The Mad Knight

O. v. Schaching

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THE MAD KNIGHT

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A MERRY TALE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

ADAPTED FROM THE GERMAN OF

OTTO V. SCHACHING pseud.

BY

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INTRODUCTION

FROM the fabulous poems which we find in the folk-tales of the Middle Ages—such as the story of King Arthur and his Round Table or Charlemagne and his Twelve Knights—there originated in the course of time a new style of romances or poems, which became known as "romances of chivalry." These books rapidly grew popular, and among the most widely read and admired of them all was "Amadis of Gaul," as Wales in England was incorrectly called. It treated of the legend of King Arthur, and told in fantastic fashion the numerous adventures and wanderings of the Prince Amadis. Its author is unknown, but he was undoubtedly a Spaniard, who lived about the middle of the fourteenth century. This work was not only widely read, but soon found many

imitators, and was continued in various forms. A new series of romances originated in the "Palmerin of Oliva"—all dealing with wonderful adventures and marvelous heroes. The number of these romances increased as the demand for them grew; they were devoured by the people of the Middle Ages with the same avidity as the volumes of the circulating library are to-day. The craze for romances of chivalry developed into a positive disease. The Spaniards were particularly afflicted, as was only natural, for Spain in her constant struggle against the Moors had become the home of chivalry and knightly glory. Nowhere was the idea of chivalrous honor more perfect than in romantic Spain. The passion for this style of literature reached such a pitch that the assistance of the law was called upon, and in 1555 the Spanish Parliament demanded that all the romances of chivalry then in existence be publicly burned;

for the evil effect of such works as "Amadis" and others of the same type on the youth of both sexes was universally acknowledged. In 1558 Philip II also passed laws against these books of chivalry, but to no purpose—the demand for such literature was not to be suppressed. Learned men, among them Louis Vives, of Valencia (1492-1540), one of the most famous Spanish authors and thinkers, inveighed vainly against the absurdity of the romantic stories of Amadis, Splendian, Florizand, Tirant, Tristan, and others. He criticizes these ridiculous romances with their adventurous heroes and knights errant in the following sarcastic words: "This knight has slain twenty enemies; that one, thirty. Another, after being covered with wounds and left for dead, starts up again in a day or so, full of life and strength, and overcomes two giants in a brilliant tourney. Then he departs, laden with more gold, silver,

precious stones, and silks than a freight ship could carry."

But even the warnings of such men, who fully understood the danger of this style of book, availed nothing. The romances seemed to have become a necessity of life with the people.

However, in 1604, a book was published at Madrid which succeeded in doing at one stroke what all the laws, the sermons and warnings of pious and learned men had been unable to accomplish.

Spain's greatest writer, Don Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, had written a book entitled "The Wonderful Knight, Don Quixote of La Mancha," in which he exposed the follies of the romances of chivalry to the ridicule of Spain and, indeed, of the whole world. "Don Quixote" is the name of a simple country nobleman, who, having gone crazy from reading romances of chivalry, dresses himself up as a knight, and in company with his squire,

a clumsy peasant of the neighborhood, sets off to seek adventures.

In a short time the immortal book was translated into other languages, and all Europe laughed over the mad knight, and, indeed, laughs over him still. The day of chivalrous romances was at an end, and people were ashamed of the literature they had so eagerly devoured up to this.

Cervantes was so much encouraged by the reception given to his book that in 1614 he published the second part of his sarcastic romance. He is the pride of Spanish literature, and the Spaniards call him the prince of their poets.

THE AUTHOR.

THE MAD KNIGHT

CHAPTER I

THE most southerly portion of the Spanish kingdom of New Castile is called La Mancha. It forms the center of the province of Cuidad Real, and numbers at the present day about three hundred thousand inhabitants. The country, for the most part flat, grows mountainous toward the frontier. In La Mancha there is a village, called Argamasilla, where, long ago, there lived a knight who was looked upon as a man of very peculiar character. He was known as Don Quixote, and was about fifty years of age, thin and worn-looking in appearance, but, withal, strongly built. His chief pleasure consisted in hunting and in read-

ing romances of chivalry—otherwise he had but few necessities. He lived very simply—his usual fare being a bowl of soup at midday, meat-balls in the evening, and on Saturdays a hash of what remained over. The surplus of his income he devoted to buying himself a plush coat, velvet trousers for feast-days, and cloth ones for ordinary wear. Besides this simple wardrobe, he had a spear, an old round shield, a very thin horse, and a greyhound. This household was looked after by his niece and a housekeeper, while an old man-servant attended to the garden and stable.

As we have already said, the knight was passionately fond of reading. He devoured greedily all the stories of adventure he could lay his hands on, and passed whole days and sometimes half the night reading them. Finally he lost his reason from so much reading, and grew to believe firmly in the wonderful heroes, the wiz-

ards, the fiery dragons, the mysterious islands, and all the other nonsense these books contained.

One day a most extraordinary idea seized him. He wished to go out in the world as a knight errant to seek adventures and make a name for himself in the world of chivalry. Then, when his gallant deeds had brought him unending glory, he hoped to be made at least Emperor of Trapizonda, for he had read in his romances how many a knight, through his bravery and strength of arm, had attained to imperial power.

Don Quixote was not the man to hesitate once he had formed a plan. Several old pieces of armor lay rusting in a corner of his house; these he brought out and cleaned. His ingenuity helped him to remedy all their defects. Finding no helmet, but only a tin headpiece, he devised a kind of vizor out of cardboard, strengthened it on the inside with little

iron rods and fastened it to his improvised helmet. He next turned his attention to his horse, a wretched animal, all skin and bones, but more valuable in the knight's eyes than even the celebrated Bucephalus of Alexander. As the horses of all famous knights had special names, Don Quixote set to work to find a suitable one for his. For four days he meditated upon this important question, and finally decided to call his steed "Rosinante" or "the horse of horses." For himself, he chose the name "Don Quixote of La Mancha," and feeling himself now thoroughly prepared for his new career, he one fine morning donned his armor, mounted his horse, and rode out through the rear gate of his courtyard into the fields beyond.

He had not gone very far when he bethought himself, with horror, that he had not yet been knighted, and therefore, according to the laws of chivalry, might not honorably engage in combat with other

knights. Don Quixote considered for a long time what he ought to do, and at last found a way out of the difficulty.

"The very first person who meets me," said he to himself, "will have to knight me. That has often happened in the annals of chivalry."

So he rode on, waiting impatiently for some one with whom he could engage in combat. But, alas! his heroic soul sighed in vain for great deeds. Time passed, and when evening fell it found the knight and his horse half dead with fatigue and hunger.

After spying around for a long time, Don Quixote believed that he had come upon a castle, whose walls loomed up in front of him. In reality it was a miserable inn, which the disordered imagination of the bold adventurer transformed into a castle.

The knight rode up to it. At the door stood two girls, whom he took to be young

noblewomen. A short distance from the imaginary castle he reined in Rosinante and waited to see if a dwarf would not appear on the battlements (as was often the case in knightly romances), and blow his trumpet to announce the arrival of the guest. As nothing of the kind happened, he rode up to the door (in which, of course, he recognized the portal of a castle). It chanced that at this moment a swineherd, who was driving home his flock, blew on his horn. This was a real joy to Don Quixote. He now felt convinced that a dwarf had announced his coming, and, highly delighted, he approached the inn. At sight of the strangely accoutered knight the girls ran away, frightened. Don Quixote instantly raised his cardboard vizor and called courteously after them:

"Your ladyships need fear no offense from me. It would ill become the order of chivalry to which I belong to offer in-

sult to any one, much less to such high-born damsels as your ladyships."

The girls looked closer at the strange being to see his face and then broke into a loud laugh. Don Quixote became furiously angry, and who knows what might have happened had not the host, a stout, peace-loving man, appeared. On seeing the horseman he, too, could hardly resist laughing, and only the fear of the knight's spear induced him to address him with politeness.

"If my lord knight seeks shelter, he will find an abundance of everything in this inn."

Don Quixote took the landlord to be the majordomo of the castle, and replied:

"Anything will suffice for me, my lord steward, for

> 'My ornaments are my weapons;
> My rest is the fight!' "

The landlord then held the stirrup while Don Quixote, who was very stiff

and tired, dismounted with difficulty. He commanded the host to give special care to his horse, for it was the finest animal that ever ate oats. The landlord had a slightly different opinion when he inspected the old mare more carefully, but he held his tongue and led the animal off to the stable. Don Quixote entered the inn, where the two girls, having realized the harmlessness of the stranger, came forward and offered to assist him in taking off his armor. They removed his jacket and shoulder-plate, but could not undo his neck-piece or the vizor, which was tightly fastened on with green strings. These they wanted to cut, but Don Quixote would not hear of it. So he was obliged to sit the whole evening with his tourney helmet on his head, much to the amusement of the people in the inn. But the knight himself was so utterly unconscious of his laughable appearance that while the girls removed his armor he ad-

dressed them, with perfect gravity, in the following romantic strain:

"'There never was on earth a knight
So waited on by ladies fair,
As once was he, Don Quixote hight,
When first he left his village dear:
Damsels to serve him ran with speed,
And princesses to dress his steed.'

or, rather, Rosinante, for that, ladies, is the name of my horse, and I am Don Quixote of La Mancha. I did not intend telling you my name until my deeds in your service had won me your favor. But the desire to apply this old ballad to the present occasion impelled me to confess who I am long before that time had arrived. There will come a time when your ladyships will command me and I shall obey, and let the strength of my arm proclaim my desire to serve you!"

The girls, who understood nothing of this speech, answered simply by asking

Don Quixote if he wanted something to eat, and he replied in the affirmative.

As it was Friday, and a fast-day, the knight was served with a piece of badly cooked codfish and black bread, there being nothing else in the house.

Don Quixote decided to take his modest meal out of doors, to enjoy the pleasant cool of the evening. But eating proved a difficult and laughable process. For as the knight had to hold up his vizor with both hands, and could not lift any food to his mouth, they were obliged to feed him like a helpless little child. To quench his thirst the landlord placed a hollow reed in his mouth and poured wine down it. All this the knight bore patiently rather than allow the cords of his vizor to be cut.

Suddenly a swineherd passed before the door and blew a few blasts on his reed pipe. This strengthened Don Quixote in the hallucination that he really was in

some famous castle, and was being treated to music while he ate—that the cod was trout, the bread made of white flour, the maids noble damsels, and the landlord the castle warden. He was therefore entirely satisfied with his first expedition; the thought of not having received the order of knighthood alone troubled him.

Hardly had he finished his meal when, calling the host to him, he locked himself in the stable with him, and falling on his knees began:

"Never shall I rise from this spot, brave knight, until you grant me the favor I beg of you, and which will redound to your honor and the good of mankind."

The landlord was completely taken aback by the behavior of his guest, but seeing how things were he promised to grant the extraordinary request. But, of course, confessed the sly landlord, there was no chapel in his castle where the armed vigil might take place, as required by the laws

of chivalry, for the chapel was in course of reconstruction; but the knight could stand guard in the castle courtyard, as was permitted in cases of necessity.

