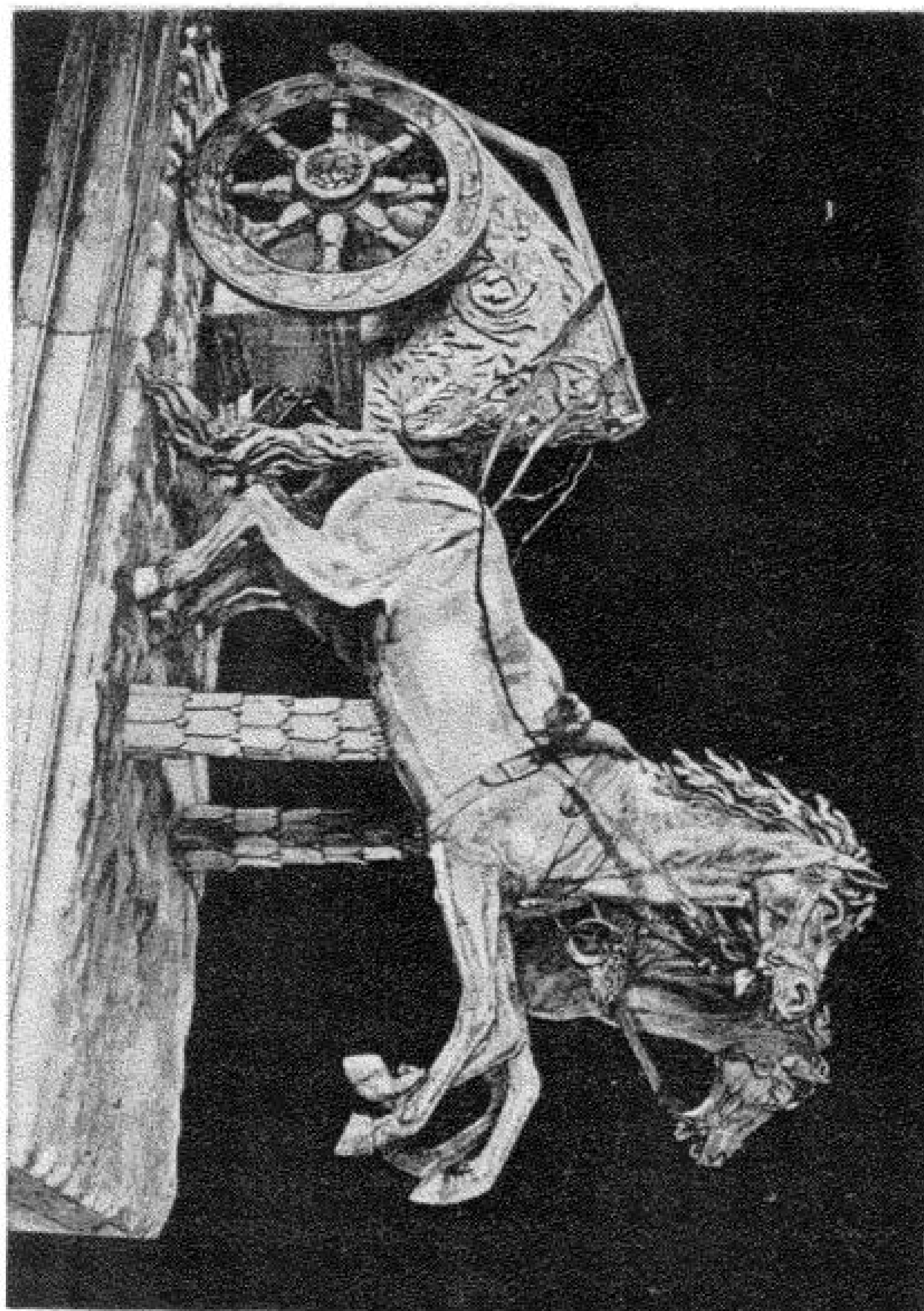
Long before the dawn of day, Swift and Old-Gold, still looking out into the darkness, saw the chariot of King Priam and the wagon drawn by the team of mules issue noiselessly from the courtyard. And in the chariot stood the king and his groom; but upon the wagon, driving the sturdy mules, sat the bright herald whom Old-Gold declared to be none other than Hermes, the helper of men, come down to aid the old man in his dire extremity. And upon the bier behind, covered with heavy robes, was all that remained of the mighty Hector.

"They go thus early for fear of the Greeks, who are crafty above all other men," said Old-Gold. Then the steeds returned to their manger of sweet clover.

And at sunrise, at a little distance outside of the city gates, all the people of Troy met Priam bringing home his dead.

But the doom of Achilles, which the soothsayers had foretold at his birth, came sure and soon. One day, while hard fighting was going on beneath the walls of Troy, he drove his chariot close up to the famous gate, called the Scæan, and stopped to taunt the unhappy Trojans who stood upon the battlements. Vainly did the faithful steed, Old-Gold, champ upon his foaming bit and rear in his traces and strain hard upon the reins; for he knew the fate that threatened his master and would fain have carried him away from danger. But Achilles, standing high in the chariot, boasted of his great deeds: how from the sea he had laid waste twelve cities, and from the land eleven; how he had vanquished the queen of the Amazons, and had slain Hector, the hope of the Trojans; how he had taken great spoils and countless treasures from many lands; and how, in all the world, there was no name so terrible as his, no, not even the name of the sun-bright Apollo.

But scarcely had the last rash boast passed his lips when a gleaming spear circled down upon him from above, nor could the armor which Hephaistos had forged for him ward off the swift death which it brought. Some say that the fatal weapon was hurled from the battlements by Paris, the perfidious prince who had caused all that sad war; and others assert that it came from the hands of no mortal man, but was cast from the sky by great Apollo himself, offended beyond measure at the hero's boasting. I do not know whether either of these stories is true, nor does it matter now.



ANCIENT FORM OF GREEK CHARIOT.

All I need to say is that the destroyer of three and twenty cities fell headlong and helpless in the dust, as many another boaster has done since his day, and the great world went on as before. And his wonderful war steeds, no longer restrained by his voice and hand, sprang wildly away and galloped with the speed of the wind across the plain.

And old King Peleus, rich and wretched, the favorite of the gods, sat mourning in his desolate halls at Phthia. But his hero son never returned to him, and no man brought him any word concerning the fate of the rare gifts which Poseidon had given him on his wedding-day—the immortal creatures, Swift and Old-Gold.

"Did men never fight on horseback in those times?" asked Philip.

"I think not," answered the Schoolmaster; "at least the poets say nothing about it. And there is only one passage in Homer that makes direct mention of anybody riding on horseback. Erechtheus, king of Athens, is said to have been the first person to use a chariot with four horses, and for that reason he was placed among the stars in the constellation Auriga, where, on any clear night, you may still see him speeding his gallant team. But in the course of time the Greeks changed their manner of fighting, and the heroes rode into battle on horseback. The Romans, from the earliest periods, so far as I can learn, fought from their horses instead of from chariots. But Hippion will tell you a story which will illustrate that point."

Thereupon the reporter related the following story.

THE GREAT TWIN BRETHREN

"A horse! a horse!"—*Richard III.*

LET us imagine ourselves in Rome on the fifteenth day of July, two thousand years ago. It is a public holiday, and as all the Roman *equites* are out on horseback we may see many of the finest war horses that the world could at that time produce. A brilliant company of riders, starting from the temple of Mars outside the ancient walls, wind their way through the main streets of the city and finally, crossing the Forum to its south-eastern corner, draw rein in front of the stately building dedicated to the memory of Castor and Pollux. The entire course over which they pass is decked with gay banners, flowers are strewn in their way, and they are greeted at every turn with loud shouts of joy and approval. You notice that these knights are not clad in armor, but in flowing robes of purple, and their brows are encircled with wreaths of olive. Garlands of flowers also hang about the necks of their horses and from the reins and saddle-bows; and companies of Roman maidens march in front of them, singing songs of the deeds of the dauntless heroes who lived in the brave days of old. When they reach the end of their route, the noblest men of Rome, the patricians, senators, and consuls, welcome them from the steps of the temple, and the entire Forum echoes with the shouts of the people. There are also ceremonies, perhaps sacrifices, being performed within the temple, but we do not care to inquire about them — we only want to know what is the meaning of this holiday.

There are multitudes of fine horses on exhibition, but this is clearly no horse show. The flower of the Roman cavalry is in the procession, but it is plainly no grand review of troops. The — But let us ask the old veteran who sits sunning himself in the portico of the temple of Saturn across the way.

He is astonished that we should make such an inquiry, and he looks upon us with suspicion. But he is a garrulous sort of fellow, and is glad of any chance to use his tongue, and so he answers us civilly.

"You must be strangers in Rome," he says, "or you would know that on this day every year — the ides of Quintilis, we call it — the equites hold a festival in honor of the Great Twin Brethren, the patrons of their order. Two hundred times or more have we thus celebrated the anniversary of the victory which they won for the Roman people in the hard-fought battle of Lake Regillus."

We ask him to tell us all about the Twins, and his astonishment at our ignorance is greater than before. Nevertheless, as we sit beside him on the floor of the portico, he kindly relates this story:

It happened a very long time ago, only twelve years after the Roman republic had been founded. The last of the kings, old Tarquin the Proud, was still living — an exile among our enemies, the Latins — and he was all the time plotting to get back. Thirty cities had finally united and raised a great army in order to force our people to restore him to the throne. It was indeed a trying time, and the fate not only of Rome but of the world hung upon the issue. Thirty against one was great odds, so far as numbers were concerned —

but what are thirty jays against a royal eagle? The dictator, Aulus Postumius Albinus, hastened to go out and give battle to the enemy on their own ground. Every able-bodied man in Rome was with him — some fully armed, but many with only such weapons as they could snatch up from among their working tools — scythes, axes, pitchforks, flails, and the like. Nobody was left to defend the walls except the small boys and the decrepit old men under the command of a noble ancestor of mine named Sempronius Atratinus. They might almost as well have been left without defenders, but then, of course, nobody intended that the enemy should ever come so near to the city.

All this space in front of us, on the right of the great roadway which we call the Via Sacra, was at that time open ground. It was used as a pasture for the cows and the geese, and the children from the hills on either side often went out there to play. Over there, where now stands the temple of Castor and Pollux, was a gushing spring of clear, cold water, surrounded by a pond where the cattle came in the heat of the day, and the bare-legged boys fished for minnows and sailed their tiny boats.

Well, two days had passed since the Roman army had marched out to meet their foes, and no word had come back to the city. Sempronius was becoming very anxious. Since early in the morning he had been in the watch-tower straining his eyes eastward. Far away toward the Apennines he fancied he saw the dust of battle rising in faint, misty clouds above the hills, but he could make sure of nothing. He would have sent out a messenger to learn how the day was going

with our people, but there was not a horse left within the walls, and who among the feeble folk that were with him could undertake so difficult an errand? On either side of him, on the wall and above the gate, were the old men who had been left behind, together with many of the Roman matrons and maidens, all eager to know the issue of the day, and all listening if they might be the first to hear the sound of horse-hoofs galloping from the field of fight.

Meanwhile some children playing around the pond were astonished, on lifting their eyes, to see two monstrous white horses drinking from the spring, and on their backs two men clad in snow-white armor that glistened strangely in the sunlight. But there were splotches of blood all over the horses, and the white armor was stained in many places with mud and red gore. With shrieks of fright the children fled across the fields, and the news of what they had seen was soon carried to the watchers above the gate. Scarcely believing their story, Sempronius, followed by a wondering company of women and boys, hastened down to see for himself. There, indeed, were the snow-white steeds standing by the spring, and there were the two riders who, having dismounted, were washing them in the clear water. So like were the two horses that no man living could tell one from the other. So like were the two warriors in face and form and movement that no point of difference between them could ever be discovered.

"What news bring you from the battle?" cried Sempronius, awed and afraid to ask them their names.

"Long live the City of the Seven Hills!" they an-

swered. "To-morrow the spoils of thirty cities will enrich her shrines!"

Then they slowly mounted their steeds and rode a little way onward until they came to the door of Vesta's temple. There a whirlwind seemed suddenly to arise, a cloud of dust filled the air, and the white horses and their white riders were hidden from sight, and no man ever saw them again.

The next day, Aulus the dictator, at the head of his army, returned to Rome, bringing with him, as the strangers had foretold, the spoils of thirty cities. But when the people would have lauded him for his victory he would not permit it.

"It is not to me that the honor is due," he said, "but to two white strangers who brought us timely aid and joined most valiantly in the fray. For indeed the day was going hard against us and the Latins were crowding upon us on every side, when, looking up, I was surprised to see two strange warriors of princely mien riding beside me. Never in my life saw I twins so much alike. Their armor was white as snow, as were also the two war horses which they bestrode; and their appearance was such that not all the hosts of our enemies could have thrown so great a spell of fear upon me. But I saw at once that they were our friends, for, couching their spears and laying on about them, they rode into the ranks of the foe, and all the thirty armies were filled with dread. Then our foemen wavered; they fell back; they were routed; and, following in the lead of the two white strangers, our men pursued them right and left, and paused not until the victory was assured. But when we looked around for the princely

pair that had led us so valiantly they were nowhere to be found; they had vanished as suddenly as they had come among us. It is to them that all honor is due for the saving of Rome, and did I but know their names they should not want for a fitting monument."

Then Sergius the pontiff rose and spoke:

"Romans," said he, "the gods have been with us, and it is they who have saved our city and our homes. These white strangers are the great twin brethren, Castor and Pollux, and the white horses which they rode are the immortal steeds Cyllarus and Harpagus; and we shall be wanting in gratitude if we fail to give them the honor that is their due."

Thereupon the dictator, Aulus Postumius Albinus, vowed to build a temple to the Great Twin Brethren, on that spot where they paused to wash their steeds — and there, as you see, it stands to-day. And every year, on the ides of Quintilis, the Roman equites, mounted on their best horses, ride in procession through the streets to the door of the temple, and all the people delight in honoring the memory of Castor and Pollux and their two gallant steeds Cyllarus and Harpagus.

"The story of the Twin Brethren and their white steeds," said the Poet, "reminds me of an old legend which I once read about Saint Iago and Saint Millan. A small body of Spaniards had been surprised by a much stronger force of Moorish soldiers, and the battle was going hard against them. In their terror and distress, being unable even to retreat, the Spanish were about to give themselves up as lost when, looking upward,

"Two persons there they saw, all beautiful and bright,—
Even than the pure new-fallen snow their garments were more white.
They rode upon two horses more white than crystal sheen,
And arms they bore such as before no mortal man had seen;
The one, he held a crosier, a pontiff's mitre wore;
The other held a crucifix,—such man ne'er saw before.
Their faces were angelical; celestial forms had they,
And downward through the fields of air they urged their rapid way;
And when the heavenly knights drew near unto the battle-ground,
They dashed among the Moors and dealt unerring blows around.
Together with these two good knights, the champions of the sky,
The Christians rallied and began to smite full sore and high.
Down went the misbelievers; fast sped the bloody fight;
Some ghastly and dismembered lay, and some half dead with fright;
Full sorely they repented that to the field they came,
For they saw that from the battle they should retreat with shame.

. . . . .

Now he that bore the crosier, and the papal crown had on,
Was glorious Saint Iago, the brother of St. John;
And he that held the crucifix, and wore the monkish hood,
Was the holy Saint Millan of Cogolla's neighborhood."

"A certain Spanish historian," said the Schoolmaster, "has given an account of thirty-eight battles in which Saint Iago and his gray horse won the victory for the Christians. Is it any wonder that the Spaniards should accept him as their patron saint and adopt his name as their war-cry? It is said that he even crossed

the Atlantic and, still riding the gray horse, helped Cortez conquer Mexico. Old Bernal Diaz, the careful historian of that event, says that he himself saw the horse distinctly, and that, although its rider looked very much like Francesco de Morla, it might have been the glorious Saint Iago, for all he knew."

"That reminds me of another white horse," said Hippion. "Soon after Mahomet had set himself up as a prophet, a band of Koreishites made a sudden attack upon him and his followers, and the Moslem religion was in danger of coming to an untimely end through the slaughter of its founder and all his adherents. Mahomet had with him only two horsemen, and three hundred and ten footmen; but they fought bravely.

"'Courage, children!' shouted the Prophet. 'Shoot your arrows into their midst, and the day is ours!'

"He himself cast a handful of sand into the air; and we have his own word for it that the angel Gabriel, riding on the magnificent white horse, Haïzûm, came immediately with a great host to his aid, and the Koreishites were routed with great confusion and slaughter. This battle occurred in the year 624, and good Moslems still commemorate the appearance of Haïzûm and his rider by sending up fireworks on the thirteenth day of every January — making a kind of Fourth of July business of it, you know."

"Talking about war horses," said the Artist, who seemed not to have heard any of this conversation, "what do you think of the dancing steeds of Sybaris?"

"I never heard of them," said Philip.

"Never heard of them! Well, suppose I tell you the story."

THE DANCING HORSES OF SYBARIS

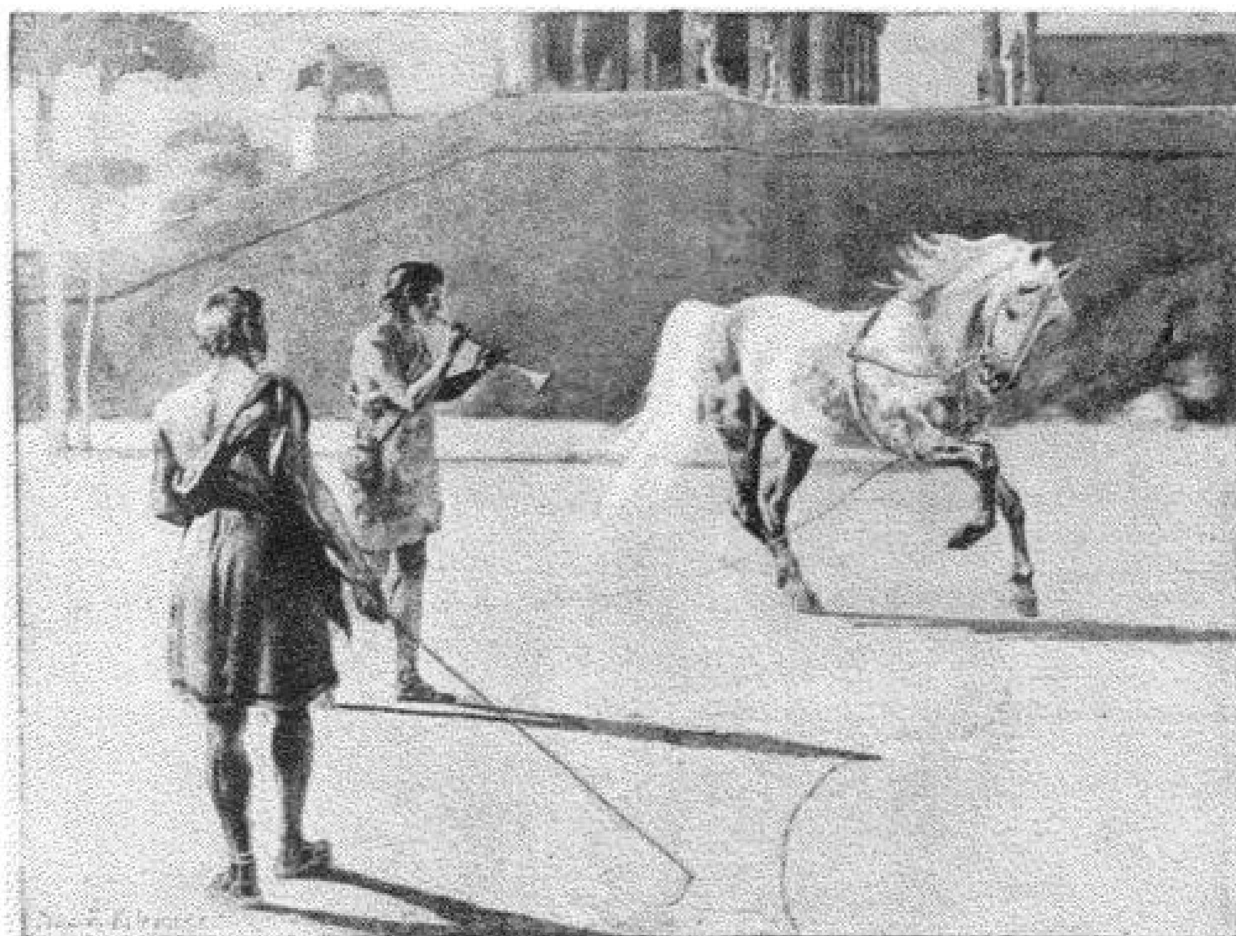
> "Like unbacked colts, they pricked their ears,
> Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses,
> As they smelt music." — *The Tempest.*

IN the south of Italy there was once a flourishing Greek colony called Sybaris. The town was well situated for commerce, the surrounding country was very fertile, the climate was the finest in the world, and for some centuries the Sybarites were industrious and enterprising, carrying on a profitable trade with other countries and heaping up immense wealth. But too much good fortune finally proved their ruin. Little by little they lost their habits of labor and thrift, and, instead, gave themselves up to pleasure. Finally, leaving all kinds of necessary work to their slaves, they laid aside the cares of life, and spent their days in eating and drinking, in dancing and in listening to fine music, or in attending the circus and watching the feats of acrobats and performing animals.

It is said, indeed, that prizes were offered to any man who would invent some new kind of amusement. A certain flute-player hit upon the idea of teaching the horses to dance, and, since those creatures were as fond as their masters of pleasure, he found it a very easy thing to do. It was not long before the sound of a pipe would set the heels of every war-horse in the country to beating time with it. Imagine, if you please, a whole nation of dancing people and dancing horses — what a free-from-care time of it they must have had!

But the pleasantest summer must come to an end, even for grasshoppers. The Sybarites had for neigh-

bors a community of hard workers, students, and tradesmen, called Crotoniates, who lived temperately, drank water from the original Croton River, listened to lectures by Pythagoras, and looked with longing eyes upon the fair gardens and stately white palaces of



"A CERTAIN FLUTE-PLAYER HIT UPON THE IDEA OF TEACHING THE HORSES TO DANCE."

Sybaris. The Crotoniates several times came to blows with the Sybarites; but as their army was much smaller, and they had no cavalry whatever, they were beaten in every battle. Their foot soldiers were of no use at all when opposed to the onsets of the Sybarite war horses.

But true worth is sure to win in the end. When a spy reported to the Crotoniates that he had seen all the

horses in Sybaris dancing to the music of a pipe, the Croton general saw his opportunity at once. He sent into the Sybarite territories a large company of shepherds and fifers armed with nothing but flutes and shepherd's pipes, while a little way behind them marched the rank and file of the Crotoniate army. When the Sybarites heard that the enemy's forces were coming, they marshaled their cavalry — the finest in the world at that time — and sallied forth to meet them.

They thought it would be fine sport to send the Crotoniates scampering back across the fields into their own country, and half of Sybaris went out to see the fun. What an odd sight it must have been — a thousand fancifully dressed horsemen, splendidly mounted, riding out to meet an array of unarmed shepherds and a handful of ragged foot soldiers!

The Sybarite ladies wave their handkerchiefs and cheer their champions to the charge. The horsemen sit proudly in their saddles, ready at a word to make the grand dash — when, hark! a thousand pipes begin to play — not "Yankee Doodle" nor "Rule Britannia" — but the national air of Crotona, whatever that may be. The order is given to charge; the Sybarites shout and drive their spurs into their horses' flanks — what fine sport it is going to be! But the war steeds hear nothing, care for nothing, but the music. They lift their slender hoofs in unison with the inspiring strains.

And now the armed Crotoniates appear on the field, but the pipers still pipe, and the horses still dance — they caper, curvet, caracole, pirouette, waltz, trip the light fantastic hoof, forgetful of everything but the delightful harmony. The Sybarite riders have been so

sure of the victory that they have taken more trouble to ornament than to arm themselves. Some of them are pulled from their dancing horses by the Crotoniate footmen—others slip to the ground and run as fast as their nerveless legs will carry them back to the shelter of the city walls. The shepherds and fifers retreat slowly toward Crotona, still piping merrily, and the sprightly horses follow them, keeping step with the music.

The dancing horses cross the boundary line between the two countries, they waltz over the Crotoniate fields, they caracole gaily through the Crotoniate gates, and when the fifers cease their playing the streets of Crotona are full of fine war horses!

Thus it was that the Sybarites lost the fine cavalry of which they had been so proud. The complete overthrow of their power and the conquest of their city by the Crotoniates followed soon afterward—for how, in any contest between so idle and so industrious a community, could it have been otherwise?

No one seeming inclined to make any remarks about the Artist's story, the Schoolmaster went to his bookshelves, and, having taken down a well-thumbed volume, which he opened near the middle, he said:

"While we are talking about war horses I want to read to you one of the finest descriptions of the animal that has ever been written. It was composed possibly earlier than the time when Swift and Old-Gold galloped round the walls of Troy; and, with their story fresh in your minds, you cannot fail to appreciate its truthfulness. Hear what the author of that wonderful poem, the Book of Job, says about the steed of battle:

"Hast thou given the horse strength?
Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?
Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper?
The glory of his nostrils is terrible.
He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength;
He goeth on to meet the armed men.
He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted;
Neither turneth he back from the sword.
The quiver rattleth against him,
The glittering spear and the shield.
He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage;
Neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet.
He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha;
And he smelleth the battle afar off,
The thunder of the captains, and the shouting."

"That makes me think of Virgil's description of the model battle horse of his time," said the Poet; "and I will repeat it to you as nearly as I can from memory:

"'Lofty is his neck, his head small and slender, his body short, his proud chest swelling with brawny muscles. If by chance he hears the distant sound of arms, he knows not how to stand still; he pricks up his ears, quivers in every limb, and clouds roll from his fiery nostrils. Thick and waving is his mane; and the ground resounds, as with his solid hoof he paws it into deep hollows. Such was Cyllarus, guided by the reins of mighty Pollux; and such were the chariot horses of great Achilles.'"

"And it might be added," said the Schoolmaster, "that such, too, was Bucephalus, the world-famous war horse of Alexander the Great. Montaigne somewhere says, 'all the world knows everything about him;' and yet, I have a mind to repeat his story."

BUCEPHALUS

"Do bravely, horse; for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st?"
—*Antony and Cleopatra.*

OLD Philonicus of Thessaly was the most famous horse-raiser of his time. His stables were talked about from the Adriatic Sea to the Persian Gulf, and many of the best war steeds in Greece and Asia Minor had been bred and partially trained by him. He prided himself particularly on his "ox-headed" horses — broad-browed fellows, with large polls, and small, sharp ears, set far apart. Proud creatures these were, and strong, and knowing, and high-spirited — just the kind for war steeds; and that was about all that horses were valued for in those days. Among these "ox-heads" there was one which excelled all others in mettle, beauty, and size, but which, nevertheless, was a source of great concern to his master. He seemed to be altogether untamable, and, although he was now fourteen years old, there was not a horseman in Greece who had ever been able to mount him. He was a handsome creature — coal-black, with a white star in his forehead. One eye was gray and the other brown. Everybody admired him, and people came great distances to see him. Had Philonicus been less shrewd he would have sold him for half the price of a common steed, and been glad that he was rid of him. But like most men who spend their lives among horses, he knew a thing or two. He kept the horse's untamableness a secret, and was careful that only his good points should be exhibited. Everybody who had any use for such an animal wanted to buy him.

"What is the price?"

"Thirteen thousand dollars."

That answer usually put an end to the talk. For, as an ordinary horse might be bought at that time for about seventy dollars, and a thoroughbred war steed for two hundred, who was going to pay such a fabulous price? Half-a-dozen fine houses could be built for that money. There were rich men who made Philonicus some very handsome offers—a thousand dollars, five thousand, eight thousand—but he held steadily to his first price, and the longer he held to it, the more anxious everybody became to buy.

At last, however, after the horse had reached middle-age, shrewd Philonicus got his price. King Philip of Macedon, who was ambitious to become the first man of Greece, was the purchaser; and Philonicus, after hearing the gold pieces jingle in his strong box, led the great Bucephalus up to the Macedonian capital and left him safely housed in the king's stalls. He was careful, no doubt, to recross the Thessalian borders before Philip had had time to give the steed any kind of examination.

You may imagine what followed. When the horse was brought out upon the parade grounds for trial the skilfulest riders in Macedon could not mount him. He reared and plunged, and beat madly around with his sharp hoofs, until everybody was glad to get safely out of his reach. The greatest horse tamers of the country were called, but they could do nothing.

"Take him away!" cried the king at last, in great rage. "That man Philonicus has sold me an utterly wild and unbroken beast, under pretence of his being the finest horse in the world—but he shall rue it."

But now Bucephalus would not be led away. The horse tamers tried to throw ropes over his feet; they beat him with long poles; they pelted him with stones.

"What a shame to spoil so fine a horse! The awkward cowards know nothing about handling him!" cried the king's son, Alexander, who was standing by.

"Are you finding fault with men who are wiser than yourself?" asked the king, growing still more angry. "Do you, a boy twelve years old, pretend to know more about handling horses than these men, whose business it is?"

"I can certainly handle this horse better," said the prince.

"Suppose you try it!"

"I wish that I might."

"How much will you forfeit if you try, and fail?"

"I will forfeit the price which you paid for the horse," answered Alexander.

Everybody laughed, but the king said, "Stand away, and let the lad try his skill."

Alexander ran quickly to the horse and turned his head toward the sun, for he had noticed that the animal was afraid of his own shadow. Then he spoke softly and gently to him, and kindly stroked his neck. The horse seemed to know that he had found a friend, and little by little his uneasiness left him. Soon with a light spring the lad leaped nimbly upon his back, and without pulling the reins too hard, allowed him to start off at his own gait; and then, when he saw that the horse was no longer afraid, but only proud of his speed, he urged him with voice and spur to do his utmost. The king and his attendants were alarmed, and expected

every moment to see the boy unseated and dashed to the ground. But when he turned and rode back, proud of his daring feat, everybody cheered and shouted — everybody but his father, who wept for joy, and kissing him, said:

"You must look for a kingdom which is worthy of you, my son, for Macedonia is too small for you."

After that, Bucephalus would allow his groom to mount him barebacked; but when he was saddled nobody but Alexander dared touch him. He would even kneel to his young master, in order that he might mount more easily; and for sixteen years thereafter he served him as faithfully as horse ever served man. Of course he was with Alexander when he conquered Persia, and he carried him into more than one hard-fought battle. At one time (I think it was in Hyrcania) he was stolen; but his master made proclamation that unless he were forthcoming within a certain time, every man, woman and child in the province should be put to death, and it was not long before he was brought back.

In the great battle that was fought with King Porus, of India, Alexander recklessly rode too far into the enemy's ranks. The horse and his rider became the target for every spear, and for a time it seemed as if neither could escape. But the gallant Bucephalus, pierced by many weapons, and with streams of blood flowing from his neck and sides, turned about and, overriding the foes which beset them, rushed back to a place of safety. When he saw that his master was out of danger and among friends, the horse sank down upon the grass and died. Historians say that this happened in the year 327 B. C., and that Bucephalus had

reached the good old age — for a horse — of thirty years. Alexander mourned for him as for his dearest friend, and the next city which he founded he named Bucephalia, in honor of the steed that had served him so well.

"WHAT a wonderful horse country Thessaly must have been!" remarked the Poet. "Only think how many famous steeds have lived there: Bucephalus, Pegasus, Swift and Old-Gold, Dinos and Lampon, Arion, Skyphios, and I don't know how many others. And there were the great horse tamers, the Lapithæ, and the Centaurs. Shrewd old Philonicus must have been a lineal descendant of King Melizyus, of Thessaly, who is said to have lived in the golden age, and

> "By whose labor, as the story showeth us,
> He first broke horses, wild and vigorous,
> Teaching his men on them right well to ride,
> And he himself did the first horse bestride."

"I have been thinking," said the Artist, "of the immense price which King Philip paid for Bucephalus. Thirteen thousand dollars at that time was equivalent to several times that sum now, if we take the price of labor or the cost of household necessities as the standard. Only think of paying forty or fifty thousand dollars for a horse!"

"And yet," said the Schoolmaster, "such prices have frequently been paid for race horses. There was Rarus, who made such a sensation some twenty years ago when he trotted a mile in 2:13¼, and who died of old age quite recently — he was bought by Mr. Bonner in 1878 for $36,000. And then there are the later favorites,

Sunol and Maud S., also owned by Mr. Bonner, who, I am told, paid $40,000 for one and $41,000 for the other. The fastest time made by the former was a mile in 2:08¼, and by the latter a mile in 2:08¾. Then there is the Derby favorite, Orme, owned by the Duke of Westminster, who as a two-year-old has won races worth over $50,000 — he is worth more than Bucephalus, as horses are rated in these degenerate days. Nor are the racers the only horses that command high prices. There are fashions in animals as there are in neckties; and almost any fair horse of a fashionable breed will sell for a good deal of money. The hackney Cadet, which a Mr. Cassat imported into this country not long ago, cost $15,000; and others of the same class have been bought at very high prices. Thirteen thousand dollars for so remarkable a horse as Bucephalus would not be thought too high a price nowadays. It was not too much even in the time of King Philip."

"I think that I once read an account of a Persian Bucephalus," said Philip, "but I have no very clear remembrance of it. Was there not such a horse?"

"Shibdiz, the war steed of King Chosroes II., who flourished about a thousand years after Alexander's time," answered the Schoolmaster, "has been called by that name. He was, from all accounts, a very wonderful animal, but the stories concerning him are so meager that they are not worth repeating. The greatest of all Persian horses was Rakush, who lived in the golden age of Iran, and was as remarkable a creature as any that have ever appeared in the Horse Fair. Shall I tell you about him?"

"Oh, certainly," said Philip.

RAKUSH AND HIS MASTER

"A horse whereon the governor doth ride."
—*Measure for Measure.*

Rustem was eight years old when his grandfather, the mightiest of all the princes of Iran, came up out of Seistan to see him. For the old man had heard that the boy excelled all others in stature and beauty, and the fame of his strength was known throughout the whole of Persia. At the head therefore of a splendid retinue of warriors, the aged prince set out for Zaboulistan, the home of Rustem and his noble father, the white-headed Zal. When he was yet a day's journey from the city, the young boy, mounted on an elephant of war and accompanied by a cavalcade of lords and nobles, went out to meet him.

As the long line of riders wound through the defiles of the mountains or passed in orderly array across the plains, it presented a picture of splendor and beauty which even in the gorgeous East has seldom been surpassed. The young prince's body-guard, mounted on coal-black steeds, rode in advance. They were armed with golden maces and with battle-axes that gleamed like silver, and they carried the red banner of the house of Zal. Then followed the elephants, upon whose backs were the nobility of Zaboulistan seated in howdahs decked with curtains of embroidered silk and ornamented with flags and waving plumes. After these came a thousand young men, the flower of the land of Iran, riding on horseback, with swords at their sides and long spears resting upon their saddle-bows. The march, moreover, was enlivened with music and song,

and nothing was left undone that would give pleasure to the boy or add to the sincerity of the welcome which was to be accorded to the ruler of Seistan.

When at length Rustem saw his grandfather's caravan a long way off he bade his own retinue stand still, while he, dismounting from his elephant, went forward on foot. And when he drew near and could look into the face of the old prince he bowed his head to the ground, and cried out, "O mighty ruler of Seistan, and prince of princes in Iran, I am Rustem, thy grandchild! Give me, I pray thee, thy blessing, ere I return to my father's house."

The aged man was astonished, for he saw that not the half had been told him concerning the boy's stature and grace. He commanded his elephant to kneel while he descended and lifted him up, and blessed him, and placed him in the howdah beside him; and the two rode side by side into Zaboulistan.

"For more than a hundred years," said the grandfather, "have I been the chief of the princes of Iran, and at no time has any one arisen to dispute my will. Yet never have my eyes been gladdened as now. I am an old, old man, and you are only a child; but you shall soon sit on my throne, and enjoy the pleasures which have been mine, and wield the power both in your father's kingdom and in my own."

"I am glad," answered Rustem, "that I can call you my grandfather. But I care nothing at all for pleasure, and I never think of play, or rest, or sleep. What I want most of all things is a horse of my own, and a hard saddle such as the Turanian riders use, and a coat of mail and a helmet like those your warriors have. Then

with my lance and my arrows, which I already can use quite well, I will vanquish the enemies of Iran, and my courage shall be like yours and my father's."

This speech pleased the old prince very much, and he blessed Rustem again and promised him that as soon as he should reach the ordinary stature of a man he should have his wish. During the whole of his stay in Zaboulistan he wanted the boy to be always with him, nor did he care to see any one else. And when at the end of the month messengers came from Seistan with news which obliged him to return, he said to his son, the white-headed Zal: "Remember that when this child's stature is equal to thine he shall have a horse of his own choosing, a hard saddle like that of a Turanian rider, and a coat of mail and a helmet such as we ourselves wear into battle. And forget not this my last command."

