

THE BOY THAT BECAME A KNIGHT.

Anselm's home was a rude hut of earth and stone at the foot of a high hill, at the top of which stood a grand old castle. He used often to see the knights ride up and down the hillside to visit the seigneur, Sir Quentin Willoughby.

His father was one of Sir Quentin's serfs, and was also the village blacksmith. The smithy stood only a few rods from the house, and the smith in his sooty apron was always there, ready to shoe the horses of his lord, or those of any passing knight.

Sometimes little Anselm would stand by and watch his father wielding his hammer and making the sparks fly as he welded a shoe or merded a spear head. Once in a while he would bring his young sister, who would laugh and clap her hands as the farrier's help worked the bellows and blew the coals into live sparks.

One day Anselm and his little sister had been playing near their cottage, and the girl, tired from her pastime, lay down and went to sleep in the very middle of the highway that led up to the castle. Suddenly there was a loud trampling of hoofs and the jingling of spurs, as a group of knights and their men-at-arms dashed down the hillside.

Fearing that the horseman might not see the figure of the sleeping child, Anselm rushed into the road and seized her, lifting her out of danger just as the train galloped by. He stood here, a brave, sturdy, boyish figure, with dark hair tumbling over his face and almost hiding his dark, honest eyes, and one of the knights glanced at him admiringly and with a smile said:

"You are a brave little fellow; perhaps you will be a knight some day."

The boy stared after the stately horseman, and watched the retreating cavalcade till the last dust cloud disappeared. He could hardly believe his senses. A great knight had told him—him, Anselm, the farrier's son, that he was brave and that some day he might be a knight! The thing seemed impossible.

He kept his thoughts to himself, how, ever, only doing his very best whatever he had to do, and performing the hardest tasks with a cheerful smile. He had watched his father so much at the forge that he soon became able to make a lance-head and a horseshoe himself. Arrayed in a sooty tunic, he might have been seen every day hammering shoe nails out of pieces of iron. He was so much encouraged by his proficiency in the new art, that at length he tried his hand at shoeing horses, and it was not long until he was able to shoe not only the plodding work horses of the peasants, but the wildest stallion in the castle stables.

One day, as Anselm was at the forge at work beside his father, a young knight rode up on the most fiery charger he had ever seen.

"My steed has cast a shoe, and beshrew me, I and my men-at-arms will rest beneath thy sooty roof while thy varlets shoe the noble beast."

But the mettlesome prancer exhibited such a temper, and plunged and reared, and champed his bits so savagely, that neither the farrier nor any of the varlets dared attempt to shoe him, for it was as much as their lives were worth to approach within a rod of his plunging hoofs. Anselm, however, declared his willingness to fit and put on the shoe, and he performed the task in so acceptable a manner that the knight was delighted, and as he placed some silver pieces in the boy's hand, he said:

"Thou art a gallant lad. It is a pity thy fine spirit is not employed to better purpose than such drudgery at a farmer's forge."

"I am glad to serve you," answered Anselm, as he removed his cap.

The knight's grave face relaxed in a smile, as he said:

"Thou art as courteous as a page at court, my lad."

And so he mounted his steed and rode up to the castle, followed by his men-at-arms.

That night when his father came in from the forge he said to Anselm:

"Sir Quentin hath sent for thee at the castle. The messenger says that the king hath need of thee."

The king! What! Could that young knight with the matchless war-horse be the king, the gallant Henry V., the glory and the pride of England? Anselm's heart beat fast and his eyes shone with a strange light as he walked up to the castle and was ushered into the great hall, which seemed all aglitter with the knights and men-at-arms in mail, and the weapons on the wall flashing in the light of the great lamps. And there stood the king, surrounded by a stately group. Anselm knew him now, with his helmet off, slender, fair-haired, with face that to him seemed the very ideal of royal beauty.

"I have need of a trusty messenger," said the king, "one who is resolute and without fear, one who is faithful and will be blindly obedient, and one who is hardy and strong. I have heard good things of thee, and I saw thy manly spirit today. Wilt thou serve me?"

"With my life, your majesty," replied Anselm, falling upon his knees.

"That will do," said Henry. "I have a pack-

ket that I wished conveyed to Earl Beauchamp, at Warwick Castle. It must reach him before noon tomorrow, and I must have his answer by sunrise of the next day. It is a great distance. Can you do it?"

"I will try," and the lad glanced up with steady, resolute eyes.

"Be ready in half an hour," said the king. "I have ordered your entertainment."

In a brand new suit of velvet, with a plume in his cap and spurs on his pointed long-toed shoes, Anselm stood by the postern gate at the time named, holding by the reins an impatient steed.

"Remember," said Henry, as he placed a packet in the boy's hands, "you are not to halt on the way for food or weather, and you are to deliver my message to no one but the earl himself. I trust all to you. Be wary and be swift."

"I will not fail your majesty," answered Anselm, and the next moment he had leaped to the saddle and was dashing away into the darkness. He had nearly two hundred miles to ride in forty-eight hours, and to deliver a message of whose purport he was ignorant. But it must be borne at all hazards to its destination, and an answer returned. He thought of all the stories of brave knights that he had ever heard told, and he knew that obedience and faithfulness were the first duties of knighthood.

His first difficulty came to him that night. His horse cast a shoe, and his first thought was, "Now I must wait, for my horse will be lame if I push him forward in this condition," but as he arrived at a roadside smithy, he thought again, "If I can have a light I can fix the shoe myself, and my horse will be all the fresher for his short rest."