Don Quixote agreed and the necessary preparations were made. Taking all his armor, he placed it on a trough which stood in front of a well in the yard, seized his spear and began to march up and down as soon as night fell.

The landlord told the guests in the inn about the crazy knight, who was holding watch in the yard, and who wished to be knighted at daybreak. Astonished at this silly idea, the guests watched him from a distance as he tramped up and down, sometimes leaning on his spear, sometimes watching his armor, lying on the trough. Night had fallen, and the courtyard was flooded with moonlight, so that the guests could observe his every movement from the house.

Now, it happened that there were some mule-drivers staying for the night in this inn, and one of them, wishing to fetch water for his mules, entered the yard and began to lift the armor from the trough.

"Whoever you may be, foolhardy knight," cried Don Quixote, catching sight of him, "see that you do not touch the weapons of the bravest of wandering knights, if you do not wish to lose your life as punishment for your daring."

The mule-driver did not turn around, and continued throwing the armor aside. Thereupon the knight raised his spear and struck the man with such force upon the head that he sank to the ground. Then Don Quixote collected his armor and continued his walk.

While the muleteer lay there stunned, one of his comrades came into the yard. Not knowing what had happened, he, too, wished to clear off the trough, when Don

Quixote, without saying a word, brought down his spear with such vigor upon him that he split his head open.

This noise brought the landlord and his guests out of the inn. The traveling companions of the wounded men began to throw stones at Don Quixote from a distance, and the latter protected himself as well as he could behind his shield. The landlord called upon them to stop, the man was mad, he said, and would be acquitted as a lunatic even were he to kill them one and all. Don Quixote called out, too, but much louder than the rest, denouncing them as traitors and assassins, and the landlord as a cowardly wretch to allow a knight errant to be treated so.

At length the host succeeded in calming the mule-drivers as well as the angry knight, who permitted the wounded to be removed.

The landlord was far from pleased at the crazy behavior of the aspirant for

knighthood, and decided to initiate him in the desired order without further delay, in order to get rid of him quietly. He apologized humbly for the impertinence of the "low rabble," and expressed a wish to confer the honor of knighthood upon him at once, as he had already kept an armed vigil of four hours, when, in fact, two hours really sufficed, in case of necessity.

The knight believed all this, and the host, after fetching a tally-book, in which he was accustomed to inscribe all the litter and oats supplied to the muleteers, appeared before Don Quixote, accompanied by the two maids and a small boy, who held the end of a candle. He commanded Don Quixote to kneel down, read out of his account book as though reciting some pious prayer, and in the midst of the reading raised his hand to give the knight a gentle blow with his own sword, at the same time mumbling between his teeth,

as though praying. After this was finished he commanded one of the "ladies" to gird on the knight's sword. This she did with great gravity, fearing to burst out laughing, but the heroic deeds she had already seen the knight perform prevented her from doing so. She girded on his sword while the other girl attached his spurs and both wished that he might be a fortunate knight and that God might give him victory in all his combats.

Hardly were these ridiculous ceremonies finished when the newly made knight mounted his horse, embraced the landlord (who was heartily glad to be rid of him), and rode away.

CHAPTER II

DAY was already breaking when Don Quixote quitted the inn. While riding toward his village it occurred to him that now, being a knight, he would need a squire, and he thought of his neighbor, a poor peasant with many children, who would perhaps suit his purpose.

When a short distance from the village his attention was attracted by loud cries of pain issuing from a neighboring thicket. He rode to the spot immediately, and saw a horse tied to an oak tree, and to another a boy of about fifteen, who was stripped to the waist. A peasant stood by and was striking the boy unmercifully with his belt.

"Oh, sir! I will never do it again! I will never do it again," cried the boy un-

ceasingly. "I promise you from this out to take good care of the cattle."

When Don Quixote saw what was going on he cried out angrily:

"Unworthy knight! It ill becomes you to attack one who is defenseless. Mount your horse and take up your spear, and then I shall let you see that only cowards behave as you are doing."

The peasant was no little terrified by the advance of this strange figure, and gave himself up for lost.

"My lord knight," began he, having recourse to soft words, "this boy whom I am punishing is my servant. He had charge of a flock of sheep in this neighborhood; but he is so careless that every day one of my sheep is missing, and because I punished him for his negligence or roguery, he said I did it out of stinginess in order to deprive him of the wages due him! By God and my soul, he lies!"

"Lies? And you say that to me, you

good-for-nothing clodhopper?" cried Don Quixote. "By the sun above us, I will pierce you through and through with this lance. Pay him instantly without any grumbling. If not, I will make an end of you, and hack you to pieces. Unbind him!"

The peasant hung his head and obeyed the command.

"How much does your master owe you?" asked Don Quixote of the servant.

"Nine months at seven reals* a month."

"That makes sixty-three reals," said Don Quixote to the peasant. "Now, take out your purse instantly, if you do not court death."

"Noble knight, forgive me," replied the man, "but I do not owe him so much. Three pairs of shoes and two bleedings which the boy received during his illness must be deducted."

"That's all very well," replied Don

* One real is equal to five cents.

Quixote. "But the shoes and the bleedings must go for the blows you struck him without cause."

"But, sir knight, I have no money about me," pleaded the peasant. "Andrew must come home with me, and I will pay him real for real."

"Go with him again?" cried the boy. "Ah, that is not to be thought of. If I go home with him he will skin me like another St. Bartholomew."

"He won't do that," answered Don Quixote. "It is sufficient that I command, and he will show me obedience. In so far as he has sworn it by the order of knighthood to which he belongs, I will let him go free and myself go surety for the payment."

"Consider, your Grace, what you are saying," replied the boy. "My master is no knight and has never received any order of chivalry. He is John Haldudo, the rich farmer of Quintinar."

"That does not matter," retorted Don Quixote, "for there may be Haldudos who are also knights."

Finally the peasant promised to pay his debt with compound interest.

"I dispense you from the compound interest," said Don Quixote. "Give him his exact money—that will satisfy me; otherwise I swear I will return and punish you. And if you wish to know who I am, know you that I am Don Quixote of La Mancha, the redresser of all wrongs. Now, God protect you!"

And spurring his horse, he rode off. Hardly had he left the wood when the man seized the boy, tied him to the tree again, and beat him so that he left him half dead on the spot.

"Now call the redresser of all wrongs," jeered the peasant, "and we'll see how he'll redress this one. I've a good mind to skin you alive."

But instead, he unbound the boy and let him go off to seek his champion.

The peasant remained behind, chuckling, while Andrew, full of rage and pain, started off, determined to complain to the brave Don Quixote of La Mancha.

In the meanwhile, Don Quixote, delighted with his adventure (which he represented to himself as the liberation of a noble prince from the hands of a cruel villain), had come to a road which branched out in four directions. He thought of the crossroads, where the knights errant reflect as to which road they should follow, and in imitation of them he pondered for a long time, and then gave a free rein to his horse, which unhesitatingly trotted off homeward.

After riding about two miles, Don Quixote perceived a large number of people, who turned out afterward to be six merchants from Toledo coming to buy silk in Murcia. They were accompanied

by four mounted servants and four muleteers on foot. Don Quixote imagined this an excellent opportunity for another adventure. Settling himself in his stirrups, he grasped his spear, laid his shield against his chest, and halting in the middle of the road awaited the approach of the knights errant, for as such he looked upon the strangers.

When they were near enough he called out:

"Halt! strangers, and confess that in the whole world there is no nobler lady than the Empress of La Mancha, the peerless Dulcinea of Toboso!"

The merchants looked at each other with a smile; they saw at once that they had to do with a madman.

"Sir Knight," began one of them, "we don't know what the Empress of La Mancha looks like. Show her to us and we will gladly say what you wish to hear."

"If I showed her to you," repeated Don

Quixote, "what merit would you have then? You must believe and confess without having seen her or I shall challenge you one and all!"

"Sir Knight," replied the merchant, "show us a picture of the empress, even if it is no larger than a grain of wheat. Yes, I think we are already on your side, even if the empress' picture proves that one of her eyes is crooked and that sulphur and cinnabar flow from the other."

"Miserable rabble!" cried Don Quixote furiously. "You shall suffer for this monstrous calumny against my mistress."

Thereupon he grasped his lance and dashed with such force upon the merchant that it would have been all over with him had not fate at that moment caused Rosinante to stumble and fall. Don Quixote rolled far out into the field and found it impossible to get up, weighted down as he was by his heavy old armor.

One of the mule-drivers hastened up,

broke the knight's lance and thrashed him unmercifully with it. His master called to him to stop, but the fellow would not cease until he had broken the pieces of the lance on Don Quixote's body. The latter never held his tongue for an instant during the entire affair, but hurled the most fearful threats at the highwaymen, for as such he now regarded the merchants.

At length the boy gave up, and the merchants continued their journey. Don Quixote tried in vain to rise, and who knows what would have become of him had not a peasant chanced to pass that way bringing a sack of wheat to the mill on the back of his ass. Seeing a man lying on the ground, he asked him who he was, and Don Quixote answered with the wildest nonsense out of his knightly romances. He said he was a wounded knight named Baldwin, who had been surprised and wounded by his enemy Char-

lotte. He likewise claimed the peasant as his uncle, the Marquis of Mantua.

The peasant shook his head in astonishment when he took off the man's vizor, washed his face, which was covered with dust, and suddenly recognized the squire of his own village.

"But, master, who has treated you so badly?" he cried.

The knight only replied with more ridiculous phrases.

Hearing this, the peasant lifted him up and put him on his own donkey; then collecting the weapons, even to the last splinter of the lance, he fastened them upon Rosinante. Taking the latter by the bridle and leading the donkey by the halter, he went back toward the village, marveling at the foolish talk he had to listen to from Don Quixote.

By nightfall they reached the village. When the peasant arrived at Don Quixote's house he found everything in con-

fusion. The priest of the village, Pero Perez, and the barber, both great friends of the knight, were there, and the housekeeper was lamenting loudly that her master had disappeared now for six days, and no one knew anything about him. "As true as I live," said she, "I solemnly declare that the accursed romances have turned his brain. I remember now I have often heard him say that he wished to be a knight errant and roam about the world seeking adventures."

His niece said the same thing.

"Do you know, Master Nicholas," she continued, turning to the barber, "that my uncle read these hateful books for two whole days and nights without stopping, until finally he threw away the book, drew his sword and tilted against the wall. When he was tired out he would say he had slain four giants as big as towers, and the perspiration which covered him he called the blood from wounds received in

the struggle. Immediately afterward he drank a big jug of cold water, which he believed to be a magic potion given him by a wise sorcerer."

"To-morrow we shall hold court over those books," said the priest, "and condemn them to the flames, so that in the future they may not continue to do such harm as they have brought to our dear friend."