"And see, father," said Rustem, "am I not now almost as tall as you?"

Zal smiled and promised that he would remember.

But before Rustem reached the stature of his father, the good prince of Seistan had passed from the earth, and Zal, himself an old man, had succeeded to his throne. Then news was brought that a vast army of Turanians, the hereditary foes of Iran, had come down from the north and were threatening to cross the Oxus into Persia. They had even cut in pieces an army which the Shah had sent out against them, and messengers had arrived in Zaboulistan beseeching aid from Zal. Then Rustem begged of his father that he might lead a band of young men against the invaders.

"It is true," said he, "that I am only a child in years.

But, although I am not quite so tall as you, my stature is now equal to that of ordinary men; and I am skilled in the use of all kinds of weapons. Give me therefore the steed that was promised me, and the mace of my grandfather, and let me go to the succor of Iran."

These words pleased Zal not a little, and he answered: "O my son, thou art still very young, and thy lips smell of milk, and thy days should be given to play. But the times are full of danger, and Iran must look to thee for help."

Then he at once sent out a proclamation into all the Persian provinces, commanding that on the first day of the approaching Festival of Roses all the choicest horses, of whatsoever breed, should be brought to Zaboulistan in order that Rustem might select from among them his steed of battle. For the one that was chosen, its owner should receive mountains of gold in exchange; but should any man conceal a steed of value, or fail to bring it for the prince's inspection, he should be made to feel the displeasure of the Shah.

On the day appointed, the finest horses in all Persia were assembled at Zaboulistan. The most famous breeders from Cabul and the Afghan pasture-lands were there with their choicest stock, and the hill-slopes to the south of the city were white with tents. A caravan of low-browed men from the shores of the Caspian had just arrived, weary with their journey, but proud of their horsemanship and of the clean-limbed, swiftly-moving animals which they had brought fresh from the freedom of the steppes, and which they were accustomed to ride at full speed, while standing erect on their saddles. A company of half-wild Tatars, wearing black sheep-skin caps and carrying long spears, were

"FRESH FROM THE FREEDOM OF THE STEPPES."

tending a few heavy-built, dark-maned steeds which they had tethered on the plain a mile from the gates. Near them were the tents of a patriarchal sheik who had come from the distant valley of the Euphrates, bringing his numerous family and his large following of servants and herdsmen, and four matchless Arab coursers for which he had already refused more than one princely offer. But the greater number of horses had been brought in by the men of Seistan and the more central districts of Iran, some of whom were encamped outside of the walls while others lodged with friends and acquaintances in the city. Most of these last had brought only a single animal each, and they had done this not so much for the hope of reward as for the fear of punishment. Every one had brought the best that he had, and I doubt if the world has ever seen a nobler or more wonderful collection of steeds.

At an early hour in the morning the whole city was astir. Everybody both within and without the walls was moving toward the western gate, just outside of which Prince Zal and young Rustem had already taken their stand in order to inspect the animals that would be presented. A troop of armed men was drawn up in such a way as to form a passage through which the competing horses were to be led directly in front of Rustem. On the top of the wall was a covered pavilion from which the ladies of Zaboulistan, without being seen, could look down upon the concourse below. All other available points of view were crowded with a motley rabble of spectators, nearly every one of whom was in some manner directly interested in the choice that was about to be made.

At a given signal, the horses, which had already been brought together at a convenient spot, were led one by one before the prince. The first were those of the Zaboulistan herds, strong, beautiful steeds, many of which had been bred and cared for with the sole thought of their being chosen for the use of Rustem.

"Do you desire swiftness?" asked the keeper of the foremost. "Here is a steed that can outstrip the wind."

"Not swiftness only, but strength," answered Rustem. Then he placed his hand upon the horse to see if it could stand that test; and the animal shuddered beneath his grasp and sank upon its haunches from the strength of the pressure. Thus it fared with all the steeds that were brought forward—with those from Seistan as well as those from the steppes of the Caspian; with those from the plains of the Oxus, as well as those from the mountain-valleys of Kandahar.

"Do you want a perfect steed?" asked the long-bearded sheik from the west. "If so, here are beauty, and strength, and swiftness, and intelligence, all combined in one." And he led forward the largest of his magnificent Arabs.

There was a murmur of admiration from all the lookers-on, for seldom, in that land of beautiful horses, had an animal been seen which was in every way so perfect. Rustem said nothing, but quietly subjected the steed to the same test that he had applied to the others. Lastly, the traders from Cabul brought forward a herd of ten which they had carefully selected as the strongest from among all that had been bred in the Afghan pastures. But every one of them quailed beneath Rustem's iron hand.

"Whose is that mare that feeds on the plain beyond your tents?" asked Rustem. "And whose is the colt that follows after her? I see no marks on its flanks."

"We do not know," answered the men from Cabul. "But they have followed us all the way from the Afghan valleys, and we have been unable either to drive them back or to capture them. We have heard it said, however, that men call the colt Rakush, or Lightning, and that although it has now been three years ready for the saddle, its mother defends it and will let no one touch it."

The colt was a beautiful animal. Its color was that of rose leaves scattered upon a saffron ground, its chest and shoulders were like those of a lion, and its eyes beamed with the fire of intelligence. Snatching a lariat from the hands of a herdsman, Rustem ran quickly forward and threw the noose over the animal's head. Then followed a terrible battle, not so much with the colt as with its mother. But in the end Rustem was the winner, and the mare retired crestfallen from the field. With a great bound the young prince leaped upon Rakush's back, and the rose-colored steed bore him over the plains with the speed of the wind. But when the animal had become thoroughly tired, he turned at a word from his master and went quietly back to the city gate.

"This is the horse that I choose," said Rustem to his father. "Let us give to the Afghan herdsmen the prize that is due."

"Nay," answered the herdsmen; "if thou be Rustem, take him and save Iran from its foes. For his price is

the land of Iran, and, seated upon him, no enemy can stand before thee."

And that is the way in which Rustem won his war steed.

To relate all the adventures of Rakush and his master — how they led the men of Iran against the Turanians, how they alone put whole armies to flight, how they vanquished the Deevs in their mountain-fastnesses, and how they extended the dominions of the Shah from the sea to the great salt plains — would alone fill a volume. Their names were known throughout the length and breadth of Iran, and so inseparable were they that one was never mentioned save in connection with the other. It will be enough if I relate a single one of their adventures.

It chanced upon a time that the great Shah conceived the foolish plan of conquering Mazinderan and obliging the king of that country to pay him tribute. But the small army which he led was utterly defeated by the forces of Mazinderan, and he himself, being taken prisoner, was thrown into a dungeon where the light of day was never seen. Nevertheless, with the aid of one of his keepers, he contrived to write and send a letter to Prince Zal of Zaboulistan. After narrating all his misfortunes he said:

"I have sought what the foolish seek, and I have found what the foolish find. And if thou wilt not speedily send me help I shall surely perish."

When Zal received this letter he was much troubled, and he gnawed his very finger-tips for vexation. For the Shah's expedition had been undertaken contrary to his advice. Yet he called to Rustem and said: "See

how our lord the Shah has been vanquished by his enemies. It has happened just as I told him, and yet it behooves us to send him aid. Saddle Rakush, therefore, and cast your leopard-skin about you, and hasten by the nearest route to the deliverance of Iran's ruler."

"It is well, my father," said Rustem. "My sword is ready, and I will ride alone into Mazinderan. And if fortune favor me I will retrieve the losses that have been suffered there."

Then he mounted Rakush and set out by the shortest road across the Great Salt Desert that lies toward Mazinderan; and such was the speed of the good horse that in twelve hours they accomplished a journey of more than two days. Late in the evening Rustem dismounted, and having taken the saddle from the horse's back, he turned him loose to graze upon the scant herbage. Then he built a fire of dry brush and lay down beside it to rest for the night.

A fierce lion, who had his lair in a cluster of reeds close by, saw the tall man and the rose-colored steed, and crept forward to attack them. Rakush heard him coming and hastened to meet him; and before the lion could make a spring, the horse leaped upon him and beat him down with his hoofs and stamped upon him till he died. Rustem, awakened by the great noise, sprang to his feet only in time to see the dead lion upon the ground, and the horse still trampling upon him. He was angry that Rakush instead of himself had slain the beast, and instead of praising the faithful animal he scolded him unmercifully.

"O rash and foolish steed!" he cried, "who told you to fight with lions? You should have awakened me at

the first, for had you been killed in your folly, who would have carried me into Mazinderan?"

Then he lay down again to sleep; but the horse was much grieved by his unkind words.

At the first peep of dawn Rustem was again in the saddle. All day long he rode over the barren wastes where there was no green thing nor anywhere a drop of water. The hot sun beat pitilessly down upon man and horse, and the sand beneath them was like a burning oven. At length Rustem was so overcome by the heat and with thirst that he lost all hope, and alighting from his steed lay down in the sand to die. But while he was commending his soul to God and expecting that every moment would be the last, he chanced to see a fine sheep running at no great distance.

"Surely," thought he, "there must be water not far away, or this animal could not be here."

The hope gave him new courage, and remounting Rakush, he urged him forward in pursuit of the sheep. Nor did they have to follow it far, for it led them into a narrow green valley, through the middle of which ran a little brook. And man and beast drank their fill, and while Rustem gave thanks to Ormuzd for their deliverance, Rakush nipped the fresh herbage that grew along the banks of the stream. When at length the sun had set and the stars had risen, Rustem lay down to sleep. But first he charged his steed that he should not fight with any wild beasts.

"If any danger come," said he, "you must waken me at once, and I will defend both myself and you."

Rakush listened to his master's words, and then returned quietly to his grazing. All went well until near

midnight, when a fierce dragon which lived in that valley, coming out of his den, was astonished to see the horse feeding and a man asleep not far away. Angry that any one should intrude upon his domain, he was just ready to rush upon them and destroy them with his poisonous breath, when Rakush, seeing the danger, hastened to awaken his master. At the sound of the horse's shrill neighing Rustem sprang up quickly and seized his sword, expecting to meet an enemy. But the wily dragon had hastened back into his den, and no cause of fear could be seen in all the valley.

"Unkind steed that you are," cried Rustem, angrily, "Why do you thus needlessly disturb my sleep?"

Then he lay down again to rest. Soon the dragon came out a second time, fiercer than before, and a second time did Rakush awaken his master in vain. A third time did this happen, and a fourth, and then Rustem could no longer restrain his anger. He heaped reproaches upon the horse and abused him with vile epithets, and declared that if his slumbers were again disturbed thus uselessly, he would kill him and make his way on foot into Mazinderan. Rakush was in great distress, and yet he was as watchful as before. When the dragon came out the fifth time he hastened quickly to waken his master. Rustem, filled with rage, sprang up and seized his sword, intending to slay his best friend. But this time he saw the dragon ere it could return to its den, and there followed such a battle as had never been seen before. The dragon leaped upon Rustem and wrapped itself about him, and would surely have crushed him to death had not Rakush come to the rescue. With his teeth the horse seized the rep-

tile from behind, and as it turned to defend itself, Rustem's arm was freed so that he could use his sword. With one mighty stroke he cut off the dragon's head; and the vile pest of the desert was no more. Then Rustem praised Rakush for his valor, and washed him in the stream, and fondled him until the break of day; and the horse forgot the unkind words which had been spoken to him. And when the sun arose they set out on another day's journey across the burning sands.

But, I need not follow them farther on their perilous way, nor relate what befell them in the land of the magicians and in the country of darkness, where there was no light of sun or stars, and where they were guided by Rakush's instinct alone. Neither will I tell of their adventures after they had come into Mazinderan, nor how, after meeting innumerable dangers, they delivered the Shah from his dungeon, and rallied his scattered army and led it to victory. These things are narrated in the songs of Firdusi, the Persian poet.

Never in all the East was there a hero that could be likened unto Rustem, and never a horse that could in any way be compared with Rakush. Many years passed by — years of peace and years of war — and many Shahs sat upon the throne of Iran; but the real power was in the hands of Rustem of Zaboulistan. And although he lived to a great age, and Rakush was so very, very old that he was no longer of the color of rose leaves, but white as the snow of winter, yet both of them retained their strength and their wisdom to the end. And the end came in this way:

The king of Cabul had become tired of paying tribute to Rustem, and he resolved, if possible, to

bring about the old hero's death, and thus free himself from that burden. Hence, by the advice of his nobles, he invited Rustem to visit him in his country palace, where they could spend the summer months in hunting and in other amusements of which both of them were fond. Rustem suspected no guile, for he had enjoyed the king's hospitality many times before. He therefore accepted the invitation, and with Rakush and a retinue of his noblest men arrived in due time at the king's summer home. The king had prepared a royal welcome for him, and for several days they feasted together and made merry in the palace. Then a great hunt in the forest was proposed, and to this Rustem gladly consented, because, next to feats of courage in battle, he loved the excitement of the chase.

It was known that there were many wild animals in the mountain valleys, and the company set out from the palace with high expectations — for but few of the guests suspected the dark designs of the king. All went well until the afternoon, and much game of all kinds was taken. At length a deer was started from its covert, and all the party gave chase. But Rustem, through the king's designing, followed a different pathway from that taken by the others — a pathway across which deep pits had been dug and then carefully concealed with leaves and sod. Huntsmen had been stationed here and there to direct Rustem into the snare, and he rode fearlessly onward, looking for nothing except traces of the fleeing deer. When they came to the first pit, Rakush smelled the newly-turned soil and stopped suddenly. Rustem urged him to go forward, but the horse, for the first time in his long life, re-

fused to obey. Then Rustem, growing impatient, urged him still harder, but he reared upon his hind feet and tried to turn back. This aroused Rustem's anger, and raising his whip he struck the faithful beast — a thing that until this sad day had never been done. So grieved and terrified was Rakush that he sprang forward and fell into the pit, and both horse and rider were pierced with the sharp spears which projected, points upward, from the bottom.

As they lay weltering in their blood and dying, the King of Cabul came up, and seeing their plight, pretended to be overcome with grief.

"O matchless hero," he cried to Rustem, "what mishap is this which has befallen thee? I will run and call my physicians to come to thy aid."

But Rustem answered: "Thou traitor, this is thy doing. The time for physicians is past, and there is for me no healing save that of death, which comes once to all men! I pray thee, however, to place beside me my bow and two arrows, and deny not this my last request. For I would not that while thou art calling a physician a lion should come upon me and devour me."

Without taking thought, the king did as Rustem desired; but he had no sooner placed the bow within the hero's reach than, filled with fear, he ran and hid himself in a hollow tree which stood close by. Rustem in great agony raised the bow, and with his last strength shot an arrow with such force that it transfixed the king where he stood and pinned him to the tree. Then the hero gave thanks to Ormuzd the Good, that he had been permitted thus to take vengeance upon the traitor. And when he had spoken he fell back

upon his horse, and Rakush and his master, in the same moment, passed from the world.

"I NOTICE," said the Poet, "that you speak of the lad Rustem asking for a saddle like that of the Turanian riders. I did not know that saddles were in use at so early a period."

"They were used by the Oriental nations long before they were adopted by the Greeks and Romans," answered the Schoolmaster. "The latter rode barebacked until as late as the fourth century, having neither saddles nor stirrups. You ask how they mounted their horses? The stronger and more active riders learned, by much practice, to leap astride of their steeds without help of any kind. But those who were heavy and awkward had to be helped up by a servant called a strator. It is said of the emperor Valentinian that he once cut off the hand of his strator because the poor fellow allowed the horse to start up before he had settled himself comfortably on the animal's back. Along some of the Roman roads there were stones placed at every mile's end for the convenience of horsemen who had no servants to help them mount. Poor fellows! Imagine them trying to ride Rakush!"

"There is but one horse that I would rather have than Rakush," said Hippion, "and that is the black Arabian which I am going to tell you about."

"You will have to paint him in bright colors if you make any of the rest of us prefer the black Arabian to Rustem's rose-colored Persian," said the Artist.

"But I can do it," replied Hippion.

THE BLACK ARABIAN

"A horse and a man
Is more than one,
And yet not many."

—*Tam. of the Shrew.*

"I WOULD rather have that horse than aught else that now is or ever has been!"

It must have been a rare animal indeed to bring this exclamation from the mouth of young Ogier the Dane, while he was fighting a hand-to-hand duel with Brunamont, the giant king and champion of the Moors. He knew that his life depended upon the issue of that fight, and yet he could not think of anything but his enemy's steed; and as he stood thrusting and parrying with his sword, he kept repeating to himself:

"Ah! if Fortune and the good angels would only give me that horse!"

And at last Fortune did favor him. Fierce Brunamont was overthrown and left senseless upon the field, the Moorish host was routed with great slaughter, and Ogier secured the steed which he had coveted so much. And when he mounted the handsome creature and rode between the tents where flew the banners of Charlemagne, there was not a prouder man in all Europe than he. His fellow warriors cheered him for the gallant victory which he had helped them to win; but his mind was all on the horse. He kept patting the animal on the neck and saying over and over again:

"Now thanks to fairy Fortune, that has given me this steed, whom I wished for more than anything else in the broad world! So long as I live there shall nothing

persuade me to part with my good Broiefort — the war horse whom Fortune allowed me to win fairly at the risk of my life."

It was a matter of common talk—and therefore true —that Broiefort had been reared in Arabia, whence all the best horses come, and that is why he was always alluded to as the black Arabian. Save for his forehead, in which there was a snow-white new moon, and his two fore feet, which were also white, he was the color of polished ebony. He was very strong, and his arching neck and slender legs and shapely head were admired by everybody that saw him. He was teachable, gentle, wise, and brave; and it was not long until he loved Ogier as well as Ogier loved him. For many years after the famous battle with Brunamont, the flaxen-haired Dane and the black Arabian were never separated for a day, and people remarked that it was as rare to see Ogier without Broiefort as to see a sword without its hilt. Very numerous were the adventures which they had together, and many the hard-fought battles out of which the horse bore his rider safe and unscathed; and whether their successes were due more to the prowess of the man or to the strength and fleetness of the steed, it would puzzle a philosopher to tell.

There came a time, however, after both were beginning to grow old, that there was a turn in the tide of their good fortune. An accident, which had happened through no fault of Ogier's, had caused Charlemagne to become his enemy. The faithful old warrior was banished from France, and all the rich estates which had been his were forfeited. He had no longer a penny, nor

even so much land as he could lie down upon. But why should he despair? He still had Broiefort. On the good horse's back he would ride out of France and seek a home and fortune among strangers. He rode over the Alps into Italy and told his story to Didier, the king of the Lombards. Didier was glad to welcome so famous a warrior: he would make him one of the foremost men in his kingdom. And so Ogier put his hands into the hands of the Lombard king and did him homage, and received in return the command of two strongholds on the river Rhone.

Yet Charlemagne would not allow his former friend and warrior chief to rest in peace even in the domains of the Lombard king. No sooner did he hear that Didier had befriended the exiled Dane than he sent a messenger into Lombardy, demanding that Ogier should be returned to France, chained like a greyhound.

"Never will I do so base a thing!" cried Didier. "Sooner than desert the friend who has sworn fealty to me, I will see all Lombardy overrun by my foes, my own palace in ashes, and myself laid low with the thrusts of Charlemagne's spears!"

The messenger returned to France with this answer, and Didier and Ogier made ready for war; for well they knew that Charlemagne was not a man to be trifled with.

Early the next spring a mighty army, led by Charlemagne himself, crossed the Alps for the purpose of overrunning Lombardy and capturing the exiled Dane. A bloody battle was fought on the plains of St. Ajossa — such a battle as neither Lombard nor Frank had ever seen before. For hours the conflict raged; and every-

where Ogier and the steed Broiefort were in the thickest of the fray. Never did man and horse fight more bravely. The old knight's shield was pierced in thirty places, his helmet was split in twain, he was wounded with seven spears; and yet, even after he knew that the day was lost, he kept on fighting like a tiger.

At last Ogier is unhorsed. Broiefort, maddened for the moment, flees across the field, pursued by a hundred soldiers. Flinging right and left with his heels, he kills three squires and five horses, and puts a whole company of Frenchmen to flight. Not a weapon can be made to touch him. Men say that he has a charmed life. Coming to the top of a little knoll, he turns his head and looks back. He sees his master in the midst of the melée, surrounded by enemies, with one knee on the ground, fighting a losing fight. Shall he desert his friend in his greatest need? He wheels about and returns to the field, scattering his three hundred pursuers before him. Ogier has begun to lose hope. His sword is broken. The Frenchmen are closing upon him. Suddenly he hears a neigh, and looking up he sees Broiefort pressing toward him through the crowd. In another moment he has swung himself into the saddle, and knight and steed are flying over the plain with — as truthful old stories tell us — fifteen thousand men in hot pursuit. But who can overtake Broiefort?

Late in the evening, Ogier, wearied with the long ride and overcome by the pain of his wounds, thought that it would be safe for them to stop and rest. He dismounted near a spring of water which gurgled out from beneath a huge rock, and, after slaking his thirst, he bathed his hot head in the stream, and washed the

smoking sides and mud-bespattered legs of his steed. Then, sitting on the ground with his back resting against the rock, he soon fell asleep; but Broiefort stood by him to watch.

Half an hour passed quietly, and then a faint sound was heard far down the road. The horse pricked up his ears and listened. Very soon he could distinguish quite plainly the thump, thump of galloping hoofs coming closer every moment, and he knew that it meant danger. He whinnied to awaken his master; but Ogier slept on. He came closer to him, and stamped his feet against the rock; Ogier stirred a little, but did not waken. Then he stamped still harder and neighed shrilly three times; but his master, dreaming of battle, did not hear him. By this time their pursuers were in sight. Ten men, yes a thousand men, with lances poised and swords drawn ready to fall upon Ogier wherever they might find him, were coming pell-mell along the highway! Broiefort was desperate. He seized his master by the collar, and lifting him to his feet shook him roughly. Ogier awoke just in time. He vaulted quickly into the saddle while the lances of his foremost pursuers almost grazed his armor. His faithful steed leaped forward, and in a few moments he was safely out of reach and out of hearing again.

For three whole days Broiefort carried his master through mountain passes and forests, so closely pressed that there was no time to stop anywhere for food or rest. For three months the chase was kept up, although the pursuers now and then lost track of the fugitives long enough to allow Ogier to rest a night in some out-of-the-way castle, where Broiefort was sure to be re-

galed with a measure of oats. At last, after many adventures, they reached one of Ogier's own strongholds on the River Rhone, where — according to the historian — they were besieged by Charlemagne with an army of ten thousand warriors.

There were only three hundred men — vassals of Ogier — in the castle, but the most of them were known to be good and true, and the Dane felt that, for a time at least, he was safe from any harm that the besiegers could do him. Broiefort was given a warm stall, with plenty of straw, in the cellar, and as there was a great store of provisions in the castle, the inmates were all as comfortable as need be. Ogier knew that no power on earth could batter down the walls of the castle, for they were of Saracen work — that is, the mortar had been boiled in blood — and hence they were proof against every kind of weapon. All that the garrison had to do, therefore, was to prevent the besiegers from putting up scaling ladders, and this required only a little watchfulness. At length, however, Charlemagne caused a wooden tower to be built in front of the gate — a tower seven stories high, on which a thousand knights and a hundred and seventy archers could stand, and from which they hurled missiles and shot countless arrows over the castle wall. Then indeed sad days began for Ogier. One by one his men were picked off the walls by the sharpshooters in the high tower; one by one his squires and the faithfullest defenders of the castle met their death. Finally, there was no one left alive but himself and the horse Broiefort — two besieged by ten thousand. But they had held out well; for, ac-

cording to the old song-writers, it was now seven years since Charlemagne had begun the siege.

And now Ogier bethought him that if he could escape to his native country, Denmark, his own kinsfolk might befriend and shelter him. The chance was worthy of a trial, at least. Early one morning, therefore, he went down to visit Broiefort in his stall. There was not another handful of oats in the castle; not a grain of corn, not a wisp of hay was to be found. Ogier himself had not had a mouthful of food for two days. To hold the place longer was to starve.

"Horse," said Ogier, stroking the creature's neck and sides — "horse, so good and brave and proud! You have stood by me well. A firm friend you have been in many a strait. I wonder if you will help me once again?"

Broiefort understood every word; he whinnied softly in reply; he struck his foot upon the stone pavement as if to say that he was ready to be going. Ogier brought out his saddle, now so long unused, and the bridle with the golden bits. Broiefort leaped into the air for very gladness. And when his master threw the rich trappings upon his back, tightened the saddle-girths, and laid the reins over his neck, he seemed beside himself with joy. Then Ogier donned his own armor, buckled his good sword to his side, and put his bright steel helmet upon his head. Leading the horse across the courtyard, he opened the castle gate quietly and peeped out. The besiegers were all asleep in their tents; even the sentinels were sprawled upon the ground, dreaming of their homes and their loved ones in far-away Aquitaine. Ogier let down the drawbridge

very softly, and then, mounting Broiefort, he rode out of the fortress which had sheltered him so long. Good Broiefort seemed to understand everything. With eyes open very wide and ears alert to catch every sound, he stepped so lightly that the most wakeful of the besiegers did not hear him. The birds were singing in the tree-tops as they passed through Charlemagne's camp, but not a soldier was stirring. Once safely outside of the lines, Broiefort changed his whole manner. Throwing up his head and pointing his ears forward, he broke into a long, steady gallop — a gait which he could keep up all day without tiring. And thus Ogier, safe out of the reach of his foes, rode northward through sunny France.

On the fifth day they had put so many miles between themselves and the besiegers that the great Dane began to feel himself safe. In another day they would cross the Rhine, and then on to Denmark! At about noon they stopped to rest by a spring which bubbled up from the ground near the foot of a rocky hill. Ogier, very tired from his long ride, and thankful that the worst of it was over, lay down upon the grass and soon fell asleep. Broiefort, not thinking that any watch was needed, now that they were so far from their enemies, wandered here and there, nipping the young clover which was just beginning to blossom in the fields. He was very hungry and the clover was very good, and hence he did not notice a company of priests and knights that came riding down the highway — or, if he noticed them, he did not think of their harming his master. He therefore kept on grazing, and neglected to awaken Ogier and warn him of the possible danger.

At the head of the company was the archbishop of Reims, who had been making his usual rounds among the sick people of the neighborhood, and was returning to his palace. He was himself a warrior of no little note, and therefore delighted always to have a retinue of knights and squires around him. One of these young men, seeing Ogier asleep upon the ground, was so struck by his noble appearance that he rode back quickly and told his master. The archbishop, curious to know who it might be, spurred his horse and, followed by his whole company, cantered down to the spring. The old man was astounded when he saw that it was Ogier, for he had marched with the Dane in many a campaign and fought by his side in many a hard-won battle. He would have given a whole year's revenue if he had not seen him, for it pained his heart to think that he was obliged to make a prisoner of his old friend and comrade and deliver him into the hands of the king. But his oath of fealty to Charlemagne would not allow him to do otherwise. At his command, therefore, one of his knights secured Ogier's sword, another his shield, and another the good horse Broiefort. Then twenty men with drawn swords stood around the fugitive while the archbishop awakened him.

"My old-time friend, Ogier," he said, "awake and look around you! You can see that it is useless for you to resist; for here are forty men, most of them armed, while you are unarmed and alone. Yield yourself, then, as our prisoner!"

But Ogier was not the man to be taken so easily. He sprang to his feet, and with a blow of his great fist

crushed the head of the knight who stood nearest to him. Then he tore the saddle from the back of one of the priest's pack-horses, and with it dealt furiously about him until ten of his assailants were laid sprawling in the dust, and the rude weapon was broken in pieces in his hands. But the struggle was of no avail, for other knights closing in upon him, he was wounded sorely, and finally bound hand and foot with strong ropes. He begged his captors that they would kill him then and there rather than give him up to Charlemagne. They made no answer, however, but put him astride of a mule, tied his feet together underneath, and took him into Reims, where the archbishop ordered him to be placed in his own prison.

As for Broiefort, he was given over to a party of priests to dispose of as they should think best. Some of them tried to mount upon his back, but after failing most laughably they gave up the attempt in disgust.

"How big he is, and how strong!" said the good old abbot of Meaux; "and how very useful he would be if he were put to work! He is just the sort of horse that we have been wanting at our abbey — one that can draw heavy loads, you know, and help in the building of our new chapel."

"You are surely welcome to him," said the rest of the priests, "for he is altogether unfit for any other purpose. No decent man would ever think of using such a lubberly beast as a saddlehorse. Take him along; we don't want him."

And so the gallant horse was taken to Meaux, where he was made to draw a heavy two-wheeled cart loaded with stones and bricks and mortar. His new master

was a dirty monk, ill-favored and heartless, who belabored his back and his sides with many a cruel blow and abused him with many a foul epithet. For seven years he toiled, half-fed, broken-spirited, hopeless. His once beautiful coat became rough and ragged, showing the outlines of every rib beneath; his mane, unkempt and uncared for, was knotted in many a snarl; his long tail, which had once been his pride, was filled with burs and thorns; his breast and shoulders were galled by the ill-fitting harness; his eyes lost their fire, and his chin drooped with despair.

For seven years, also, Ogier languished in prison. Charlemagne would have been glad to put him to death, but he knew that every knight in France would cry out against it. So long, however, as the good archbishop lived, the brave Dane fared much better than his horse. Every day he was given a gallon of wine to drink, and two loaves of bread and the half of a pig to eat. The ladies and squires and burgesses of Reims came often to his cell to visit him, and the archbishop played chess with him almost every evening. His beard became white as snow, but his arms remained as big and as strong as ever, and he never lost hope. By and by, however, sad changes came to France and to Ogier. The archbishop was slain in that famous fight at Roncesvalles, where all the flower of French chivalry perished. The prison at Reims passed into the hands of other keepers. All of Ogier's old friends were dead, and it was not long until Ogier himself seemed to be forgotten.

Charlemagne was hard beset by his foes. A pagan king named Brehus invaded France from the south

and threatened to overrun the whole empire. Battle after battle was fought, and the French, having no leaders, were beaten every time. Everybody was in despair. People began to compare the former glorious times with the present. They thought of Roland and and of Oliver and of Reinold and of the brave archbishop of Reims who used to lead them in battle — all dead, now. Then they thought of Ogier, and wondered if he, too, was dead.

"If we only had Ogier to lead us!" said some.

And the cry was echoed by many others: "If we only had Ogier to lead us!"

"Ogier is not dead. He is still in the prison at Reims," said a young knight, a kinsman of the late archbishop. "Let every brave Frenchman petition the king to set him free!"

Thereupon, three hundred squires, all sons of counts, dukes, or princes, marched in a body to Charlemagne's tent, crying: "Ogier! Ogier! Give us Ogier the Dane for our leader!"

The king was angry at first, but seeing that something must be done, he said at last: "I know not whether Ogier be alive or dead. If, however, he be still alive, I will fetch him and make him your leader as you desire."

He sent at once to Reims to inquire if Ogier were still in prison. Yes, the keeper thought that there was some such man shut up in one of the lower dungeons. The squires who had brought the king's message fancied that they heard him in his dismal cell, fighting the snakes and water-rats which had come into the place from the river. They called to him, and he answered.

Then ropes were let down and he was drawn up into the daylight to which he had been for a long time a stranger. He was given a bountiful meal and clad in rich garments such as he had worn in former days, and then led into the presence of the king.

Charlemagne offered to pardon the Dane and to return to him all the vast estates which had once been his on condition that he would lead the French host against the pagan army under King Brehus. The old hero stood up, as tall and as proud and seemingly as strong as ever, and answered that if he might wear his own armor and ride the good war steed Broiefort, he would undertake to drive every pagan out of France; otherwise, he could not go into battle, but would return to his dungeon and leave the country to its fate. Ogier's armor was quickly found, but nobody remembered anything about his steed. The king offered his own war horse to the Dane, but when Ogier leaned his great weight upon it the animal was crushed to the ground. Then they brought the strong steed Penevaire, which Charlemagne had taken from Didier, the king of the Lombards. He was said to be the largest horse in France; but when Ogier mounted him his legs gave way beneath him. Several other steeds were tried, but all with the same result. Finally, an old priest who had just arrived from Meaux said that he believed that Broiefort himself was still alive, and was used as a draught horse by the monks of the abbey. Ten squires were sent out at once to bring the old horse to his master.

Ogier wept when he saw the sad plight of his once beautiful war steed, and Broiefort would have done the

same had it been possible for horses to weep, so great was his joy. As it was, the fire came back into his eyes; he lifted his head with somewhat of the old-time pride; he scratched his feet with delight; he fondled his master with his jet-black nose, and whinnied softly as though he wanted to speak. Ogier put his arm over him, and leaned with his whole weight. The horse stood up bravely and shrank not in the least beneath him. Then the grooms washed the steed in warm spring water, and combed and oiled his mane and tail, and trimmed his fetlocks, and polished his hoofs, and covered him with a richly embroidered cloth, and put the golden bits in his mouth. You would not have known him as the draught horse that had hauled stones for the abbot of Meaux—he was the Broiefort who fought in the famous battle of St. Ajossa. Brave Ogier wept again, but this time for joy, when he mounted the grand old steed and rode forth to give battle to the pagan invaders.

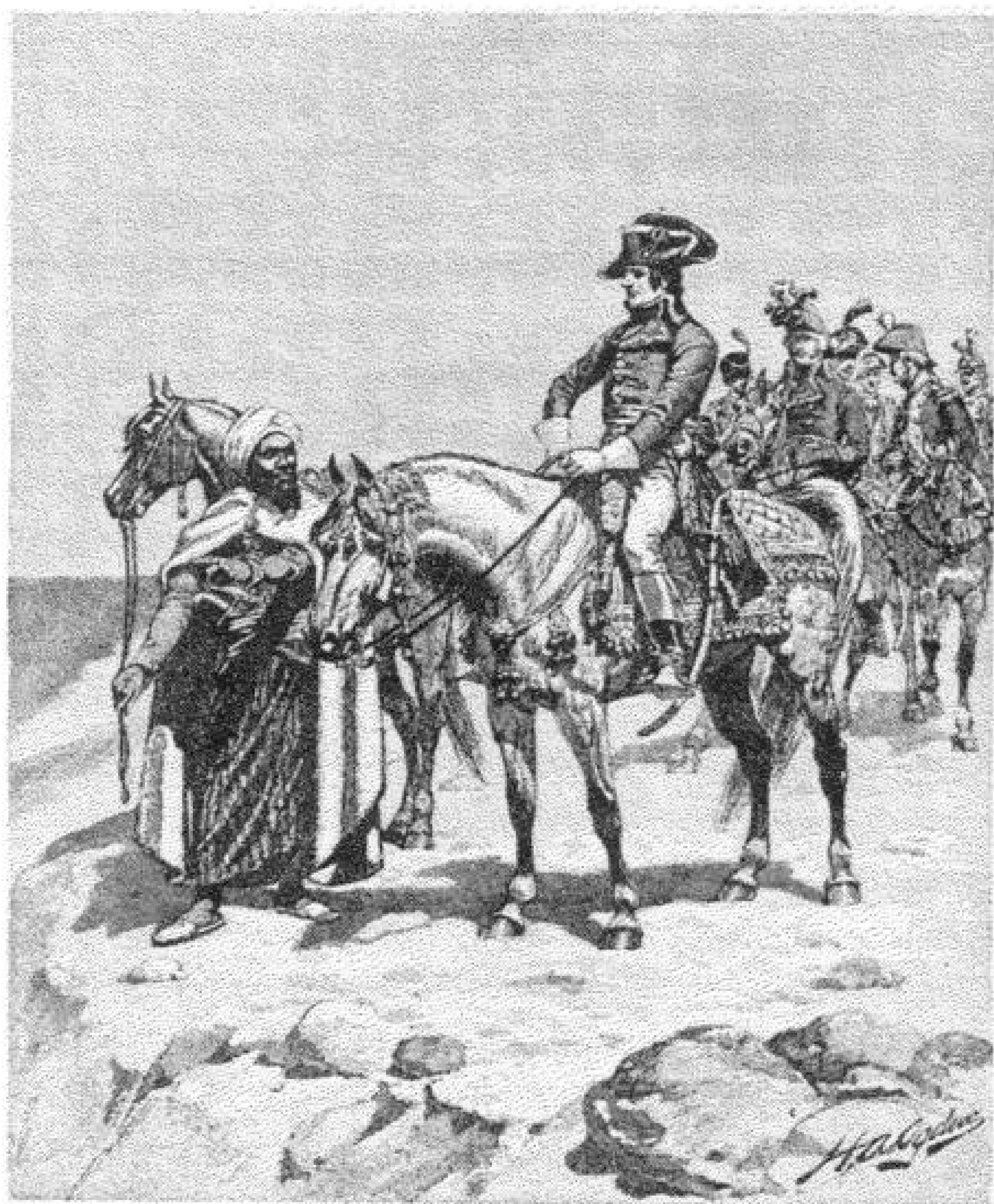
There is no need to describe that last fierce fight which ended in a hand-to-hand combat between Ogier and King Brehus. In all his lifetime the gallant Dane had never met so equal a foe; and had it not been for Broiefort's aid he would not have come out of the fray alive. The combat was a long one, and the fate of France depended upon the issue. The sun had set, and the twilight was deepening into darkness, and yet neither of the combatants seemed able to gain any advantage over his foe. At last the treacherous pagan, by an overhanded sweep of his long sword, struck Broiefort squarely on the neck. The faithful horse with a cry of anguish fell dead to the earth. Never had any-

thing caused Ogier so great grief. But his anger held down his sorrow and nerved him to desperation. He made one final terrible thrust with his sword, and his pagan foe was stretched lifeless by the side of the steed he loved so well.