So he halted and roused the smith, who came out of his hut stretching and yawning. In ten minutes time Anselm had a new shoe made and fastened on, and was on his way again.

When he came to the Avon they told him that he could not cross it, because the heavy rains had raised the stream so that passing was dangerous.

"Forward," cried Anselm, "I cannot wait for wind or tide"; and he dashed through the swollen stream and after a long struggle landed safe on the other side and proceeded on his journey.

He arrived in good time at the great castle at Warwick, delivered his message to Earl Beauchamp, and started on his return. A heavy storm came up, which lasted two days and made the roads well nigh impassable. For years and years it was known among the country people as "King Harry's Flood." But through it the young courier struggled on, and wet and bedraggled and almost exhausted, he proceeded himself to the king on the second morning just at dawn.

"By my halidom!" exclaimed the Plantagenet, "thou hast done what no other man in all my broad realm could have done, and thou a boy! Thou hast well won thy spurs." And before a gay and gallant assembly of knights and earls and barons, the great king bestowed the accolade upon the young farrier, whose good, pure face was still that of a boy.

Sir Anselm became one of the famous knights of his time, and had a grand castle of his own, and hosts of servants and men-at-arms. He founded a noble house and today many of England's proudest peers are glad to trace their lineage back to little Anselm, who won knighthood from the hands of Henry of Agincourt, and became the flower of England's chivalry.—Brooklyn Eagle.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

A Vanishing Animal.

The rhinoceros market is cornered. Not a single specimen of this ugliest of ugly beasts is to be had in the open markets of the world. Zoological collectors and circus owners the world over are unable to secure one, for the world's supply is apparently run out. In consequence, the price of this homely beast is enormous.

There are known to be two in North America. One, an old chap tottering with

age and screwed up from rheumatism, is in the Central Park, New York Zoo, and the other, a youngster about 4 years old, and a black African, is in the possession of a circus company.

According to Pearl Souder, a wild animal authority, the sun of the "rhino" is fast setting. Not only is he an exceptionally rare article in captivity, but he has become so scarce in the wild state as to be already regarded as among the semi-extinct animals.

The market price of an able-bodied rhinoceros was, until a few years ago, anywhere from \$5,000 to \$6,000. Now, circus managers would be willing to pay \$25,000 were it possible to obtain one.

Several varieties of rhinoceros are extinct. Among these are the white rhinoceros of Africa. The square mouthed rhinoceros are so rare as to be considered practically extinct, and the black African variety, regarded not so many years ago as the most common, has almost entirely disappeared.

The rhinoceros has always been a problem to keepers of animals, for, despite his toughness of hide and appearance, captivity has resulted in early death. He is a beast so essentially of the wilds and in makeup so foreign to anything like domesticity that all efforts at breeding in captivity have failed. A very few years will place the rhinoceros on the list with the quagga or wild ass of South Africa which disappeared thirty years ago.—Philadelphia North American.

Veneered Wood.

If the art of veneering were not the extensive art it is today, it would be impossible for any but the comparatively few who have a good supply of the almighty dollar to possess any fine articles of furniture at all. Veneering is not a new art, but the earliest American cabinetmakers, although using it to some extent, preferred as a rule the solid wood furniture.

Today hardwood trees, such as the oak, walnut and ash, have been made more valuable by the invention of veneering machinery which will enable the logs to be sliced up into layers of uniform thickness of less than one-twentieth of an inch. In the old days this process was all by hand and was a slow and arduous undertaking.

The advantages of veneered wood are that it will not crack, swell nor warp in the changes from hot to cold weather, and in the case of doors, for instance, it makes them lighter and more easily handled.

For our finest pieces of furniture the best of oak, walnut or ash is used, and it may be seen how much one of these trees is worth. Cut into thin slices, it will give hundreds of feet of veneer. A large walnut tree, for instance, will be made into a large amount of veneer and is sought by expert woodmen. Found in the heart of the woods or on some lonely farm, it is bought by the agent working for the interest of a veneering company, and ten times as much is paid for it to its owner as would be for ordinary lumber.

The process includes the cutting and trimming of the trees, sawing into logs of convenient lengths and then the cooking of these logs. They are boiled until soft and pliable in a vat of hot water or steam. They are then sent to the veneering machines, where they are sliced or sawed into pieces from one-tenth to one-thirtieth of an inch in thickness, of absolutely the same thickness all over. Their soft, pliable condition prevents them from cracking or breaking.

The cabinet workers then apply these slices to the articles of furniture, gluing them on with the grain running in opposite directions and with no joinings visible. Instead of making a weaker article the surface is really toughened and hardened by this cross-grain work, and it may also be polished to a higher luster than the solid wood.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Turned the Tables.

"So your wife refused to marry you when you first proposed to her. Did you keep on pursuing her till she consented?"

"Not much! I went out and made a fortune. When I came back, it was she who did the pursuing."—Detroit Free Press.

Creole Onion Pickles—Put one-half peck small white onions in strong brine for three days, wash, then scald with good hot vinegar for three days. Then take one-half gallon fresh strong vinegar, three ounces white mustard seed, one ounce tumeric, one ounce celery seed, two ounces mustard, two pounds brown sugar, boil and pour over onions for three mornings in succession, put away in a cool place.

The consciousness of having done a right thing, no matter what the world thinks of it, is a source of strength, and causes one to walk a little more erect in the presence of one's own conscience.

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There is a proof of what Psychine does. It not only cures Colds and kills the germs of LaGrippe, Pneumonia and Consumption, but it helps the stomach, makes pure, rich blood and spreads general health all over the body. You will never have Consumption if you use

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