These words reached the ears of the peasant and Don Quixote, and the former now understood the nature of his neighbor's malady. Thereupon he called out loudly:

"My lords, open to the Marquis of Mantua and to the Lord Baldwin, who comes severely wounded."

At these words they all rushed out, and recognizing the long lost one, they embraced him with joy.

"Keep back all, for I return severely wounded through the fault of my steed,"

cried Don Quixote. "Get me to my bed, and if it is possible call the wise sorceress Urganda, that she may nurse me and bind my wounds."

"Goodness me!" cried the housekeeper. "Did I not tell you so? A hundred thousand curses on all the romances of chivalry which have reduced your Grace to such a condition."

When the knight was put to bed they examined him, but could find no wounds. He asserted that he had only received a bruise when his horse fell, while fighting against ten giants—the boldest, burliest giants that could be found.

"Oh!" said the priest. "So there are giants in the case, too. By the holy sign of the cross, I will burn them all before sunset to-morrow."

To all other questions Don Quixote only replied by asking for something to eat, and begging to be let sleep, as that was what he needed most.

His wishes were fulfilled, and soon he fell asleep, and slept well into the next day, when the priest and the barber had already arrived to sit in judgment on the pernicious books. The keys of the room where the books were kept were given to the priest, and they all went in, accompanied by the housekeeper. The room contained more than one hundred large bound books and several small ones. Hardly had the housekeeper glanced at them when she fetched a little bowl of holy water and a sprinkler.

"Your Reverence," said she to the priest, "take this and sprinkle the room, so that none of the many magicians in these books may remain behind to enchant us as a punishment for exterminating them off the face of the earth."

The priest laughed heartily at the housekeeper's idea. Then he ordered the barber to give him the books one by one. The niece and the housekeeper demanded

that the entire collection be thrown out of the window into the courtyard and burned. The priest did not wish to act so unjustly; but to decide in each case, and at least read the title.

The very first books passed to him by the barber were the four volumes of "Amadis of Gaul," the most celebrated romance of chivalry in the Middle Ages. It was, to a certain extent, responsible for all the other books written in a similar style. The priest wished to condemn it, but relented at the request of the barber.

Then followed a quantity of other books, so full of nonsense that they were all flung out of the window.

Only a few were spared, like the story of the celebrated "Tirante the White," "Diana" (by the Portuguese George de Montemayor), the "Araucana," by Don Alphonso de Ercilla, and "Monserrato," by the Valencian poet, Captain Christobal de Virves, which are still counted

among the ornaments of Spanish literature.

At length the priest grew weary of investigating the books, and simply condemned all those still remaining to be burned.

Suddenly Don Quixote's voice was heard calling: "Here, here, brave knights, is the strength of your arm needful, for the courtier knights are carrying off the tourney prize."

Hurrying to the room, they found the knight out of bed and swinging his sword in all directions. With difficulty they got him back to bed, where he still raved on in the wildest strain about tournaments, knights, and magic art, till at length sleep overcame him.

The housekeeper quickly destroyed all the books in the courtyard, and by the priest's advice the room where they had been kept was securely walled up. They decided to tell the knight that the room

and the books in it had been carried off by magicians.

Two days later Don Quixote rose from his bed. He went straight toward the room where the books had been; again and again he tapped along the wall and tried to find the door. At last he asked the housekeeper where the room and the books were.

"What room is your Grace looking for?" she asked. "Neither the room nor the books are in the house. The devil has carried them off."

"No," said his niece reassuringly, "it was a magician who came here on a cloud the night of the day you left us. He rode on a serpent, and went into the room. What he did in there I don't know, but a short time afterward he flew out through the roof and left the house all full of smoke. When we looked later on we found the room and the books gone. At the moment of his departure I heard him

cry out: 'I do this out of secret hatred to the master of the house.' He said, too, that he was called 'the wise Muniaton.' "

" 'Freston,' he will have said," corrected Don Quixote.

"I don't know," declared the housekeeper, "whether he called himself 'Freston' or 'Friston.' I only know that his name ended in 'on.' "

"Yes, yes, that's it," announced Don Quixote. "He is a great enemy of mine, because he knows that I will fight with one of his favored knights and conquer him."

"Who doubts it?" said the niece. "But, uncle, who forces you to this? Would it not be better to remain quietly at home instead of roving through the world in search of adventure, not remembering that many who have gone to seek wool have returned shorn?"

"Ah! my niece, you are quite mistaken," replied Don Quixote. "Before I am

shorn I shall tear out the beard of any one who presumes to touch a hair of my head."

Seeing that her uncle was growing angry, the niece said no more.

CHAPTER III

For a fortnight Don Quixote remained quietly at home. Indeed, it looked as though he had quite given up his foolish notions. Whenever the priest and the barber visited him, he talked to them about the knights errant who were so needed in the world, and to satisfy him they agreed now and then with what he said.

One day Don Quixote sought out one of his neighbors, a good fellow, but by no means clever. The knight talked so eloquently, and promised him so much, that at length the poor peasant (whose name was Sancho Panza) consented to go off with him as squire. He was influenced thereto by Don Quixote's promise to make him governor of an island, which they were to acquire in the twinkling of an eye, through some adventure or another.

Don Quixote obtained the necessary money by selling some of his land and mortgaging the rest. From a friend he procured a circular shield, and he renovated his battered helmet. Sancho made his preparations too. He wished to take his donkey—a fine animal, and his wallet with him. Don Quixote was a little doubtful about the donkey. He had never heard of a knight's squire on donkeyback. He contented himself with the silent resolve to mount Sancho more suitably as soon as the possibility of seizing some refractory knight's horse should present itself.

At last all was ready, and one night Don Quixote and Sancho silently left the village without saying good-by to any one. Sancho rode along on his ass like a patriarch; besides his wallet and a leathern bottle, he possessed nothing but the longing for the promised governorship and the island.

By sunrise they had gone a long distance.

"Gracious master," began Sancho suddenly, "please don't forget what you have promised me about that island. I shall know how to govern it, no matter how large it may be."

Don Quixote not only renewed his promise, but spoke of the possibility of getting a kingdom for his faithful squire before the week was out.

"And you needn't think that anything wonderful," he added, "for such unheard-of things happen to knights that I could easily give you more than I promise."

"At that rate," replied Sancho, "I might even become a king, my wife a queen, and my children princes?"

"Certainly. Who doubts it?" answered Don Quixote.

"I, your Grace. For my Hanna would never do as a queen. Countess might suit her better."

"Leave that to the Lord, Sancho," replied Don Quixote. "He will give you what is best for you."

While talking thus they came in sight of thirty or forty windmills, which are very common in La Mancha. On seeing them, Don Quixote cried out joyfully:

"Do you see these thirty giants, friend Panza? I intend to attack them and put an end to them. With the booty we shall lay the foundation of our wealth, for it is a righteous deed to rid the earth of this wicked race."

"What giants?" asked Sancho Panza.

"Those that you see yonder," replied his master, "with the long arms—some of them two miles long."

"Consider, my lord," began Sancho. "These are no giants, but only windmills, and what you take for arms are the sails, which turn in the wind and work the millstones."

"I see well that you are not conversant

with adventures," retorted Don Quixote. "I tell you they are giants, and if you are afraid, you can retire from here and pray, while I fight the unequal fight."

With these words he spurred his horse, and not listening to what his squire called after him, namely, that they were windmills and not giants, Don Quixote dashed off, crying:

"Flee not, cowardly, miserable creatures! But a single knight attacks you."

A gentle wind sprang up and the long sails began to move. As soon as Don Quixote saw that, he cried out:

"And had you more arms than the giant Briareus, you would still have to reckon with me." Thereupon, covering himself with his shield, he sprang forward in full gallop against the first windmill. As he stuck his lance in the sail, the wind turned it so briskly that the lance broke, drew horse and rider with it, and Don Quixote rolled heavily over the field.

Sancho Panza rode up quickly to help his master, and found that the latter could not move, so powerful was the blow which he and Rosinante had received.

"Didn't I tell your Grace they were only windmills?" said Sancho.

"Be silent, Sancho," replied his master. "The fortunes of war are varied. I believe that the magician Freston, who is so hostile to me, and who carried off my books, has changed these giants into windmills in order to rob me of the glory of conquering them. He is my deadly enemy, but in the end his evil arts will avail but little against the power of my sword."

"God grant it," replied Sancho Panza, and helped his master to mount.

Still conversing about the adventure, they reached the mountain pass of Lapice, which, as it was much frequented, Don Quixote considered a likely spot for adventures. It grieved him greatly to look at his shattered lance.

"I remember, however, to have read," he said to his servant, "about a Spanish knight named Diego Perez de Vargas, whose sword was broken in battle, and who cut a branch from an oak and did such good service with it in the fight against the Moors that he received the name "Splitskull," which all his descendants also bore. I tell you this because I intend to cut off a branch from the first holly or oak we come across, and to perform such deeds with it that you may count yourself happy to be permitted to witness them."

"God grant it," replied Sancho fervently. "I believe everything your Grace says, but I also believe that it is time for dinner."

"You may eat if you wish to," replied Don Quixote. "I do not need to."

Sancho settled himself in his saddle, drew something out of the wallet, and rode

slowly along, taking a good pull now and then at the leathern flask, and thinking that adventuring was not so bad after all.

When night came, master and servant lay down to sleep under the trees, from one of which Don Quixote had broken off a dried branch, to which he fastened the iron point of his broken lance. He did not sleep a wink the whole night, but thought about adventures and such things as knights errant are supposed to think of.

It was different with Sancho Panza, who slept so soundly that he had to be awakened by his master.

The next morning they set off back toward the pass of Lapice.

"Here, said Don Quixote when they reached it, "here we can have our fill of adventures. But remember, you must not interfere if a knight attacks me; you may only come to my assistance when my opponents are common folks."

Sancho declared he would hold this command sacred, particularly as he was of a peaceful disposition.

In the middle of this conversation two Benedictine brothers appeared, riding on mules, which were almost as large as dromedaries. They wore sun-glasses and carried umbrellas. A coach escorted by four or five mounted servants and two mule-drivers on foot followed behind them. Hardly had Don Quixote seen them when he said to his squire: "If I am not much mistaken, this will prove the most magnificent adventure ever heard of. These black figures must be magicians who are carrying off a princess in the carriage. It is my duty to attack them with my entire strength."

"This is worse than the windmills," muttered Sancho. "Think, my lord, these are monks of the Order of St. Benedict, and the carriage is sure to contain only

travelers. Be careful what you do—that the devil may not deceive you."

"I have already told you that you understand nothing at all about adventures. What I say is true, and in another moment you will be convinced of it."

He rode forward and halted in the middle of the road. When the monks were sufficiently near he called out loudly: "Fiendish, ruthless rabble, set free the high-born princess you are carrying off in this carriage or instant death will be the punishment for your evil deeds."

The monks drew rein and were no less astonished by the appearance than by the words of Don Quixote.