Ogier took for his own the gray war horse, Marchevallé, which King Brehus had ridden in the battle. But nothing could ever console him for the loss of his faithful friend Broiefort, the matchless black Arabian.

"I DO not wonder at that," said the Schoolmaster. "To every great hero there have been few things dearer than his horse — the faithful companion who has shared his triumphs and reverses, has borne him on many a battlefield, has carried him safely through many dangers, and has loved and trusted him as perhaps no man ever could. History is full of stories of the attachment between famous men and their horses. Napoleon's horse, like Bucephalus, would allow no one to mount him but his master and his groom; and when the Emperor was upon his back he held his head high and moved with a haughty gait, as if to say, 'This is no common man whom I carry.' And Napoleon, who seemed to be entirely wanting in gratitude to his fellow-men, did not conceal his affection for his dumb friend."

"The Duke of Wellington," said the Artist, "had a horse whom he loved as a brother — a dark chestnut, fifteen hands high, and perfectly formed. His name was Copenhagen, and he carried the great general all day long during the battle at Vittoria and also on the famous field of Waterloo. In his old age he was allowed the freedom of the Duke's park, and was treated



"NAPOLEON DID NOT CONCEAL HIS AFFECTION FOR HIS DUMB FRIEND."

with the utmost kindness. It is said that the Duchess fed him bread with her own hands, and one of her favorite ornaments was a bracelet made of his hair. He died in 1836 at the age of twenty-eight, and was buried with military honors. The epitaph on his tombstone, as nearly as I can remember it, is this:

> "God's humble instrument,
> Though meaner clay,
> Should share the glory of
> That glorious day."

"General Washington's admiration for horses is well known," said the Reporter. "The black charger which he rode in some of his campaigns may not have been so intelligent as Napoleon's war steed, but he was a fine specimen of horse-flesh and carried his master most nobly. He deserves to be remembered, and it is a pity that we know so little about him."

"I think," said the Poet, "that the man who ought to have been the proudest of his horse, was Darius the Great, of Persia. For, according to Herodotus, it was his horse that gave him the kingdom. You have all read the story — how, after the death of Cambyses, seven princes entered into an agreement that they would ride out together on a certain morning, and that he whose steed neighed first should be the king of Persia. I know you will say that the horse deserved no credit for his timely whinnying, nevertheless it decided the future of an empire, and there is no doubt but that Darius

> "Found more sweetness in his horse's neighing,
> Than all the Phrygian, Dorian, Lydian playing."

"He ought to have rewarded the good steed by giving him a public office of some kind," remarked the Artist.

GENERAL WASHINGTON'S BLACK CHARGER.

"The Emperor Caligula of Rome," said the Schoolmaster, "conferred upon his favorite horse, Incitatus, the title and dignity of priest and consul. It was the freak of a madman, and his love for the horse had probably nothing at all to do with it. Picture to yourself the handsome creature standing by his ivory manger, with a Roman toga thrown over his shoulders, or with pontifical robes of purple and gold draped about him. The servants kneel before him and salute him as their superior. They bring him red wine in a golden pail.

They feed him sugar and dates, and such other food as the delicate palates of the Emperor's favorites are supposed to prefer. To neglect to attend to his wants with the care and ceremony due to his exalted offices would be treason to the state. Wise old Romans, biting their lips with vexation, come to him with petitions, because it has been so ordered by Caligula. If the dumb creature could speak he might teach them a lesson or two. Beast though he is, he is not half so much of a brute as his imperial master."

"Another Roman madman — Verus, I think it was — had a horse named Celer, which he treated with similar honor," said Hippion. "He housed the animal in one of the finest rooms of his palace, clothed him with the richest purple robes, and fed him on almonds and raisins. But I could never find that either he or Caligula had the least affection for the creatures which they honored in so idiotic a manner."

"They had no affection for anything," said the Schoolmaster.

"Nothing ever made me sympathize so much with unfortunate royalty," remarked the Poet, "as the story of poor King Richard II., and his grief upon learning that his favorite horse, Roan Barbary, had fallen into the hands of his enemies. One of his old grooms is visiting the fallen monarch in his dungeon at Pomfret castle, and he says: 'Oh, how it yearned my heart, what I beheld in London streets that coronation day, when Bolingbroke rode on Roan Barbary! That horse that thou so often hast bestrid!'

"'Rode he on Barbary?' asks the king. 'Tell me, gentle friend, how he went under him.'

"'So proud as if he had disdained the ground,' answers the groom.

"Richard's heart is almost broken. 'So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!' he exclaims. 'That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand; this hand hath made him proud with clapping him. Would he not stumble? Would he not fall down—since pride must have a fall—and break the neck of that proud man that did usurp his back? Forgiveness, horse! Why do I rail on thee, since thou, created to be awed by man, wast born to bear? I was not made a horse, and yet I bear a burthen like an ass, spur-galled and tired by jauncing Bolingbroke!'"

"Was it not Bolingbroke that killed his horse rather than allow him to fall into the hands of his enemies?" asked Philip.

"There is no account of his having done so," answered the Schoolmaster. "It is related, however, of the great Earl of Warwick, that when he was hemmed in by his foes, in the battle of Towton, he cried out, 'I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly!' You have read about men burning their ships behind them so as to cut off all chances for retreat? Well, that is just what Warwick proposed to do—his ship being a horse, as you know. Yet I cannot believe that he ever did do so craven a thing as to slay his gallant Saladin, who had borne him so faithfully amid the din of more than one bloody conflict."

"I would n't give much for the courage of a man who has to burn his ships, or kill his horse, in order to remove the temptation to turn coward," said the Artist. "The courage of Richard III. was not of that kind. I

have in mind three scenes on the memorable field of Bosworth. The first is at midnight. Two armies are encamped over against one another—on this side Richard's, on that side the Duke of Richmond's. The coming day will decide the destinies of England. The hunchback king lies in his tent asleep. His war steed, White Surrey, bridled and saddled, stands at the door, ready for him to mount at a moment's warning. Armed guards form a cordon around the tent, but they cannot keep dreams from entering. The ghosts of Richard's murdered victims pass before him, bidding him despair and die. He starts out of his dream; he leaps to his feet; shadows have struck more terror into his soul than can ten thousand soldiers; he rushes toward the door, and cries:

"'Give me another horse!—bind up my wounds!—have mercy, Jesu!'

"But when he sees White Surrey standing as he had left him, and when he observes the attendant squires and knights and the shadowy tents just visible in the flickering light of the camp fires, he remembers himself and whispers:

"'Soft! I did but dream! Oh, coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!'

"And now it is morning, a raw, foggy morning. Both armies are drawn up ready for the fray, but they can scarcely see each other through the mist. The hunchback king, mounted on the noble White Surrey, rides out at the head of his forces. The contrast between the perfectly formed steed and his dwarfed, misshapen rider is marked by more than one of his followers. But the king, sword in hand, spurs onward, shouting:

"Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood:
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!

"Anon the storm of battle rages. Foe meets foe; swords clash against swords; lances are broken; Englishmen fight against Englishmen; there is carnage on every hand. White Surrey is down — he is slain. The king fights desperately on foot, shouting, 'A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!' His friends advise him to save himself by withdrawing from the fight, but he still keeps shouting, 'A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!'"

"What a price to bid for a horse!" exclaimed the Reporter. "The kingdom of England for a four-footed beast! If somebody had taken him at his word and brought him a horse, what would he have done? Having given his kingdom away, he would have had nothing to fight for except his horse and his own worthless self. What could he have done but mount and away like any other coward?"

"He did n't offer his kingdom or anything else for a horse," said the Schoolmaster. "When he lost White Surrey he knew that without a horse he would be unable to direct his forces, and that, therefore, the battle would be lost, and with it his kingdom. Hence he called out to his followers, 'Bring me a horse! Oh, that my kingdom should thus be lost for the want of a horse!' At least that is what he meant."

"I wonder," said Philip, "if he was not thinking of some lines that I learned when I was at school:

"For the want of a nail the shoe was lost;
For the want of a shoe the horse was lost;
For the want of a horse the battle was lost;
For the failure of the battle the kingdom was lost;
And all for the want of a horse-shoe nail."

"It is very possible," said the Schoolmaster.

"All the English kings were lovers of horses," said the Reporter. "William the Conqueror owned a splendid steed that had been imported from Spain. King John was a fine judge of horse-flesh, and brought over from Flanders no fewer than one hundred of the finest animals that money could buy. Edward III. was the owner of two valuable running-horses that had been sent him as presents from the King of Navarre. Queen Elizabeth was said to be the finest horsewoman of her time, and she carried her hatred of the Scotch to such an extent as to cause Parliament to enact a law making it felony 'to sell, exchange, or deliver within Scotland, or to the use of any Scottishman, any horse.' Toward the end of her reign carriages began to come into use, and horseback riding became less fashionable. Bunglesome old carriages were those first four-wheeled vehicles, and I don't wonder that Queen Elizabeth, when she had need to go to St. Paul's, preferred to ride in state on a pillion, or that King James and his judges rode on horseback to and from Westminster. But King James was a thorough lover of horses; and one of his earliest acts after coming to the throne was to import from Constantinople the finest Arab steed that English money could buy. The horse cost five hundred guineas — a very big price for that time.

He was called Markham's Arabian, and was the first Arab steed ever seen in England. But he did n't prove to be worth much, and his royal master soon gave him up for a better horse, called White Turk. During the reign of Charles I. the breeding of fine horses was carried to such an extent that many good people began to fear that the 'sturdy old stamp of horse, fit for the defense of the country,' would be allowed entirely to die out, and a petition was sent to the king, begging that he would not allow so great a misfortune to occur."

"If I am not mistaken," interrupted the Artist, "there was a famous specimen of that 'sturdy old stamp' in the field manœuvers this very morning. I refer to the good steed Gustavus Adolphus, who was the property of that doughty soldier of fortune, Dugald Dalgetty, of Drumthwacket. 'Call him Gustavus, and he will prick up his ears,' said his master; and no sort of danger or threatened vengeance could ever induce the pedantic hero to desert his faithful friend. 'You don't understand the value of Gustavus,' he would say. 'You little know what things we two have done and suffered together!' If you have never read Sir Walter Scott's 'Legend of Montrose,' read it for the sake of Major Dalgetty and the horse Gustavus Adolphus."

"In the late civil war — as a good many people still persist in calling it" — said the Reporter, "there was a surprising number of horses who distinguished themselves for their bravery and sagacity. Indeed, I have been told that for several years after the war there was hardly a county fair in the West or South at which some

old war steed was not brought out for exhibition, covered with scars, and with stripes and stars, or with stars and bars, as the case might be. I don't know whether the names of any of these old veterans are on the pen-

"'BY CARRYING SHERIDAN INTO THE FIGHT.'"

sion rolls — but they deserve to be there. A few of them will be remembered in history. There, for example, is the black charger, of whom

> " Be it said in letters both bold and bright,
> 'Here is the steed that saved the day,
> By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
> From Winchester, twenty miles away.'

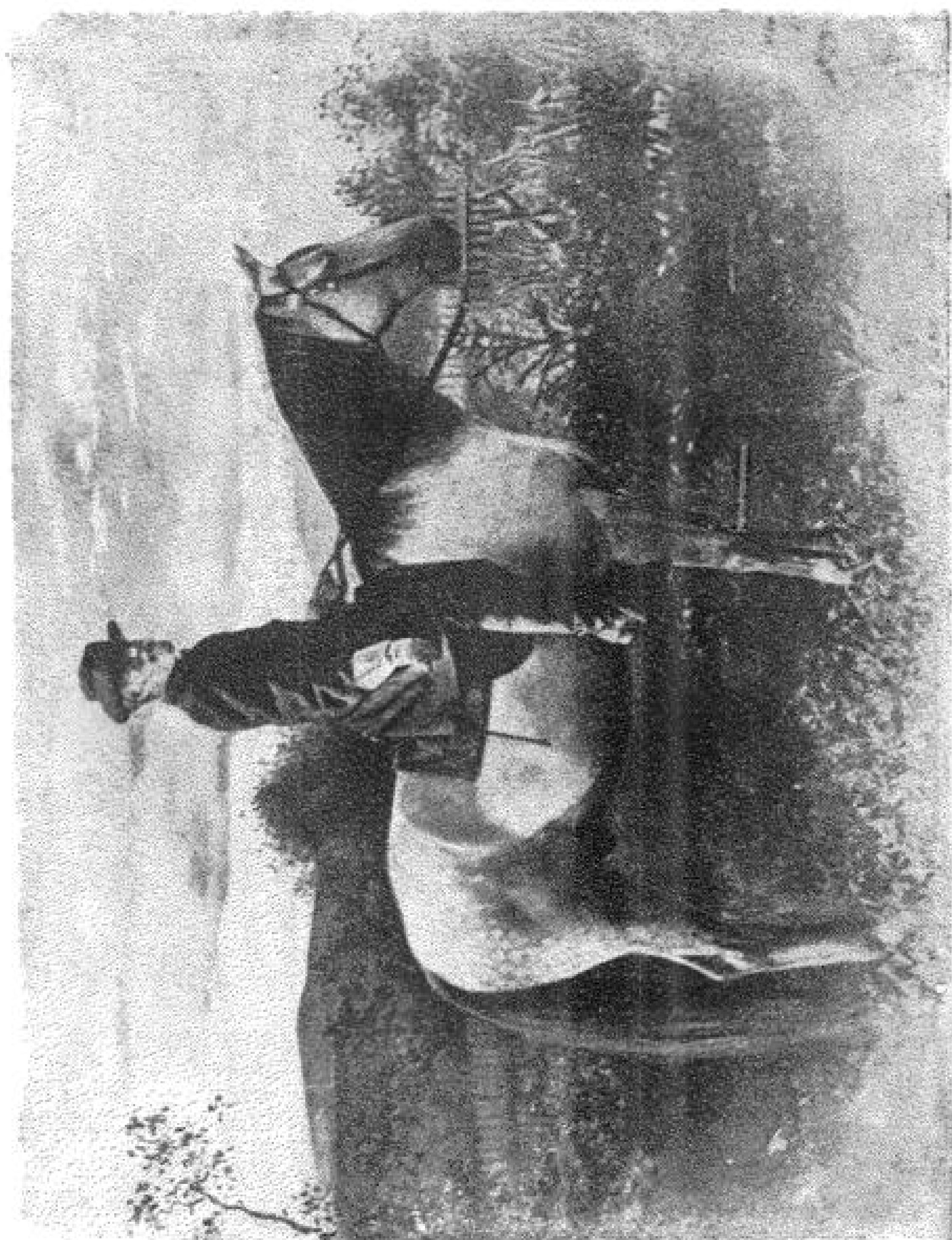
"And there is Stonewall Jackson's old Sorrel, as reckless in fight and as indifferent to danger as his famous master. And there, too, is General Lee's gallant war horse Traveler, who carried him throughout the war, and of whom he was as tenderly solicitous as of any of the other members of his family. Later on, in the annals of Indian fighting on the western border, the name of General Custer's Dandy will be remembered as long as that of the dashing general himself. He was with the led-horses at the time of the disastrous battle of the Little Big Horn, where his master's entire command was destroyed; but, although wounded, he was rescued and lived in honored retirement for many years thereafter. Of all those who stood with Custer on that fatal day, in the 'fiery scorpion ring' of fight, only one escaped alive, and that one was Miles Keogh's horse.

"'Alone from that field of slaughter,
Where lay the three hundred slain,
The horse Comanche wandered,
With Keogh's blood on his mane.'"

"The whole story is told in that spirited poem by John Hay, which everybody has read."

There is no knowing how long the Reporter would have kept on in this historical strain had not the Schoolmaster interrupted him, by reminding the company that the hour was growing very late, and that if they would be up in time to see the morrow's exhibition of famous roadsters, it would be well to bring this talk about war horses to a close.

"Before we adjourn, however," said he, "I should



"THERE, TOO, IS GENERAL LEE'S GALLANT WAR STEED TRAVELER."

like to remind you of two famous steeds which we were in danger of forgetting. Both are celebrated in the annals of Spanish chivalry, and the memory of both is preserved in romance and song. One is Orelio, the war horse of King Roderick, the Goth — a superb Arabian, who carried his master through many a dangerous enterprise and brought him out safe from many a hard-fought field. In the great battle of Covadonga, fought with the Moors in 711, Orelio escaped, and his master's helm and sword and cuirass were found where the thickest of the fight had been. But nobody ever saw Roderick again, and with him perished the race of the Gothic kings. The other horse to which I allude is Babieca, the faithful steed of Ruy Diaz, the Cid, who is said to have lived in Spain just 700 years ago. He is almost as famous as his master, and we should be doing him an injustice if we failed to repeat his story on this day that is set apart to commemorate the deeds of all good war steeds.

"Let us hear it! Let us hear it!" cried all the company.

And so the Schoolmaster repeated it.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S COACH.

BABIECA, THE BOOBY

"A most absolute and excellent horse."
— *Henry V.*

It was not in derision that his master called him Booby, but by way of endearment. When you named your own pony Rogue, you did not mean to imply that he was a bad fellow, but rather the contrary. And I assure you that Babieca was anything but a dunce or a foolish fellow, and everybody knew it.

He might have been called the white Arabian, for, like the noble Broiefort, he was of pure Arab stock, and, if I mistake not, had been bred and reared by Arab masters in the great sandy desert. Like Broiefort, also, he had been captured in fair fight with a Moorish warrior. It had happened in this way. The King of Seville, at the head of an army of thirty thousand Moors, had ridden him to Valencia, intent upon retaking that city from the Cid, Ruy Diaz, who had but lately won it from his misbelieving countrymen. It was the young monarch's first campaign, and his heart swelled with pride as he rode between orchards of olives and fields of ripening corn and looked back at the long line of Moorish chivalry which followed him. He thought that to drive Ruy Diaz and his handful of knights out of Valencia would be only the sport of a holiday, and hence he had come clad rather in the regalia of a king than in the armor of a warrior. And the great white horse was trapped with purple and gold, with silver bells jingling from the reins, and jewels sparkling from the bridle-band. The Cid, when he saw him coming, said:

"The Moor seems to have come to a tournament instead of a battle. But we will run a tilt with him that he will not soon forget, and whosoever wins shall have Valencia and the proud white horse that carries our enemy so grandly."

The next day the Cid went out at the head of his people and gave battle to the King of Seville in the garden of Villa Nueva. And the Moors were routed with great slaughter and driven as far as to the river Xucar, where, the jocular historian of the battle tells us, "they drank plenty of water without liking it;" for fifteen thousand were drowned at the ford. The King of Seville escaped — "with three blows," says the chronicler — but he left the white Arabian behind.

Thus it was that Ruy Diaz, the Cid, won the steed that was afterward called Babieca, or the Booby.

Not long after this, the Cid sent for his wife, Doña Ximena, and his two fair daughters to join him in Valencia. They came, with a great company of maidens, and with palfreys not a few, and a goodly number of sure-footed mules. Attending them were sixty knights, all fully armed and mounted upon mettlesome horses, with bells at their poitrels, and trappings of sendal silk; and they carried burnished shields upon their arms, and lances with streamers in their hands. Looking out from his high tower, Ruy Diaz saw the company while yet they were a great way off, and he sent out two hundred knights to meet them. Then he bethought him of the white Arabian which he had taken from the King of Seville, and which no man among all his followers had yet had the hardihood to mount, and he ordered his grooms to saddle him and

bring him out. It was a good time, he thought, to give the steed his first trial, and at the same time show his own wonderful skill as a horseman. It was as much as the grooms could do to put the bits into Babieca's mouth, throw the saddle upon his back, and lead him to the spot where the Cid was waiting.

"Have a care!" cried the knights and cavaliers, when they saw the great horse launching out on every side with his iron hoofs, rearing upon his hind feet and pawing the air, and snapping right and left with his sharp ivory teeth. But Ruy Diaz was not afraid of any horse that lived. Clad in light armor, with a long surcoat of blue thrown over it, he seized the right moment and sprang astride of the restive animal. Like an arrow shot from a bow, Babieca sprang forward, and those who saw him were astounded both at the fleetness of his running and the skill with which the Cid restrained and directed him. It was a sight which none could forget — the great steed seeming to fly over the ground, the Cid's blue cloak and his long beard streaming behind, and then the tameness with which the horse stopped at the end of the course and allowed his rider to dismount! For years afterward everybody in Spain liked to talk about that wonderful ride. When the Cid had greeted his wife and daughters, he remounted Babieca, who was now as gentle as a lamb, and rode with them back to the city. "Who can tell," says the old chronicler, "the rejoicings that were made that day, throwing at the board, and killing bulls!"

Every day Babieca became more and more the favorite of his master; and, next to his wife and daughters, there was no creature living whom Ruy Diaz loved so

well. Many a fierce battle with the Moors would have been lost had it not been for Babieca; and the fame of the white horse was second only to that of his master. But Ruy Diaz was loyal to his liege lord, King Alphonso of Castile, and it seemed to him a shame that he, a mere subject, should ride so fine a steed while his sovereign had to content himself with a common beast. And so, great as the sacrifice was, he offered to give Babieca to the King.

"There is not another charger in the world so good as he," said the Cid to Alphonso; "and who but the King should have the best? Ah, if you could only see him go when he smells the battle and rushes upon the host of the Moors!"

With that, he leaped upon Babieca and touched him with his spurs. The horse darted forward and sped across the plain so swiftly, so fiercely, that those who saw him held their breath. Round and round he ran, now this way, now that, guided only by a single finger. Nobody had ever seen such horsemanship — so daring a rider, so wonderful a charger.

Thus to and fro a-rushing, the fierce and furious steed,
He snapt in twain his hither rein — "God pity now the Cid!"
"God pity Diaz!" cried the lords — but when they looked again,
They saw Ruy Diaz ruling him with the fragment of his rein;
They saw him proudly ruling with gesture firm and calm.
Like a true lord commanding — and obeyed as by a lamb.

And so he led him foaming and panting to the king;
But "No," said Don Alphonso, "it were a shameful thing
That peerless Babieca should ever be bestrid
By any man but Ruy Diaz. Mount, mount again, my Cid."

"A GREAT PANIC CAME UPON THE MOORISH HOST."

To tell of all the exploits of Babieca would fill a book. It will be enough if I relate the story of the Cid's last ride upon his back. King Bucar, the Moor, had come into the port of Valencia with so great an army that there was not a man in the world that could give the number of his warriors. Having landed, they pitched their tents around the city and began a siege. But the Cid, Ruy Diaz, lay dead in his own house; and his followers were in great straits because they knew that they could not hold the place against the vast force of the Moors. The Cid before his death, however, had told his people what to do, and they did as he had directed. They made no outcry nor sign of mourning for their dead leader, but defended themselves as well as they could from the Moorish archers, and going upon the walls made great rejoicing with trumpets and tambours, as if sure of victory. In the meantime the friends of the dead chieftain who were dearest to him embalmed his body, and dressed it as though in armor, and set his long beard in order, so that no man seeing him would have thought him dead. Then they set him upon a saddle which had a frame fitted into it in such a way as to support the shoulders and the head and the arms in the same position that was taken by the Cid whenever he rode into battle.

At midnight of the twelfth day, they placed the saddle with its burden upon the back of Babieca; and they put a surcoat of green sendal upon the body of the chieftain, having his arms emblazoned thereon; and on his head they set a helmet of parchment, cunningly painted. Then they hung his shield about his

neck, and placed in his hand the sword which he had so often bared against the Moors. When all was in readiness they opened the gate of the city that was toward Castile, and the people of the Cid marched out — six hundred in front of their dead leader, and six hundred behind. They went out so silently that the Moors in their tents heard no sound. But a small body of men, chosen to attract the attention of the enemy to the other side of the city, made an attack upon the camp of King Bucar. As they fell upon the archers whose tents were nearest the walls, a great panic came upon the Moorish host. It seemed to them that full seventy thousand Spanish knights, led by a giant warrior on a white horse, were rushing out upon them. So great was the fright of the Moors, that in their blind haste to reach their ships they rushed into the sea, and the truthful historian of that event says that more than ten thousand were drowned.

In the meanwhile Babieca, bearing the body of his master, and escorted by the twelve hundred knights, journeyed on by easy stages into Castile. And after they had gotten beyond the territories of the Moors, a great concourse of people, among them Don Alphonso, the king, came to see once more the mighty chieftain, Ruy Diaz, the Cid. But it was not until they had come to the monastery of San Pedro de Cardeña that the good horse was relieved of his ghostly burden.

Babieca was already an old horse; yet he lived for two years and a half after that strange sad journey, and then died, at the age of full forty years. "When ye bury Babieca, dig deep," said his master, Ruy Diaz, in his last will; "for shameful thing were

it, that he who hath trampled down so much currish flesh of Moors, should be eaten by curs." And so they buried him deep, in front of the monastery gate; and they planted two elms upon his grave, one at his head and the other at his feet; and these elms, for aught I know, may still be seen, marking the last resting place of Babieca, the Booby.

FIFTH DAY — FORENOON

STEEDS OF THE ROAD, THE TOURNAMENT, AND THE DESERT

"WE shall be treated to some very interesting contrasts to-day," remarked the Schoolmaster, as they entered the grounds and made their way to the most convenient place for sight-seeing. "The morning is to be devoted to the errant horses of famous knights-errant, closing with a brief glimpse of an Arabian or two. In the afternoon some forlorn specimens of horse-flesh will be shown — worse at first, but growing better toward the close. The day's entertainment, however, will open with two or three spectacular scenes, in the first of which we shall have a picture of the waning glories of the chivalry of the fifteenth century, while in those which follow we shall get a rapid glance at the waxing magnificence of the chivalry of our own *fin de siècle*, as fashionable people like to call it. If you will look closely, however, you will observe that there are as many resemblances as contrasts, and that, although the race of horses is not what it once was, men and women are still human beings with many of the frailties of their ancestors clinging to them."

These remarks scarcely prepared Philip for what followed; for the morning exhibition was in some respects equally as brilliant as that of the day before, and al-

though the boy looked on with the greatest admiration, he was so dazed and bewildered by the rapid movements and the unexpected changes of scene, that he could afterward remember only a very little about it. Sitting with his friends in the Schoolmaster's lodgings after it was all over he found that he could recall but two or three indistinct pictures of what he had seen. First, there was the tournament or passage-at-arms, with all its attendant pomp and glitter; the brilliant concourse of lords and ladies; the array of horses in their gorgeous trappings; the strong barriers surrounding the well sanded tilting-place; the flourish of trumpets and the proclamation of the heralds; the entrance of the combatants; the dash of the horses, the crash of the lances, the gleaming of the swords, the ringing of the shields; and then the shouts of the knights and squires, the waving of handkerchiefs and pennons and banners, the crowning of the victor, the parade of beauty — and then, before any one could speak or think, the scene faded from view and another was presented. Of the second act Philip remembered nothing but a level race track, and horses speeding along with queer little jockeys mounted on light sulkies behind them, and men shouting and betting, and a motley crowd of horsy men and hangers-on smoking cigars and talking horse — and then there was another change. Of the third act he retained only confused memories of a vast enclosure brilliant with the glare of electric lights; of some horse-shaped animals with stubby tails and artificially curved necks, prancing in an unnatural manner around a ring; of gentlemen riders forcing other animals to jump over make-believe hedges and

ditches; of fashionably-dressed ladies admiring the "deah hosses," and dandies admiring the fair horse-lovers; of dwarfish jockeys in the stalls, and stylish grooms in the arena; of shifting crowds, flying vehicles, the roar of stamping feet, the ring-master's call, and the distressing music of a German orchestra. And that was all.

"Properly speaking," said the Schoolmaster, "the last scenes in this morning's entertainment have no real place in the great Horse Fair. Modern horse races and modern horse shows have but little in them that is either romantic or poetic, and they are too real to be admitted in good faith into the domain of fancy and fiction. They are represented here, as you have seen them to-day, merely that one may observe the contrast between the horsy amusements of the present time and those of former ages. But it is with the gallant steeds which knights-errant rode in the brave old days of chivalry that we, in the realms of Queen Morgan the Fay, have to do. What degenerate creature of modern times can be compared with them? Where now can one find the peers of grand old Bayard, of fleet-footed Rabican, of glorious Grane, and of faithful Arundel, to say nothing of their less famous fellows?—You never heard of Bayard?—Well, you shall have his story right now."

BAYARD

"An two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind."
— *Much Ado about Nothing.*

Above the door of a small country inn near the village of St. Renaud, in southern France, there hangs a quaint old signboard, dingy with age and battered with the storms of many winters. The paint upon it, which was doubtless of the brightest colors when first laid on, has been almost entirely worn away, yet enough remains to reveal the figure of a long-backed charger, with flowing mane and tail, astride of whom are four doughty knights fully armed. The legend beneath the picture is very indistinct, but if one has good eyes and a lively imagination he may make out the three words *Quatre Fils Aymon.* If the keeper of the inn should see you examining his signboard he will give you no peace until he has told you its meaning and history. "That sign," he will say, "has hung above this door for hundreds of years — for a thousand years, for all anybody knows. It was there when my grandfather's grandfather kept the inn in the days of Louis le Grand, and I have heard it said that it was an old sign even then. The great Louis himself once stopped in the middle of the road there to admire it while my ancestor fetched him a cup of cold water." And then he will make you sit down on the bench beside the door and listen to this story.

In the days of Charlemagne there lived for a time in the forest of Ardennes a rebel chieftain, Aymon the duke of Dordon, with his four sons Richard, Adelhart, Guichard, and Reinold. The duke had at one time

stood high in the favor of the king, and had held from him many castles and great estates. Indeed, it had not been long since he was able to muster ten thousand fighting men under his own banner, and there were few names in all France that were feared more than his. But he was proud and selfish, and cruel not only to his enemies but to his dependents. The noblemen who supported him could not endure his tyranny, and one by one they attached themselves to other leaders. One by one, also, his castles, with the broad lands surrounding them, became the property of his rivals. Finally he rebelled against the king and became an outlaw, hiding in the forest with his family, or, with a small band of desperate men, making unexpected forays into the neighboring villages. Now and then, also, he would make a sudden attack upon some outlying castle, but never with sufficient force to accomplish anything. It was in vain that rewards were offered for his capture; in vain that the king's soldiers continually patrolled the country in search for him. He always appeared where he was least expected. If he was seen one day in the direction of Liége, the next day he would be hovering about Châlons, a hundred miles away. So swiftly, indeed, did he pass from one place to another, and so skilful was he in evading his enemies, that no one could account for it. Finally, however, it was discovered that he rode a fairy horse which was gifted with the speed of lightning and the wisdom of a man.

The name of this horse was Bayard; and those who had seen him declared that in beauty and strength and swiftness he had not his equal in all the world. With Aymon, also, was a cunning dwarf, named Mal-

agis, who was skilled in the power of magic, and who advised him with reference to all his movements. It was believed that if either the horse or the dwarf could be captured, it would not be hard to bring the rebellious outlaw to terms.

A blacksmith who had a smithy in a cavern among the mountains, and who was himself somewhat of a magician, contrived one night, by disguising himself as the duke's old groom, to steal the horse from the stable which the outlaws had built for him in the forest. Having muffled Bayard's feet in leathern bags half filled with feathers, he led him out of the wood, and then mounting him, rode with all speed to his smithy. He had little trouble in leading the horse into the cavern, and in placing him in a well-hidden nook at the rear. Then he piled fuel upon his forge, and plying his bellows with all his might, he soon had the smithy so full of smoke that the sharpest eyes could not have seen the spot where Bayard stood.

When Aymon went out in the morning to saddle his good steed for another foray, he was astonished to find the stable empty. He called, "Bayard! Bayard!" but there was no reply. He fancied that some one in the forest was mocking him, and he sat down on a stone and bewailed his hard fortune. He was tired of the long contest he had waged against the king, and he felt ready to give himself up and suffer whatever punishment might be inflicted upon him. While he was thus grieving and pondering, some one at his elbow pronounced his name, and looking around, he saw the long beard and ugly visage of Malagis the magician.

"What is the matter, my lord?" asked the dwarf.

"Matter enough," answered Aymon. "They have gotten Bayard at last, and now there is nothing left for us to do but to give ourselves up to our enemies."

"Nonsense!" said Malagis, picking up a horseshoe nail from the ground. "I know who has the good steed. Wait a little while, and he shall be yours again."

Then without another word he turned and walked away. At the hut of a forester whom he knew, he disguised himself as a country lad, and then set out by the nearest route to the blacksmith's cavern. The horseshoe nail which had fallen from the thief's pocket had told the whole secret. But the journey into the mountains was a longer one than the dwarf had supposed, and, magician though he was, he lost his way more than once. It was not until the evening of the second day that he arrived in front of the smithy. The smith, who was sitting in the door of his cavern, was a most pitiable object to see. A handkerchief that was bound about his head half concealed an ugly wound in his forehead. His face was swollen, and there were black and blue marks beneath his eyes, the lids of which he could scarcely separate. One of his arms was broken and tied up awkwardly in a sling, and his right foot was bruised and bleeding. When he saw Malagis approaching he fetched a deep sigh of relief and cried out, "Ah, my dear boy, how glad I am that you have come! I knew that my prayers would be answered. But I had to wait a long time, and if you had delayed until morning I surely would have died!"

"What is the matter, sir?" asked Malagis.

"I have met with a great accident," answered the smith. "Only see my head and my arm and my foot.

Yesterday morning — and yet it seems much longer ago — I was trying to shoe a horse that a strange knight had brought to me. I have shod many horses, but never such a one as this. Oh, how vicious he was, and how strong! He fairly leaped upon me, and I escaped, as you see, only with my life."

"But where was the knight, the owner of the horse?"

"The knight? Ah, the cowardly fellow! He ran away as fast as his legs would carry him. And not a soul has been near the smithy since, and I have sat here helpless for twenty-four hours, praying to the saints that they would send some one to aid me."

"Where is the horse?"

"The horse? Ah, he is in here — tethered to the iron ring, away back at the farther end of the cavern. It was lucky I put him there, otherwise he would have overturned my forge and broken my anvil and ruined me entirely."

"I have heard," said Malagis, "that you want to employ an apprentice, and I have come to see if you will take me. There is nothing in the world that I should like so well as to learn the trade of a smith."

"Certainly, I 'll take you," cried the smith impatiently. "The first thing that you do you must help me to bed and see if you can dress my wounds; and then you must get me some food."

Malagis hastened to relieve the poor man, and so skilfully did he manage everything that the smith was filled with astonishment that a mere country lad could know so much. Yet he kept his thoughts to himself, and after he had eaten heartily of some broth he dropped asleep. Only once during the night did he

rouse himself from slumber, and then merely to exclaim: "A horse? Ah, yes, and what teeth he has, and what heels! Don't go near him for your life!"

At the break of day Malagis built a fire in the forge and heaped dry sticks upon it until the flames leaped up almost to the roof. But the smith still slept soundly and was not in the least disturbed. When the cavern was lighted up so that every object could be plainly seen, the dwarf went to the farther end to look at the horse. It was indeed Bayard, but the animal did not know Malagis in his disguise. He leaped at him in great fury and would have torn him in pieces had he not been so firmly tethered to the iron ring in the wall. But when the dwarf spoke, and said, "Bayard, good Bayard! Let us hasten to your master," all the creature's anger vanished, and he became as gentle as a lamb. He suffered Malagis to untie the halter that held him and to lead him out of the smithy.

An hour later, the smith awoke and looked around him. The sunlight was streaming in through the wide-open door; some flickering flames were still leaping up from the forge; and his eyes, no longer swollen and painful, took in the whole cavern at a glance.

"A horse!" he exclaimed. "Ah, yes; and I am so glad that he is gone, and the boy with him!"

Duke Aymon was overjoyed when Malagis returned to him with Bayard. He caressed the horse fondly, and called him many endearing names. But he was really tired of his life as an outlaw, and when Charlemagne soon afterward offered on certain conditions to pardon him and his four sons, he accepted the pardon and renewed his allegiance to the king. But

his restless disposition would not allow him to tarry about the court. And so, after spending some time in Spain, fighting the Moors, he retired to his former home in Dordon, on this side of the Pyrenees, where the king had granted him a strong mountain-castle. But his four sons remained for a long time in the neighborhood of the Ardennes, and with them stayed Bayard.

Sometimes the young men were loyal to the king and were among the staunchest and bravest of all his warriors. Then at the slightest provocation they would act rashly, turn against all their old friends, and again be exiled to a life of outlawry in the forest. Through these changes of fortune their most faithful ally was the horse Bayard. They needed no other steed, for he was large enough and strong enough to carry them all. It was even said of him that, like your modern dinner-tables, his back could be adjusted to suit circumstances. Whether one of the brothers or all four wished to ride him, he was always just the right size to accommodate them. And then he could be kept when necessary without any expense; for he thrived and grew fat on leaves just as other horses did on corn.

At length the four brothers left the Ardennes, and made their way into southern France to visit their father's castle in Dordon. A sorrier set of outlaws were probably never seen than they when they presented themselves barefooted and wholly wretched at their mother's door, and begged her, for the love of God, to give them food and clothing. But all this has little to do with Bayard, who was still with them, and the most contented of the whole company. They

were next heard of at Tarascon, where they joined forces with Ivo, the feudal lord of that territory, against a band of Moorish invaders who had crossed over the mountains. And here it was that Bayard first distinguished himself in battle.

Reinold, who had ridden him to the field, had dismounted in order to engage in a hand-to-hand fight with the Moorish chieftain, who had challenged him to single combat. Bayard remained quietly in his place, and all went well until he thought that he saw signs of treachery on the part of the Moors. Then the horse, with a shrill neigh, leaped forward and ran with great speed into the foremost ranks of the enemy. Men and beasts were overthrown by the fury of his onset, and such was the surprise and fright of the Moors that they were easily and quickly put to flight. Duke Ivo was so highly pleased with this exploit that he gave Reinold a beautiful mountain-castle called Montalban. There Reinold, after he had married the daughter of Duke Ivo, took up his abode; and there, with Bayard as one of his family, he lived in peace for many years. But as he grew older, he longed to become reconciled to King Charlemagne and to know that the wicked follies of his youth had been forgiven. Time after time he sent to Charlemagne, begging that he would pardon him and his brothers. Then their mother, the Duchess Aya, who was the king's own sister, journeyed to Paris and besought him to have mercy on her children. At first the king refused to listen to her entreaties, and bade her return to Dordon. Finally, however, when he saw that she would not go away until he had granted her request, he said:

"There is one condition, and only one, upon which I will consent. If Reinold will give Bayard to me to be drowned, then I will not only pardon your four sons but I will restore to them all the fiefs and possessions which would have been theirs had they never rebelled against me. But I cannot pardon the beast Bayard, for he has done me more harm than all your sons."

When Aya returned to Montalban and told Reinold the conditions upon which the king would pardon him, he was furious.

"Better remain an outlaw," he cried, "than betray my dearest and most faithful friend! Tell Charlemagne that I will not accept his conditions."

But his mother and his wife pleaded with him to think of the consequences that would follow. They said to him that so long as he remained an enemy to the king, not only he himself, but all his family, would be considered as outlaws. "And for such outlaws," they said, "the gallows of Montfaucon are ready — and the inscription which future generations will read thereon is this: '*Here Reinold gave up his wife and children to die a shameful death for the sake of a dumb animal.*'"

"Mother! Wife!" cried Reinold, "you shall have your will. But when Bayard is slain, I too shall die."

At that moment Bayard, who had heard all that was said, whinnied softly and came and laid his head upon his master's arm. The warrior burst into tears and turned away. But Duchess Aya hastened back to Charlemagne to tell him that Reinold had agreed to the conditions which had been imposed.

On a dark day in autumn the long bridge across the

Seine at Paris was crowded with foot-soldiers and horsemen; and on either bank of the river stood a rabble of citizens who had heard that the great Bayard was that day to be drowned. It is even said that Charlemagne and his peers were there to see the execution of the poor animal, but of the truth of this statement there are many doubts. The noble horse was led to the middle of the bridge, where, by some ingenious device which the historians of the event have failed to describe, great iron weights were attached to his feet. It would seem, indeed, that the animal's strength as well as his marvelous wisdom had deserted him; for we are told that at a given signal a party of men who were stationed on the bridge for the purpose, pushed him suddenly over the edge, and he fell with a great splash into the Seine. But, notwithstanding the immense weights that were hung to his feet, he rose three times to the surface, each time mutely fixing his sorrowful eyes upon Reinold, who stood weeping upon the bank. Then Charlemagne, as some of the old story-tellers have it, was beside himself with anger.

"The horse is bewitched!" he cried. "He is no mere animal, but a fiend. Beware, Count Reinold! he is looking to you for aid. If you are keeping him alive by any tricks of enchantment, you will rue this hour. I will refuse my pardon to you and your family."

Reinold's mother, terrified at the words of the king, threw her arms around her son's neck and covered his eyes with her hand so that he could not see Bayard's appealing gaze as he rose the fourth and last time. The count, wild with grief, freed himself from his

mother's embrace, and, breaking his sword in twain, threw it into the river.

"Lie there, good blade, trusted friend and companion!" he cried. "Lie there with my Bayard, the faithfulest comrade that any man ever yet had! Never more, so long as God lets me live, will I mount a horse or draw a sword."

Then he turned and fled out of Paris, and paused not nor took any rest until he had left the city far behind him. Coming, toward evening, into a wild forest, he sank down upon the ground, where he lay for two days, overwhelmed with grief and distress. After this he made his way painfully on foot to Montalban. To a pilgrim whom he met on the way he gave his golden spurs in exchange for the man's gray robes, for he was resolved to become a pilgrim himself and to seek in the Holy Land forgiveness and peace.

"Who will teach our sons to be true knights and noble men," cried his wife, "if you go and leave them thus?"

But Reinold turned away and departed on his long and toilsome journey, while in the fair castle of Montalban his family wept for both him and Bayard. It is said that after he reached the Holy Land he always kept his vow in mind, and neither wielded a sword nor mounted a horse. Nevertheless, in the contest then going on between the Christians and Saracens he was no mere looker-on; but, armed with a mighty club, he fought like a hero and aided the Christians in the taking of Jerusalem.

And there are those who say that Bayard was not drowned in the Seine, after all. For when he saw, upon

rising the fourth time, that there was no hope of aid from Reinold, he freed himself by a mighty effort from the weights fastened to his feet, and concealed by a fog which had arisen upon the river, swam far down the stream. Then, making for the shore, he escaped into the Ardennes, where on moonlight nights he may yet sometimes be heard galloping from point to point among the old haunts in the woodland which he loved. But of the truth of this last statement there are some doubts.

Such is the story which the inn-keeper at St. Renaud will tell you. And when you ask him what connection it has with the old sign which swings above his door, he will tell you that half the country inns in France were once named after the four sons of Aymon, and that his sign is but a witness to the survival of the once general admiration for the horse Bayard.

"I THINK I can understand why people admired the great Bayard," said the Artist; "for he was wise, and brave, and fleet of foot. But his master seems to have been a rude, lawless, foolish fellow, unworthy of respect."

"Bayard was certainly the better animal of the two," said Hippion, "and he was a most wonderful horse. But, for purely fanciful qualities, he cannot be compared with Rabican, the enchanted charger, whom I mentioned the other day in connection with my story of the winged Griffen. His history is what you would call truly romantic."

And without waiting to be asked, he went on to relate it.

RABICAN, THE ENCHANTED

"His horse comes with him on his back."
—*Tam. of the Shrew.*

Galafron, the king of Cathay, was a pagan, as all the kings of Cathay have been from that day to this. He had heard of the mighty empire which Charlemagne had founded in Europe, and the thought that any man in the West should have broader lands and a bigger army than himself gave him much uneasiness. There was only one thing that hindered him from marshaling his forces and marching directly into France and annexing the whole of that rich country to Cathay: he did not know where France was. His wise men told him that it lay somewhere near the place of the setting sun, and that in order to reach it one would have to climb the tallest mountains in the world, ford the broadest rivers, and cross the stormiest seas. But, like the child who cried for the moon, Galafron could do nothing but think of the great unknown land of the West and wish every day that it was his. At length, with the help of his magicians, he fitted out an expedition to discover France, put an end to Charlemagne's government, and annex that country to his own domains.

It was the strangest expedition that was ever seen. If you had watched it as it gaily left the palm groves of Cathay and struck out boldly toward the mysterious regions of sunset, you would have wondered and admired. In front cantered a snow-white palfrey, beautifully caparisoned, on which sat the king's daughter Angelica, the fairest lady in all the

world. By her side, on a magnificent steed, rode her brother Argalia, fully armed, with a long lance resting on his saddle-bow. Behind strode four black giants, ugly and tall and strong, each with a heavy mace in his hand, but otherwise unarmed. These were all. Was ever such another army sent out to conquer unknown lands?

Much of the success of the expedition depended upon the speed and prowess of Argalia's enchanted horse Rabican. He was a true magician's horse, whom the wizards of the mountains had trained, and to whom they had given wonderful powers. He was as black and glossy as a raven, only there was a white star in his forehead, and one of his hind feet was white. His mane and tail were long and as fine as silk, and his hoofs were small and well-shaped and shod with shoes of silver. His only food was air, which he seasoned sometimes with fresh green grass cropped in the meadows or by the roadside. He was as swift as the wind, he could go up hill as easily as down, and he never tired. It was said, too, that he had a charmed life, and that no sword had ever been forged which could wound him or even so much as ruffle his smooth coat. He was so light of foot and so sure, that he could gallop at full speed on the top of any narrow wall, and could walk on the sharp edges of falchions or the points of upright spears. Argalia, his rider, was handsome and courteous and brave, as all princes ought to be; and, although he was neither skilful nor strong, he was a fair match for any foe, for he carried a magic lance which never failed to unhorse and overthrow whomsoever it touched.

This, therefore, is the way in which they journeyed across the mountains and the great plains to the distant West. Angelica had with her a magic ring which had the power of making her invisible and of carrying her to any place she wished to go. "Meet me on yonder mountain top," she would say to Argalia. Then, putting the ring into her mouth, she would disappear. A thin wreath as of smoke, like the most delicate white cloud in the world, would be seen drifting swiftly away toward the mountain; and the good steed Rabican would bear his rider with the speed of the wind to the place named for the meeting. Angelica was, of course, the first to reach the top of the mountain, but it was only a little while until her brother would come up, so rapidly did Rabican scale the steep heights. Then the princess would say, "Meet me on the farther side of the desert which lies before us." And down both of them would fly, the one in the air unseen, the other on his fleet horse. And thus they passed from land to land — but not always so swiftly, for often they would ride together for miles, Rabican trotting leisurely along the road, and the white palfrey ambling by his side.

I do not know how much of the world they saw in their journeys, nor how long it was until they finally discovered France; neither did the old poets who first told this story seem to know. Nor have I ever learned by what means the four black giants were transported from place to place. But whenever Angelica wished them to come up, all she had to do was to draw some magic circles on the ground, clap her hands, and — there they were, as big and as black as ever, ready to

do her bidding! It was very convenient to have them as guards at night; and when Rabican and the white palfrey needed grooming, which they did every morning, one of the black fellows was always ready for the task.

It was in the month of May when Argalia and Angelica reached Paris. Charlemagne and his paladins were holding a grand tournament just outside of the city walls. It was yet early in the morning, and a noble company of knights and ladies were sitting in the high pavilion waiting for the hour for the tilting to begin. All the people were in the gayest spirits, and there were laughter and music and jest and jollity on every hand. Suddenly so strange a sight appeared upon the grounds that everybody was struck silent with wonder. The four giants were seen coming boldly through the gate and marching straight toward Charlemagne's high seat, while, following them, rode Angelica and Argalia. No one had ever beheld a lady so beautiful as Angelica; and the knights almost lost their breath as she came forward and stopped directly in front of the king. Then she spoke.

"Most mighty king," she said, "the fame of your deeds has spread to the uttermost parts of the earth, and beyond the seas men talk of nothing but of the great things which you have done. Therefore we, the children of King Galafron of Cathay, have come to see your glory and to give you honor here in your own city."

Charlemagne was delighted. He rubbed his hands together and asked whether there was anything that he could do for guests so distinguished and powerful.

"We have no favors to ask," said Angelica. "But I desire to say that my brother Argalia is ready to joust with any of the knights of your court who will meet him to-morrow at the place called the Stair of Merlin. Indeed, he makes this challenge. But he will fight only on these conditions: First, that if he be overthrown, he will at once return to Cathay and leave me to be the wife of the victor; second, that any knight who shall be unhorsed by him shall be his prisoner, to do with as he pleases; and third, that there shall be no recourse to swords."

As she stood before the king and waited for his answer, every knight in the pavilion resolved that he would fight for her. Charlemagne, after asking her some questions, accepted the challenge in the name of all his paladins; and then she and her brother and the giants turned and left the grounds as they had come.

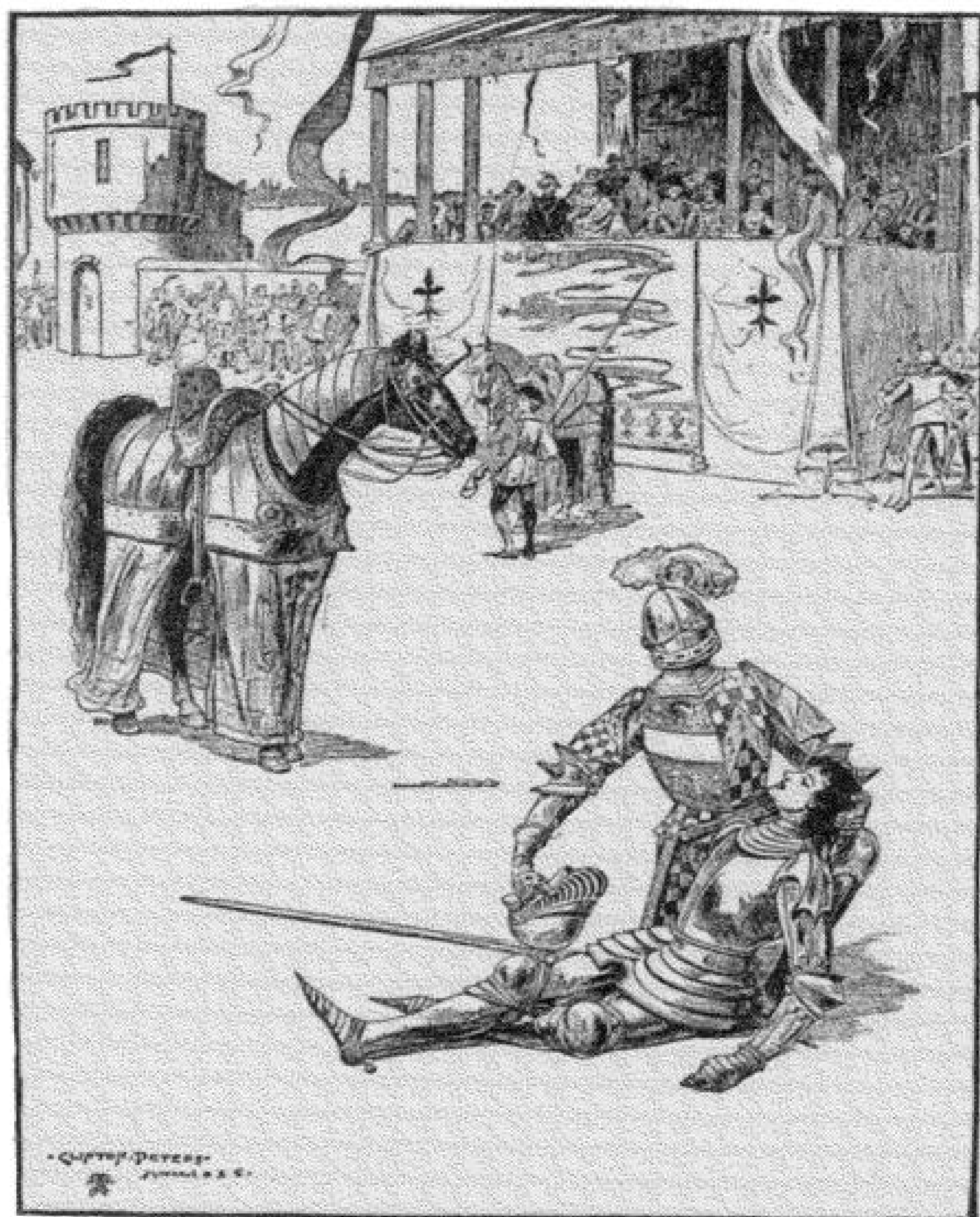
This, then, was the way in which France was to be conquered for King Galafron. All the great men of the realm were to be challenged to joust with Argalia, and since none of them would be able to withstand the stroke of the magic lance, it was believed that every one would finally be unhorsed and taken prisoner. Then, of course, the rulers of the empire being powerless, it would be very easy for the children of Galafron to do the rest.

There was a great dispute among the knights as to who should be the first to meet Argalia; for every one was anxious to risk his own freedom for the chance of winning the beautiful Angelica. At last the matter was decided by lot. The first place was drawn by an

English knight, a foppish young fellow who scarcely knew how to hold his lance; and everybody smiled, for they saw clearly how the contest would end with him. A fierce Moor, named Ferrau, drew the second place; and there were few who expected that Argalia would do much jousting after he had met him. Then came the other knights, and in the sixth place Charlemagne himself. Altogether there were more than forty who offered to enter the lists against Argalia, and one of the last was brave Reinold, a nephew of the king.

When the signal was given for the tournament to begin, the English knight, whose name was Astolpho, rode out gayly to meet the Cathayan prince. He was clad in a bright suit of armor made rather for show than service, and wore a long plume in his helmet. When Argalia appeared, every eye was fixed upon the horse Rabican, for a finer animal had never been seen in France. The trumpets sounded for the charge, and the two knights dashed across the field with lightning speed. Of course the English knight was unhorsed at the first light touch of the magic lance. The next moment Argalia was at his side, and had lifted the helmet from his head. The young man had fainted. He was not hurt in the least, however, and when Argalia spoke to him he opened his eyes. Then the four giants led him away as their prisoner.

When the trumpets again sounded, the savage Moor, Ferrau, rode out, sure of an easy victory over the young Cathayan. But he did not know the magic nature of the lance which was thrust against his shield, and he, too, was sent sprawling in the dust. Blind with rage he leaped to his feet and drew his sword.



"THE NEXT MOMENT ARGALIA WAS AT HIS SIDE."

"Shame! shame!" cried the lookers-on. "You have been unhorsed, and according to the terms of the fight you are Argalia's prisoner. Put up your sword!"

"What do I care for the terms of the fight?" shouted Ferrau, and he rushed with fury upon Argalia, who had dismounted to see whether he were badly hurt. The young Cathayan was taken by surprise, and not having his lance in his hand, he was obliged to surrender to the fierce Moor, who shouted: "Promise me that I may wed your sister Angelica, or off comes your head!"

"She shall be yours," said poor Argalia.

The Moor, thinking the victory won, loosened his hold upon the knight just as the fair Angelica, alarmed at what had happened, came running into the lists.

"Meet me in the Wood of Ardennes!" she cried to her brother, as she put the magic ring into her mouth. A thin white cloud rose from the spot where she had stood; it floated swiftly away to the northward, and Charlemagne and his knights were surprised to see that the princess had disappeared. But none of them were so astounded as Ferrau, the Moor. He turned fiercely to seize Argalia again, but at that moment Rabican came trotting up, his master leaped into the saddle, and before any one had time for thought, he was speeding like the wind down the great road which leads out toward the Wood of Ardennes. He had forgotten, however, to pick up the magic lance which had fallen upon the ground, and it became the property of the first man who cared to claim it.

Ferrau, the Moor, boiling over with rage and disap-

pointment, mounted his own sturdy steed and set off in pursuit of the fugitive, and Reinold and one or two other knights followed.

In the meanwhile Argalia, as soon as he was fairly out of danger, allowed Rabican to slacken his speed, and then rode leisurely along between the fields of corn and in the pleasant shade of overbranching trees. He knew that Angelica would wait patiently for his coming, and so he was in no haste. Now and then he would dismount to pluck some rare flower, now and then he would stop Rabican and, sitting still in his saddle, would listen to the singing of the birds. By and by he came to a great oak, where the shade seemed very pleasant and the grass under it was thick and soft. He alighted and threw himself down at full length upon the green carpet. The air was warm and he was tired, and so, loosing his helmet, he closed his eyes and was soon fast asleep. Rabican, wandering off a little way, stopped to graze by the roadside, keeping all the time a watchful eye upon his master.

Scarcely half an hour had passed when the horse saw an armed knight riding swiftly down the road, astride of a spirited bay charger. It was Reinold on his gallant Bayard, who, having outstripped all the other knights, was speeding to the Wood of Ardennes in the hope of seeing the Princess Angelica there. He scarcely turned his head as he passed, and Rabican, knowing that he meant no harm to his master, kept on with his grazing. Soon, however, the sound of other hoofs was heard, and the good horse, pricking up his ears, bethought him that now he ought to be on the alert, for danger was in the wind. A moment later he saw

the savage Moor coming at a furious rate over the rough highway, spurring his heavy horse to its utmost speed, fuming, and sweating, and swearing vengeance upon those who had outwitted him. Rabican would have hastened to awaken his master, but he was a timid creature, and the sight of the raging Ferrau frightened him so much that he ran behind a clump of underbrush and waited there to see what would happen. The big Moor, thundering down the road, could not help seeing Argalia sleeping peacefully beneath the oak. He drew rein quickly and leaped to the ground. Rabican saw that he held his naked sword in his hand. Would he strike his master while he slept? None but a coward would kill a sleeping man. Yes, the bright sword flashed a moment in the sunlight, and then — Rabican did not stop to see anything more. He knew that he would never again carry his young master upon his back. He knew that the great expedition against France had failed. And he turned his head toward the east and started at once for his home in far distant Cathay.

I do not know how long it took Rabican to make the journey, nor have I ever heard what adventures befell him on the way. Twelve months later, however, he was safely housed in the stables of the mountain wizards who had reared him. It was the brave knight Reinold who discovered him there, and it happened in this way:

Wandering on foot one day among the mountains in search of adventures, the hero heard strange sounds issuing from the midst of a grove of pines. "Here," thought he, "is an adventure for me;" and drawing his sword, he made his way through the tangle of small

trees toward the place whence the noise came. Soon he arrived before the mouth of a white cavern which appeared to be all clean and handsome within, but the doorway of which was guarded on the one side by a giant and on the other by a chained dragon. Peering in, he saw the horse Rabican standing in a stall of white silver and busily eating his favorite food, which, as you know, was nothing but pure air. Reinold had but lately had the mishap to lose his great steed Bayard, and he thought that if he could only make Rabican his own he would be almost as well off as before. But just as he was planning how to get into the cavern, the giant rushed down upon him with a huge club and tried to beat out his brains. Reinold quickly dodged aside and gave the fellow such a cut with his sword that he ran howling back to the cavern-door and unchained the dragon. Then, indeed, did the brave knight find an adventure to his heart's content; but he had met many another dragon, and knew exactly what to do. It was only the work of a few minutes to clip off the monster's wings and then plunge his sword into its little black heart. The wounded giant had fled shrieking down the steep side of the mountain. There was nothing more for Reinold to do but to lead Rabican from his silver stall, and as the steed was already fully caparisoned, mount him and ride away. Had Rabican been a horse of spirit like Bayard, he would have resented this liberty, and the knight would have found him more troublesome by half than the dragon had been. But, as I have already said, he was a timid creature, and he was so overawed by Reinold's prowess that he tamely gave himself up.

Reinold had ridden but a little distance when he came out upon a plain where a great battle was being fought between the Cathayans under King Galafron and an army of invading Circassians. No sight could have been more pleasing to the knight, and he halted on the top of a little knoll to watch the fray. Of course King Galafron saw him there, and of course he recognized the steed Rabican, whom he had not heard from since the sad disaster which put an end to his hopes of conquering France. He felt sure that it was Reinold who had slain his son Argalia— for how otherwise could he have gotten his horse? With a fierce cry he couched his lance and furiously charged upon the knight; but it would have gone hard with him had not several of his pagan warriors, seeing what kind of a man he was attacking, hurried to his support. What could Reinold do after this but ride into the Circassian ranks and give his strong aid to the enemies of Galafron?

But Rabican would not fight against his own people, and it was not until he saw a French knight in the Cathayan army, clad in steel-gray armor and astride of a monstrous steed, that he would carry Reinold into the battle at all. What was the surprise of Reinold, however, when he saw that the knight upon whom he was charging was one of his old comrades in arms, and that the steed was his own good war horse Bayard! Of course, there were explanations on both sides, and Rabican was finally exchanged for Bayard, and returned the next day to King Galafron amid the rejoicings of all Cathay.

So far as I know, that was the end of Galafron's am-

bitious project to annex France to his own kingdom of Cathay. As for Rabican, it is said that the king gave him not long afterward to that same English knight whom Argalia had unhorsed in the unlucky tournament at Paris.

"I WONDER if Rabican's single white foot had anything to do with his young rider's ill-fortune," said Philip. "My pony had such a foot, and the groom who kept him when we lived in the city said it was a very unlucky thing."

"It could not have been so," answered the Reporter. "Such an idea is contrary to reason as well as to the old rhyme, which says:

"If you have a horse with four white legs,
Keep him not a day;
If you have a horse with three white legs,
Send him far away;

If you have a horse with two white legs,
Sell him to a friend;
If you have a horse with one white leg,
Keep him to his end."

"When I was a boy," said the Artist, "I learned another rhyme, which says about the same thing in a different way. It was something like this:

"One white foot — buy a horse;
Two white feet — try a horse;
Three white feet — look well about him;
Four white feet — do without him.

And yet I have known a good many people who believed it was very unlucky to own a horse with but a single white stocking. If the animal had white stockings on both fore legs, these people said that it was a very, very lucky sign; but if only a fore leg and a hind leg on the same side were white, then they held up their hands, and said, 'Ah, how unfortunate! We would n't buy him at any price.'"

"It is strange how few persons there are who are able to tell a valuable horse from a worthless one," remarked the Schoolmaster. "Old-fashioned people used to say that a good horse should have three properties of a man, three of a woman, three of a fox, three of a hare, and three of an ass. Of a man, bold, proud, and hardy; of a woman, a beautiful form, fair hair, and graceful motion; of a fox, a full tail, short ears, and a good trot; of a hare, a great eye, a dry head, and a swift gait; of an ass, a big chin, a flat leg, and a good hoof. If a horse possessed these fifteen points there was thought to be but little risk in buying him, whether he were white-stockinged or not."

"Shakespeare was a good judge of a horse," said the Poet. "In his description of the steed of Adonis, which he assures us 'did excel a common one in shape, in courage, color, pace, and bone,' he also names fifteen points which distinguish a perfect horse:

"Round hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:
Look, what a horse should have he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

"And an old Roman poet, Calpurnius Siculus, who flourished about the middle of the first century, names six important points. He says:

> "A broad, round back
> Has my favorite steed; his slender neck
> And head he tosses high, nor feels
> Their weight; his feet are trim and neat;
> His flanks are thin; his brow is broad
> And high; and his hoofs, well-formed and strong,
> Like narrow sheaths of horn appear.

"Vergil also names several of the points desirable in a perfect horse: 'Lofty is his neck, his head little and slender, his belly short, his back plump, and his proud chest swells luxuriant with brawny muscles. The bright bay and bluish gray are in most request; the worst colors are the white and sorrel. The colt of generous breed from the very first walks high throughout the fields, and nimbly moves his pliant legs; he is the first that dares to lead the way, and tempt the threatening floods, or trust himself to an unknown bridge. He is not affrighted at vain alarms.'"

"It would seem," said the Schoolmaster, "that any one who knows what has been written about horses, ought not to go very far astray in selecting a steed. Sigurd, the last of the Volsungs, never read the Roman poets; and yet one would almost think that when he chose the matchless Grane from the wild herds of the plain, he had in mind those last sentences from Vergil."

"How was that?" asked Philip.

The Schoolmaster replied by telling the following story:

THE CHOOSING OF GRANE

"As true as truest horse that yet would never tire."
— *Mid. Night's Dream.*

The Master Smith, who worked in iron and gold and made spears and bracelets for the Volsung people, was a dwarf, and therefore very wise. Nobody knew how old he was, nor did any history of the country go back to the time when he first set up his smoky smithy at the foot of the pine-covered mountain which bore his name. The oldest man living loved to tell how, when he was a child, the fire in the smith's magic forge glowed just as brightly as it did in those latter days — how his anvil rang out just as cheerily, and how the dwarf himself seemed every whit as wrinkled and elfish and gray. It was whispered, indeed, that the Master Smith was the last of another race of beings, and hence that his span of life was longer than that of many generations of men. Not only was he skilled in the working of iron and in the delicate fashioning of gold, but all the lore of the world was known to him; and he understood the language of birds, and could foresee many happenings that were yet to be. Kings chose him for their schoolmaster, and they sent their sons to him to be trained in matters of wisdom and skill. And while he was teaching them how to swing the heavy sledge and beat shapeless masses of iron into pliable swords and glittering coats of mail, he instructed them in many other things. He taught them to read and to write, to understand the languages of other countries, to sing, to play sweetly upon the harp,

to chase the wild deer in the woodlands, to row and to sail upon the sea, and, best of all, to ride and manage horses.

His last pupil was Sigurd, the prince of the Volsungs.

One evening, the day's work being done, master and pupil sat together in the door of the smoke-begrimed smithy. They had been talking of Sigurd's father, who in his life time had been the bravest knight in the world, and of Sigurd's peace-loving uncle, the king to whose throne he would some day succeed. And the boy's eyes grew bright as he listened to the stories which the Smith told him of the deeds which his father had done, of the wrongs which he had righted, and of the noble feats of arms that he had performed. Then the dwarf reached for his harp, and swept his fingers over the strings, and played a martial melody, which fired the lad's heart with longings that he could neither express nor understand. And he sang of the field of battle and the rush of mighty hosts; of the clang of shields and armor; of the whisk of bloody swords; of the shouts of the joyful victors; of the sweep of the ravens' wings, and of the riding of armed horsemen returning home from the fray. And the stars twinkled in the dark sky, and fireflies danced among the trees, and the smoldering fire glowed red in the idle forge.

"When you become a man," said the Master Smith, finally laying aside his harp, "you, too, shall ride over the wide world, as did your father and your brave kinsmen of former days. You are already tall and strong, and a skilful horseman; and, if I were you, I would ask the king for a battle steed — one that you

can train to your liking, and that will be your companion in all of your adventures."

"I have already a dozen good horses and the pick of my uncle's stables," answered Sigurd.

"And are you content with such?" asked the Master. "Is any horse that is not the best in the world good enough for a Volsung?"

"'AS DID YOUR BRAVE KINSMEN OF FORMER DAYS.'"

Sigurd made no answer, but bidding the Smith good-night, he walked thoughtfully away in the darkness.

One day, not long afterward, he said to the king: "Is it not the custom, uncle, for lads of my age to choose for themselves horses which they may train to

their own liking, to serve them the rest of their days? Would it be too much if I were to ask you for such a horse?"

"The best that are in our stables are yours," answered the king. "You may have your pick from among them all."

"You are kind, indeed, and I thank you," said Sigurd. "I know there are many fine horses in your stalls — and, for peace-loving kings, there are none better. But the time is not far off when I must ride out into the broad world as did my father, and my heart is set upon having not only a good horse, but the very best that lives, and one which all men will praise."

"I would that you might have such a steed," said the king; "but where will you find him?"

"I will find him among the wild horses which graze on the vast plains and wander whither they will, save as they are restrained by the great Herd-King, who is the master of all untamed beasts. All I ask is that you will give me a token, with your own seal upon it, which I may show to the Herd-King, when I ask his leave to choose from among his wild steeds."

The king sat silent for a moment, for it saddened him to think of parting from the lad, even for a day. Then he said:

"I know that your heart is set on great things, and that you can never be content to be a home-stayer, such as I have been. And since you have determined to ride out into the world to carve for yourself an undying name, I would have you choose the steed that will serve you best. To-morrow you shall have the

token which you ask for, and you may carry it to the Herd-King, in whose pastures are the wild horses of the world, and tell him of your wishes."

And so Sigurd journeyed alone and on foot into the land of the great plains which lie between the mountains and the sea. He found the castle of the ancient herdsman perched high on the summit of a gray peak, overlooking the vast pasture-lands, where countless horses and cattle and wild deer roamed unmolested all the summer through. The walls were builded very strong, and there was many a turret and tower, with donjon, and keep, and lofty battlements; but the gates were all wide open, and no warder, nor watchman, nor mailed warrior kept guard. In the wind-swept halls the old Herd-King lived alone. Sigurd found him sitting in his chair of state, his long white beard trailing to the floor, and his bright eyes gazing out upon his pasture-lands and the green meadows dotted with thousands of herds and flocks. The boy did not need to show the token which he carried from his uncle, nor yet to state his errand. For the ancient herdsman spoke and said:

"I know you, Sigurd, the last of the Volsung race; and I know that you have come to choose a horse from my meadows. Truly, he must be a great one if he would worthily bear the doer of such deeds as you will perform. Go down at once, therefore, and choose the best from among all my herds, and may he serve you valiantly and well when you ride forth through the world, as did your brave kinsmen of the earlier times."

Thanking the great herdsman, Sigurd hastened down into the vast green meadows. Among the thousands of herds which were pasturing there he could find only

one that seemed to contain a steed to his liking; but in this herd all the horses were so excellent and so nearly of the same quality, that he was perplexed in his mind, and could not readily make any choice from among them. While he stood examining, and pondering, and putting the good points of this horse against the good points of that, a strange man, clad in gray, with a blue hood drawn over his head, came walking by, and stopped to note his perplexity.

"It is hard to choose from so many fine fellows, is n't it!" he said. "Now, if you will follow my advice, I think you will have no trouble in picking out the best one. Let us drive the herd into the river, and, take my word for it, that steed which is the fittest will survive and come back to you."

And so with much hooting and hallooing the two drove the herd down to the banks of the stream — a broad mountain torrent, swollen by the autumn rains, muddy and deep. The herd had swum across many times in the hot summer months, when it was only half its present width; but seeing now the rushing, angry waves, they hesitated, and huddled together, trembling, upon the bank. Finally, however, their leader made a bold dash, and, rushing in, tried to stem the swift current. The others followed him. Some were swept downward, and carried struggling out to sea; some turned about in time, and swam back to the shore; others, wildly striving, sank in mid-stream, and were drowned; only one swam bravely over, tossed his gray mane proudly in the air, cantered lightly along the banks, and then, wheeling about, leaped again into the flood, and started to return to his fellows.

"That is the horse for you," said the stranger. "Take him, and he will serve you well."

And before Sigurd could answer he had turned about, and was striding away toward the mountains. Soon the gray swimmer had recrossed the torrent, and was clambering up the banks, close to the place where Sigurd stood.

"You are the horse for me," cried the boy, throwing a bridle over his head. "You are the steed that I have chosen from all the herds of the world; and hereafter, when men shall read of the deeds of Sigurd, they will read also of his good steed Grane, and how he bore him faring through many lands."

The horse seemed to know that he had met his master, and he gently allowed Sigurd to leap upon his back. And then the two hastened gaily homeward, the boy singing as he rode, and proud Grane making pleasant music with his hoofs, as he bounded over the daisy-pied meadows and clattered along the gravelly highway which led through forest and mountain-valley to Sigurd's own country. And as they passed by the door of the smoking smithy, the ancient dwarf raised his hands and cried:

"Ride on, Sigurd, thou last of a noble race! for thou hast chosen a steed wisely and well. Ride on, through the wide world, and make for thyself a name which all men will honor while time endures!"

"I ONCE read a similar story about Siegfried and his bright-maned charger Greyfell," said Philip.

"There are very many similarities in the histories of the two heroes," replied the Schoolmaster; "and it is

possible that they were originally the same. But it is only with their horses that we have anything to do; and both of them are represented in our Horse Fair."