"My lord knight," they replied, "we are neither fiends nor ruthless, but simply two brothers of the Benedictine Order going our way, and not knowing if a stolen princess is in this carriage or not."

"Your smooth words avail nothing, for

I know you now," cried Don Quixote, spurring his horse, and dashing at the nearest monk with such fury that the latter would have been pierced through had he not slipped down from his mule. The other monk rode hurriedly off.

When Sancho Panza saw the monk lying on the ground he dismounted nimbly, rushed up to him and began to tear off his clothing.

The two muleteers came up and demanded to know why he was stripping the monk.

"The clothes are mine by right, as booty in the fight that my master has just won."

The drivers had a different opinion on that point, and while the knight was conversing with the people in the carriage, they attacked Sancho, threw him down, pulled out every hair in his beard, and beat him until he became unconscious. The monk mounted instantly and, pale with

terror, rode after his companion, who watched from a distance how things were turning out. Once together again, they trotted off at full speed.

In the meantime Don Quixote had approached the carriage and began to speak with the lady inside. He introduced himself as Don Quixote of La Mancha, a knight errant, who had just accomplished her liberation.

One of the lady's servants, a Biscayan, heard this, and approaching the knight, said impatiently in his broken Spanish: "Be off, knight, be off with the preachers. If you no leave the coach I kill you—so true I am Biscayan."

Hot words followed, and finally blows. The Biscayan quickly pulled a cushion out of the carriage to use as a shield. He struck the knight such a fierce blow on the shoulder that, had it not been for his armor, he would have been seriously hurt.

Then Don Quixote seized his sword in both hands and swung it furiously against his enemy.

The lady in the carriage and all her servants made numberless vows to all the miraculous pictures and shrines in the whole of Spain that God might avert this terrible danger.

Don Quixote's sword came down with a crash on the Biscayan, whose cushion proved useless, and he dropped from his mule covered with blood. Seeing his opponent helpless on the ground, Don Quixote dismounted, and, hurrying up to him, held the point of his sword toward him, demanding his surrender.

The Biscayan was too stunned to speak, and, enraged by his silence, Don Quixote was about to run him through when the ladies, who had watched the struggle with terror and anxiety, hastened up and begged mercy for their valet.

"Assuredly, gentle mistresses," replied

Don Quixote with pride and dignity. "I am most willing to grant your request."

His anger thus appeased, the Biscayan was allowed to rise, and the carriage and its occupants continued their journey.

Sancho now rose to his feet. He had carefully watched his master's combat, silently but fervently praying that God might give him victory and, incidentally, some kind of an island or other. When he came up to hold his master's stirrup, he threw himself on his knees and cried, before Don Quixote had mounted:

"Be kind enough, gracious Señor Don Quixote, to give me the governorship of the island which has been won in this fierce struggle, for no matter how large it is, I feel myself competent to rule it as well as any one who ever governed islands in the world."

"Remember, friend Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "that this adventure and others of a like nature are merely chance

adventures, in which one gains nothing more than a broken skull. Only have patience; we will meet adventures through which I shall be able to make you governor or perhaps something higher still."

That same day they rode many miles, but no other opportunity for heroic deeds presented itself. Evening came, and they were glad to reach a poor goatherd's hut, where they decided to pass the night. The herdsmen did their best to receive the wandering knight and his squire suitably. They entertained Don Quixote with shepherds' tales, while Sancho Panza devoted himself to eating and drinking.

The following morning they bade farewell to the hospitable goatherds and continued their adventurous journey. At noon they came to a fresh, green meadow, watered by a little streamlet, and here they determined to rest for a few hours.

Ill luck would have it that a number of Galician mares were grazing in the valley

attended by some Yanguesian drovers from the old Castilian province of Segovia. These men were in the habit of resting at noon in some sheltered spot with their animals. The spot chosen by Don Quixote suited them exactly. No sooner had Rosinante espied the mares than she joined them, but was beaten off by the drovers.

Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, who had seen this, came panting up, and the former said to his squire:

"As I perceive, friend Sancho, that these people are not knights, but men of low degree, you may assist me to revenge the insult offered to Rosinante before our eyes."

"What revenge can we take?" replied Sancho, "when they are twenty or thirty and we are only two—or perhaps only one and a half."

"I am equal to a hundred," said Don Quixote, and without wasting words, he

grasped his sword and attacked the drivers. Sancho Panza followed the example of his master. The Yanguesians, having seized their cudgels, got the two heroes in their midst and thrashed them soundly. In a few moments Sancho and his master lay on the ground beside Rosinante, who had not yet been able to rise.

The drovers hurriedly collected their horses and disappeared from the scene of their victory.

Sancho Panza was the first to recover.

"Señor Don Quixote! Ah! Señor Don Quixote," he said in a weak voice to his master, who lay beside him.

"What do you want, friend Sancho?" replied the knight in the same dismal tone as Sancho.

"Has not your Grace a few drops of some magic potion which is equally good for broken bones as for bruises and stab wounds?"

"If I had, what else should we need?" replied Don Quixote. "But I swear to you, Sancho Panza, on the word of a gallant knight, that before two days are over it will be in my possession."

At last Sancho Panza rose up, with many groans and curses upon those who had brought him to such a pass. He helped Rosinante to get up, and settling Don Quixote on the donkey, with Rosinante following behind, he took the ass by the halter and made his way as best he could to the highroad.

After going about half a mile he came in sight of the highway, and near it an inn, which Don Quixote obstinately insisted was a castle, while Sancho Panza held to his own opinion.

Arrived at the inn, the host, seeing Don Quixote lying across the donkey, inquired from Sancho what was the matter with him.

"Nothing," replied Sancho. "He only fell from a rock and bruised his back a little."

The landlady, a good-natured soul, sympathized with the poor, battered knight, and bade her daughter and a maid named Maritornes help her to bind his wounds. When the good woman saw the welts with which the knight was covered she decided they must have come from blows rather than a fall.

"Blows? What an idea!" cried Sancho. "The rock had many corners and rough edges and each one of them has left its mark upon him. Please manage, Señora, that a little lint and ointment remain over; there is another who needs it. My back hurts me a little, too."

"Ah," said the landlady, "did you fall also?"

"I didn't exactly fall," replied Sancho, "but when I saw my master fall, terror

lamed me and I felt as if I had received a thousand blows or more."

"What is this gentleman's name?" asked Maritornes.

"Don Quixote of La Mancha. He is a knight errant, and one of the bravest on earth."

"What is a knight errant?" questioned the maid.

"Are you so new to the world that you don't know that?" retorted Sancho Panza. "Learn, then, my dear, that a knight errant is a man who may receive a thrashing or a throne within the same hour. To-day he's the most unfortunate creature in the world, and to-morrow he may have two or three kingly crowns to give away to his squire."

"How comes it, then," interrupted the hostess, "that you, who serve such a master, have not managed to get even a count's title?"

"It is too soon for that," replied Sancho.

"It is only two months since we started out to seek adventures, and as yet we have not met with the kind we want to get. However, if my master, Don Quixote, recovers from his wounds—or rather his fall—and I escape becoming a cripple, I would not exchange my prospects for the finest manor in Spain!"

When Sancho's wounds had been dressed also, the master and servant lay down to rest, but what with hard beds and the noisy disputes of a mule-driver in the inn, they got but little sleep.

The next morning Don Quixote prepared to depart. In a corner of the inn he perceived a watchman's spear, which, heedless of the eyes of the guests, who were watching him, he took to replace his broken lance.

He and his squire mounted their steeds, and then Don Quixote, calling the landlord to him, thanked him condescendingly.

"Many and great were the attentions

we received in your castle, my lord warden. If I can repay you for them by revenging any insult offered you by any enemy, I will gladly do so, that you may learn that it is my duty to help the weak and punish the faithless. Reflect, if there is any such mission you wish to entrust to me?"

"My lord knight," replied the host, "I have no need to ask your lordship to revenge any wrong, for if such is done me, I know how to revenge it myself in my own manner. I have nothing further to demand but that your Grace will pay me for your lodging, the litter and oats for your animals and the supper."

"Is this an inn?" asked Don Quixote.

"Aye, and a very respectable one at that," retorted the landlord.

"Then I have been mistaken until now," said Don Quixote, "for I believed this inn to be a castle. As it is so, however, you must excuse me from paying, for I cannot break

the laws of the order of knights errant, who never pay for their food or lodging. A hearty welcome is due to them as a recompense for the unspeakable fatigues they suffer, when, day or night, summer or winter, in heat or cold, they wander about, on foot or on horseback, in search of adventure."

"That's nothing to me," replied the host. "Let people pay me what they owe me, and the rest does not concern me. I want my money—and nothing else."

"You are a stupid good-for-nothing inn-keeper," cried Don Quixote, and spurring Rosinante, he rode off without noticing whether his squire followed or not.

The host, who had not dared to stop him, now turned on Sancho Panza. The latter declared that, as his master had not paid, he did not need to do it either, seeing that he was the squire of a knight errant, and the same law held good for both.

The landlord grew angry and threatened to make him suffer for it if he refused to pay. Sancho declared he would not pay a penny if it cost him his life, for he did not wish to be the one to let the good old customs of chivalry die out.

Unfortunately for Sancho, there were some lively people among the guests in the inn, who were always ready for all sorts of tricks. As if moved by one thought, the whole six of them fell upon Sancho, dragged him off his donkey, fetched a quilt and threw him into it. Looking up, they discovered that the room was too low for their purpose, so they went out into the yard, laid Sancho in the coverlet and tossed him up in the air.

The shrieks of poor Sancho reached his master, who gradually realized that it was his squire who was screaming so lustily. He turned back instantly, but finding the inn shut up, rode round to discover a place to enter by. Hardly had he reached the

wall of the courtyard when he perceived the cruel trick which was being played upon his squire. He tried to climb from his saddle onto the wall, but the pain of his late beating prevented his dismounting. He gave vent to a volley of abuse, directed against the men, who were tossing his squire so unmercifully. Not, however, until they were tired of the sport did they let Sancho go. Then, seating him on his ass, they put on his mantle, and Maritornes, the maid, a good-natured soul, brought him some wine, which she paid for out of her own pocket. Sancho opened the gate and trotted out of the courtyard, quite content to have had his way and paid no bill. Only in the hurry he had forgotten his wallet.

CHAPTER IV

"My good Sancho," said Don Quixote, when his squire had overtaken him, "I am now quite convinced that this inn is an enchanted castle, for these people who have treated us so abominably can be nothing else but ghosts and creatures of another world."

Sancho was not to be converted to this view of the matter. He believed firmly that the people who had amused themselves so cruelly with him were the direct opposite of ghosts, and he held to this opinion in opposition to his master.

While they were exchanging comments on their adventure, Don Quixote caught sight of a great cloud of dust on the road, and cried out joyfully:

"This, O Sancho! is the day when people shall learn what fame fate has in store for

me. Do you see the cloud of dust yonder? It has been whirled up by a great army."