"It would be hard to name all the horses of knight-errantry," said Hippion; "for every hero had his favorite steed — a steed which often accomplished as many noble deeds as the knight himself. There is Roland's

"'FOR EVERY HERO HAD HIS FAVORITE STEED.'"

matchless charger Brigliadoro, or the golden-bridled, whose history is bound up inseparably with that of Roland himself. He perished with his master in the ever-memorable pass of Roncesvalles, where also died Oliver's gallant Spanish Traveler, and the chivalry and glory of France. There is Frontino, the steed of the young Moorish prince Roger, whom I mentioned in my story of Griffen the other day. There are the steeds of King Arthur and his knights, and especially Passe Brewel, the charger which bore Sir Tristram upon many a daring quest, as well as in the famous last tournament, where he unhorsed Sir Launcelot of the Lake and won the prize of the ruby necklace. There is Sir Guyon's

steed Brigliadore, immortalized by the poet Spenser, who says that he carried his master

> "Through wastefull wayes,
> Where daungers dwelt, and perils most did wonne.
> To hunt for glory and renowned prayse,
> Full many countreyes they did overroune,
> From the uprising to the setting sunne,
> And many hard adventures did atchieve;
> Of all the which they honour ever wonne,
> Seeking the weake oppressed to relieve,
> And to recover right for such as wrong did grieve.

"There is Zamor, the steed of Brian de Bois-Guilbert, whose master won him in single fight from the Soldan of Trebizond — a horse who never failed his rider, but whose rider failed him in an unequal combat with Ivanhoe, the champion of Rebecca. And then I have in mind two Swallows — unlike in everything but name and mettle and swiftness. One was the famous mare Swallow, which Hereward the Saxon won most cunningly from the giant Dirk Hammerhand, of Walcheren; but if you would know his story you must read it in Charles Kingsley's charming romance, where it properly belongs. The other is Arundel the Swallow, steed of Sir Bevis of Southampton, celebrated in the awkward old metrical romances of the days of the Plantagenet kings. I have been at some pains to abridge and rewrite his wonderful but tedious history; and if you care to hear it, I shall be glad to read it for your amusement."

Nobody making any reply, Hippion unfolded a thin manuscript and began to read.

ARUNDEL THE SWALLOW

"What a horse should have he did not lack."
—*Venus and Adonis.*

BEVIS of Southampton was the English Hercules.

When he was seven years old he was sold as a slave to a certain pagan king called Ermyn. I do not know whether King Ermyn's dominions were in Asia, or in Africa, or in some remote corner of Europe — nor does it matter in the least; but I do know, what is of far more importance to the story, that he was kind to the sturdy English lad, and treated him not at all as a slave, but as member of his own family. And Bevis, when he grew up to manhood — which he did as quickly as possible — was remarkable for his size, his strength, and his good looks. He was hot-tempered, too, and the greatest fighter in that great fighting age. There was no beast too fierce for him to attack, no feat of arms too difficult for him to perform, and no giant too large for him to overcome. You cannot wonder therefore that he won the love of Ermyn's daughter, fair Josyan, nor that the king knighted him and promised to make him his heir. On the day that he was knighted, Sir Bevis received three priceless gifts from Josyan: a suit of armor, the best that was ever wrought; the good sword Morglay; and the steed Arundel, or the Swallow, of whom the old rhymsters wrote:

There was no horse in the world so strong
That it could follow him a furlong.

It would indeed be a tiresome task to follow Sir Bevis and his horse through the half of their adventures.

"ARUNDEL WAS UPON HIM IN A MOMENT."

Arundel was as fleet as lightning and as brave as his master, and the two together were a fair match for any common army. And, if you will believe it, their enemies were generally very obliging to them, standing quietly — paralyzed by fear, perhaps — and allowing brave Bevis to beat out their brains with his cudgel or the butt-end of his lance. Nobody escaped; for, if any one attempted to run away, Arundel was upon him in a moment, and Sir Bevis's lance did the rest. At one time, however, the hero was treacherously betrayed into the hands of his enemy, the Saracen king of Damascus. As he had left Arundel at home, he was unable to escape; and being unarmed, it was useless to resist. He was overpowered, and thrown into a deep dungeon, where

> His only meat for seven year
> Was rats and mice and such small deer.

Of course, the horse Arundel remained faithful to him during all that time. No man dared, at the peril of his life, to come near him; but he was fed, night and morning, by the fair Josyan herself, who had been told that Sir Bevis had returned to his native England.

But the strongest prison cannot hold a great hero always; and, as you might know without my telling you, Sir Bevis escaped by and by. The king of Damascus and his whole army set out in pursuit of him. On foot, and unarmed, and weakened by his seven years' captivity, there seemed to be but small chance for the fugitive. A pagan knight named Sir Graundere, riding upon his fleet charger Trenchefys, soon overtook him. But Sir Bevis quickly tumbled him out of the saddle, and, mounting his horse, galloped

swiftly away and was for the moment safely out of the clutches of his enemies. He had made a mistake in the road, however, and instead of getting into the mountains, as he had hoped, he found himself unexpectedly on the shore of the sea. What could he do now? The Damascene army was close behind him, and all means of retreat were cut off. If he had only had Arundel with him then! In his desperation he drove his heels sharply against Trenchefys's sides, and the animal leaped into the water. What a splendid swimmer he was, and how boldly he buffeted the waves! The sea steeds of old Poseidon were never more at home in the salty deep than he. He swam straight across the sea, and landed right under the battlements of a strong castle. Sir Bevis was so proud of him that he had almost forgotten Arundel. Knocking at the gate of the castle, the knight humbly begged for a crust of bread for himself and a wisp of straw for his horse. But the surly old giant who kept the castle began to abuse him, and declared that he had stolen the good horse who had borne him across the sea. Of course this was too much for Sir Bevis, and he set upon the giant to punish him for calling him a thief. A fierce fight ensued, in which the giant wielded his sword so awkwardly that he missed our hero and struck off the head of the horse Trenchefys. It was but the work of a moment for Sir Bevis to overpower him and take possession of the castle.

When Sir Bevis finally reached his home, which he did after innumerable adventures, Arundel greeted him with a merry whinny. But nobody else knew him — not even Josyan. His enemies, the Saracens, sent a

giant named Ascapard to fight with him — a terrible fellow, full thirty feet high, and as strong as he was big. But Sir Bevis gave him such a drubbing that he was glad not only to surrender but to swear fealty to him; and the giant was so grateful to the knight for the blows which he received, that he was ever afterward his most faithful servant and friend.

But I need not weary you by telling how Sir Bevis returned at last to his native Southampton, with Arundel and Josyan and the giant Ascapard; nor how he regained the lands which had been his father's; nor how he rode to London to do homage to King Edgar, and to receive from him the title and dignity of earl-marshal; nor of the feasts and rejoicings that followed — in all of which Arundel did his part most nobly. At Whitsuntide the king proclaimed a grand horse race, and all London turned out to see with what speed Earl Bevis's charger could run. The course was seven miles in length, and was lined on both sides by thousands of eager spectators. There were only three entries, Arundel and two others, the fleetest horses ever seen in England, and all were to run at the same time.

When the time came for the race to begin, the king threw down his staff, the heralds cried, *Laissez aller!* and Sir Bevis's competitors lashed their steeds and were off. But Sir Bevis himself had not yet mounted, and the others were fully two miles away before Arundel had gotten a start. It seemed as if he would never overtake them, and yet so swiftly did he skim over the ground, that, much to everybody's surprise, he passed them ere they had reached the fifth mile-

stone, and was at the goal several minutes before they hove in sight. It was a grand race, and a grand victory for Arundel, and all London was wild with praising him. Everybody who had any money to offer, wanted to buy him, but his master would not part with him for any price.

That night King Edgar's son, disguised as a farmer, made his way stealthily to Sir Bevis's stables, resolved that, since he could not buy the horse, he would take him without leave. But Arundel was not going to change masters. While the prince was stumbling about in the dark, vainly trying to slip a bridle over his head, the horse gave him so tremendous a stroke with his hoofs that he fell senseless to the ground; and there the grooms found him in the morning, dead under the horse's feet. The king was greatly enraged when he learned of the death of his son; and Arundel, according to the custom of the times, was arrested for murder. It was a notable trial which followed, for Sir Bevis had employed the best lawyers in England to defend his charger; but the case was plainly against the steed from the start, and a verdict of "Guilty" was rendered without delay. The king was about to sentence Arundel to be hanged as a common criminal on Tyburn Hill, when Sir Bevis, kneeling before him, prayed him to pardon the poor beast.

"Send me and my family into exile," he cried, "but spare the faithful horse's life!"

"It is enough," said the king. "I grant your prayer. You shall have the horse, but you must leave England at once and forever."

Sir Bevis bowed in token of submission, and, mount-

ing Arundel, rode joyfully away. Ten days thereafter he and his family were on their way back to the pagan land of King Ermyn.

But he did not remain in exile forever. Twenty years later he returned to England at the head of a gallant company of knights in order to petition the king to restore his lands to his family, and to confer the earldom of Southampton upon his son. With only twelve followers he rode into Westminster, where the king was then sojourning, and on bended knees made known his wishes. Edgar, who was, after all, a good-natured monarch, listened to him kindly, and would have granted his prayer then and there if it had not been for his courtiers. They whispered to the king that this was the man who trained his horses to the habit of kicking young princes to death, and that since he was still under the ban of outlawry he was more deserving of death than of any favors. King Edgar, who was anxious in his old age to please everybody, gave orders that Sir Bevis and his company should be lodged in London that night at the public expense, and that he should come again on the morrow to hear the answer to his prayer.

The knight and his company had scarcely settled themselves in their inn, however, when they heard that the city gates had been closed, and that the king had offered a great reward to anyone who should seize Sir Bevis and bring him, alive or dead, into his presence. Need I describe what followed? Sir Bevis's twelve followers were slain outright in the narrow street called Gooselane. But who could harm our hero when mounted on Arundel? The streets were thronged

with his enemies, but the fierce steed made such havoc among them with his teeth and heels that none dared come within forty feet of him. It was a terrible fight; and had not Bevis's son, Sir Guy, heard of his father's peril and come to his rescue with ten thousand men, there is no knowing how it might have ended. The truthful old rhymer who tells this story says that sixty thousand men were slain in London streets:

> So many men at once were never seen dead;
> For the water of Thames for blood wax red
> From St. Mary Bowe to London stone,
> That ilke time was housing none.

But, with the aid of his son and gallant Arundel, Sir Bevis won so glorious a victory that the king was glad to make peace with him on his own terms.

The greatest of heroes, however, cannot live always. Not long after that, master and horse both died suddenly, and at almost the same moment. The grateful subjects of Sir Bevis buried them under the high altar of a church which they built in honor of their memory; and the people of Southampton placed before the principal gate of their city a gigantic statue of the old hero, and also one of his noble steed Arundel, both of which, for all I know, are standing there to this day. And the ancient rhymster piously brings his story to a close:

> God on his soul have now pity
> And on Arundel his good steed,
> If men for horse should sing or read!

"I LIKE the horse a good deal better than his master," remarked Philip.

"Sir Bevis was certainly an ugly old fellow," said the Schoolmaster; "and his only redeeming trait seems to have been his devotion to his horse."

"I never hear the name of Sir Bevis," said the Poet, "but that I am reminded of Lord Marmion's red-roan charger, who was also called Bevis."

"I don't remember about him," said the Reporter.

"You don't! Why, sir, there is not a schoolboy in England or America who has not read how

> The steed along the drawbridge flies,
> Just as it trembled on the rise;
> Nor lighter does the swallow skim
> Along the smooth lake's level brim."

"Yes, I declaimed that when I was at school," said Philip.

"But to my mind," continued the Poet, "the most interesting episode in the story of the horse Bevis occurred when he carried his master out at midnight to tilt with the Elfin Rider, who offered to tell the fortunes of those whom he could not unhorse.

> "Blue was the charger's broidered rein;
> Blue ribbons decked his arching mane;
> The knightly housing's ample fold
> Was velvet blue and trapped with gold.

I fancy that I see him now, cantering across the moor, with Marmion, thoughtful and anxious, mounted astride of him. They climb the round-topped hill where the savage Picts a thousand years before had built a fortified camp and surrounded it with a mud wall and a deep trench. A circular ridge of earth a

few inches in height, and a shallow, grass-grown ditch, still mark the boundaries of the enclosure. Not many men would dare to ride thither at such a time; for at midnight, when the moon is at the full, the old Pictish warriors come out with their rude weapons to man and guard the walls as in the days of yore; and elfin knights hold high tournament within the enchanted circle. The good horse Bevis stops short when he reaches the brow of the hill, and Marmion sits quietly in his saddle and looks about him. All around and beneath him lies the brown moor, silent and deserted in the pale moonlight; there is no sign of life anywhere — no ghostly warriors keep watch around the old walls, no elfin knights are in sight. He has come to learn, if possible, what weal or woe the future has in store for him. He remembers the words of the wizard, Lord Gifford:

"'A southern entrance shalt thou find;
There halt, and thy bugle wind,
And trust thy elfin foe to see,
In guise of thy worst enemy.

"'Couch then thy lance, and spur thy steed —
Upon him! and Saint George to speed!
If he go down, thou soon shalt know
What e'er these airy sprites can show; —
If thy heart fail thee in the strife,
I am no warrant for thy life.'

He has found the southern entrance — his steed stands almost within it. He will challenge the Elfin Knight, as did old King Alexander, and William Wallace, and other heroes in former days. He has little faith in

such things, but then — He puts the bugle to his lips and blows a shrill call of defiance. Red-roan Bevis rears high in the air; he plunges this way and that; he snorts loudly; he will not enter the charmed enclosure if he can help it. Is it possible that he sees — what is

"IN OTHER PACE THAN FORTH HE YODE,
RETURNED LORD MARMION."

invisible to his master — the painted Pictish sentinels, the phantom elves, and their phantom steeds!

"Nobody knows, and nobody has ever told, what it was that Marmion saw on that fateful night, nor whether

he did really run a tilt with the Elfin Rider. Two hours later, those who were awake in the village heard the sound of clattering hoofs adown the road — and then,

> "In other pace than forth he yode,
>   Returned Lord Marmion.
> To the squire's hand the rein he threw,
> And spoke no word as he withdrew:
> But yet the moonlight did betray
> The falcon-crest was soiled with clay;
> And plainly might Fitz-Eustace see
> By stains upon the charger's knee
> And his left side, that on the moor
> He had not kept his footing sure.

"I have heard it hinted that it was a band of Scottish patriots who ran a tilt with Lord Marmion that night, and gave red-roan Bevis that fall upon the moor; and if you will read the whole delightful story, as it is related by Sir Walter Scott, you will be able to form your own opinion about it. The English champion certainly did not have any happy fortune predicted for him; for he fell, not long afterward, on Flodden's fatal field, and we catch one final glimpse of poor Bevis,

> "When, fast as shaft can fly,
> Blood-shot his eyes, his nostrils spread,
> The loose rein dangling from his head,
> Housing and saddle bloody red,

he rushes frantically about, carrying the news of his master's fate to friend and foe alike."

Everybody was silent for a few minutes, and then Philip, anxious to continue the conversation, remarked:

"I have somewhere read that Arabia is the original home of the horse. Is it true?"

"That statement is often made," answered the Schoolmaster; "and perhaps it is just as true as the story which we heard the other day about the Acropolis at Athens being the birthplace of the first horse. It must be acknowledged, however, that in no other country in the world are these animals so highly esteemed or so carefully reared as in Arabia; and many of our noblest horses, as you know, have been Arabians. But, as a general thing, the Arab steed has been somewhat overrated."

"In Arabia," said the Reporter, "the horse is not degraded as in other countries by being made a beast of burden. He is the property usually of a chief or some other man of importance, and he is trained for war and display. It is in his own country, therefore, that he shows to the best advantage, and it is there, also, that he is the most highly appreciated. Yet the affection of the Arab for his steed is not commonly such as has been represented. Arabs always treat their horses well, for they are naturally kind to all animals. But they do not often make the horse a member of the family; nor would every Arab, if starving, share his last crust of bread with his horse."

"Did you ever hear about the Arab courser Duldul, and his foolish master, Sheik Hatim?" asked the Artist. "The story is not so much about the horse as about the man; and yet the horse is an indispensable part of it — the center, we might say, around which the action of it revolves."

DULDUL AND HIS MASTER

"Ay, that 's a colt, indeed."—*Mer. of Venice.*

Among all the Bedouin chiefs who pastured their flocks and herds in the oases of the great desert, Sheik Hatim was the richest. He was not only the richest but the most generous — so much so that his liberality finally became proverbial; and the highest compliment that could be given to any man was to say that he was as free-hearted as Hatim. No guest ever went away from his tent empty-handed, no beggar ever asked alms from him without receiving more than he expected. Hatim was never so rich nor so poor that he was unwilling to divide his possessions with any one that should in good faith ask him to do so. Never were the two great Arab virtues, generosity and bravery, practised more faithfully than by him. People with less faith than he wondered why the man who was always giving should still remain rich; and there were some who refused to believe the stories that were told of his liberality until they had put it to a practical test.

"Have you heard of this Hatim, of the tribe of Tai, whose giving puts the freest-handed of us all to shame?" asked the Sultan of Roum, speaking to his vizier.

"His name is in everybody's mouth," was the answer. "It is said that he gives to all who ask, and never questions the need of any one. He refuses no one, not even his enemies. His slaves have but to pray for their freedom and he gives it to them. Four

hundred starving men, women, and children from the drouth-scorched hills of Yemen came one day to his tents, and he forthwith killed and roasted forty camels to supply them with meat. And yet people say that his wealth waxes greater the more he gives away."

"It is all mere pretense, I fancy," said the sultan; "a way he has of advertising himself and the things which he has for sale. For many a man, hearing of him, will say, 'Here is Hatim, who gives of his substance to the poor: I will buy of him, for he defrauds no one, and will give full value for that which I pay him.' 'T is only a shrewd way he has of putting money into his purse. But I fancy that if any one should ask him for some dear possession — something that he could not possibly restore — the selfishness of his heart would be revealed, and he would refuse to part with it."

"It may be so," said the vizier; "and yet if all accounts be true he is such a man as will divide his last mouthful of bread with any one that asks for it."

"I should like to test his generosity," said the sultan. "I wonder what he has that would be the hardest for him to part with. If I knew, I would send and ask him for it."

The vizier was silent for a moment, and then said:

"My lord, it is a matter of common talk that the most precious of all his possessions is his horse Duldul — and he would not be a true Arab if this were not so. Nobody has asked him for the steed, for even his enemies have respect for that kind of affection."

"Is the horse a valuable one?"

"The finest in all Arabia — and what more can be said in his praise? He was reared with Hatim's chil-

dren, and has shared in all the joys and sorrows of his household. Never in his life has he known the touch of whip or spur, never an unkind word. He is the fleetest horse that ever galloped over the sands of the desert. No greater insult could be offered to Hatim than to ask him the price of the steed."

"'THE FINEST IN ALL ARABIA.'"

"I will not offer him a price, but I will ask him for the horse as a gift. If he refuses, which he certainly will, all the world shall know that his boasted generosity is a sham. If he gives the animal to me, which is most unlikely, it will be easy to return him. You must, therefore, ride over into the country of the Tai, and make this request of him. Put it to him softly. Say,

'My master has heard of your steed Duldul, how beauteous, swift, and strong he is, and he would like to have him for his own.' If he hesitate, and will not allow you to take the horse, then upbraid him to his face for his hypocrisy."

Accordingly the vizier, with ten chosen men, mounted horse and set out for that part of the country where the tribe of Tai had their tents. It was a long journey, beset with difficulties and many dangers, and it was not until the twentieth day that they reached a fertile valley where they were told they would be likely to find the encampment of Hatim. It was the wet season of the year, and the travelers were in a pitiable plight from the storm, and the rain, and their hard ride through a trackless region where there was neither shelter nor food. Half starved and almost dead from constant exposure, they were glad to see three small green tents pitched in the midst of the plain. A moment later, they were met by Hatim himself, astride of the magnificent Duldul, who welcomed them to his shelter, and to whatever of comfort he might be able to provide for them. The vizier had expected to find herds of cattle and flocks of goats and sheep, with many tents and herdsmen and a retinue of fighting men, and all those evidences of wealth and power which usually surround a rich pastoral chieftain; and hence he was surprised to see the meager accommodations to which they were led, and to note that Hatim had with him not more than a dozen men, all told. He could see that the tents had been but lately pitched in that place — perhaps that very day — and he rightly judged that the main part of Hatim's tribe had not

yet arrived. But he asked no questions—etiquette would not allow of that — and no explanation was given.

It was plain that Hatim had not expected guests, but his welcome was none the less hearty. His keen eye saw at a glance that the strangers were hungry and in distress, and he hastened to provide as quickly as possible for their comfort. Their wet clothing was exchanged for warm, dry robes from his own chests, and the snuggest quarter of his roomiest tent was given up to them. The supper was somewhat delayed, but when at last the guests sat down to the feast, they were astonished at both the quantity and the quality of the food. There was no fruit, and but little bread, but the meats were of many varieties,—broiled, boiled, roasted, made into soups and savory dishes—and the hungry men declared that they had never been so royally fed. And when they had eaten, they lay down upon the soft rugs which Hatim had spread upon the ground, and slept the soundest sleep they had known for many a night.

In the morning the vizier, who by this time was rather ashamed of his errand, made known the wishes of the sultan.

"O Hatim!" said he, "the fame of thy generosity has gone forth into all the world, and men do nothing but speak of thy free-handedness and of the nobility of thy heart, which allows thee to refuse nothing to him that asks of thee. My master, the Sultan of Roum, has heard of thy peerless steed Duldul, how beautiful and swift and brave he is, and he has sent me to ask him of thee."

Hatim sat for a moment as if stunned by a blow, and his face became deathly white. Then, recovering himself, he said:

"Ah, friend, if you had but made known your errand when you first entered my tent! You cannot but know that I was not prepared for guests. It was only two days ago that we came to this spot, expecting to be followed by the flocks and the household. But the storm came on, and the rain fell, and torrents rushed between them and us, and they were obliged to tarry at our former pasturing-ground. And when you came, wet and hungry, what was I to do? No meat in my tents — no goat, nor sheep, nor ox within a day's journey. Should I fail to provide you food? Then indeed men might have said, 'This Hatim makes pretense of open-handedness, but he sends the hungry away from his tent unfed.' I could not bear the thought of doing so. And hence that horse — the matchless steed, who knew my every wish, obeyed my every word — what did I do? Go tell the Sultan of Roum that in my extremity I cooked him for your suppers."

ALL the company were silent for some time. Then, as they were about to separate until the afternoon performance, the Poet paused in the doorway and repeated Barry Cornwall's pretty verses on an Arab blood horse:

> Gamarra is a noble steed,
> Strong, black, and of the desert breed,
> Full of fire and full of bone,
> All his line of fathers known;
> Fine his nose, his nostrils thin,

But blown abroad by the pride within!
His mane, a stormy river flowing,
And his eyes like embers glowing
In the darkness of the night,
And his pace as swift as light.

Look,—around his straining throat
Grace and shifting beauty float;
Sinewy strength is on his reins,
And the red blood gallops through his veins:
Richer, redder, never ran
Through the boasting heart of man.
He can trace his lineage higher
Than the Bourbon dare aspire—
Douglas, Guzman, or the Guelph,
Or O'Brien's blood itself!

He, who hath no peer, was born
Here, upon a red March morn.
But his famous fathers dead
Were Arabs all, and Arab bred,
And the last of that great line
Trod like one of race divine!

And yet, he was but friend to one
Who fed him at the set of sun
By some lone fountain fringed with green;
With him—a roving Bedouin—
He lived (none else would he obey
Through all the hot Arabian day)
And died untamed, upon the sands
Where Balkh amidst the desert stands!

FIFTH DAY—AFTERNOON

A SORRY LOT

FORLORN-LOOKING steeds, but famous fellows, every one of them, were those that were brought out for exhibition in the afternoon. To Philip, after having seen the splendid creatures that had carried heroes into battle, or drawn the chariots of the gods through the upper air, the contrast was at first unpleasant, and even painful. He was about to ask why such miserable animals were admitted into a company so august and noble, when the Schoolmaster whispered to him that they were no less beloved by poets and story-tellers than were their handsomer and better-fed competitors in the great Horse Fair.

"Only see that homely old fellow who leads in the procession!" he said. "He is one of the most famous steeds that the world has ever known. Everybody has heard about him, and the story of his grotesque adventures is told in a dozen languages. If he could speak he would say in the words of his historian:

I 'm Rozinante the renow- ned
Scion of Babieca grea- t.
Though lean and poor was my esta- te,
I long was in Don Quixote's pow- er;
I ran my heats, 't is true, but slow- ly,
But ne'er by hoof of any stee- d
Was I deprived of barley fee- d."

And then, as Philip seemed to be interested, the old gentleman gave a brief account of the animal.

ROZINANTE

"Hipped with an old mothy saddle and stirrups of no kindred."
—*Tam. of the Shrew.*

He was never very handsome.

Ill-shaped, long-haired, short-maned, big-hoofed, knock-kneed, sway-backed, broad-eared, watery-eyed, slow-paced, awkward—he would hardly have found a buyer at any price, if put up at auction. But in the eyes of his master, Don Quixote, he was the handsomest and the wisest steed that had ever lived.

"Talk as you will about Alexander's Bucephalus, or about the Cid's Babieca," said he, "they were but poor jades compared with my gallant charger. Only see, if you will, what a soft coat he has, what a splendid head, what a Roman nose, and what sound teeth, always ready for action. And then he is the gentlest, knowingest beast that ever bore brave knight into the tournament or the battlefield."

He had been only a common farm horse, used for carrying burdens and drawing the plow, and as such he had never had any name of his own. He was called the nag, or the colt, or simply the horse—for there was no other creature of his kind about the place, and hence there was no need of a more distinctive title. But when his master made up his mind to turn knight-errant and roam through the world in quest of adventures, it became necessary to find some name for him that would be worthy of a steed with so noble a destiny. Don Quixote spent four whole days in thinking about it. He wanted to give him a high-sounding name—one that would fill your mouth when you spoke

it, and impress you with some idea of the greatness of his master. It should also be an expressive name—one that had some meaning to it and would give some hint of the horse's former condition, as well as his present station. It was hard to find such a name. Don Quixote made a list of all the names that he had ever heard about, from Pegasus to Bayard, and from Hector's Galathe to Count Raymond's Aquiline, but none of them was suitable to his own horse. At last, however, a bright thought came into his mind.

"Was he not a common horse before, and is he not now before all common horses? Then what better name can be given him than Rozinante, which means common-horse-before? There is nothing in the world so simple or so easily understood."

And so the troublesome matter was settled, and the steed was called Rozinante. Then his master, having donned some rusty old pieces of armor which had not been worn for a hundred years or more, mounted him and rode out in search of knightly adventures. It was no doubt a funny sight to all who saw them—the lean and sorry horse, ill-fed and ill-kept, and his strangely accoutered rider, wandering through the country to protect the innocent, to punish evil-doers, and to perform brave deeds generally. But to Don Quixote it was the most serious thing possible. "When the history of my famous achievements is given to the world," he said to himself, "the learned author will doubtless begin it in this manner:

"'Scarce had the ruddy-colored Phœbus begun to spread the golden tresses of his hair over the vast surface of the earthly globe, and scarce had those feath-

ered poets of the grove, the pretty painted birds, tuned their little pipes to sing their early welcomes to the beauteous Aurora, when the renowned knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, disdaining soft repose, forsook the sleep-inviting couch, and mounting his famous steed Rozinante, entered the ancient and celebrated plains of Montiel!'"

And then, as he proceeded on his way, he cried out, "O happy age! O fortunate times! decreed to usher into the world my famous achievements! And thou, venerable sage, wise enchanter, whatever be thy name; thou whom fate has ordained to be the compiler of my history, forget not, I beseech thee, my trusty Rozinante, the eternal companion of all my adventures!"

Thus, confident of the greatness of his mission, he rode bravely out into the world, with lance in hand, ready to combat and overthrow evil wherever he found it. He made some ludicrous mistakes now and then; in fact, his whole undertaking was a ludicrous mistake, for the days of knight-errantry had ended long before his time. But he was as earnest about it all as ever was the bravest hero of old; and of course Rozinante could do nothing but serve him faithfully so far as his strength would allow.

Riding one day with his squire Sancho Panza at his side, the would-be knight saw a number of windmills in the fields before them. To his crazed fancy each one of these mills seemed to be a giant stretching his long white arms toward the sky.

"Ah! how lucky!" he cried. "Now we shall have a combat worthy of our steel, and we 'll put an end to the whole cursed race of giants."

"I see no giants," said the squire.

"Then you must be blind!" cried his master. "Look at their white arms reaching out toward us and daring us to the combat!"

"Pardon me, sir," said the squire; "but those are windmills."

But Don Quixote had already struck his heels against Rozinante's sides and was speeding down the hill with couched lance to do battle with his long-armed enemies.

"Stand, cowards!" he cried, as he came within speaking distance of the first windmill. "Stand your ground, and fly not basely from a single knight, who comes to meet you all in deadly combat!"

At that moment the wind arose, and the mill sails began to go around quite rapidly, as if daring the mad knight to attack them. Don Quixote became all the braver at this sign of defiance. He covered himself with his shield, and with his lance in position, urged poor Rozinante to his utmost speed. The windmill stood its ground, however, and received the charge with more composure than the knight had reckoned. The lance, sticking fast in the sail, was wrenched out of his hands and broken into shivers; and rider and horse were struck with such force that they were both sent rolling into the sand a good way off. When Don Quixote found his breath again, and was able to rise, he saw the faithful Rozinante standing quietly by him, somewhat the worse for the stroke which had been given him, but ready for any further adventure that his master might wish to undertake.

"I do believe," said the good knight, rubbing his eyes and looking around him, "I do believe that some

wizard has transformed all these giants into windmills so as to take away from me the honor of victory."

Then, mounting Rozinante, he rode thoughtfully away.

I have told you this incident merely as a sample of the scores of odd adventures into which Rozinante was led, or rather driven, by his master. But to relate his history would be to repeat the story of the immortal Don Quixote, which, as you know, would lead us a very long jaunt, and is better told in the words of Cervantes, that fine old novelist who first wrote it. And so I will close by repeating a part of a dialogue which is said to have taken place between Rozinante and Babieca, the famous steed of the Cid, Ruy Diaz:

B. How haps it, Rozinante, thou art so lean?
R. Because I work so hard and never eat.
B. This lack of corn, and straw, what doth it mean?
R. That from my lord a bite I cannot get.
B. Complain against the squire. *R.* What profits it?
Or how shall I my doleful lays repeat?
For both the master and his adjutant
Are just as beggarly as Rozinante.

"Of the next nag in this sorry lot we know scarcely anything at all," said the Poet, seeing that the Schoolmaster had finished his recital; "and yet he will be remembered and talked about as long as there is such a thing as English poetry. Geoffrey Chaucer has given us his history. On a certain day in April, a long time before railways or even coaches were thought of, some thirty persons were journeying on horseback from London to the shrine of Thomas à Becket in Canter-

bury. Among them was a certain poor scholar from Oxford, who spent all the money that he could earn or borrow for books and learning. Of course, therefore, his best coat was thin and threadbare, his face was pale, and

"As leanë was his horse as any rake.

Picture him, if you please, astride of this half-famished beast, riding thoughtfully along the Canterbury highway, and discoursing, in sentences 'short and quick,' with his fellow pilgrims. The lean horse is as eloquent, in his way, as his lean master, for without him Chaucer's portrait of the poor student would be incomplete."

"But the most pitiable of all the lean horses," said the Reporter, "is the sorrel hack which immortalized his master, a certain famous wit of Ferrara named Gonnella. Riding into the courtyard of the Marquis Borso, one morning, the funny man said:

"'My dear Marquis, why do I resemble yourself when you are in an overbearing ill-humor about something, and are abusing your neighbors accordingly?'

"'I suppose you mean to say it is because you are a fool,' answered the Marquis.

"'Oh, no, indeed,' said the wit, 'I would surely be a fool to insinuate such a thing. The reason is a much plainer one: it is because I am mounted on my high horse. Do you see?'

"'I do not see that your horse is very high, for the stirrups almost drag upon the ground. You ought to be ashamed to ride a beast that is nothing but skin and bones — or, as the poet has it, *qui tantum pellis et ossa est.*'

"'My learned friend,' responded Gonnella, 'I want to prove to you that, poor as he is, he is the highest horse in Ferrara. I will wager him against a good dinner to-day, that he will take a higher leap than any of the horses in your stable.'

"'It is done!' cried the Marquis. 'I take the wager.'

"And what do you suppose the clown did? He led the horse up two flights of stairs and out upon a high balcony that overlooked the street. 'Now, say that he is n't a high horse!' he cried, as he forced the poor creature to jump over. Of course he won his wager, and sat down to dinner at the Marquis's right hand. And the memory of his horse was preserved long afterward in the familiar expression, 'As lean as Gonnella's nag!'"

"Nous avons changé tout cela," said the Artist, "and we now say, 'As poor as Job's turkey.'"

"Here comes Petruchio's horse," cried the Reporter; "the animal which Shakespeare has so minutely described as having all the diseases to which horse-flesh is heir — 'possessed with the glanders and like to mose in the chine, infected with the fashions, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, stark spoiled with the staggers, swayed in the back and shoulder-shotten, near legged before, and with a half-checked bit and a head-stall of sheep's leather which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots.' He is an excellent match for gallant Rozinante."

"Both of them," said the Poet, "would have carried off the honors had they been at Agincourt on St. Crispin's day in 1415, when King Harry's cavalry was the laughing-stock of the French officers

"The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
With torch-staves in their hand: and their poor jades
Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips,
The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes,
And in their pale dull mouths the gimmal bit
Lies foul with chawed grass, still and motionless . . .
Description cannot suit itself in words,
To demonstrate the life of such a battle."

"And here," said the Schoolmaster, "is another famous fellow — a most worthy successor of Rozinante, although but an English thoroughbred. His name is Leathern Barebones — more realistic than romantic. He is the property of a bold Puritan called Sir Hudibras, who, in the days of the Long Parliament, sallied forth as a knight-errant to do battle with bear-baiters, pie-eaters, and giants of various sorts. In an old poem there is a pleasant description of him which I must repeat to you:

"The beast was sturdy, large, and tall,
With mouth of meal, and eyes of wall;
I would say eye, for h' had but one,
As most agree, though some say none.
He was well stayed, and in his gait
Preserved a grave, majestic state.
At spur or switch no more he skipt,
Or mended pace, than Spaniard whipt.
We shall not need to say what lack
Of leather was upon his back;
His strutting ribs on both sides showed
Like furrows he himself had ploughed;
For underneath the skirt of panel,
'Twixt every two there was a channel.

His draggling tail hung in the dirt,
Which on his rider he would flirt,
Still as his tender side he pricked
With armed heel, or with unarm'd kicked:
For Hudibras wore but one spur,
As wisely knowing, could he stir
To active trot on one side of 's horse,
The other would go also perforce.

Sir Hudibras, however, was not an accomplished rider, and as he was as low of stature as his steed was tall, he had a good deal of difficulty in getting mounted.

"For having but one stirrup tied
T' his saddle, on the farther side,
It was so short, h' had much ado
To reach it with his desp'rate toe;
But, after many strains and heaves,
He got up to the saddle-eaves,
From whence he vaulted into th' seat,
With so much vigor, strength, and heat.
That he had almost tumbled over
With his own weight, but did recover,
By laying hold on tail and mane,
Which oft he used instead of rein.

But I do not remember that poor Leathern Barebones ever distinguished himself in any independent feats of hardihood or bravery. He was merely the slave and tool of his master; and we need not spend further time with him."

"Another English nag that may be regarded as a fair match for Rozinante, although more genteel, is Bronzomarte, the mettlesome sorrel of Sir Launcelot Greaves,"

said the Reporter. "Indeed, Sir Launcelot was a kind of English Don Quixote — a crack-brained fellow, who rode out as another knight-errant, to detect fraud, mortify pride, discourage slander, punish ingratitude, protect innocence, and reform the world in general. There are some comical incidents connected with the history of his plucky steed, but the narrative is not of so much interest that you would —"

"Hurrah for Gunpowder!" cried the Artist, interrupting the Reporter in the middle of the sentence. "Here he comes!"

And at the same moment a wretched-looking animal, who still showed signs of the vicious spirit that had been his in his younger days, was ridden into the arena. Philip remembered having read a description of him in Irving's *Sketch Book:* "He was gaunt and shagged, with a ewe neck and a head like a hammer; his rusty mane and tail were tangled and knotted with burs; one eye had lost its pupil and was glaring and spectral; but the other had the gleam of a genuine devil in it."