"At that rate, there must be two armies, for on the opposite side is likewise a cloud of dust."

Don Quixote looked across and saw that Sancho was right. He was thoroughly delighted, never for an instant doubting but that two armies were about to attack each other on this broad plain.

The cloud of dust was really caused by two great flocks of sheep advancing along the road in different directions.

Don Quixote persisted so firmly in his delusion that at length Sancho Panza really began to believe, and asked:

"Gracious, master, what are we to do, then?"

"What?" cried Don Quixote. "Assist the oppressed and suffering. You must know, Sancho, that the great army coming toward us is in the command of the great Emperor Alifanfaron, lord of the great

island of Taprobana; the other, which is behind us, is headed by his enemy, Pentapolin, the king of the Garamantians, a people of Africa."

"Why are they enemies?" asked Sancho.

"Because this Alifanfaron is an obstinate heathen, who wishes to wed the beautiful daughter of Pentapolin. He, being a Christian, will not consent until the heathen renounces the false doctrines of his prophet, Mahomet."

"By my beard," cried Sancho, "this Pentapolin is right, and I shall help him as well as I can."

"And thereby you will do your duty," replied Don Quixote, "for you need not be a knight to fight in this cause."

"But what shall I do with my donkey? I certainly can not go into battle on it; that would be against all rules."

"Let the donkey go," cried Don Quixote. "There will be so many horses in the battle that probably even Rosinante will

be exchanged for another. But now pay heed to my words, for I am about to point out to you the noblest knights in both armies."

After this speech they ascended a small hill, from which they could easily have seen the two flocks had not the dust-cloud been so dense.

"That knight whom you see in the yellow armor," began Don Quixote, "is the brave Sir Laurealco, lord of the Silver Bridge. The one with the gold-flowered armor with the three silver crowns on a blue field is the terrible Micocolembo, grand duke of Quiracia. The one on his right with the gigantic limbs is the fearless Brandabarbaran of Boliche, the lord of the three Arabias. His armor is a serpent's skin and his shield is a door; according to report, it is one of the doors of the temple which Samson tore down, when revenging himself upon his enemies by killing himself."

And so out of his imagination he named and described every knight of whom he had read in his romances. For a quarter of an hour he continued thus, when Sancho, who up to then had listened silently, said:

"The fiend is in it, noble master, for never a giant nor man nor knight is to be seen! At least, I can distinguish nothing. Perhaps it is more witchcraft."

"How can you say that?" cried Don Quixote. "Do you not hear the neighing of horses, the blast of trumpets, and the roll of drums?"

"I hear nothing but the bleating of sheep and rams," replied Sancho, and he was quite right, for the two flocks were now approaching each other.

"Fear prevents you from hearing and seeing aright," said Don Quixote. "In case you are afraid, draw to one side and leave me alone, for I am strong enough to bring success to whichever side I espouse."

With these words he rode quickly down the hill, while Sancho called after him:

"Turn back, Señor Don Quixote, for I swear to you they are only sheep and rams that you are going to attack. Turn back! What folly! Only remember, there are no giants and no knights there. What is the matter with you? Oh! poor sinner that I am!"

But Don Quixote did not turn back; on the contrary, he rode on, calling out loudly:

"Come, now, brave knights, who serve and fight under the banner of the noble Emperor Pentapolin, follow me all, and you will see how easily I shall avenge him on his enemy Alifanfaron of Taprobana!"

With these words he dashed into the midst of the flock of sheep and began to lay about him with as much courage and valor as though his lance were really directed against his deadliest enemy.

The owners of the sheep and the shep-

herds called to him to stop, but their cries were unheeded. Thereupon they drew slings from their belts and began to hurl stones at the knight. Don Quixote took no notice of the missiles, but dashed about in all directions, crying, "Where are you, haughty Alifanfaron? Come to me! Here is a knight who will prove your strength face to face and who will take your life in revenge for the insults you have offered to the brave Pentapolin of Garamantia!"

At this moment a flint-stone came whizzing along and struck Don Quixote in the side, breaking in two of his ribs. Believing himself to be mortally wounded, he suddenly remembered his magic draught, and pulling the little bottle from his pocket, he began to sip the healing liquid.

Suddenly another stone struck the flask, shattered it into fragments, knocked out three or four of Don Quixote's front teeth and bruised two of his fingers. The shock

of the blow hurled him from his horse, and the shepherds, believing they had killed him, hastily collected their flocks, carried away the seven or eight dead animals, and made off, without once looking back.

Sancho had remained the whole time on the hill, watching the antics of his master, tearing out his hair, and cursing the hour and minute when fate had thrown him together with such a madman. Seeing the knight lying on the ground, he hurried to him, and found that, although conscious, he was in a bad condition.

"Did I not tell you, Señor Don Quixote," said Sancho, "to turn back, for that it was no army, only a flock of sheep?"

"Yes," groaned the knight. "So can that abominable magician, my enemy, change everything. You know, Sancho, that it is easy for a magician to make us see everything as he wishes, so that knave, envious of my glory, changed the opposing army into a flock of sheep. . . . But

come, now, feel with your finger in my mouth and find out how many front and side teeth I have lost, for I feel great pain in my upper jaw."

Sancho put his finger in his master's mouth, and feeling his jaw, said:

"How many teeth did your Grace have on this side?"

"Four," answered Don Quixote, "and all of them, except the wisdom tooth, were strong and sound."

"Consider well what you are saying now, your Grace," cried Sancho.

"Four, I tell you, if it wasn't five," answered Don Quixote, "for in my whole life I have never lost a tooth through decay or rheumatism."

"Well, then, in the lower jaw you have now only two and one-half teeth on this side and in the upper one neither a half tooth nor a whole one either, for it is as flat as the palm of my hand."

Don Quixote lamented greatly over the

loss of his teeth, for, as he said, a mouth without teeth is like a mill without a millstone. "But we of the noble order of knights are exposed to all this," he added resignedly. "Mount, now, friend Sancho, and be leader. I shall follow wherever you go."

So master and man (the former tortured by toothache) left the unlucky spot to seek a shelter.

Night surprised them on the road, and they were without shelter or food, for their provision sack had gotten lost. It was a very serious loss, indeed, for after performing such heroic deeds, and encountering such adventures, hunger and thirst asserted themselves vigorously.

In spite of the darkness, they rode on, for Sancho hoped to find a shelter after two or three miles' ride. Suddenly they perceived a number of lights coming toward them, which looked like falling stars. Sancho nearly fainted with terror

at the sight, and even the brave knight shuddered. They reined in their steeds and endeavored to find out what it could be. The lights came nearer, and seemed to grow larger. Sancho began to tremble as though he had swallowed quicksilver, and Don Quixote's hair stood on end.

"It is doubtless a great and dangerous adventure," said he, "which will require all my courage and boldness."

"Unhappy me," cried Sancho. "If it should prove an adventure with ghosts, as it appears to be, where can one find the strength to withstand them?"

"No matter how many ghosts there may be," answered Don Quixote, "I will not allow one of them to touch you."

"If, however, they enchant you and make you powerless?" replied Sancho doubtfully.

"All the same," retorted Don Quixote. "Come, now, cheer up, and I shall show what courage I have."

"Well, with God's will, I shall be courageous," answered Sancho.

They left the road and watched the mysterious moving lights from the side. Soon they perceived white-clad figures approaching. This awful sight dissipated Sancho's courage. His teeth chattered like a man with the fever, and he trembled even more when he saw what it all really was. About twenty mounted men in surplices, with lighted torches in their hands, rode before a litter hung with black cloth, and followed by six riders, whose mules were draped in black. The men in surplices chanted in a doleful strain as they went along.

This strange apparition, at such an hour, and in such a lonely spot, was sufficient to terrify not only Sancho, but Don Quixote. Suddenly the whole affair assumed a different aspect in the knight's imagination. He saw in the litter a funeral bier, on which lay fatally wounded, or

murdered, a knight whom he must avenge. Without further consideration, he laid his spear in rest, settled himself firmly in his saddle, and took up a position in the middle of the road, where the procession must pass. When they approached, he raised his voice and called out:

"Halt, noble knights, wheresoever you come from, and tell me who you are, whither you travel, where you came from, and what you are carrying on this bier. For according to all appearances a wrong has been done by you or against you."

"We must hurry on," answered one of the surpliced figures. "It is still far to the inn, and we cannot stop to give you information."

The speaker rode on, but Don Quixote, angered by this answer, caught his mule's bridle and said:

"Halt, and be more courteous, otherwise I shall kill you one and all."

The mule shied, reared, and threw its

rider. A boy near by began abusing Don Quixote, and the latter, already irritated, threw himself upon one of the mourners, wounded him seriously, and then turned upon the others. They quickly dispersed, for the men in the surplices were timid folk, and dashed off across the fields, carrying their torches with them, and looking like masqueraders at carnival time. Those who wore priestly garments could not get away so quickly, and the gallant knight thrashed them with but little difficulty. At last the field was clear. The mourners all believed that it was no man, but a fiend who had come to carry off the corpse.

Sancho, who stood an attentive spectator, was astonished by his master's daring. "There is no doubt," said he to himself, "my master is as brave and valiant as he says."

A smoldering torch lay on the ground. By its light Don Quixote could see the

man he had wounded and knocked down. In reply to the knight's questions, he answered:

"We come from the city of Baeça and are going to Segovia, as escort to the body of a knight, who is to be buried there in his native town."

"And who killed him?" asked Don Quixote.

"God, through a contagious sickness," replied the other, and begged the knight to help him out from under the mule, where his leg was being crushed between the saddle and the stirrup.

Don Quixote called to his servant, who, however, took no notice, being employed in transferring provisions from the back of a pack-mule which the gentlemen had with them to his own mantle. He had formed it into a sack, and packing it full of provisions, placed it on the donkey's back. Then, at last, he obeyed his master's command, pulled the man from un-

derneath the horse, and handed him his torch.

"Should your masters desire to know who the hero is who attacked them," said Sancho Panza, as the man set out to follow his companions, "tell them that it was the celebrated Don Quixote of La Mancha, also called the Knight of the Rueful Countenance."

When the man was gone, Don Quixote asked his servant why he had given him that name.

"I shall tell you why," said Sancho. "While watching you in the torchlight, I noticed you cut the sorriest figure I have ever seen. It is caused probably by the fatigue of fighting or the loss of your teeth."

"No, that's not it," answered Don Quixote, "but the wise magician, whose duty it is to write down my deeds, will have thought it right for me to have a surname, like all the great knights. Some

were of the Flaming Sword, others of the Unicorn, the Phœnix, the Griffin, and were known all over by these names. So that the name may suit me better, I shall have a mournful countenance painted on my shield."

"That's not necessary," said Sancho. "Your Grace only needs to show your own face; that is quite sufficient."

Don Quixote laughed at Sancho's idea, but decided, nevertheless, to adopt this name as soon as he could get his shield painted.

"I see now, Sancho," said he, "that I am under the ban of the Church, because I have laid hands on what was holy, though it really was my spear, not my hand, that I laid on it. I never meant to attack any one belonging to the Church, for I honor and revere them as a good Catholic and Christian. I believed I was fighting ghosts and evil spirits from the other world."

"Señor," said Sancho, "you have escaped wonderfully in this adventure; but it might happen that these people, ashamed of having been conquered by one man, would reassemble and return to give us something to remember them by. My donkey is worn out, the mountains are near, and hunger is beginning to make itself felt."

Don Quixote understood his squire, and realizing that he was right, followed him without opposition.

CHAPTER V

After riding a short distance, Don Quixote and his squire found themselves in a lonely valley, where they dismounted. Sancho unloaded the provisions from his donkey, and, stretched on the grass, they took their breakfast, lunch, dinner, and supper all in one. Unfortunately, they had no wine, not even a drop of water, to quench their thirst. Sancho remarked that the meadow in which they sat was covered with fresh, tender grass, and from this fact concluded that a streamlet or a spring must be somewhere near. They decided, therefore, to push on. The darkness of the night prevented them seeing where they were going, but hardly had they advanced two hundred paces when a mighty roar, as of water dashing over high rocks, greeted their ears. Their

joy was quickly dampened, for besides the roar of water, they heard a regular stamping sound and a clattering of chains and iron, which would have terrified any one less courageous than Don Quixote. The night was pitch-dark, and they found themselves in the midst of lofty trees, whose leaves rustled eerily in the breeze. The loneliness of the spot, the darkness, the roar of waters, and the sighing of the trees were enough to frighten the bravest spirit.

Don Quixote sprang on his horse and flourished his lance bravely.

"Friend Sancho," said he, "my courage goads me to plunge into this adventure. Remain here, and wait for three days—no longer. If I do not return within this time, you can go back to our village, and from thence to Toboso, where you will tell my peerless mistress, Dulcinea, that her knight has perished in the accomplishment of great deeds."

On hearing this Sancho burst into tears and said:

"Señor, I can't imagine why your Grace wishes to rush into this fearful undertaking. It is night, and no one can see us here. We might easily take another road and get out of danger, even if we have to go three days without water. I have often heard our pastor say, 'He who courts danger, perishes in it.' It isn't right to tempt Providence by seeking a danger from which only a miracle can save you. And Heaven has already worked enough miracles for your Grace; first, by preserving you from the tossing I got, and, secondly, by helping you to drive off all those enemies escorting the corpse. But should your hard heart still remain unmoved by all these things, remember that, as soon as your Grace leaves me, I shall die of fright. And I left home and kindred to serve you, hoping to advance myself in the world, instead of going down. He who expects

much, gets little; so all my plans have come to nought. Just as I expected to receive that accursed island, which your Grace promised me faithfully, I find that you mean to abandon me in a lonely, desolate spot!"

All poor Sancho's appeals were in vain. Don Quixote was determined to attempt the adventure, and commanded Sancho to tighten Rosinante's girth and remain behind. "For," said he, "I shall soon return, alive or dead!"

Seeing that persuasion was useless, Sancho had recourse to cunning. While tightening Rosinante's girth, he slyly bound her two forelegs together with the donkey's halter, so that when Don Quixote wished to ride off, he found it impossible to do so, as his horse could only move by jerks. Rejoiced at the success of his trick, Sancho said:

"Now, Señor, moved by my tears and prayers, Heaven has so ordained that

Rosinante can not move from the spot."

Don Quixote was in despair. His failure to bring the horse forward proved to him that nothing was to be done at present.

"As things are so," he said, "I must resign myself to waiting till sunrise, though I could cry at this loss of time."

"You need not weep, my lord," answered Sancho. "I will entertain you till daybreak with all kinds of stories."

Don Quixote listened to his squire's stories till morning dawned. Sancho then cautiously unbound Rosinante's legs and the animal began to stamp with pleasure. Don Quixote took this for a good omen. As the light grew brighter, he perceived that they were among high chestnut trees. The roaring and clattering had not ceased, and the knight was impatient to attempt this fateful adventure.

He said farewell to Sancho, bidding him wait only three days; as to his wages, he need have no fear; before leaving home

he had made his will, in which Sancho was remembered. Should he return unharmed, however, Sancho might reckon quite surely upon the island.

The squire burst into tears, but this did not move Don Quixote, who rode off in the direction whence the sounds came. Sancho followed him on foot, leading his ass.

After some time they reached a meadow, lying at the foot of a precipice, over which thundered a waterfall. Near the rocks stood some miserable little huts, from which the noise and stamping seemed to issue. Don Quixote rode slowly up, praying Heaven to bring him safe out of this danger. The faithful Sancho never moved from his side, but peered out between Rosinante's legs to see what the noise could possibly mean.

A few steps further on they turned a corner and saw six stampers belonging to

a fulling-mill, which accounted for the noise they had heard.

Don Quixote was speechless and grew stiff all over. Sancho glanced at him, and saw that he hung his head, which clearly indicated that he was ashamed of himself. He looked at his squire, who was ready to burst with laughter, then even he himself had to laugh. When Sancho saw that his master had given the signal, he broke out into a roar and laughed until he had to hold his sides. Four times he stopped, and then began again, until Don Quixote raised his spear and gave him two heavy blows on the back. Seeing that his master took the matter badly, Sancho said soothingly: "Calm yourself, my lord, I was only joking."

"So?" said Don Quixote. "Well, I was not. Do you imagine for a moment that had this tumult proved to be something more dangerous than the noise of a mill,

I would not have faced it bravely? Am I expected to distinguish the sounds produced by a fulling-mill? I never saw one in my life, while you, as a peasant, must know them well. Turn these six stampers into six giants, and if I do not overthrow them, then you can laugh at me as much as you wish."

Sancho, realizing his mistake, tried to calm his master.

It had begun to rain, and Sancho would gladly have taken shelter in the fulling-mill, but Don Quixote would not hear of it. They turned off to the right, and took another road. Soon a rider appeared, wearing something on his head which shone like gold.

"It appears to me," cried Don Quixote on catching sight of him, "that we are about to meet with a different adventure from that of the mill-stampers. If I am not mistaken, he who approaches wears the helmet of Mambrino on his head."

"All I can see," replied Sancho, "is a man on a gray donkey like my own, and with some shining object on his head."

"That," said Don Quixote, "is the helmet of Mambrino. Stand aside and leave me alone with him. You shall see how—without speaking a word—I shall finish this adventure and obtain possession of the helmet."

"Certainly, I'll stand aside," said Sancho, "and God grant, say I, that it may be a melon, not a mill, this time."

"I have already told you not to mention the story of the mill to me," said Don Quixote, "otherwise I shall say nothing further, but I'll thrash the life out of you."

Sancho remained silent, fearing that his master might carry out his threat.

As to the helmet, horse, and rider, which Don Quixote had seen, they may be explained as follows:

In this very neighborhood there were

two villages, one of which boasted of an apothecary and a barber, while the other had neither. Now, the barber was just on his way to the smaller village, in order to bleed a sick man and shave one of his customers. He carried his brass shaving dish along, and as it was raining, he clapped it on his head to save his new hat. The dish was highly polished and could be seen shining a mile off. Don Quixote took the gray donkey for a dappled steed and the barber for a knight with a golden helmet.

The unsuspecting barber was quite close now, and Don Quixote grasped his spear and galloped toward him with the cry:

"Defend yourself, miscreant, or deliver over to me what is mine by right!"

The poor barber, terrified by this apparition, slid off his donkey and darted across the fields like a deer, leaving the brass shaving dish lying on the ground. Don Quixote declared that the heathen

had acted wisely, and took possession of the shaving dish.

He put it on at once, turned it from side to side, and endeavored to find the lower spring. Failing to do so, he remarked:

"Doubtless the heathen for whom this tourney helmet was made had a very large head. The strangest thing about it is that the lower half seems to be missing."

On hearing this, Sancho could not restrain his laughter.

"What are you laughing at?" demanded Don Quixote.

"I can't help laughing when I think of the head of the heathen to whom this helmet belonged. It looks very much like a shaving dish. But enough of that. Tell me what we are to do with this dapple gray steed, which has somewhat the look of a donkey. Judging by his hasty departure, its master has no desire to fetch it."

"I am not accustomed to plundering those whom I conquer," replied Don Quixote. "It is not a chivalrous custom. So, Sancho, set free this horse, or donkey, or whatever you think it is, for as soon as its master sees that we are gone, he will come back to get it."

Sancho, however, succeeded in obtaining his master's consent to exchanging the harness of his own donkey for that of the barber's.

After this they breakfasted, drinking water from the mill-stream, to which, however, they turned their backs, so angry were they at the fright it caused them.

On starting off again they took the direction of the highroad, expecting to encounter more adventures there. As they rode along, they met a considerable number of people, all walking in a line, like beads on a string. They were chained to each other by the wrists, and all wore handcuffs. Two men on horseback and

two on foot escorted them. The former carried muskets, the latter javelins.

"Here comes a gang of galley-slaves," said Sancho on seeing them. "They are compelled by the king to work in the galleys."

"What! Compelled to work? Is it possible that the king *compels* any one?" asked Don Quixote.

"I do not say that," replied Sancho. "I mean that these are people who must be punished for their crimes."

"In a word," cried Don Quixote, "these people go, not of their own free will, but because they are obliged to?"

"Just so," answered Sancho.

"In that case," cried his master, "here is an opportunity for me to assist the oppressed."

"But consider, your Grace," remonstrated Sancho, "the king does not injure or oppress these people. He only punishes them for their crimes."

In the meantime the galley-slaves had approached, and Don Quixote politely requested the guards to explain why these people were in chains.

One of the horsemen replied that they were galley-slaves, and that more than that he did not need to say nor Don Quixote to know.

This answer did not satisfy the gallant knight. He did not cease until the guard allowed him to question each prisoner as to the nature and magnitude of his crime. All acknowledged their guilt, but told their stories so feelingly that the knight's sympathy was aroused, and he commanded the commissioner in charge to set them free or he would compel him to do so by force of arms.

The commissioner ordered Don Quixote to go his way and not bother about the galley-slaves, whereupon the knight charged upon the official and knocked him to the ground with a blow of his spear.

The other guards were at first astonished by the incident, but quickly rushed upon the knight, with whom it would have fared badly had not the prisoners broken their chains at that moment and obliged the guards to turn their attention upon them. It ended in the guards being obliged to flee.

Don Quixote met with the rankest ingratitude from the convicts. No sooner had the guards disappeared than they turned on the knight and made merry over his appearance. When he resented their ingratitude, they began pelting him with stones, and, dragging him off his horse, snatched off his doublet and Sancho's cloak. Then they ran away in all directions with whatever booty they could seize. The precious shaving dish they had already smashed to atoms.

Poor Sancho Panza was devoured by anxiety, believing that at any moment "the holy brotherhood" might appear. This

was a society whose members had voluntarily undertaken the duty of wandering over the country to free it of criminals. They had, however, the unpleasant habit of shooting criminals with arrows.