"He is an American plow-horse of Dutch descent," continued the Artist. "Indeed his ancestors, for aught I know, were imported from Holland in the very ship that brought brave old Peter Stuyvesant to the shores of Manhattan. The good steed, having outlived his youthful sprightliness, had been degraded to the position of a mere horse-of-all-work about his master's farm, and was in a fair way to die and be forgotten, when the incidents of a single night rescued his name from oblivion and made him famous for all time to come.

"I fancy I see him now — the love-lorn schoolmaster, Ichabod Crane, mounted gallantly astride of him and

riding hopefully along the shadowy highway toward the home of the fair Katrina Van Tassel. What a pleasant picture it is — the steed and his rider! The schoolmaster rides with short stirrups, which bring his knees nearly up to the pommel of the saddle; his sharp elbows stick out like the knees of a grasshopper; he carries his whip perpendicularly in his hand, like a sceptre; and as his horse jogs along, the motion of his arms is not unlike the flopping of a pair of wings. A small wool hat rests on the top of his nose, for so his scanty strip of forehead may be called; and the skirts of his black coat flutter out almost to the horse's tail. Thus the gallant steed moves onward, while the mellowing light of an autumn evening casts a halo of glory upon the landscape, and adds to the happiness and hopefulness of his rider; and Ichabod dreams, as he rides, of the goodly blessings which the fair and well-to-do Katrina will bestow upon him when she finally gives him her dimpled hand to be his forever.

"I pass over the schoolmaster's adventures in the country castle of Herr Van Tassel that evening; for the horse had nothing to do with them, and you may find them most faithfully related in Diedrich Knickerbocker's 'Legend of Sleepy Hollow.'

"It is midnight, and Gunpowder, miserable and ill-humored, because suddenly awakened from a sweet dream of peace, is jogging homeward along the same road over which he so lately came. His rider is even more heavy-hearted and unhappy than himself; and the very air seems full of dismal forebodings. The night is dark; the schoolmaster can scarcely see his horse's head before him; he never felt so lonely in his

life; his mind is filled with thoughts of ghosts and goblins, and the rustle of a leaf sends the cold chills down his spine. The horse has traveled the road often before, and he knows every foot of the way; he hears the crickets chirping among the grass, and he would like to get frightened at them if he could; but age and hard work have stiffened his legs and taken somewhat of the skittishness out of his heart; and so he jogs onward, ever on the alert, and resolved, on the first provocation, to repeat some of the mad pranks of his youth.

"Hark! What is that? Galloping hoofs behind him? He pricks up his ears, and begins to prance sideways. Ah, if he could only forget his stiff knees he would show Ichabod a thing or two. But Ichabod has heard the sound, too, and his heart leaps into his throat. He remembers the wild stories he has heard of a ghostly rider — a headless horseman who patrols this road at midnight, and takes captive every lonely traveler that passes. Both Ichabod and Gunpowder listen again. It must have been a mistake, for they hear nothing but Gunpowder's own footsteps. As they pass beneath the shadow of a tree, however, the schoolmaster is aware of something huge, misshapen, black, starting up from the roadside and silently keeping abreast of his steed, although well away to the right. His hair seems to stand on end; he tries to speak, but his parched tongue cleaves to the roof of his mouth; he gives Gunpowder a terrible kick in the ribs, and the animal, shying against the fence, almost throws him out of the saddle. Then the moon, peeping feebly from among the clouds, reveals the headless horseman, and a neck-and-neck race begins — the maddest that Sleepy

Hollow has witnessed from that time to this. I need not tell of its progress — of the crossing of the bridge, of the bursting of poor Gunpowder's saddle-girths, of the phantom's hurling his own head at the terrified Ichabod — nor will I tell of its disastrous outcome; for has not the immortal Knickerbocker related it a thousandfold better than I can repeat it? 'The next morning,' he says, 'the old horse was found without his saddle, and with the bridle under his feet, soberly cropping the grass at his master's gate.' But gallant Ichabod was seen no more in Sleepy Hollow, and his fate remains a mystery unto this day."

"Whatever you may say of poor Gunpowder's beauty, he was certainly a plucky fellow, to run so gallant a race with the phantom steed of the headless rider," said Hippion.

"And he had better luck," said the Poet, "than did the tailless gray filly that trots by his side."

"Who is she?" asked Philip; "and how did she lose her tail?"

"Her name is Maggie," answered the Poet, "and the history of her misfortune is the burden of one of Robbie Burns's finest poems. She belonged to a jolly Scotchman named Tam o' Shanter — a blethering, blustering fellow who spent his evenings at the village tavern, getting so 'fou and unco happy,' that he was seldom sober enough to know when the hour came for riding home. One memorable night Tam staid with his cups and his boon comrades later than usual, and the clock was on the stroke of twelve when he mounted his good mare and set off, rather dizzily, adown the road which leads past Alloway Kirk.

"Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
Despising wind and rain and fire,—
Whyles holding fast his guid blue bonnet,
Whyles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet,
Whyles glowering round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares.

"A storm was raging: the wind blew furiously; the rain fell in torrents; the thunder rolled, and the lightning flashed. But brave Maggie, knowing the road much better than did her master, pressed steadily onward toward home. When they came within sight of the kirk, Tam was astonished to see it brightly lighted within, and to hear the merry sounds of music and dancing. He wondered what strange thing could be going on at that time of night, and he urged his filly toward one of the windows, where he might look in.

"But Maggie stood right sair astonished,
Till, by the heel and hand admonished,
She ventured forward on the light;
And, wow! Tam saw an unco sight!
Warlocks and witches in a dance.

"Tam sat in his saddle for some time, watching the merrymakers, and all would have ended happily if he had turned about quietly and ridden on. But in an unlucky moment he forgot himself, and made a thoughtless exclamation, as men in his condition are very apt to do;

"And in an instant a' was dark;
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.
So Maggie runs,— the witches follow,

Wi' monie an eldritch skreech and hollow.
Now, do thy speedie utmost, Meg,
And win the keystane o' the brig;
There at them thou thy tail may toss,—
A running stream they dare na cross!
But ere the keystane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake!

"For one of the witches, rushing furiously after Tam, overtook them just as they reached the bridge, and flew upon them in great rage.

"But little wist she Maggie's mettle,—
Ae spring brought aff her master hale,
But left behind her ain gray tail:
The carline claught her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump."

"Is n't there some kind of moral to the story?" asked the Reporter.

"Yes," answered the Poet. "It is this:

"Whene'er to drink you are inclined, ...
Think ye may buy the joys o'er dear—
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare."

"And now," said the Schoolmaster, "since we have had the Spanish horse, the English horse, the American horse, and the Scotch mare, courtesy requires that we should say a word about a certain famous Irish nag, whose existence is not a mere matter of poetry but a matter of fact. Of course, being a real horse with a true history, he cannot be brought to the Horse Fair for exhibition with creatures of the imagination, and yet his story demands to be told right here."

FIDDLEBACK AND ANOTHER

"Between two horses, which doth bear him best?"
—*Henry VI.*

AMONG the horses which one would like to own, I fancy that the steed which Oliver Goldsmith once refused to accept would be considered a treasure. The story that is connected with it is a true one, and for that reason is as worthy of being repeated as any tale of knighthood.

Poor "Goldy," as he was fondly nicknamed later in life, did not look much like a knight. Short of stature, with a homely face deeply scarred by the smallpox, awkward in his manners and movements, he would have made but a sorry figure in the lordly tournament or at a royal banquet. And yet he had within him not a little of the knightly spirit. Generous to a fault, daring even to foolhardiness, tender-hearted, impulsive — he was just the kind of man to ride through the world, seeking adventures and risking his life in defense of the helpless and innocent. Had he lived in the days of chivalry, he would doubtless have been, despite his ugliness and ungainliness, a famous knight-errant.

It is possible that when he rode down into the Irish seaport of Cork, one fine morning nearly a hundred and fifty years ago, he had some very knightly thoughts in his mind. He was mounted on a handsome steed; he was clad, if not in armor, in the gayest suit of clothes that his tailor could be persuaded to make for him; he had thirty pounds of his own earnings in his pocket; and he was bound for America, a country in which there was still plenty of room for knightly prow-

ess. His mother and his friends, whom he had left behind in the poor little village of Lissoy, knew nothing of his whereabouts. He was not at all disturbed by the fact that he had sadly disappointed all their hopes — for would they not hear of his success in the New World, and be proud of him?

Oliver had but lately completed a rather wild and irregular course of study in college, and his kinsfolk had insisted that he should become a country parson, as his poor father had been before him. Oliver felt his unfitness for such a calling, but he cared less for that than for some of the irksome restraints that it would impose. For instance, he could not bear the thought of being obliged to wear a long wig when he preferred a short one, or of being always dressed in a black coat when one of bright colors suited his fancy so much better. He had frankly told his relatives that he preferred pretty clothes to the hard lot of a poor parson; but as neither he nor they could think of any other business for which he was better fitted, he at last consented to apply for holy orders. But when the time came for him to go to the Bishop of Elphin to be ordained, he could not resist the temptation to wear a pair of beautiful scarlet breeches with long hose and the brightest of buckles. For would he not become a parson to-morrow, and be forever afterward condemned to sober black? The good bishop was horrified at such levity, and refused to ordain him. Perhaps upon examination he found that the young man was entirely ignorant of the catechism.

This failure of Oliver's had been much less of a disappointment to him than to his friends. But as he was

now twenty-three years old, and his mother was very poor, it was highly necessary that he should find something to do. And so he had found employment as a private tutor in a wealthy family near Lissoy. From his pupils' point of view, he was no doubt an accomplished and successful teacher. He was only a great boy himself, and life would have been one long holiday for everybody if he could have had his own way. But his way did not please his employer, and finally, after a quarrel for which Oliver was doubtless to blame, he was dismissed. The money which he had earned at tutoring, however, was sufficient to equip him as a knight-errant, for it enabled him to buy the horse and the splendid new suit of clothes with which, as I have already said, he rode one fine morning into the city of Cork.

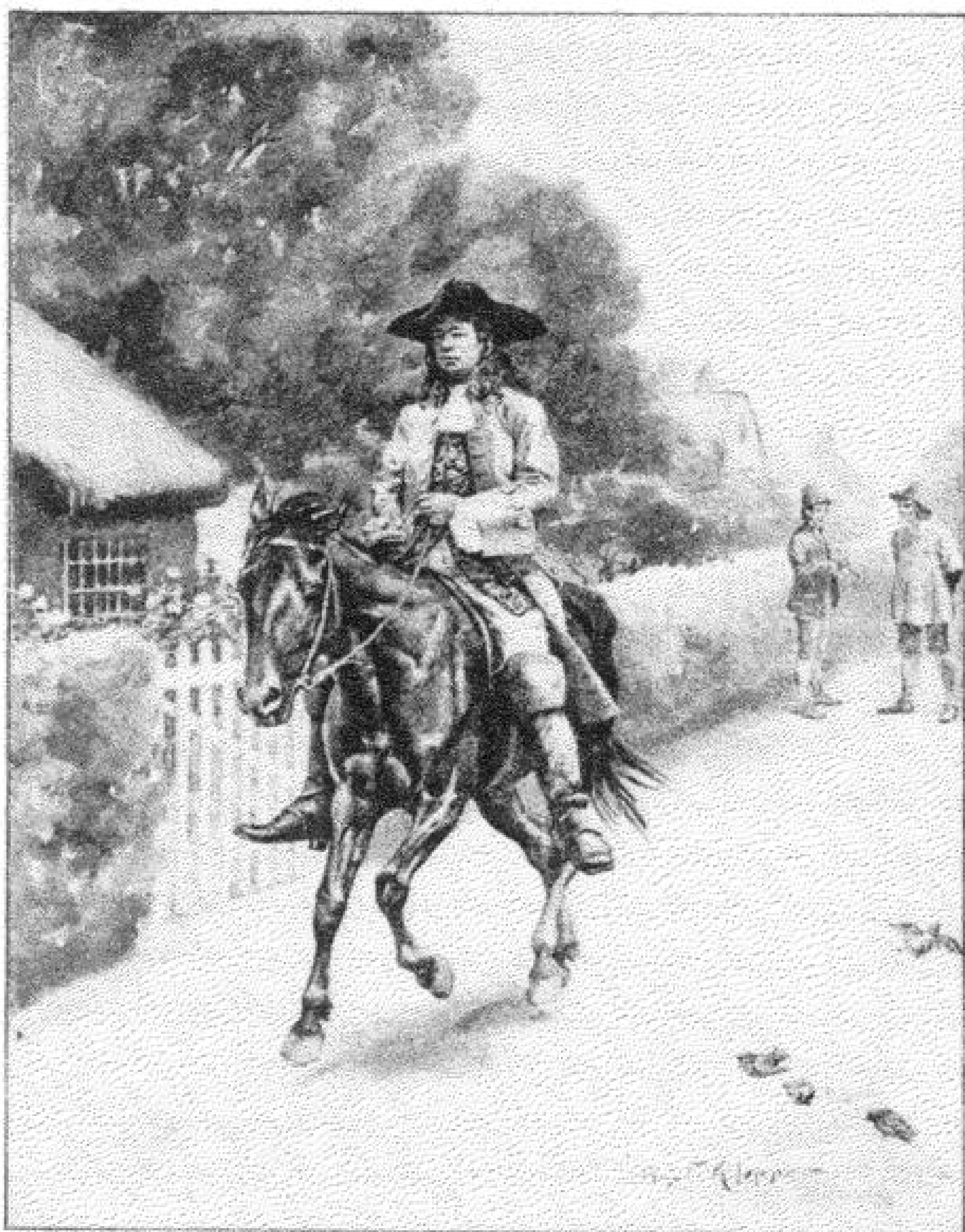
To his great satisfaction Oliver found a ship already in port, waiting for favorable winds to sail for America. He lost no time, therefore, in selling his horse, and in making a bargain with the captain for his passage to the New World. Then he sallied out to see the town. He had no difficulty in making friends; for he had money in his pocket, and he proceeded to share it with all the beggars and street loafers that he met. He was ready to relieve every case of distress that came to his notice, and many were the boon fellows whom he helped to entertain at the tavern. Several days were passed in this way, and the thirty pounds in his pocket had dwindled to but little more than thirty shillings, and still the ship, upon one pretext or another, delayed its sailing.

One fine night, however, while Oliver was in the country enjoying himself with some newly-made ac-

quaintances, a favorable wind sprang up, and the captain, entirely neglectful of his passenger, ordered the vessel to be cast loose from her moorings and the sails to be set for the voyage. And in the morning, when Oliver sauntered leisurely down to the wharf, he found that he had been left behind.

It was lucky for the world that it happened so. For had Oliver been carried to America, our literature might never have known that sweetest of stories, "The Vicar of Wakefield," nor those rare, delightful poems, "The Traveller" and "The Deserted Village" — works which will keep green the name and fame of Oliver Goldsmith as long as the English language endures.

Oliver was one of those happy beings to whom all disappointments are light, and he did not greatly mind being left behind. Finding himself at last with but two guineas in his pocket, he began to bethink him of how he was to return to his good mother at Lissoy. To make so long a journey on foot was out of the question, and so, after some bargaining, he bought a wretched little pony — ill-fed and very lean — whom he named Fiddleback, finding thereafter that he had just five shillings left. This, as he afterward told his mother, was but a scanty allowance for man and steed for a journey of above a hundred miles, but he counted on finding plenty of friends along the road. As he ambled out of Cork, mounted on poor Fiddleback, his fine suit of clothes a good deal the worse for the three weeks of careless living which they had seen, he would hardly have been recognized as the gay young fellow who had entered the city so proudly only a short time before. But he



"AS HE AMBLED OUT OF CORK, MOUNTED ON POOR FIDDLEBACK."

was none the less happy; for the sun shone as brightly as ever, and Fiddleback was really a much better nag than one might have supposed.

When but a few miles out from the city, Oliver was hailed by a poor woman at the roadside who besought him, for the love of God, to give her alms. She said that her husband had been imprisoned for debt, and that her eight children were starving, and that the landlord was even then on his way to turn them out of doors. The young man could never listen to a tale of distress without being touched with pity, and he hastily drew his money from his pocket and emptied the half of it into the woman's hand. He had hardly gone a hundred yards, however, when he began to feel sorry that he had not given her all of it; for he remembered that the home of one of his college friends was only five or six miles away, and he felt sure that when he arrived there all his wants would be supplied and his purse replenished.

But—alas for those who put their trust in human kindness!—Oliver's quondam friend gave him but a sorry welcome. Scarcely a mouthful of food did he offer him, and when Oliver told him of the straits into which he was fallen, he gave him but little sympathy.

"Let me see," said he. "You are now, as you say, nearly a hundred miles from home, and you have only half a crown in your pocket. That sorry nag which you have ridden from Cork can barely make the journey in five days, if even his bones should hold together so long. And in the mean while you must both have food and lodging, which cannot be obtained for less than double your money. Let me advise you. Sell this

Fiddleback, as you call him — I have a friend who will pay a guinea for him — then accept from me the present of a fine steed that will carry you home not only in safety but with really no expense."

Oliver asked to see the steed that was offered. His friend led him into his bedroom and pulled out from beneath the bed a stout oak walking-stick, gnarled and knotty, which looked as if it had seen hard service.

"Here is the horse for you," said he. "Take him, and he will bear you to your mother's house without costing you a penny."

It was seldom that Oliver allowed himself to become angry; but as he took the stick into his hands he was strongly tempted to try its strength on its owner's head. He forbore, however, and handed back the proffered gift, telling his friend that he would not deprive him of so fine a steed, nor remain in his house another hour.

A week later, Oliver's mother was astonished to see him ride into her yard at Lissoy, astride of Fiddleback. Both man and steed were forlorn, bedraggled, half-starved; but Oliver was happier even than he had been at the beginning of his knight-errantry.

What finally became of Fiddleback, or of that other horse, so ungenerously offered and so promptly refused, nobody knows. But of all the horses that I should like to own there is none that would please me more than the stout oak stick, the memory of which has been preserved in connection with the story of this adventure of the author of "The Vicar of Wakefield."

"AND now," said the Poet, "it is but just that we should close our horse talk for to-day with a fitting account of the famous nag which supplied the poet Cowper with the *motif* for his 'Diverting History of John Gilpin.' The fault with Cowper's narrative, if fault it has, is that it is written from the standpoint of Gilpin, whom he makes its hero, and it therefore fails to do justice to the horse. Without attempting to revise, or even to imitate, those famous verses, which every child knows by heart, I have written an account of the affair as I fancy the nag himself saw it, and as he would probably have related it had anybody asked him about it."

"I could never understand why John Gilpin's horse ran away with him," said Philip. "The animal was certainly a very silly fellow to spoil a holiday and frighten his rider almost to death for no reason whatever."

"But if he had been allowed to tell his own story," said the Poet, "he would have shown the best of reasons for behaving as he did. The fact is that Gilpin was a stingy, tricky fellow, who had not had a holiday for twenty years, simply because he was unwilling to go to the expense of shutting up shop and going into the country. At last, he decided that, if he could get the use of a horse for nothing, he would ride out to Edmonton, and enjoy a day with his family. He accordingly played a cunning trick upon the calender, to induce him to offer him the nag; and the nag simply served him right. But listen to the story."

THE CALENDER'S NAG

WITH APOLOGIES TO MR. WILLIAM COWPER

JOHN GILPIN'S friend, the calender, a dapper horse did own — as smart a nag as e'er was seen in smoky London town. This nag, one summer evening, stood before his master's door, when John, as was his wont, did come to talk his troubles o'er.

John whispered to the calender, "'Tis now just twenty year since I unto the altar led my only dearest dear. To-morrow is our wedding-day, and she 's made up her mind that she will have a gorgeous time, though I be left behind. For, to the Bell at Edmonton, all in a chaise and pair, she has arranged that all but me shall in the morn repair."

"Friend Gilpin," said the calender, "I surely do not see why in the chaise there 'll not be room for both thy wife and thee."

Quoth Gilpin, "Being a bachelor, you cannot understand the schemes the dearest of womankind have always at command. *But don't you see*, that when she 's packed into the chaise herself and children three, her sister and her sister's child, there 'll be no room for me?"

"I see, I see," said the calender, "I see that your charming mate, while sure on honest pleasure bent, is bent to keep you straight."

"And don't you think it is a shame," said Gilpin, seeming sad, "that in these dreary twenty years no holiday I 've had? Day in, day out, week in, week out, I 've watched my linen shop, and of country air, in all that time, I 've had not one sweet drop."

"It is a shame, my friend, a crying shame and sin; and if I had it in my power, I 'd help you, John Gilpin. If I were you I 'd hire a horse, and ride behind the chaise, and when she got to Edmonton, my wife I would amaze."

John Gilpin smiled and shook his hand — "That 's just what I would do, but times are hard and trade is dull, and so, good-night to you!"

He turned about, and toward his shop right slowly he did start; he looked so sad and woe-begone, that he touched the calender's heart.

"Hold, hold, my friend!" the latter cried. "You shall have your holiday. Here is my horse, take him, of course, and there 'll be naught to pay."

"Thanks! thanks!" said Gilpin, heartily, "you 're very kind to me. I 'll ride the nag to Edmonton, and a right good time I 'll see."

The calender's nag was standing nigh — he shook his knowing head; for every word he had plainly heard, and he knew just what was said.

"Dear John," thought he, "you 're very wise, but not too wise for me. I 'll carry you to Edmonton, and a right good time *I 'll* see."

The morning came. The horse did stand before his master's door, and none did dream of the cunning scheme that he pondered o'er and o'er. The chaise was brought, six precious souls were tightly squeezed therein; the whip did crack, the wheels went round — thus did the day begin. And now unto the calender's John Gilpin quick did hie; he winked and smiled, and made believe that he was wondrous sly. Astride the horse he threw himself, and wildly seized the reins.

"Just wait," the nag said to himself. "I 'll pay you for your pains."

'Twas but three doors to Gilpin's shop, and by it he must ride: three customers are on the stoop, their pence must with him bide. He cries out "Wow!" the horse stands still — the fun is just beginnin' — he runs into his linen-shop to sell three yards of linen.

Much time was lost, but money gained, 't was all the same to John; his horse was waiting patiently, he hurried to get on. The man was in the saddle and the steed was slowly turning, when the maid rushed out with a fearful shout, as though the house were burning. Just what she said, the horse ne'er knew — he understood no Celt — but from the house she soon did bring two stone jugs and a belt. Then Gilpin, simple soul, did pass the belt around his body, and to the belt he did make fast the jugs of apple-toddy.

And now he gives his steed the word, the journey is begun; his red cloak round him he has drawn to shield him from the sun. Right gently did the dapper steed traverse the stony street, but, once upon a smoother road, he quickly moved his feet, and, "Now, John Gilpin, now," said he, "we 'll have a merry race; I know you have not strength of arm to regulate my pace."

"Go fair and softly, please," said John; "I 'm sure there is no hurry. There 's lots of time, the day is fine,— why get into a flurry?"

But faster, faster, went the steed; his trot became a lope; he smiled a queer horse-smile, and said, "I 'm not too fast, I hope." He pulled the reins from Gilpin's hands. The poor man seized his mane, he threw his arms around his neck, he shouted, "Wow!" in vain.

Like fiery comet in the sky the red cloak streamed behind; John's hat and wig were blown away by the fury of the wind. Behind John's back the jugs did crack; they broke in pieces many; the apple-toddy out was spilled — John's wife would not have any.

But naught could check the flying steed, nor make him slack his pace; he ran as if a thousand pounds were wagered on the race. And when he came to Edmonton, his speed he tried to double; for Gilpin's family were there — they 'd see him in his trouble.

"Wow! wow!" John's children all did cry. "Why should you be so rash? This is the Bell, papa, and we are anxious for our hash!"

The naughty nag would not obey, but flew like lightning by, and slyly laughed unto himself when John said, "So am I!"

He answered, "Master has a barn, some ten miles out at Ware, and to it you shall go with me to breathe the country air!"

Nor did he stop until they came to the calender's country house, when at the gate he slacked his gait and stood still as a mouse.

"How now?" loud cried the calender. "Why have you come to Ware? Where is your charming family? Where is your false black hair?"

"My friend," said Gilpin, grieving sore, "I relish not your joke. My wig is on the road, I ween, hobnobbing with my cloak. I followed your advice, you see; I followed, too, the chaise, and when I came to Edmonton, my wife I did amaze; and so I thought I 'd follow you and journey on to Ware, and now I 'll back to Edmonton and eat my dinner there."

The dapper nag then turned about, with mischief in his heart: "Cling closely to me, John," said he, "or you and I must part."

And ere the astonished calender could say, "Good-by, my sweeting!" he had leaped into the highway and to London back was speeding. With Gilpin clinging to his neck, and trembling sore with fear, along the road toward Edmonton the steed did madly tear; and soon he met a city youth, who ran at him amain, and tried with city nimbleness to catch him by the rein.

"Aha, deah Cholly, no, you don't!" the dapper nag did cry; and flinging out his playful heels, still faster did he fly.

He passed the post-boy in a trice — his speed surpassed belief; he passed six sturdy gentlemen, who yelled, "Stop thief! stop thief!" And everybody in the road did raise the hue and cry; the countrymen did stop and gape as he went clattering by; old men and young men, boys and dogs, did run and shout and bark; the women shrieked, the children squalled — oh, what a merry lark! It seemed as though a thousand men, ten thousand dogs and boys, were chasing Gilpin and his horse, so fearful was the noise. Some followed them to London town, but lagged so far behind that in the narrow, crooked streets no trace of 'em could they find.

And now the dapper nag has reached John Gilpin's linen-shop; he slacks his speed most quickly, and then comes to a dead stop. And Gilpin, wiser than before, and sadder, too, by half, slips softly from the saddle and — the steed begins to laugh: "When next you ride to Edmonton behind the pony chaise, take care

that you your dearest dear do not too much amaze. When next you 'd have a holiday, and breathe the country air, be sure to stop at Edmonton, and don't go on to Ware. When from your friend, the calender, his horse again you 'd borrow, be truthful and be honest, John, and then you 'll not sip sorrow!"

"WHAT a wonderful horse!" exclaimed the Artist.

"Rather say what a wonderful Poet!" said the Reporter, in a tone of sarcasm.

But the Schoolmaster quietly arose and bade the company remember that on the morrow they were to visit the great museum to view the wonderful collection of mechanical horses and other works of art that would be on exhibition there.

"Be sure to come early," he said, "for it is to be our last day together."

Then, taking Philip's hand, he led him to his own room.

SIXTH DAY

THE MUSEUM

AT the door of the building that was devoted to the exhibition of mechanical horses, Philip and his friends were met by the Curator, a brisk little old gentleman, who kindly offered to conduct them through the museum and show them the treasures of which he was the keeper. As they passed through the narrow entrance into the main hall, Philip observed that it was overhung with old horseshoes of various shapes, most of which were well-worn from use, and covered with rust. Seeing his look of inquiry, the Curator remarked:

"You are lucky, my young friend, so long as you stand beneath those horseshoes, for no witch nor evil sprite can harm you. It is a sign of good fortune to find a cast-off horseshoe—the older the better. People used to nail them up over their doors, just as you see them here; and the sight of them gave their owners so much hope and energy that there was no room for the blue-devil of despondency to enter, and, sooner or later, good luck came in as a matter of course. Some great men have had faith in horseshoes. Lord Nelson had one nailed to the mast of his ship *Victory*, and many a successful author has one over the door of his study."

Being now within the museum, the Artist directed Philip's attention to the paintings and statuary which

adorned the walls. Here was the picture of Bucephalus, which Apelles, the famous Greek artist, painted, and which was so true to nature that real horses seeing it believed it to be alive, and greeted it with neighs and other horse-like compliments of the day. Next to it were pictures of the fabled Centaurs, and a gigantic statue of wise old Cheiron, as he is often represented, with a horse's body and a man's head and shoulders. Philip could not help but notice, as they passed this group, that the Schoolmaster turned his back toward it and would not give it so much as a single glance. A little farther on were rude representations of horses in various positions, drawn upon or cut into slabs of marble, with palm branches over their heads, and the words

The race is not to the swift

rudely carved beneath. The Curator explained that these drawings were frequently employed by the early Christians to represent the swiftness of life, and many of them are still found among the tombs in the Roman catacombs. Here, too, was a copy of Benjamin West's wonderful picture of Death riding on his pale horse and smiting the nations of the earth. Here was a painting of St. George:

> Saint George that swinged the dragon, and e'er since
> Sits on his horse back;

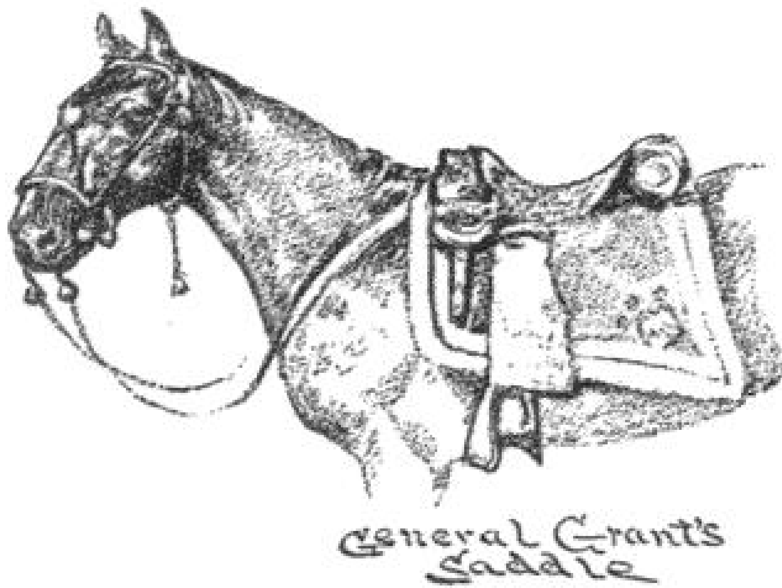
while near it was one of St. Leon, also on horseback, with cross and mitre, and with crowds of people around him awaiting his benediction. Directly opposite was a magnificent picture of a great host of armed horse-

men being overwhelmed by the waves, beneath which were inscribed the words:

> The horse and his rider he hath thrown into the sea.

Still farther on, among other works of art, were copies of the equestrian statue of Peter the Great, which stands in St. Petersburg, of David's celebrated picture of Napoleon crossing the Alps on horseback at the head of his army, and of Rosa Bonheur's unrivaled painting of the Horse Fair.

But Philip had little time to stop to admire these things. The room in which he now found himself was filled with hundreds of interesting objects, all pertain-



General Grant's Saddle

ing to the history of the horse. Here were bits and bridles, and saddles and stirrups, of every style and fashion. Here were horse clothes, horse armor, horse-netting, horse-blankets, horseshoes, horseshoe-nails, horse muzzles, horse-whips, and every kind of instrument that had ever been used for the subjugation or comfort of the equine species. But even these had few

attractions for Philip, who was anxious to see the array of mechanical horses. And here they were—clothes-horses, saw-horses, cock-horses, hobby-horses, wooden horses, brazen horses, iron horses—in the most bewildering variety and abundance.

"You would be surprised," said the Curator, "if I were to tell you that these horses are all alive. But, according to some of your modern philosophers, they are endowed with just as much life and intelligence as ever was Bayard, or Rakush, or Bucephalus, or Rarus, or any coaching steed or farm nag. The great Descartes, if I mistake not, taught that horses have no life in them, but are mere engines, moved like clock-work, and having no more sense than any other piece of mechanism. And so, if the noble war-horse who rushes into battle is nothing but a senseless machine, why has not this child's hobby-horse just as much intelligence as he? Why has not this straight stick with a horse's head at one end, upon which you may get astride and play 'Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross,'—why has not it, I say, as much life as the calender's famous horse that carried John Gilpin to Ware?"

"I don't believe it has," answered Philip.

"Now here is a wonderful steed—a steed of modern magic," continued the Curator, as they paused before a large black object in the centre of the hall; "and I venture to say that, although you may have seen him a thousand times, you cannot rid yourself of the idea that there is a kind of life about him."

And then, carried away by his enthusiasm, the Curator went on, extolling the strange-looking horse.

THE STEED OF MODERN MAGIC

"It is the best horse of Europe."—*Henry V.*

SEE him as he stands on the track, ready to begin the race! Did any war horse ever look prouder, stand firmer, brace himself more bravely for the onset? He breathes short and quick, filling his lungs with air, and expanding his flaming nostrils. He swallows his food at a gulp—black stones which become red fire in his capacious stomach. He drinks more water than a dozen camels preparing for a long desert journey. He is restive, and yet submissive to control. He trembles with impatience; and with his fifty tons' weight he shakes the earth around him. See his iron sinews, how tense, how ready for action they are! and think of the wonderful power that lies dormant within them, soon to be awakened to energetic life!

And now the master gives the word—it is only the motion of his hand. The steed whinnies with delight—he moves, he starts. No spur, nor whip, nor guiding rein for him! If he has had plenty to eat and drink, he will do exactly as he is bidden. See how steadily and yet how irresistibly he moves at the beginning of his race! He gathers momentum with every pulsation of those iron muscles; his speed increases; he neighs with delight as his master gives him the reins. On, now, thou swifter than the west wind! On, thou star-chaser,—the fleetest courser in the world cannot overtake thee!

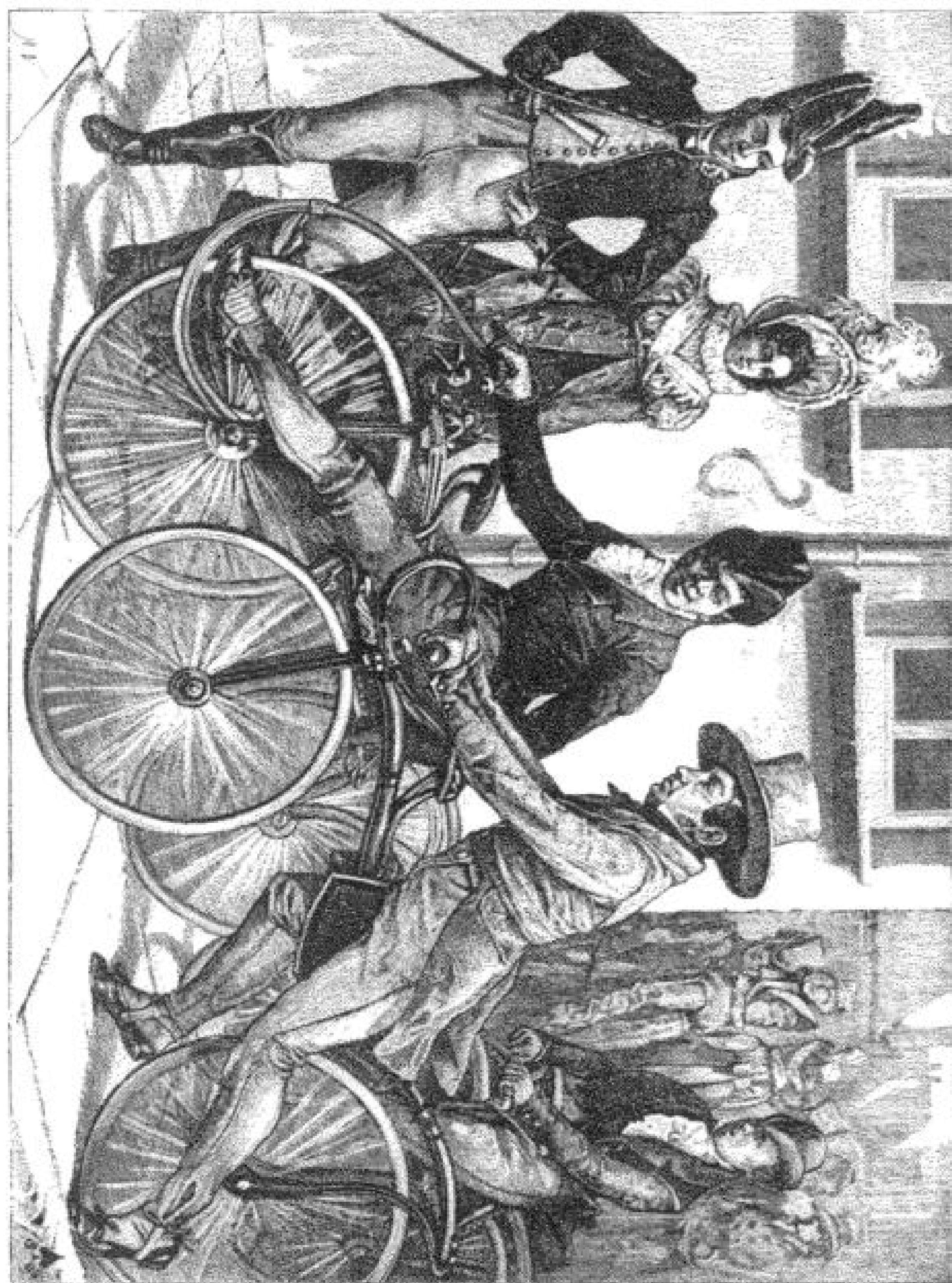
Snorting, neighing, puffing, whistling, he speeds onward over the land; he crosses rivers without slacking

his pace; he rushes through villages and towns, shrieking in his pride and never pausing; he dives beneath mountains, and his one great eye shines like a meteor in the dark caverns through which he hastens. Out into the moonlight he leaps again, with a roar and a crash and a shrill scream which wakens all the country-side and is echoed back among the hills; and now, at another motion of his master's hand, he slackens his terrible speed; he curbs his wonderful power; his rattling pace becomes a smooth, gliding movement; he creeps; he stops. He has carried his master, his groom, and five hundred riders a distance of sixty miles in as many minutes. Yet he is not tired. He pants and trembles, it is true, but only because he is impatient to be going again. The groom pats him on the back; he smooths his shining black sides; he polishes the yellow stripes which girdle his body; he looks lovingly into his eye. Everybody admires him.

How docile is the great steed! Although his strength is mightier than that of a thousand war horses, his master can control it by the movement of a single finger. How useful he is! He is your best servant; he brings the necessities of life to your door; he will carry you whithersoever you wish to go. How powerful he is! He has made one neighborhood of our whole great continent; he has pretty well done away with distances; he has helped to civilize the world. Who says that he is a mere mass of dead matter, senseless wheels and levers?

In all the world there is no horse like the Iron Horse.

WHILE the Curator was talking Philip and his friends passed out into an open court, where a number of old-



"'THOSE ARE NOT BICYCLES,' SAID THE CURATOR, 'THEY ARE DANDY-HORSES.'"

fashioned people were amusing themselves with some two-wheeled machines, leaping upon them, and coasting awkwardly over the sloping pavement.

"What queer-looking bicycles!" said Philip.

"Those are not bicycles," answered the Curator; "they are dandy-horses. They were invented about eighty years ago by a Frenchman, a certain Baron von Drais, and sometimes called after him the 'Draisine.' Your great-grandfather used to coast down the Bowery on one of these dandy-horses. He would sit on the cushioned seat midway between the heavy wheels, and then kick backward against the ground, first with one foot and then with the other, until he set the clumsy machine to going at a good rate of speed. Then he would lift his feet and coast, just as you see those old-fashioned gentlemen doing now. It was rare sport, I am told, and quite the rage for a time."

"How very funny!" said Philip. "And did they improve the dandy-horse and make a bicycle out of him?"

"Not exactly," answered the Curator. "They made some improvements, it is true, but nobody thought of putting foot-cranks to the front wheel. It was not until nearly fifty years later that a mechanic named Pierre Lallemant conceived the idea of the bicycle."

"What have we here?" interrupted the Schoolmaster, pausing before a tall, ill-made, wooden horse.

"That," replied the Curator, "is Clavileño, the Wooden-peg Horse, a steed which we keep here merely because of its amusing history."

The duties of his office seemed to have made the old man very talkative, and he did not allow his hearers to go farther until they had listened to the following story.

THE WOODEN-PEG HORSE

"Give me another horse!"—*Richard III.*

MERLIN, the British wizard, was the inventor of the first wooden-peg horse—a splendid fellow, well-formed, and with running-gear as ingenious as that of any clock. This contrivance, like all others of the kind, was managed by a wooden peg in its forehead. Pull the peg partly out, and the creature would rise in the air; turn it this way, and it would veer to the right; turn it that way, and it would wheel to the left; push it back to its place, and it would gently descend to the ground. I do not know whether Merlin ever made any use of his machine, for, if all stories about him are true, he had other ways of going from place to place which were easier and quicker than riding astride of a wooden horse. It is said that a certain Peter of Provence borrowed the machine, and with its aid stole the Princess Magalona, who afterward became his wife. But of the truth of this story there are some doubts; and it is even disputed whether there ever was such a man as Peter of Provence, or ever a princess named Magalona. Be this as it may, however, the exploits of Merlin's Wooden-peg Horse were talked about all over France and Spain; and the history of his reputed rider was read in at least two languages, to the great amusement of rich people who had no better means of entertainment.

In a certain castle in Spain there lived a Duke and Duchess who had nothing to do but to pass away the time; and this, they found, was not always an easy thing to do. They grew tired of hunting, tired of playing chess, tired of watching the servants at work, tired

of music, and even tired of reading the romance of great Peter of Provence. Had they not kept themselves very busy trying every day to find some new kind of diversion, they would probably have become tired of life. It so happened that about the time when they were beginning to be weary of everything, two strangers appeared in the neighborhood. An odd-looking pair they were, and the very sight of them afforded the Duchess more amusement than she had had for a week.

"Do let us invite them to be our guests for a time," she said to her husband. "I am sure that we can derive as much pleasure from their company as they can possibly get from the food and lodging that we shall give them in return."

And so the two travelers were kindly domiciled in the Duke's castle. One was a knight-errant, strangely clad in battered and broken armor, who was riding through the world, he said, in quest of adventures and for the purpose of defending the truth, protecting the innocent, and battling for the right. The other, no less queerly accoutred, was his squire, a faithful fellow who was ready to second his master in any enterprise. The Knight was a well-bred gentleman of the old school, as we say nowadays, but plainly a little daft; and the Duke and Duchess took great delight in listening to his chivalrous talk and in encouraging him to be a bigger fool than he would otherwise have thought of being. He boasted that there could be no undertaking so difficult that he would not venture upon it for the sake of proving his title to knighthood.

"Do you know of any case of injured innocence?" he asked. "I declare to you that it shall be avenged. I will

go to the ends of the earth to combat error. I am not afraid of legions of giants, nor do the enchantments of wizards daunt my courage. I will meet them one and all in the defense of truth against error."

One evening the Duke introduced to the valorous Knight a veiled lady who declared that she had come from the distant kingdom of Candaya, where both herself and her mistress had been bewitched by a giant wizard named Malambruno, and that she had traveled all the world over in search of a champion who should be brave enough to meet the wizard in combat and thereby free them from the spell of enchantment which was upon them.

"Ah, madam, behold in me your champion," cried the Knight. "Point out the way, and I am ready to serve you with my very life."

Then the lady told him that the kingdom of Candaya was many thousands of leagues away, and that to travel thither by any ordinary means would require months, nay years. "But Malambruno," she said, "will send you a steed that will carry you thither quickly, and with the greatest ease — the same wooden horse, in fact, which the sage Merlin lent to his friend Peter of Provence. It is indeed a wondrous steed that neither eats, nor sleeps, nor ever needs shoeing. It has no wings, and yet it ambles so easily through the air that you may carry in your hand a cup of water and never spill a drop of it. And if you are bold enough to ride this horse, and —"

"Bold enough!" interrupted the Knight. "Only bring him to me, and you shall see that I shrink from no such undertaking."

"The steed shall be ready for you in the morning," said the lady.

Early the next day, therefore, the Duke with his household and his guests assembled in the garden to await the coming of the horse. The brave Knight was clad in his armor, and impatient for the adventure; but his Squire, who was to ride behind him, would have been glad if the affair had never been undertaken. About the middle of the forenoon four woodsmen dressed in green, with wreaths and festoons of ivy about their heads and shoulders, came into the garden carrying a misshapen, long-legged wooden horse which they set down upon the ground.

"Here is the famous Clavileño," cried one of them. "Now let the man who is not afraid mount him, and away to Candaya; and let his squire, if he has one, mount behind him. By turning the peg in the horse's forehead, he can direct him whithersoever he wants to go. But both the knight and his squire must be blindfolded, lest they become giddy in their flight and tumble to the earth, as did Phaethon from his father's chariot."

The Knight did not hesitate a moment. He awkwardly climbed into the saddle, and pulling a handkerchief out of his pocket gave it to one of the ladies and asked her to hoodwink him. Then he noticed that his Squire hung back and seemed afraid.

"What! you rascal," said the Knight, "are you afraid to sit where the Princess Magalona sat? Come, blindfold thyself, and let me not hear a word of complaint or cowardice from thee."

Soon both Knight and Squire were astride of the steed and blindfolded, ready for their dangerous flight.

The Duke and Duchess and all their household stood around, bidding them good-by. The Knight leaned forward and firmly lifted the pin in the horse's head; he fancied that he was rising in the air, that he was soaring in the sky.

"Speed thee, speed thee, brave Knight! And thou valorous Squire, speed thee!" cried the people in the garden. "How high you are! How like a blazing star you shoot through the heavens! Oh, what a wondrous flier is Clavileño!"

"How does it happen," asked the Squire, clinging close to his master, "that we can hear them so plainly and yet are soaring so high above them? One would think that they were standing close beside us."

"It is all perfectly natural," answered the Knight. "For in these aërial regions one can see and hear whatever he wishes a thousand leagues away." And after a few minutes he added: "I think that we must now be somewhere in the second region of the air, where hail and snow are produced. If we keep on at this rate we shall soon reach the third region, from whence the lightning and the thunderbolts are hurled upon the earth; and if we should come too near to the sun I scarcely know how we shall escape being scorched."

A moment afterward one of the Duke's men, having placed some burning flax upon the end of a long stick, thrust it so close to them that the Squire felt the heat of the flames upon his face.

"Truly, sir," he cried, "here we are in the region of fire already. If I mistake not, the half of my beard is singed off. I have a great mind to peep out and see what kind of a country it is."

"Don't do it, for your life," answered the Knight,

quickly. "The whole issue of this enterprise depends upon a strict observance of the conditions. Be patient and brave, and we shall soon come straight down into the kingdom of Candaya; for although it seems scarcely half an hour since we began our journey, we have traveled over an immense space."

The Duke, having been greatly amused by the success of his trick, now thought it time to bring it to an end. One of his servants accordingly set fire to the tow of which Clavileño's tail was composed, and the horse, being stuffed full of fireworks, burst open with a tremendous noise. The Knight and his Squire were of course thrown to the ground, but, aside from a few slight scratches, were unhurt. Rubbing their eyes, they rose to their feet and looked around, surprised to find themselves in the very garden where they had begun their journey. Fastened to a lance that was sticking in the ground close by, was a scroll on which was written a proclamation from the enchanter Merlin, declaring that the wizard Malambruno was entirely satisfied with the attempt which the brave Knight had made on the back of the noble Clavileño, and that he had accordingly removed the spell of enchantment from the bewitched lady and her mistress.

"What wonderful fortune is ours!" cried the Knight, after reading it. "The adventure is finished already, and without the slightest damage to anybody."

And now the Duke came forward and greeted him as the bravest knight the world had ever seen; and the Duchess, her face wreathed in smiles, shook hands with both of them and asked them how they had fared on their long and perilous journey.

"Very happily, indeed, madam," answered the Squire, seeing that his master was engaged with the Duke. "I never had so wonderful a view of creation in all my life. For as we were passing through the region of fire I pushed my handkerchief above my eyes and peeped down, just to see what the earth looked like. I declare, it seemed no bigger than a grain of mustard seed; and the men whom I saw walking to and fro upon it looked about the size of hazelnuts — we were so very high above them."

But why need I tell you more of this ridiculous story? The whole thing was simply a hoax — even the ill-made, spurious Clavileño — and was designed only for the amusement of the ingenious Duke and his pleasure-loving Duchess. But not anybody was better pleased with the adventure than was the daft Knight. "I would have all the world know," said he, "that this most dangerous enterprise was accomplished by Don Quixote de la Mancha, aided and abetted by his faithful and ever truthful squire, Sancho Panza."

"Now here," said the Curator, turning to a queer-looking object which no one had hitherto noticed — "here is the sailor's hobby-horse, a pretty fellow, with a short but glorious history."

It was merely an old barrel, with four pegs for legs, and a rudely carved board for head and neck. Its mane, fore-lock, and tail were of tarred ropes' ends, and its glaring green eyes were only the bottoms of old soda-water bottles.

"It is connected," continued the Curator, "with an old sea custom, now gone almost entirely out of the

fashion. With sailors going on a long voyage, the first thirty days out was formerly known as the 'horse month.' It had something to do, I think, with their wages for that month, which it was customary for them to receive in advance. This horse month is commonly a dreary time for poor Jack. He seems to have forgotten about the wages which he has received and left behind, and he complains that he has to do a horse's work for a horse's pay, which, as you know, is only his board and lodging. But when the end of the month comes, he makes ready to celebrate the beginning of better times by disposing of the horse. It is but the work of a spare half-hour to make this hobby-horse as you see it. Then one of the sailors mounts upon his back and is dragged round the deck while his comrades sing:

"Oh, now, poor horse, your time is come,
And we say so for we know so;
Oh, many a race we know you 've won,
Poor old man!

"I have come a long, long way,
And we say so for we know so,
To be sold upon this day,
Poor old man!

"Now, old horse, your time is come,
And we say so for we know so;
Although many a race you 've run,
Oh, poor old man!

"You 're going now to say good-by,
And we say so for we know so;
Poor old horse, you 're going to die,
Oh, poor old man!

"Three times round the deck, and then both horse and rider are hauled up to the main yard-arm, amid the shouts of the delighted spectators. Sometimes a blue light is so arranged that it lights up the soda-bottle eyes and gives the poor horse a dreadful and most ghastly appearance. At a word from the master of ceremonies the rider swings himself into the rigging and sets fire to the horse's mane and tail; a moment afterwards, he cuts the ropes which support the image, and it falls blazing into the sea. Then all hands sing:

"Now he is dead and will die no more,
It makes his ribs feel very sore—
Now he is gone and will go no more,
So good-by, old horse, good-by.

"The play is over, and the sailors return to their work with a zest which they have not felt before."

"The whole thing reminds me of the Padstow hobby-horse," remarked Hippion.

"The creature is not so well made as the Padstow horse," said the Curator, pointing out a fierce-looking object on the other side of the room.

Philip, with the Schoolmaster, went over and examined it. It was a roughly carved wooden horse with a long neck and most ungainly legs, mounted upon a pair of rude sled-runners, so that it might be drawn along the ground. Its body was covered with sailcloth painted black, its eyes were fiery red, and the creature was anything but a handsome fellow.

"What is it?" asked Philip, "and of what use could it ever have been?"

"Sit here a few minutes," said the Schoolmaster, "and I will tell you."

A MAY-DAY HOBBY-HORSE

"But O,— but O,— the hobby-horse is forgot!"
—*Love's Labour 's Lost.*

HERE is a map of England.

Do you see that long peninsula which juts out towards the southwest? That is Cornwall, and its furthermost point is called Land's End. Standing there on a fair day and looking out into the ocean, you may see the Scilly islands thirty miles away — mere specks on the horizon. There are a hundred and forty of them, large and small. It is hard to believe that they were once connected with the mainland, and that the sea which you are gazing upon rolls where once was a rich and beautiful country. But according to tradition — and we have nothing but tradition for it — the sweet country of Lyonesse, the native land of King Arthur, lies buried there full forty fathoms beneath the waves. Here, if we will accept the story, were woods, and meadows, and arable lands, and busy towns, all of which were suddenly overwhelmed and swallowed up by the sea. Not many of the inhabitants had time to escape; but it is said that a white horse with his rider succeeded in breasting the rushing waters and in landing safely upon the beach. What this white horse had to do with Padstow, a village some forty miles farther up the coast, I cannot say. Perhaps its rider was a native of the place, or perhaps he settled there after the great calamity and became a leading citizen. At any rate, the escape of the white horse was celebrated by the Padstowians for many centuries, and its memory

was preserved in the curious custom called "riding the hobby-horse to water."

At sunrise on the first day of May, a rude wooden horse, covered with an old sail-cloth and oddly painted, was drawn or carried through the streets of the little town amid the rejoicings of all the people. It was followed by a procession of young men and maidens, who carried wreaths of spring flowers and sang:

> Unite and unite and let us all unite,
>   For summer it is come unto day;
> And whither we are going we all will unite
>   In the merry morning of May.

Later in the day, they sang another song beginning thus:

> Awake, St. George, our English knight,
>   For summer is a-come O, and winter is a-go,
> And every day God gives us grace
>   By day and by night O!
>
> Where is St. George, where is he O?
>   He is out in his long-boat on the sea O!
> And in every land O! the land where'er we go,
>   And for to fetch the summer home,
>   The summer and the May O,
>   For summer is a-come,
>   And winter is a-go.

Finally, when the horse had been seen by everybody, and everybody was tired of singing and shouting, they carried the ugly thing to the shore and threw it into the sea. In the course of time, the white horse that had escaped from Lyonesse was forgotten, but the May-day

custom of carrying the hobby-horse was continued until a very recent date — indeed, I am not sure but that it is still kept up. Very few people ever thought of inquiring what the hobby-horse represented. Some said that it was a charm to ward off the plague from the sheep and cattle; some that it was to appease the spirits of the sea and bring good luck to Padstow harbor; and some that it was the image of Winter, who was thus thoroughly disposed of on the first day of May. But most agreed that it meant nothing whatever, and that the ceremony of carrying it through the streets and throwing it into the sea was merely one of the innocent amusements which helped to make Padstow a place worth living in.

"AND now," said the Curator, impatiently, "I have the pleasure of showing you the original model of which all other wooden-peg horses are but awkward imitations."

He pointed to a beautiful piece of mechanism, so perfect in form and color and in the construction of all its parts that Philip could scarcely believe that it was not a real, living horse. The material of which it was made was so carefully concealed under its covering of short horse-hair and paint that the sharpest eye could not discover whether it was wood, or brass, or iron, or all these substances combined. It had no wings, but its eyes were directed upward, and one of its fore feet was lifted, as if the creature were ready at any moment to leap into the air.

"It is the enchanted horse of Firouz Schah," said the Curator, "and as I have lately been at great pains to ascertain its history, I beg that you will have the patience to listen to me while I repeat it."

THE ENCHANTED HORSE OF FIROUZ SCHAH

"Some hilding fellow that had stolen
The horse he rode on." —*Henry IV.*

ON the first day of the year, which is called Nevrouz, the King of Persia held a great feast in his palace, to which, according to the custom of the country, he invited every man in the world who had perfected any useful or curious invention. As a matter of course his halls were crowded with ingenious gentlemen from every country of Asia, each more anxious to exhibit the product of his mind and hand than to partake of the delicate viands with which his tables were loaded. Here were men with improved mouse-traps; men with new kinds of sandals; men who were on the point of discovering perpetual motion; alchemists with bottles of the precious elixir of life; authors, threadbare and penniless, who thought they had written something new; schoolmasters with machines for pouring learning into the brains of their pupils; and crowds of enchanters and charlatans, every one of whom had discovered something wherewith he would finally upset the universe. The king was greatly delighted at his success in bringing together so many inventors and so complete a collection of inventions, and he examined with the greatest care the various machines that were submitted to his inspection. The thing which attracted his attention most was an artificial horse made by an ingenious Hindoo — the like of which had never before been seen in Persia.

"Is he alive?" asked the king, struck by the wonderfully natural appearance of the machine.

"He is more alive than either you or I," answered the Hindoo; "for, while we are constantly dying, and would die outright were we not sustained by the food which we eat, he is always strong and hearty, and needs no food. And he is always ready for service. At my command he will carry me across the broadest seas or over the highest mountains, and that without any fatigue."

"That seems to be impossible," said the king.

"I am ready to prove it to you," was the answer.

"You shall do so. Do you see yonder white mountain, whose top seems to pierce the clouds, and which glistens so brightly in the sunlight? On the farther slope of that mountain there grows a palm-tree, the leaves of which are different from any others in the world. Suppose you mount your horse, and, if he can do what you claim, bring me within an hour one of those palmleaves."

"It shall be as you desire," cried the Hindoo, leaping into the saddle. The horse rose swiftly into the air, and then soared away in the direction of the distant mountain.

In less than a quarter of an hour the Hindoo stood before the king, with the palm leaf in his hand.

"Have I not proven the truth of my words concerning my horse?" he asked.

"Most certainly you have," answered the king; "and I rather think that I should like to own such a horse myself."

"It would indeed be very convenient for you," answered the Hindoo. "For whenever you wished to see what was going on in the remotest corner of your

kingdom, you would have nothing to do but mount your steed, and he would carry you withersoever you bade him."

"What is the price of the creature?"

"The price? Ah, your majesty, he is so incomparable a steed that I dare not name the price — it must necessarily be so great."

"THE HORSE ROSE SWIFTLY INTO THE AIR."

"But it is not so great that the King of Persia cannot pay it if he choose to do so. Out with it, I command you."

"Will your majesty pardon me beforehand for whatever presumption I may appear to have in naming the price?"

"I pardon you, even if you should ask the half of my kingdom. But remember that I do not promise to pay you what you may name."

"The price, then, O king, is the hand of your daughter, fair Nourmahal," said the Hindoo. "Give her to me as my wife, and you shall have this incomparable horse, which I will teach you to ride, and which will make you the most famous monarch in all Asia."

The king did not know what to say. He was angry at the very thought of having a Hindoo for his son-in-law; and yet he had set his mind on the horse, and he feared that if he refused to buy it some other Asiatic prince might become its possessor. While he was pondering over the matter and disputing with the Hindoo, his son, Firouz Schah, came in.

"I am ashamed of you, father," cried the prince, "that you should hesitate a moment as to what answer this fellow should have. Only think of his impudence in asking to become a member of our family!" With these words the hot-headed youth gave the Hindoo a blow that sent him reeling against the wall. Then, mounting the horse, the prince twisted the peg which was half concealed in its mane, and the creature carried him swiftly up into the air and was soon sailing away to the southward.

The unfortunate Hindoo was filled with alarm for the safety, no less of the horse than of the foolish Firouz Schah. He threw himself at the feet of the king and prayed that no blame should be imputed to him for any accident that might befall the prince.

"He knows nothing about the machine, not even how to bring it to the earth again," he cried. "If he should lose his life through his own rashness, I beg that I may not be held accountable."

It was some time before the king could fully realize what had happened, for he was naturally rather slow of comprehension. When, however, the enchanted horse had disappeared from sight, and he was made to understand that there was no way of overtaking it or of aiding the prince, he was beside himself with grief and rage. He commanded his attendants to seize the trembling Hindoo and to cast him into prison; and he declared that if his son, Firouz Schah, did not return within twenty days the head of the culprit should be forfeited.

I need not relate how Firouz Schah fared in that first perilous flight of his, nor need I stop to tell of his adventures in India and far-off Bengal, to which the enchanted steed carried him. On the nineteenth day, as his father the king was sitting pensive and sad in his palace, the prince suddenly appeared before him. The king was alarmed at first, thinking that it was a ghost; but when Firouz Schah spoke to him, and assured him that he was alive and well, he greeted him with the greatest show of affection, and begged him to relate the story of his adventures. The young man gave a most romantic account of what had happened to him, and concluded by saying that he had brought with him from the south the most beautiful lady in all the world, the fair princess of Bengal. She had ridden behind him on the enchanted steed and was now at the king's country-house, two leagues from the city, waiting until Firouz Schah could obtain permission to lead her home as his bride.

The king was delighted at this prospect of an alliance with the powerful sultan of Bengal, and having again

embraced his son he made proclamation that the wedding should occur at once; and preparations were begun for bringing the princess to the palace and giving her a magnificent welcome. As the Hindoo had been the unwitting means of bringing all this happiness and good fortune to Firouz Schah and his father, it was decided that he should be allowed to leave the prison, and, taking the enchanted horse, which was his own property, to depart unharmed from Persia.

"But be sure that you never set foot into our territories again," said the prince; "for I have not yet forgiven you for your impudent proposal to become my brother-in-law."

The Hindoo was glad enough to get his freedom and his horse, but he was angered beyond measure at the insults which the prince had heaped upon him, and he meditated revenge. He mounted the enchanted steed, which seemed to be none the worse for his adventure with Firouz Schah, and flew away. But he had observed the preparations that were being made for the wedding, and he had learned that the princess of Bengal was at the king's country house, waiting for the coming of the prince at the head of a royal procession to conduct her to the palace in the city. He would have his revenge. He accordingly alighted at the king's country house, where he announced himself as a messenger who had been sent by Firouz Schah to carry the princess into the city. He had no difficulty in persuading the young lady to mount behind on the steed which had already borne her safely from the distant country of Bengal. Then they rose high in the air and hovered for a while above the very road along

which the prince and his retinue were passing. Imagine, if you can, the rage and despair of Firouz Schah as, glancing upward, he saw his betrothed carried away, he knew not whither, by the revengeful Hindoo. But he was well aware that neither rage nor despair would rescue her from the villain. He therefore returned with all speed into the city, and, having disguised himself as a dervish, set off on a long and well-nigh hopeless pilgrimage in search of some trace of the lost princess.

For weeks and months the faithful Firouz Schah wandered hither and thither, but he heard not a word of the enchanted horse and his riders. He visited every city of Persia; he wandered through the deserts of Bokhara; he traveled eastward into the mountainland of Thibet—eagerly inquiring for news, but everywhere meeting with disappointment. Coming at last into the capital of Cashmir, he heard something which gave him a ray of hope.

"A princess of Bengal, is it?" said a beggar to whom he had given alms, and of whom he had asked the usual question. "No, I have never seen one — nor even an enchanted horse. But our sultan was on the point of marrying a princess of Bengal not long ago. She was wonderfully beautiful, they said. The wedding feast was all ready, and the guests were in the palace, when the princess was suddenly stricken with madness. She was as fierce as any Bengal tiger. It was worth a man's life to go near her. All that could be done was to shut her up in her room; and there she remains to this day, staring mad, although as beautiful as ever. The sultan has offered a great reward to any physician

who will cure her of her malady, but she is so wild that there is n't a physician in Cashmir who dares enter her room."

Firouz did not wait to hear anything more. He hurried away to his lodgings, and having exchanged his dervish costume for the dress of a physician, he presented himself at the sultan's palace. Passing through the courtyard his heart gave a great leap of joy, for he saw that which assured him that he had reached the end of his quest. In a pile of lumber and cast-away furniture he recognized the enchanted horse. To the sultan, who demanded his business, he explained that he was a Persian physician who had given all the years of his life to the study of insanity in its various forms; and he said that, having heard of the madness of the princess of Bengal, he had come to Cashmir in the hope that he might be able to restore her to her senses. The sultan was overjoyed, and yet he warned the pretended physician that no one could enter into the princess's apartment except at the risk of bruised face, broken bones, and even life itself. But Firouz was in no wise daunted by this information.

"I am somewhat of a wizard," said he, "and if I can only allow the princess to catch a glimpse of me before she flies into a fury, I think I can manage the rest."

And so it was done. The door of the princess's apartment was opened very gently. The physician turned his face squarely toward her and pronounced the magic words "Firouz Schah." The maniac became at once as gentle as a lamb and, instead of tearing out the physician's eyes, greeted him with a most wonderful cordiality. The attendants ran to the sultan declaring

that a miracle had been performed, and during their absence the princess hurriedly explained to her lover all that had befallen her since the perfidious Hindoo had carried her away on the enchanted horse. She and her captor had alighted, she said, at a little distance from the city of Cashmir for the purpose of procuring food before continuing their flight into India. There they were discovered by a company of soldiers, who killed the Hindoo and carried her, together with the enchanted horse, into the city. The sultan had no sooner set his eyes upon her than he resolved to make her his wife. Apartments were given to her in the palace, a great wedding-feast was made ready, and —

"I know the rest!" cried Firouz Schah. "And now for the escape!"

A moment later the attendants returned, and with them the sultan, trembling alternately with fear and hope — fear that the princess might scratch his eyes out; hope that the physician might restore her to her senses. And well might he fear, for no sooner did the princess see him than all her fierceness returned, and had not the physician closed the door very quickly there is no knowing what might have happened.

"I find," said he to the sultan, "that the lady's madness was caused by having touched something that was enchanted, perhaps at or about the time that she was brought into Cashmir. If that object can be found, and she can bē induced to touch it again, there is no doubt but that she will recover at once. Otherwise, the case appears to me to be a hopeless one."

"Touched something enchanted!" said the sultan. "What could it have been? I cannot think of anything."

Then he called the officers of his household together and made inquiry of them: "Do you know of any enchanted object that could have been in the way of the princess of Bengal on the evening that she was brought into Cashmir?"

None of them knew of any such thing. But by and by one who had been with the soldiers when they killed the Hindoo, remembered that there was an old horse brought into town — a curious old wooden horse, covered with a horse's hide, which they had thrown among the lumber in the courtyard.

"Perhaps that is it," said the physician. "At any rate, we can try it and see."

The horse was accordingly dragged out into the middle of the city square, where it was carefully examined and secretly put in order by the physician. A circle was then drawn around it upon the ground, and in this circle the physician placed a number of chafing-dishes with a little fire burning in each. The princess, closely veiled, was then led into the charmed circle, and while the sultan and the great men of Cashmir stood around, Firouz Schah lifted her into the saddle. He then threw some chemicals into the chafing-dishes, and immediately so dense a smoke arose that no one could see through it; but a moment afterward the sultan, lifting his eyes, saw the enchanted horse sailing through the sky with Firouz Schah and the princess upon his back.

"Sultan of Cashmir," cried a voice from above, "when next thou wouldst wed a princess, be sure to obtain her consent!"

Firouz Schah and his betrothed returned to Persia, where they lived happily together forever afterward.

But the enchanted horse was never again seen outside of fairyland.

"I SHOULD like to see the machinery that made him go," said Philip.

"There was no machinery about him," said the Curator. "He was simply an enchanted horse, controlled by the wooden peg in his neck. When his rider wanted to go to any certain place, all he had to do was to pull the peg and then wish as hard as he could. The wish would thoroughly permeate the horse, and he would act just as though he were a part of the man. And this is wherein he differs from his neighbor, the horse of brass, which you see there;" and he pointed to an elegant piece of workmanship enclosed in glass and set upon a pedestal of marble.

"What a wonderful machine!" cried Philip; "and yet it really looks more like a horse than a machine. What is it, and where did it come from?"

"It is the gift which the king of Araby once sent to his friend Cambuscan of Persia," answered the Curator. "It is most ingeniously constructed with clockwork so complex and delicate that nobody since the time of Cambuscan has been able to set it going."

"Was it not the poet Chaucer who first related its history?" asked the Schoolmaster. "Yes," answered the Curator, "but he left the story half told. Perhaps our Reporter can re-tell it with his own emendations."

"Oh, I know nothing about that brazen fellow," said Hippion; "but I think the Poet knows him well."

"I have read about him," said the Poet; and then in a rambling sort of way he gave the following account of the strange piece of mechanism.

THE HORSE OF BRASS

"When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air."
—*Henry V.*

CAMBUSCAN was the noblest ruler in all the East. On the day upon which he completed the twentieth year of his reign, he held a great feast in his palace, to which all the princes of his realm were invited. The royal dining-hall was a marvel of beauty and magnificence, and the table was the finest that the world has ever seen. At the head of the board sat the king, with his wife Elfeta, his two sons, Algarsif and Camballo, and his daughter Canace. On either side were ranged in the order of their rank the noblest lords and the most beautiful ladies of the land. The minstrels played sweet music, and the hearts of the king and his guests were filled with joy. In the midst of the festivity there came into the hall, without invitation or announcement, a strange knight mounted upon a steed of brass, and holding in his hand a broad, bright mirror. By his side hung a jewel-hilted sword, and on his thumb was a ring of dazzling beauty. Everybody was so astonished that the hall became suddenly silent; the laughter ceased, the minstrels forgot their music, and the guests turned about in their places to gaze at the unexpected sight. The horse walked straight toward the daïs where the king sat, and when he was within speaking distance, paused. Then the knight saluted the king and queen and lords with a grace and courtesy which none of them had ever seen excelled, and with a manly voice delivered his message.

"The king of Araby and of Ind, whose servant I am,"

said he, "sends salutations to you. He has also sent to you, O king, in honor of your anniversary, this horse of brass, which can in the space of four and twenty hours bear you without danger into whatsoever part of the world you may wish to go. Or if you choose to soar aloft as an eagle, and look down from the mountain-tops, he will carry you thither. The whole thing is as simple as turning a pin. This sword is also a present to you from my king. It has an edge so keen and sharp that it will cut through the heaviest armor, and no metal can withstand its stroke. And yet it has another property that makes it even more valuable; for, should any man be wounded with it, you can immediately heal him by passing the flat part of it over the wound. This mirror and the ring are for your daughter, fair Canace. In the mirror she can see everything that is going on in your kingdom, and can even read the thoughts of her lover. And while wearing the ring she will understand the language of all the birds, and be able to answer them in their own manner of speaking."

Then the knight, having delivered his message, turned his steed around and rode out into the court-yard. Having dismounted, he was conducted, by the king's command, back into the banquet-hall, where a place was made for him at the feast. But the horse of brass stood in its place immovable, the center of a gaping, wondering crowd. It was as tall and well-proportioned as the famous steeds of Lombardy, and as handsome and light of limb as the finest horses of Polish breed. Some said that it was such a steed as the fairies ride; others that it was Pegasus, the winged steed of Grecian story; still others declared that it

looked like the great horse which Epeus contrived for the destruction of the Trojan people; and they feared that armed men might somehow be hidden within it. But the greater number were agreed that it was the skilful work of the Arabic magicians, and hence would better not be tampered with by ignorant hands.

Cambuscan, when he had done feasting, went out into the courtyard, with all his lords and ladies, to look at the wonderful gift which the king of Araby had sent him.

"I pray you," said he to the knight who had brought it, "tell us how to manage this strange creature."

"There is but little to tell," said the knight, laying his hand upon the horse, which began to skip and prance in the strangest manner possible. "When you wish to ride anywhere you have simply to remove this peg which you see between his ears, mount him, and name the place. He will carry you thither by the shortest route, and without ever missing his way. When you wish him to stop, or to descend to the ground, turn this wooden pin half way round, and he will do your bidding. Or, if you wish him to leave you for a time, turn this iron pin, and he will vanish out of sight, and come to you again when he is called by name. Ride when and where you please, he will always be ready to obey."

The king was wonderfully pleased, and resolved that on the morrow he would ride out to see the world. Then he ordered the groom of the bedchamber to take off the horse's jeweled bridle and carry it into the strong room of the palace, where it should be locked up among his costliest treasures. This being done, he

gave a sudden turn to the iron pin, as he had been directed, and the horse vanished from sight. The knight, too, had disappeared from the palace, and King Cambuscan remembered when it was too late that he had not told him how or by what name to call the magic steed.

If any one will go to Sarra in Tatary — wherever that may be — and shout the right name of the horse of brass, I doubt not but that he is still waiting to appear. And what more wonderful piece of mechanism could any one wish to own?

ALTHOUGH the company had listened attentively to the Poet's story, it was now quite plain that everybody was becoming tired of flying horses and of tales of enchantment; and hence the Curator led them into another apartment.

"Did you ever hear of Gargantua's giant mare?" he asked.

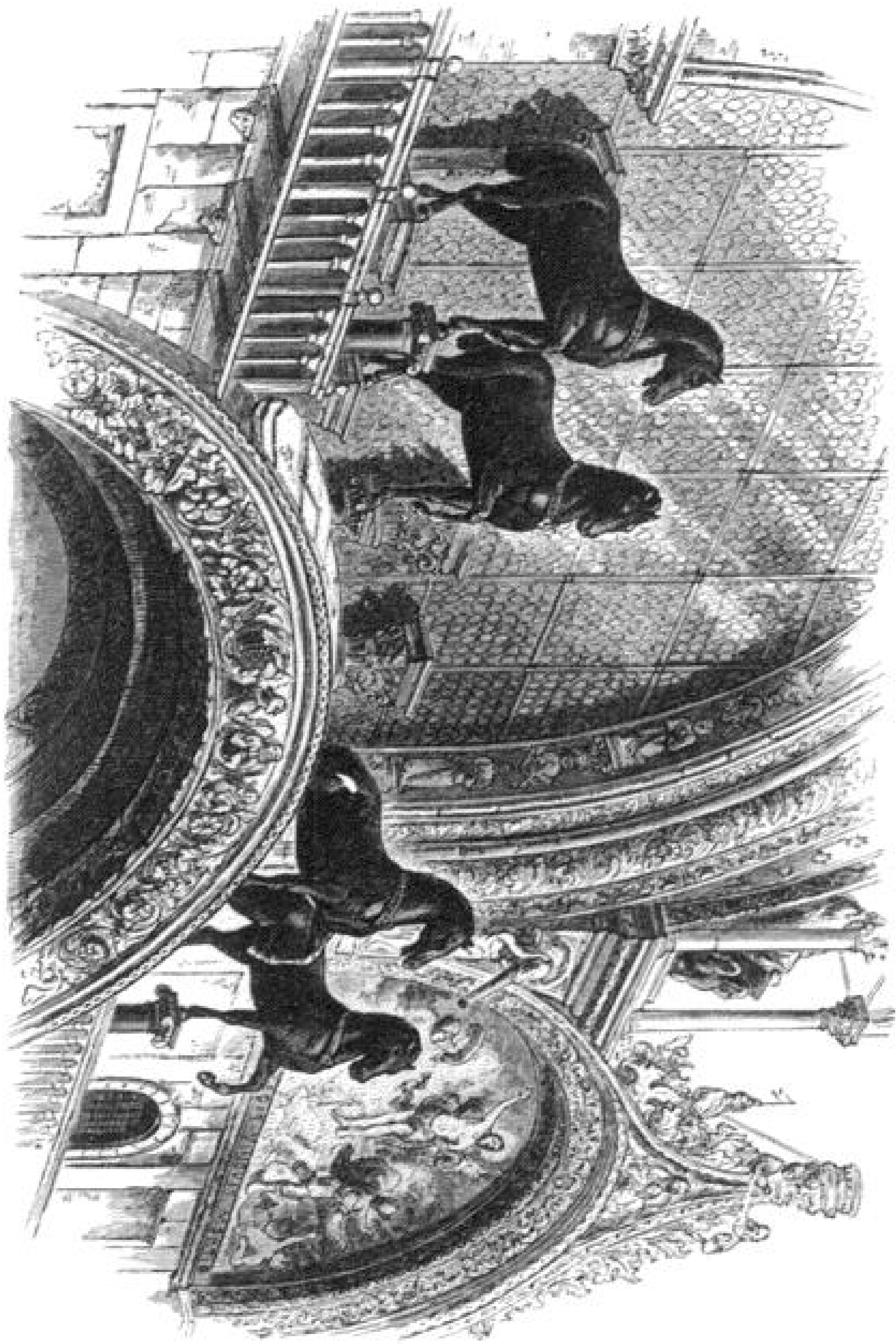
"Oh, yes," answered Philip; "we saw her only a day or two ago, and heard her entire history."