Don Quixote admitted that all this trouble would have been spared them had he followed Sancho's advice.

"As your Grace acknowledges that we would have escaped this danger had you taken my advice, so I beg of you to be advised by me before some greater misfortune befalls us. Do not forget that chivalry can do nought against the 'holy brotherhood,' for they care nothing for wandering knights. I feel their arrows already whizzing round my ears."

"You are a born coward," cried Don Quixote. "But to show you that I am not unreasonable, I will accept your advice this time; on the one condition, however, that you never—in life or in death—tell any one that I avoided this danger through fear."

Sancho promised readily, declaring that "retreat was not flight."

They mounted and rode forward till they reached the foothills of the Sierra Morena (Moor), which lie between La Mancha and Andalusia, and are so called on account of the dark-brown color of their sides.

Sancho intended to cross the mountains and hide among them for a few days, so that the holy brotherhood might not find them. That night they reached the fastnesses of the mountains and encamped amidst the rocks and cork trees, intending to remain there as long as their provisions held out.

By a caprice of fate, it chanced that one of the convicts who had been released by Don Quixote's folly had also sought refuge in this spot. He was called Gines de Passamonte, and was the greatest thief and rascal imaginable. On arriving at the place where Don Quixote and his servant

were encamped, he instantly decided to steal Sancho's ass, and, thanks to the darkness and the unconsciousness of the sleeping adventurers, he easily carried out his evil design.

Morning dawned and found Sancho Panza donkeyless! His lamentations filled the air.

"Oh! Son of my heart!" cried he, "born in my own house, my children's treasure, my wife's delight, my neighbor's envy. Oh! thou bearer of my burdens!"

Don Quixote tried to console him and promised him three of the five donkeys he had left at home. That comforted poor Sancho and he thanked his master heartily.

Their sojourn seemed to fill the morbid imagination of Don Quixote with new and wonderful ideas.

"Sancho," said he one day to his squire, "you will have to go to my mistress, Dulcinea, at Toboso. I am sending you with a letter in which I announce myself as her

faithful knight, who roams the world in search of adventure and who has already performed the most unheard-of feats, to which you can testify, as I have written her. The letter is in this note-book, which you are to take to the nearest village, where you will copy it on note-paper. It contains also an order for the three donkeys I promised you."

Don Quixote gave his squire all sorts of directions and advice. He particularly warned him to mark the road in some way, so that he might find no difficulty in returning to him. It would be best, perhaps, to drop twigs of broom at certain distances.

"That's what I'll do," said Sancho, and bidding his master farewell, he mounted Rosinante.

The Knight of the Rueful Countenance remained behind, wondering what reception his ambassador would receive from the lady of Toboso.

CHAPTER VI

In the meantime Sancho Panza was making his way to Toboso. On the day following his departure he arrived at the inn where he had been so badly treated. It was midday, and Sancho was very hungry and thirsty, but he did not dare to enter, for the very sight of the inn gave him the sensation of being tossed in the blanket again. While he was reflecting what to do, two men came out of the inn. They turned out to be the priest and the barber of Don Quixote's village, and of course knew Sancho Panza and Rosinante at once.

"Where is your master, friend Sancho?" asked the priest.

Sancho, who had recognized them instantly, decided to conceal the condition

and the hiding-place of his master, so he answered:

"My master is at a certain spot, engaged on a certain project which is very important to him, and which I may not betray, even to save my life."

"No, no, Sancho Panza," replied the barber, "if you do not tell us where he is, we must only believe that you have killed and robbed him, seeing that you are riding on his horse. Seriously, you must show us the master of the horse or——"

"Threats will not answer with me," retorted Sancho. "I am not the man to rob or kill another. My master is yonder, in the mountains, and he is doing penance."

Then he told them of the commission to Mistress Dulcinea of Toboso, with which his master had entrusted him. They desired Sancho to show them his master's letter. He replied that it was written in a note-book, and that the knight had ordered him to copy it on note-paper in the

nearest village. The priest promised to copy it in his best handwriting, if Sancho would show it to them.

The squire wished to draw the book out of his doublet—and found that it was gone! His master had forgotten to give it to him, but Sancho had not remarked this trifling omission. He felt all over for it, then tore his beard and struck himself in the face till the blood flowed.

"Why, what's the matter with you, Sancho?" cried the priest and the barber.

"Only that in one instant I have lost three fine, strong donkeys!" replied Sancho.

"How's that?" asked the barber.

"I've lost the note-book," said Sancho, "with the letter for Dulcinea and the order signed by my master, in which he directs his niece to give me three out of the four or five donkeys he has in his stable."

The priest comforted him by telling him that as soon as they found his master they

would get him to make out the order on paper, as was customary.

This consoled Sancho for the loss of the letter, which he assured them he knew by heart. At the priest's request he recited it, but put so much rubbish into it that it was irresistibly funny. He went on to relate all the adventures of himself and his master, only omitting his own experience in the inn. He declared to them that should the mission to Dulcinea prove successful, his master would shortly become emperor or king, and would then bestow one of the queen's maids of honor upon him, Sancho, as wife, for by that time he would be a widower. This lady was to bring him as dowry an immense property on the mainland, as he wished to have nothing more to do with islands for the future.

Sancho told all this so seriously that the others were aghast at the craziness of the knight and the credulity of his servant. They thought it better to leave him in his

delusions and merely begged him to pray God that his master might live to become an emperor.

"For the present," said the priest, "we must only try and make him give up his senseless penance. And now let us go into this inn and have dinner."

Sancho declared he would remain outside, and would tell them later why he preferred not to enter. He begged them, however, to send him out something warm to eat, and some oats for Rosinante, and the barber himself saw that he got everything he wanted. During dinner the priest and his companion planned how they could get the mad knight home. The former suggested dressing himself up as a maiden in distress, who was seeking a brave knight to accompany her and avenge an insult offered to her by a wicked knight. At the same time she would beg him not to ask her to raise her veil nor inquire aught about her until he had righted her wrongs.

The barber was to disguise himself as a squire and follow him.

From the hostess they obtained the necessary feminine attire to carry out their plan, and the barber made a beard for himself out of a red bullock's tail, which he found in the stable.

The people of the inn learned for what purpose the disguise was being assumed, and guessed at once that it must be the crazy knight who had stopped there shortly before, and they related the whole affair, not forgetting poor Sancho's misadventure.

When their disguises were ready the pair started off, but very soon the priest repented of having assumed female attire, declaring that it did not suit his calling, even if so much did depend on it. He begged the barber to change clothes with him, and the latter consented.

Sancho could not resist laughing when he saw the strange appearance of the two,

though the barber had decided not to put on the disguise until they reached the mountain. The following day they arrived at the spot where Sancho had dropped the twigs to guide him. He recognized the place at once, and told his companions to dress up here, if it were really necessary for the good of his master. Sancho was carefully instructed how to behave; under no circumstances was he to betray their identity, but was to say that the Lady Dulcinea, who could neither read nor write, demanded, under pain of her displeasure, that Don Quixote come to her at once, if he wished to become either king or emperor.

Sancho rode forward to give his master Dulcinea's message, which he declared would be sufficient to induce him to leave his present place of refuge. His proposal pleased the others, and they decided to await Sancho's return with news of his master.

After waiting a short time under the shady chestnut trees, the priest and the barber were surprised to hear footsteps approaching. Looking up, they saw a fresh young girl carrying a bundle under her arm. At sight of the strangers she grew frightened and tried to run away, but the priest called to her to stop, telling her she need not fear them.

Reassured by his words, she told him that her name was Dorothea, and that she had been shepherdess to a peasant in the neighborhood, but was now on her way to her home.

The priest replied by confiding to her the doings of the mad knight and the object of their presence there. His recital was interrupted by the loud cries of Sancho, who came hurrying up to tell them that he had found his master pale, weak, half dead with hunger, but still determined not to go to Toboso until he had performed more deeds of valor. If this

went on, Sancho declared, his master would run a small chance of ever becoming an emperor.

When Dorothea heard the story she offered to undertake the rôle of distressed damsel, and assured them that, having read many romances of chivalry, she would know well how to carry out the trick.

They accepted her offer at once, and Dorothea took her best clothes out of her bundle and retired for a few moments to put them on. When she returned she looked more like a young lady of noble birth than a shepherdess, and even Sancho could not help asking who this beautiful damsel might be and what she was doing there.

"This young lady," said the priest, "is a princess of the kingdom of Micomicon, who seeks your master with the intention of demanding a favor from him. She de-

sires him to avenge her upon a wicked giant, who has insulted her."

The priest told him a good deal more in the same strain, and was no little astonished to find that Sancho was as credulous as his master.

Meanwhile Dorothea had mounted the priest's mule, and they started on their way. After going about three-quarters of a mile they encountered Don Quixote. The priest hid quickly behind a hedge, while Dorothea, dismounting gracefully from her mule, with the assistance of her squire, threw herself at Don Quixote's feet.

"Oh, brave and valiant knight!" she cried. "Never shall I arise from this spot until your generosity and kindness shall have granted me a favor, which will redound to your own honor and glory."

"I shall not answer you a word, madam," replied Don Quixote, "nor shall I listen to your request, until you rise."

But Dorothea remained kneeling, and Sancho Panza, who had appeared, whispered softly to his master:

"You can easily grant her request, for it is only a trifle for you—merely a matter of killing a powerful giant. This lady is the Princess Micomicona, queen of the great kingdom of Micomicon in Ethiopia."

"Please to rise, gentle damsel," cried Don Quixote, turning to the lady. "I willingly grant you the assistance you desire."

He raised her from the ground, and commanded Sancho to saddle Rosinante and prepare his weapons. Sancho brought the armor, which was hanging on a tree, put it on his master, and then saddled Rosinante.

The barber remained kneeling, and tried hard to restrain his laughter and keep his beard in position until he saw that Don Quixote meant to start off

at once; thereupon he hastened to assist the supposed princess to mount. Sancho Panza felt rather badly at being obliged to go on foot, but he consoled himself with the thought that his master was now surely in the way of becoming emperor, for he would of course marry the princess and share her kingdom.

Meanwhile, the priest in his hiding-place was busy devising a pretext for joining the company. He at last resolved to take a short by-path down the mountain and meet them at the foot, as if by accident. When the cavalcade came in sight, he rushed forward crying:

"Blessed be the hour in which I meet again the flower of knighthood, my excellent friend Don Quixote of La Mancha!"

Don Quixote was fairly terrified by the sight of the priest in that spot. He wanted to dismount at once, but the priest would not hear of it. Master Nicholas jumped off at once and offered his mule to the

priest. The mule kicked a few times and so scared the barber that he let his beard fall. In order not to spoil the plot, he hid his face in both hands and complained that his back teeth had been knocked out. When Don Quixote saw the beard lying at a distance from the fallen squire, he cried out:

"As God is above us, that is a great miracle! The animal has torn off his beard as thoroughly as though it had been purposely cut off!"