"Well, then, here are Gargantua's play-horses," said the Curator, pointing to some unsightly beams and posts, in the midst of which stood a gigantic wooden hobby-horse. "The jolly curé of Meudon tells us that his hero was extremely fond of horses, even from babyhood. Hence he made for himself a hunting nag out of a big, rough-hewn post; of the beam of a wine-press he made another horse for daily use; and of a young oak tree he whittled out a mule which he gaily caparisoned with the curtains of his bedchamber. His father, believing that he was destined to be a great

rider, provided for him a fair, great horse of wood, which, according to the curé, 'he did make leap, curvet, kick out behind, and skip forwards all at a time — to pace, trot, rack, gallop, amble, and go the gait of a camel. He made him also change his color from bay or brown to sorrel, dapple-grey, mouse-dun, deer-color, roan, ginger, piebald, and the color of the savage elk.' It was grand amusement for the young giant to ride astride of so wonderful a plaything."

"I do not doubt it," said Philip, rather impatiently. "But tell me about those beautiful creatures that stand up there on pedestals and look as if they were really going to step down and canter away;" and he pointed to four colossal horses of bronze in the long gallery above them.

"Oh, those are the famous horses of St. Mark's," said the Schoolmaster. "A thousand years ago, when Constantinople was the capital of the Eastern Empire, they stood in one of the squares of that famous and beautiful city. Nobody remembers the name of the artist who made them. They were intended, I suppose, to commemorate some victory, or the virtuous deeds of some one of the emperors—but the people, while admiring the horses, long ago forgot all about the victory and the virtuous deeds and even the emperor himself. When the Crusaders took possession of Constantinople in 1204, the old doge Enrico Dandolo, who was their leader, caused these horses to be carried to Venice and set up on the west front of the Church of St. Mark. There they stood undisturbed for nearly six hundred years. But in 1797 Napoleon Bonaparte, the master robber of modern times, sent them with the other art



"'OH, THOSE ARE THE FAMOUS HORSES OF ST. MARK'S.'"

treasures of Venice to Paris. They did not stay there long, however, for in 1815 the emperor Francis of Austria caused them to be returned to St. Mark's; and there they still stand, save only when fancy carries them, as it has to-day, to the fairyland of Morgan the fay."

"But come now," interrupted the Curator, leading the way into another part of the great museum — "come and let me show you the most interesting horse in our whole collection. It is not more ingenious than some of the others, and yet it is the most famous of all the mechanical steeds that have ever been devised by the ingenuity of man. You will say, when you see him, that I have been a thoughtful master of the feast, and have reserved the best wine for the dessert."

He ushered them into a large, well-lighted apartment wherein stood what seemed to be an immense image of a horse. But, for some unaccountable reason, Philip could form no distinct idea of its size, shape, or appearance. Perhaps it was the weariness and bewilderment occasioned by the sight of so many other mechanical contrivances that prevented him from examining this last wooden steed at all. And it was not until after they had left the museum and he was walking with the Schoolmaster aimlessly along the avenue of horse-chestnuts, that he cared enough about it to ask what it was.

"What was it?" repeated the Schoolmaster. "Why, my dear boy, have you never heard of the great Wooden Horse of Troy? Sit down here in the shade of this blooming horse-chestnut, and I will tell you all about him."

And then he related the following story.

THE GREAT WOODEN HORSE

"Not a horse is half the half of himself."
— *Henry IV.*

Of all the wooden horses that men have ever made, he was the hugest. Yet he was not very handsome. Built hastily of rough-hewn maple planks and of beams and spars from the wrecks of unseaworthy ships, the great wonder is that he was so well made. But old Epeus, who planned and directed the building of the huge fellow, was a master-carpenter, the skilfulest in the world; and the rough pieces of timber were fitted together with such nicety that there was no crack, nor unseemly crevice, nor point of weakness, in any part of the work. Certain men who were jealous of Epeus's fame whispered that it was not he, but the goddess Athena, who did it all; and in this they were supported by the priests, and therefore we shall not deny it.

Early one morning the people of Troy were astonished to learn that the Greeks, who had been besieging their city for ten weary years, had sailed away during the night. Nobody had seen them go, nobody knew whither they had gone; but anybody, by climbing up to the battlements above the Scæan gate, could see that they had utterly vanished. The sandy beach where a thousand ships had been drawn up was deserted and bare, save that it was strewn with the ruins of the huts and tents that had so long sheltered the persistent Greeks. A short distance to the left, and half concealed behind a growth of tall reeds, was a dark object which puzzled the Trojan watchmen not a little. When first

seen in the gray light of the dawn, it looked like some huge sea-monster, black and slimy, just emerged from the water.

"Great Poseidon is with us!" cried one of the men. "He has sent a creature out of the deep, and it has swallowed up our enemies and their tents and their ships, and left not one to tell the tale."

"Nonsense!" said another, who had sharper eyes. "The creature looks to me like no creature at all, but rather a statue of some kind which the Greeks have built, and left behind them as a token of their disappointment and defeat. And now I remember that I have seen crowds of them busy at work on the same spot for several days. I have no doubt but that they are all far over the sea by this time, and this east wind will waft them swiftly to their own country."

All Troy, when it awoke and heard the glad news, stretched itself out and took a long breath. The shopkeepers threw open their doors and hung up their handsomest goods where they would catch the eyes of the passers-by. The farmers brought out their plows and mended their old harness and talked about the big crops that they would raise in the fields which had lain fallow so long and had been enriched with so much human blood. The housewives returned to their long-neglected spinning, or overhauled their linen-closets and brushed the cobwebs out of their bed-chambers. The citizen-soldiers hung up their bows and quivers, their swords and shields, and each began to furbish up the instruments of his trade. The maidens donned their best gowns and went out to walk and smile sweetly. The small boys with their fishing-lines in

their pockets, and the great crowd of ne'er-do-wells who always expect to grow rich upon what they find, hastened into the streets and elbowed their way to the gates only to find them closed.

About noon, however, the Scæan gate, by command of the king, was thrown wide open. A great multitude poured out, and the mad race that was made for the shore was like the scramble of boomers on our Western frontier when lands are given away by the Government. Soon thousands were on the beach, looking eagerly for whatever the Greeks might have dropped, but seldom finding anything more valuable than a broken comb, a bit of leather, or some small pieces of crockery. All were shy of the southern part of the beach, where the strange monster stood among the reeds. Everybody could plainly see now that it was a horse. Its huge head, its arching neck, its broad back, its flowing tail, were visible from every part of the beach; and the boys who had ventured nearest reported the great size of its body and the astonishing length of its legs, and they said that it stood firmly on a broad platform of planks.

That it was an immense horse, and that it was made of wood, nobody could dispute. But why had the Greeks built it, and why had they left it there? Presently a number of the king's counselors, the wise men of the city, and the priests came out to look at the strange object and decide what to do with it. Some advised that it should be drawn into the city and lodged within the tower, there to be a kind of permanent exposition of the folly of the Greeks. Others were in favor of throwing it into the sea, or of kin-

dling a fire beneath it and burning it to ashes. The dispute became hot like that between two factions of a great political party to whom the people look for relief from some threatened calamity, and who yet are ignorant of what is the best thing to do.

The dispute would doubtless have ended in blows had not Laocoön, a prince of Troy and priest of Apollo, come hastily out from the city with a small company of soldiers.

"What folly is this?" he cried. "Who wants to take anything into the city that the Greeks have left upon our shores? As for my part, I would look with dread upon any gift that they might offer us. This horse is not so harmless as he looks. Either there are armed men within his giant body, or he is so put together that when he is taken into the city he will fly into pieces, knock down our walls, and destroy our houses. Throw him into the sea, burn him to ashes, do anything but receive him within our walls."

Having said this, he hurled his heavy spear at the monster. The weapon struck it full in the breast, where it remained quivering, and those who stood nearest fancied that they heard deep hollow groans issuing from the throat of the beast.

"To the sea with him! To the sea with him!" cried a hundred voices.

"What a fine blaze he will make!" cried others. And they ran hither and thither gathering sticks and driftwood with which to kindle a fire beneath him. In great danger then was the sturdy beast, and the Trojans would have made an end of him right quickly had not something happened to change their minds. Suddenly

a great hubbub was heard some distance down the beach, and men and boys, forgetting the horse for the moment, ran hurriedly to the spot to see what was going on. A party of peasants were dragging toward the city a young man who, covered with mud and blood, and with his hands tied behind him, seemed a target for every kind of insult. His clothing told that he was a Greek.

"Hold on!" cried one of the king's counselors. "Bring the fellow here, and stop your noise, and we will see what he can tell us about his friends and this strange monster that they have left on our shores. Who are you, wretch, and where are your people who so lately were encamped on this very spot?"

"My name," said the captive, "is Sinon, and I am by birth a Greek. But people I have none; for the Greeks have condemned me to death, and now ye Trojans also seek my life. Where indeed shall I turn when kinsmen and foes would alike slay me?"

These words spoken in sweet and persuasive tones touched the hearts of the rude rabble, and they paused to hear what further the young man would say. The stones and mud and dead fish which they had picked up to pelt him with, dropped from their hands, and with gaping mouths they stood around in a great circle listening.

"Speak on," said the king's counselor, "and tell us by what cruel fate you have been left behind by your countrymen to fall into the hands of your foes."

"It is a long story," responded the young man, "but I will not weary you. For more than a year the crafty Odysseus has been plotting my destruction, and for

no other reason than because I once befriended a chief whom he dislikes. When, at length, three months ago, the Greeks decided in council to give up this war and return to their own land, he saw his opportunity. Storms swept across the sea, and the south wind brought tempests in its train, and the ships dared not leave their moorings. Then the chiefs called together the soothsayers and asked them what should be done to appease the wrath of the gods, that so they might have favorable winds and a smooth sea for their home-returning voyage. And one of them, Eurypylus, declared that nothing short of a human sacrifice would turn aside the vengeful ire of Apollo; the other, Calchas, explained that since the Greeks had stolen the statue of Athena which stood in your great temple of Troy, that goddess would never suffer them to return to their native land until they had reared on these shores the massive figure of a horse to be a witness to their repentance. Then the chiefs asked who should be the victim to be offered up to Apollo. And Calchas, urged on by Odysseus, answered 'Sinon,' and in that word destined me for the altar. Forthwith, I was bound with cords, fillets were tied about my temples, and the knife was sharpened ready to pierce my heart. But on the night before the rueful day I burst my bonds, and escaped to the slimy marshes, where I lay hidden until I saw my countrymen embark and sail away in their thousand ships across the sea to distant Hellas. Then, almost dead from hunger and privation, I ventured out, only to be seized by these rude peasants and dragged to this place as you see me now."

"But the horse — the horse?" cried the Trojans. "What about the horse?"

"I have already told you," answered Sinon, "that the image was built to appease the wrath of the goddess Athena. The soothsayers declared that not only would it bless its builders, but that into whatever city it should go there it would carry good fortune and peace and prosperity. The Greeks, however, were unwilling that it should bring happiness to you, their triumphant foes, and hence they built it very large, and so tall that it cannot pass through any of your gates; and they placed it here close to the reedy marsh, in the hope that, when the autumn rains fell and the sea raged furiously, the waves would beat upon and overwhelm it and carry it away, and no people whatever should be blessed by its presence."

"Ah! That is their game, is it?" cried the Trojans with one voice. "Well, we 'll see about that. We 'll have the good horse inside our walls this very night."

Then there was great shouting and rejoicing on every side, and those who had been the first to wreak their spite upon Sinon, were the first to undo his bonds and wipe the blood from his face, and find food for him to eat. Forthwith two companies of men were sent to the city, one to bring long, strong ropes, and the other to make a breach in the wall large enough to allow the great horse to be drawn through.

In the meanwhile a fearful tragedy was being enacted on the beach. Laocoön, the priest of Apollo, had built an altar on the sands and was making ready to offer up a sacrifice, as had been the custom of his country from ancient times. His two sons stood

beside him, one on either hand, ready to do their part. Suddenly loud shouts arose from those who were nearest the sea, and everybody fled in dismay. Looking out toward the island of Tenedos, Laocoön saw two huge serpents swimming with wondrous speed toward the land. He smiled at the cowardly fears of the people, and would not desert the altar which he had raised. He doubtless thought that the reptiles were mere water-snakes, and that they would not venture upon the land. But in this he was sadly mistaken, for upon reaching the beach the serpents reared their heads high in the air and glided with the swiftness of light over the sands. Ere Laocoön and his boys could make a single movement toward escape, the horrid creatures had reached the altar, they had twined their slimy folds around the necks and limbs of the three unfortunates; they had crushed them to death in their terrible embrace. The people who saw this awful tragedy from a distance were spellbound with horror, nor did they know who might be the next victim. But the serpents, when they had done their deadly work, glided quietly away and hid themselves beneath an altar which the Greeks had erected to Athena.

"Behold the vengeance of the goddess!" cried some of the people.

"She has punished Laocoön for his wickedness in smiting the great horse with his spear!" cried others.

"Such be the fate of all who would try to thwart the will of the ever-living powers!" cried the priests. "Let us hasten to appease Athena by drawing her horse into the city and giving it the shelter which it ought to have. Then will peace and prosperity dwell with us, and Troy shall regain her ancient greatness."

By this time the men who had been sent after ropes had returned, bringing also stout wheels to be placed underneath the platform whereon the horse stood. With infinite trouble a slip-knot was thrown over the huge wooden head, and long ropes were attached to each of the fore legs. Then with the aid of levers and pulleys the whole huge mass was lifted a little at a time, and the smooth-sliding wheels were fastened in their places, one under each corner of the platform. This being done, as many as could get near enough seized hold of the ropes, the word of command was given, and the three long lines of tugging men and boys moved slowly over the plain, dragging the mighty horse behind them. In front walked the Trojan maidens, scattering flowers and singing sacred songs; on either side moved the priests in solemn array, chanting hymns in praise of the gods; behind followed a rabble of common folk, every one eager to touch the great horse, or even so much as place a hand upon the ropes. When they drew near the city the whole populace came out to meet them, and the glad shouts which rent the air seemed louder than the cries which warriors utter on the field of battle.

A wide breach had been opened in the wall, and through this, just as the sun was dipping into the sea, the horse was pushed into the city. Once, when the huge body struck against a projecting stone, the Trojans who were nearest were astonished to hear a sound like the rattling of shields, and some turned pale, and looked around with dread, and forgot to join in the chorus of song that was raised in welcome to the image that was to bring peace and good fortune to Troy. Soon darkness came, and the tired people hastened to

their homes. Not a soldier remained to guard the broken wall, not a watchman stayed at his post above the gates. Worn out with the excitement of the day, everybody retired early to rest.

About midnight a man crept stealthily along the dark streets, and came finally to the breach that had been made in the wall. With a little lantern and a kettle of pitch in one hand he climbed up the rough stones to the top. Once there, he sat down for a moment and gazed steadily toward the sea. The moon now just rising behind him lighted up the great expanse of water, and he could plainly see not only the long line of beach with the waves rippling upon the sand, but the dark outline of Tenedos Island lying in the shadows four miles farther away. But what did he see between the island and the shore? A thousand ships with their dark hulls just visible above the water, and all propelled by twenty thousand oars that glinted strangely in the moonlight as they rose and fell. The Greeks, who had lain hidden all day behind Tenedos, were returning to the Trojan shore — in a few minutes their vessels would be drawn up in their old places along the white beach.

The man on the wall seemed greatly pleased with what he saw. Rising again to his feet, he hung the kettle of pitch by a chain upon the outside of the wall, and into it he dropped a bit of blazing pine which he had lighted with his lantern. Soon a lurid flame arose from the burning mass. It lighted up the plain and was reflected upon the top of the wall, showing the face of the man. It was Sinon, the young Greek. Almost immediately answering lights appeared on

the ships, and Sinon clambered hastily to the ground. The huge figure of the wooden horse loomed up in the moonlight before him. With the flat of his sword he struck each of its legs three times. Then suddenly there was a great sound of rattling armor above him. The creature seemed to be strangely endowed with life. In a moment there was a noise as of the shooting of bolts and the grating of hinges; a narrow door was opened in the horse's breast, and a gleaming helmet, with a man's face beneath it, was thrust out.

"Is that you, Sinon?"

"It is I, Odysseus."

"Is all well?"

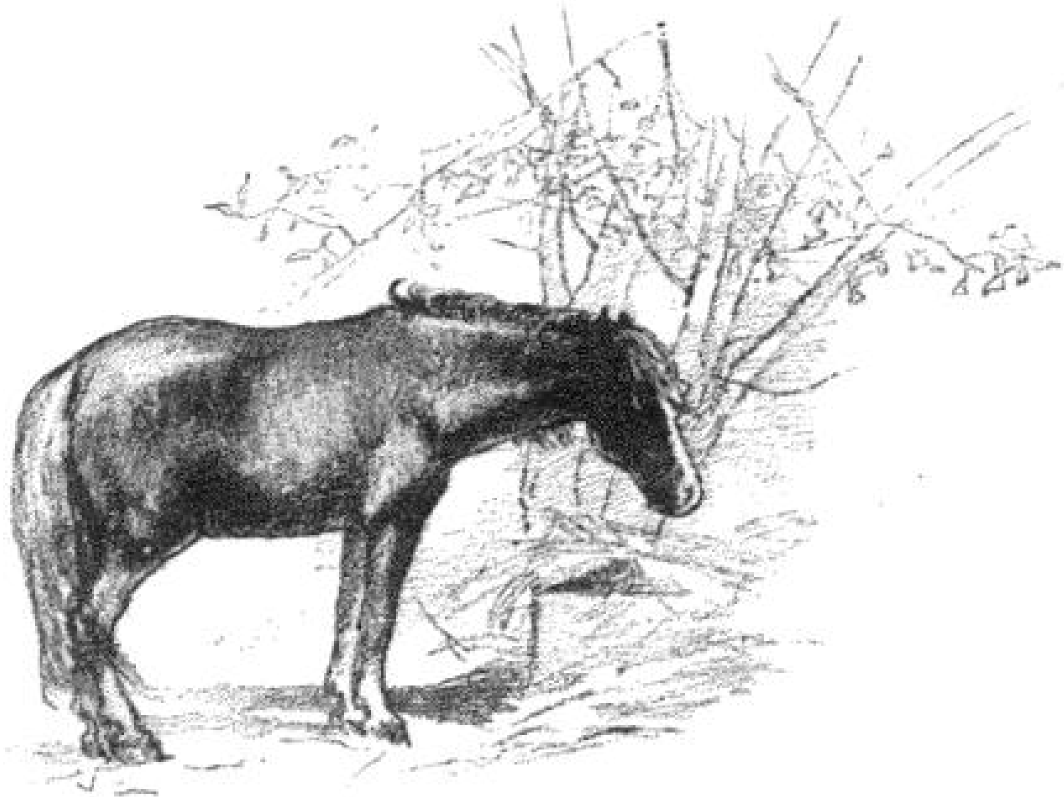
"All is well. The ships are already drawn up upon the sands. The Greeks are marching across the plain. The witless Trojans are asleep and dream not of danger."

Then a rope was let down from the open door, and Odysseus, fully armed, slid hand over hand to the ground. Other heroes followed, all encased in armor, and all right glad to escape from their prison house.

"The trick has succeeded even better than any of us hoped," said Odysseus. "And now for the last act in this long and weary war! Let fire and sword do their work!"

I need not tell how the gates were thrown open to the Greeks, nor how the Trojans were awakened from their dreams of peace only to meet death at the hands of their foes, nor how the torches were applied to palace and hut and the whole city was wrapped in flames. The horse had nothing to do with these events. Amid the smoke and fire, and the din of rattling arms and the shouts of the victors, and the shrieks and

groans of the wounded and dying he stood all the rest of the night and through the morning hours. Toward noon, however, Odysseus and Sinon, passing by the spot, observed that he had disappeared. Whether, in the dire confusion, Athena had claimed him and carried him away, or whether he had been mysteriously endowed with life and had galloped out of the burning city to find refuge among the woods of Mount Ida. neither of these two heroes could tell.



THENCE

O, farewell! Farewell the neighing steed! — *Othello.*

WHEN the Schoolmaster had finished his story, Philip thanked him; and rising from their seat beneath the blossoming horse-chestnut, the two friends walked thoughtfully along the broad avenue which led to the gate of exit from the park. They were alone, for the Reporter, the Artist, and the Poet had already bidden them good-by, and had gone to their homes by a different route. The grounds seemed to be entirely deserted, and Philip looked around in vain for some sign of any of the sightseers that had filled the seats of the grand pavilion every day since his arrival. All were gone, and he and the Schoolmaster were alone.

"And how have you enjoyed our great Horse Fair?" asked his companion, with that same strange, chirruping laugh which Philip remembered so well. "Was n't it almost as good as the county races at Greenport?"

"Oh, a thousand times better," answered the boy, "and I am very, very grateful to you for bringing me to it. I have seen so many horses and have heard so much about them that I feel almost as if I were a horse myself."

"I don't doubt it in the least," answered the old gentleman; "indeed, I must confess that I too sometimes feel a good deal the same way. The longest road, however, must have its turning, and even Horse Fairs must have an end. I am very sorry to have to part with you, but business is pressing, and you know that cornfields must be plowed and boys must be taught how to make themselves useful. And so, good-by!"

He held out his hand, laughing and chirruping; and Philip, surprised at the suddenness of his leave-taking, fancied that he saw tears trembling in his eyes.

"Good-by, my dear boy," repeated the old man, "and don't forgot your friend, the Schoolmaster."

Philip's heart was so full that he could not speak. He took the proffered hand in his own, but a kind of mist was floating before his eyes, and he could scarcely see the face of his friend.

"God bless you, my boy!"

How queerly altered was that voice!

Was it the deepening twilight of the evening that so obscured the lad's vision, or was it the tears welling up under his eyelashes? Everything before him appeared indistinct and dim. He could see but little

more than the outline of the old gentleman's form — his noble forehead, with the queer little hat perched above it, and his kind, wise eyes beneath, and his pleasant, smiling —

Face?

Ah, no! That was not the Schoolmaster's face which he saw dimly through the foggy haze. It was no man's, but a horse's, face. It was the sad, patient countenance of the old plow-horse, Kiron.

Philip opened his eyes very wide. He was lying among the clover and the long grass, with an open book in his hand. The lonely cornfield, where he had toiled through so many scorching hours, lay before him. The sun had set. What would they say to him at the farmhouse?

"God bless you, my dear boy! How tired you must be!"

He looked up. Another face was bending over him — not the horse's nor the Schoolmaster's. It was the face of his father, safe home at last from the islands on the other side of the globe.

NOTES

"Let my horse have his due."
—*Henry V.*

Agincourt, Battle of (page 336). Between the English and the French, October 25, 1415. The description of the English horses here quoted is from Shakespeare's *King Henry V.*

Aullay (page 141). The lines quoted are from Southey's *The Curse of Kehama.*

Babieca (page 265). The poem partly quoted is from Lockhardt's *Spanish Ballads.*

Bevis (page 318). The verses quoted are from Scott's *Marmion.*

Brigliadore (page 308). The word means golden-bridled. The quotation is from Spenser's *Fairie Queene*, iii. 1.

Cæsar's War Horse (page 146). The couplet quoted is from Butler's *Hudibras.*

Cyllarus (page 204). According to Ovid he belonged to Castor; according to Virgil, to Pollux. Writers are not agreed as to his color.

"He, O Castor, was a courser worthy thee;
Coal-black his color, but like jet it shone;
His legs and flowing tail were white alone."
—Dryden, *Ovid's Metamorphoses.*

Darius's Horse (page 250). The lines are by Lord Brooke.

Diomed (page 150). This is not the Diomedes of Argos, mentioned in the story entitled "Swift and Old-Gold." The Reporter has taken many liberties with the original story, which is derived from the Greek myths of Hercules.

Duncan's Horses (page 149). The quotations are from Shakespeare, *Macbeth* ii. 4.

Hippocrene (page 91). The quotation is from Keats's *Ode to a Nightingale.*

Leathern Barebones (page 338). The lines of poetry are from Butler's *Hudibras* (1663).

O'Donohue's White Horse (page 133). The stanzas quoted by the story-teller are from a poem by Thomas Moore entitled *O'Donohue's Mistress.*

Petruchio's Horse (page 336). The quotation is from Shakespeare, *The Taming of the Shrew.*

Roan Barbary (page 252). See Shakespeare, *Richard II.*, act v.

Rozinante (page 329). The poem quoted, and also the dialogue, may be found among the introductory matter with which Cervantes prefaces his tale of *Don Quixote.* The former is an example of the peculiar device sometimes used by that writer of cutting off the last syllable or letters of every line, and making the rhyme fall on that part of the word which precedes.

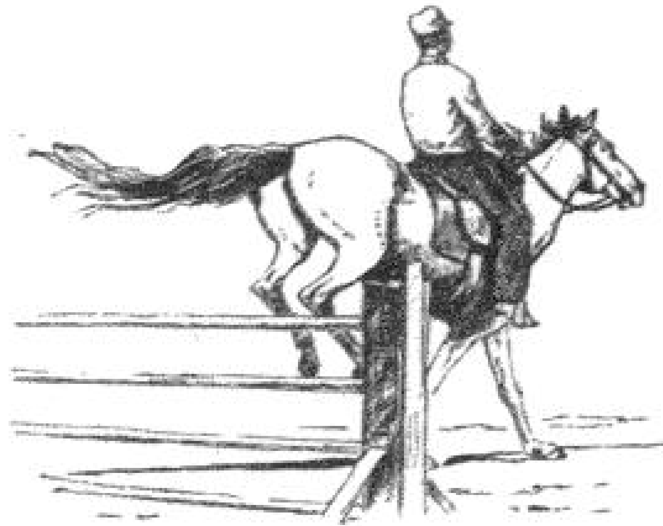
Saint George (page 360). See Shakespeare, *King John*, act ii.

Saint Iago (page 205). The poem partly quoted is a translation from the *Vida de San Millan*, by Gonzalo de Berceo, a Castilian writer of the twelfth century.

War Horse, Description of (page 211). The quotation is from the thirty-ninth chapter of the *Book of Job.*

White Surrey (page 254). The quotations are from Shakespeare, *Richard III.*, act v.

Zamor (page 308). The history of Zamor's master, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, may be found in Scott's *Ivanhoe.*



ENTRIES

"Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them."
—*Henry V.*

Horse.	Owner.	
ABASTOR	*Aidoneus*	64
ABATOS	"	64
ADONIS'S WHITE HORSE	*Adonis*	298
ÆTHON	*Helios*	41
ÆTHON	*Hector*	180
AITHE	*Agamemnon*	189
AL BORAK	*Mahomet*	156
ALSWIN	*Sol*	37
ANTILOCHUS'S BLACKS (2)	*Antilochus*	189
AQUILINE	*Count Raymond*	331
ARION	*Adrastus*	146
ARUNDEL	*Sir Bevis*	309
ARVAK	*Sol*	37
AULLAY	*King Baly*	141
BABIECA	*Cid Ruy Diaz*	262
BADGER	*C. O'Malley*	145
BALIOS	*Achilles*	168
BAYARD	*Reinold*	273
BEVIS	*Lord Marmion*	317
BRASS, HORSE OF	*Cambuscan*	390

BRIGLIADORE . . . . *Sir Guyon* 308
BRIGLIADORO . . . . *Roland* 307
BROIEFORT . . . . *Ogier the Dane* 234
BRONTÉ . . . . *Helios* 41
BRONZOMARTE . . . . *Sir L. Greaves* 338
BUCEPHALUS . . . . *Alexander the Great* 212, 360
CADET . . . . *Mr. Cassat* 217
CÆSAR'S WAR HORSE . . . . *Caius Julius Cæsar* 146
CALPURNIUS SICULUS'S HORSE . . . . *C. Siculus* 299
CATACOMBS, HORSES OF THE . . . . *Early Christians* 360
CELER . . . . *Emperor Verus* 252
CENTAURS (pictures) 11, 360
CHARLES STUART'S THOROUGHBREDS . . . . . *Charles I.* 257
CLAVILEÑO . . . . *Merlin* 367
CLERK OF OXFORD'S HORSE . . . . . . *Owner Unknown* 335
COMANCHE . . . . *Miles Keogh* 259
COPENHAGEN . . . . *Duke of Wellington* 248
CYLLARUS . . . . *Castor* 204
DANDY . . . . *Gen. Custer* 259
DANDY-HORSE . . . . *Baron von Drais* 366
DARIUS'S WAR HORSE . . . . *Darius the Great* 250
DEATH'S PALE HORSE (Painting) . . . . . . *Benj. West* 360
DINOS . . . . *Diomed* 152
DIOMEDE'S CHESTNUTS (2) . . . . *Diomede* 185
DOBBIN . . . . *Farmer Lawrence* 3
DULDUL . . . . *Sheik Hatim* 322
DUNCAN'S HORSES (2) . . . . *Duncan of Scotland* 149
ENCHANTED HORSE, THE . . . . *Firouz Schah* 379
EOS . . . . *Helios* 41
ERECHTHEUS'S CHARIOT TEAM (4) . . . . *Erechtheus* 198
ETON . . . . *Aidoneus* 64
EUMELUS'S CHARIOT TEAM (2) . . . . *Eumelus* 185
FIDDLEBACK . . . . *Oliver Goldsmith* 345
FLEMISH THOROUGHBREDS (100) . . . . . *John Lackland* 256
FRONTINO . . . . *Roger* 307
GALATHE . . . . *Hector* 180
GAMARRA . . . . *Sheik Hassan* 327
GARGANTUA'S MARE . . . . *Giant Gargantua* 142
GILPIN'S NAG . . . . *The Calender* 353
GLAD . . . . *Bragi* 84

GLER . . . . *Tyr* 84
GOLDFAX . . . . *Hrungnir* 134
GOLDTOP . . . . *Heimdall* 85
GONNELLA'S HORSE . . . . *Gonnella the Clown* 335
GRANE . . . . *Sigurd* 300
GREYFELL . . . . *Siegfried* 306
GRIFFEN . . . . *Astolpho* 105
GUNPOWDER . . . . *I. Crane* 339
GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS . . . . . . *Rittmaster D. Dalgetty* 257
GYLLER . . . . *Balder* 84
HAÏZÚM . . . . *Gabriel* 206
HARPAGUS . . . . *Pollux* 204
HENRY V.'S WAR HORSES . . . . *English Army* 336
HIPPOCAMPES (4) . . . . *Poseidon* 122
HOOFTHROWER . . . . *Gnaa* 119
HOUYHNHNMS, THE . . . . *Have no Masters* 160
HRIMFAXE . . . . *Night* 26, 31
INCITATUS . . . . *Emperor Caligula* 251
IRON HORSE . . . . *R. R.* 363
LAMPON . . . . *Diomed* 152
LAMPOS . . . . *Aurora* 60
LEATHERN BAREBONES . . . . *Sir Hudibras* 337
LIGHTFOOT . . . . *Uller* 85
LINUS . . . . *Unknown* 146
LITHUANIAN . . . . *Baron Munchausen* 145
MAANE'S WHITE HORSES (2) . . . . *Maane* 34
MAGGIE . . . . *T. O'Shanter* 342
MARCHEVALLÉ . . . . *Sir Brehus* 248
MARKHAM'S ARABIAN . . . . *King James I.* 257
MAROCCO . . . . *Banks* 145
MAUD S . . . . *R. Bonner* 217
MAZEPPA'S WILD HORSE . . . . *Has no Master* 155
MELIZYUS'S HORSES . . . . *Melizyus* 216
MERIONES'S BAYS (2) . . . . *Meriones* 185
NAPOLEON'S WAR HORSE . . . . *N. Bonaparte* 248
NAVARRESE RUNNING HORSES (2) . . . . . . *Edward III.* 256
NONIOS . . . . *Aidoneus* 64
O'DONOHUE'S WHITE HORSE . . . . . *Chief O'Donohue* 132
ORELIO . . . . *Sir Roderick* 261
ORME . . . . *Duke of Westminster* 217

PADSTOW HOBBY . . . . *Village of Padstow* 376
PALE HOOF . . . . *Loki* 85
PAPILLON . . . . *Morgan the Fay* 15
PASSE BREWELL . . . . *Sir Tristram* 307
PEDASOS . . . . *Patroclus* 177
PEGASUS . . . . *Bellerophon* 89
PENEVAIRE . . . . *King Didier* 246
PETER THE GREAT'S WAR STEED (Statue) . *St. Petersburg* 361
PETRUCHIO'S HORSE . . . . *Petruchio* 336
PHAETHON . . . . *Aurora* 60
PODARGOS . . . . *Menelaus* 185
QUEEN ELIZABETH'S SADDLE HORSE . . . . *Elizabeth R.* 256
RABICAN . . . . *Argalia* 285
RAKUSH . . . . *Rustem* 218
RARUS . . . . *R. Bonner* 216
RED HORSE OF WARWICKSHIRE . . . . *England* 148
RICHARD III.'S WISHED-FOR . . . . *Unknown* 254
ROAN BARBARY . . . . *Richard II.* 252
ROSA BONHEUR'S HORSE FAIR (Painting) . *Met. Museum* 361
ROZINANTE . . . . *Don Quixote* 329
SAILOR'S HOBBY HORSE . . . . *Jack Tar* 373
SAINT IAGO'S GRAY . . . . *Saint Iago* 204
SAINT MARK'S (4) . . . . *City of Venice* 394
SALADIN . . . . *Earl of Warwick* 253
SAXON WHITE HORSE . . . . *England* 148
SELENE'S GRAYS (2) . . . . *Selene (Cynthia)* 53
SHERIDAN'S BLACK . . . . *Gen. Philip Sheridan* 258
SHIBDIZ . . . . *Chosroes II.* 217
SILVERTOP . . . . *Vidar* 85
SINER . . . . *Forsete* 85
SKEIDBRIMER . . . . *Hoder* 85
SKINFAXE . . . . *Day* 26, 31
SKYPHIOS . . . . *Poseidon* 124
SLEIPNIR . . . . *Odin* 71
SORREL . . . . *Belle the Giant* 139
SORREL . . . . *Gen. Stonewall Jackson* 259
SPANISH STALLION . . . . *William the Conqueror* 256
SPANISH TRAVELER . . . . *Oliver* 307
STEROPE . . . . *Helios* 41
SUNBEAM . . . . *Vale* 85

Sunol . . . . *R. Bonner* 32, 217
Swallow . . . . *Hereward* 308
Sybaris, Horses of . . . . *City of Sybaris* 207
Traveler . . . . *Gen. R. E. Lee* 259
Trenchefys . . . . *Sir Graundere* 311
Washington's Black Charger . *Gen. Geo. Washington* 250
White Surrey . . . . *King Richard III.* 254
White Turk . . . . *King James I.* 257
Wooden Horse, The Great . . . . *The Greeks* 131
Wooden-Peg Horse . . . . *The Duke* 367
Xanthos . . . . *Achilles* 168
Zamor . . . . *B. de Bois-Guilbert* 308