Seeing the ticklish position of the barber, the priest hurried to him, picked up the beard, and pressing his head against his breast, quickly fastened on the beard again, whispering something to himself, which Don Quixote took to be some healing spell. Then he stood aside, and behold! the barber appeared just as before. The knight was astounded, and begged the priest to take some opportunity of teaching him this magic formula.

When they had gone a little further the priest asked Dorothea, "To what kingdom will your Highness lead us? Perhaps to Micomicon?"

Dorothea, who understood at once what was meant, replied: "Yes, reverend sir, my way leads thither."

"In that case we must pass through my village," replied the priest. "From there your Grace will take the road to Carthagena, where, if fate be kind, you may embark without delay, and with favorable winds and a calm sea, you will arrive at the great Lake Meona in about nine years, and in about one hundred days more you will reach your kingdom."

"Your reverence is mistaken," replied Dorothea. "It is only about two years since I started from there, and I did not have good weather, yet, nevertheless, here I am face to face with him whom I sought, Don Quixote of La Mancha!"

They whiled away the time with stories,

and Don Quixote delighted them with all the indescribable nonsense which his madness suggested, and the faithful Sancho Panza showed that he was not far behind his master in richness of imagination.

While they were going along they perceived a man riding on a donkey whom they took to be a gypsy. Sancho Panza fixed his eyes on the donkey, and as they came closer he gave vent to a cry of joy, for his sharp eyes had recognized the gray donkey so lately stolen from him in the mountains.

"Ha, you villain," screamed he, "give me back my property. Give me my favorite, my life's delight! Be off, you thief, you robber!"

Gines de Passamonte, the rogue who had stolen the donkey and had disguised himself as a gypsy to escape recognition, no sooner heard Sancho's voice than he slid down from the donkey's back and ran quickly off. Sancho rushed up to the

donkey, embraced it, and caressed it, crying tenderly, "How have you been treated, my darling, my heart's pet?"

The donkey quietly accepted these extravagant caresses, but deigned no answer.

The rest of the company now rode up and congratulated Sancho, Don Quixote promising not to recall the order for the three donkeys, to Sancho's great delight.

CHAPTER VII

THE following day—to Sancho's great disgust—they reached the inn where he had been tossed. The landlord and his wife received Don Quixote and his squire with great cordiality, and the knight was given a room to rest in after his long ride. The barber returned the bullock's tail to the landlord, and Dorothea, having declared that she could no longer play the rôle of Princess Micomicona, the priest and the barber decided to plan some other means of making the knight return to his home.

In the midst of their discussion they were startled by a great commotion in Don Quixote's room. Sancho Panza ran to see what the trouble was, and returned almost immediately, crying that his master was engaged in the most terrible combat,

and had struck off the head of the giant who had insulted Princess Micomicona as though it were a turnip.

"What do you mean, Sancho Panza?" cried the priest. "Are you crazy?"

At that moment Don Quixote was heard calling:

"Hold! Knave! Highwayman! Your scimitar can no longer help you."

The words were accompanied by furious sword thrusts against the wall.

"Don't stand here," cried Sancho, urging the others on, "but come to my master's assistance; though really it is hardly necessary. The giant is doubtless already dead. I myself saw the blood flowing when his head, which was as large as a wine-gourd, was cut off."

"I'll be hanged if your crazy Don Quixote has not slashed open one of my leathern wine-bags," cried the host. "They stood at the head of his bed, and this fool took the red wine for blood!"

He hurried to the room, followed by the others, and there a comical sight met their eyes. The knight was attired only in his shirt, and on his head he wore an old red cap belonging to the host. Round his left arm was wound the coverlet, which had such unpleasant memories for Sancho, and in his right hand he flourished his sword, as though attacking the giant, while his eyes were tightly closed in sleep. In his dreams he was already king of Micomicon, and was fighting the last duel with his giant enemy.

The landlord, who cared little for such feats of mad bravery, seized Don Quixote and drubbed him soundly. It was not, however, until the barber had emptied a jug of cold water over him that the knight really awoke. He was put to bed again, and slept soundly, after the exertions of his first uneasy slumber.

Sancho Panza was in despair, not at the madness of his master, but because he

could not find the giant's head, although he searched for it over the whole floor.

"I know very well that everything in the house is enchanted," he declared angrily. "The head has disappeared, although I myself saw it struck off, and the blood gushing from it like water from a spring!"

"What are you saying about blood and springs, you enemy of God and the saints?" screamed the landlord. "Don't you see, you rascal, that there is no blood and no spring, but that my wine-bags have been slashed open and the red wine is spilled all over the room?"

"I know nothing," replied Sancho, "except that if I do not find the head, my whole earldom will melt away."

Every one laughed at Sancho's nonsense except the host, who was furious with anger. Once outside the room the priest and the barber sought by all the means in their power to console him for

the loss of his wine; his wife was even more enraged than he, and swore by the bones of her ancestors that every penny of the damage would have to be paid.

Sancho was as disconsolate as the host and his wife, because he could not find the giant's head, but Dorothea comforted him by promising him the finest earldom in her kingdom as soon as it was proved that his master had really killed the giant.

During the two days which they spent at the inn the priest not only made good the damage done to the host, but also arranged with the driver of an ox-cart which happened to be going that way to assist him in getting Don Quixote home. This was the plan they had decided upon. They were to place Don Quixote in a large wickerwork cage, in which he was to be conveyed to his home. To prevent his recognizing any of them while he was being carried to the cage, they were all to disguise themselves as best they could.

Don Quixote slept peacefully while these preparations were in progress, until suddenly the conspirators entered his room, seized him, and bound him hand and foot, so that he could not stir. Amazed and breathless, he gazed at the strange faces around him, and decided they must be the spirits of the enchanted castle and that he himself had been bewitched, seeing that he could not move a limb.

Sancho alone wore no disguise, and was sensible enough to recognize who the muffled figures were, but he held his tongue, and watched with suspense what was going to happen next. The cage was brought in, and Don Quixote was placed inside it and bolted in. When they were leaving the room a fearful voice (that of Master Nicholas) made itself heard, telling the knight not to grieve, but rather to rejoice, for that all this must happen to bring the adventure to a fitting end. There were glorious days still in store for him. Sim-

ilar words were addressed to Sancho, who derived much comfort therefrom. He kissed his master's hands respectfully, and the cage was carried out and placed in the ox-cart.

Before they started, the landlady, with her daughter and Maritornes came out and pretended to weep over the sad fate of Don Quixote.

"Weep not, gentle dames," cried the latter. "Those who choose the career that I have undertaken are constantly exposed to such misadventures."

They bade farewell to their hosts, and the procession started in the following order: First the ox-cart, driven by its owner, and flanked on either side by a few armed guards, whom the pastor had hired at the inn to accompany them; then came Sancho Panza on his donkey, and leading Rosinante, and lastly the priest and the barber riding their mules, and

keeping their faces covered to prevent recognition.

Don Quixote sat in the cage, his hands bound, his feet stretched out, leaning against the laths of the partition as quiet and patient as though he were a statue and not a human being.

After six days' journey they arrived at Don Quixote's village. It was Sunday, and the inhabitants were all assembled in the market-place, which the wagon had to cross. Their astonishment on seeing Don Quixote can be imagined. One small boy rushed off to announce his arrival to the housekeeper and his niece.

When they saw him, so pale and worn, they broke out into lamentations and maledictions against the romances of chivalry.

Sancho's wife was there, too, and her first question was how the donkey had fared.

"Better than his master," replied Sancho.

"God be thanked for His goodness to me!" cried she. "But now tell me, my dear, what profit has your service as squire brought you? Have you brought me a new gown or new shoes for the children?"

"I have not thought of bringing such trifles," replied Sancho. "I bring things of far greater importance."

"I am delighted to hear that," cried his wife. "Do please show them to me. They will gladden my heart, which your absence has so troubled."

"I will show them to you at home, wife," replied Sancho. "Should we seek adventures again you will soon see me a count or the governor of an island—no ordinary island, you understand, but the very best there is to be had."

"God grant it, dear husband, for we need it badly. But tell me, what is that about an island? I don't understand."

"Honey," replied Sancho, "is not for a donkey's mouth. You will learn all about it in good time. How astonished you will be to hear your subjects address you as 'your Grace.' "

"But what are you saying about 'your Grace' and 'islands' and 'subjects'?" insisted Hanna.

"You do not need to know everything at once, Hanna. Enough is said when I have told you the truth, so hold your tongue. For the present I can only add that there is nothing finer than to be the squire of a knight errant. True, all the adventures do not turn out as we should like, for out of a hundred, ninety-nine are disappointments. Still, it is delightful to live in expectation of great events, to rove through the woods and mountains, to climb rocks, visit castles, and receive free hospitality at every inn you go to."

While Sancho was describing the charms of a wandering knight's life, Don

Quixote had been carefully put to bed by his housekeeper and his niece. When the pastor recounted to them the doings of the knight, they inveighed bitterly against the romances of chivalry and their authors, and were much troubled lest Don Quixote, once his health was restored, might start off again to seek adventures.

CHAPTER VIII

No sooner was Don Quixote able to leave his bed than the desire to seek adventures returned upon him. He paid no heed to his housekeeper and his niece when they heaped abuse upon the stories of chivalry and entreated him to remain with them. Sancho Panza, who already knew of his master's plan, found it easy to obtain his wife's consent, having promised her to return surely this time with a governorship. His son Sancho was to learn his father's business and succeed him in office, and his daughter Sancha was to be a countess.

So one fine day Don Quixote and his trusty squire set off from their village in search of fresh adventures. They took the road to Saragossa, intending to take part in the yearly festival held there. On

the way they met a wagon filled with the strangest figures imaginable.

A hideous devil was driving the wagon, and inside sat Death, in mortal guise, then an angel with gaily painted wings, beside her an emperor with a golden crown, and near Death a mythological god called Cupid, with his bow and arrows. There was a knight in full armor, too, and several other curiously dressed people.

Their appearance rather confused Don Quixote and struck terror into Sancho's heart. Quickly recovering himself, and believing this to be a real adventure at last, Don Quixote called out:

"Death or devil, or whoever you are, tell me whither you are driving, and who are these people in your fool's cart."

"Señor, we are actors," replied the driver courteously, as he stopped his wagon. "This morning we played the religious drama "The Judgment of Death" in a village behind yonder hill, and this after-

noon we are to play in the next village. As the distance is short, we thought to save ourselves the trouble of dressing and undressing by traveling in the costumes that we play in. If your Grace wishes to know anything else, you have only to ask me, for, being a devil, I know everything."

"By my word," cried Don Quixote, "when first I saw this wagon I believed I had come upon a fine adventure. I confess, however, that my judgment was too rash. Go with God, my good people, and if I can serve you in any way, you may command me."

During this conversation one of the company, dressed as a clown, came up. He was covered with little bells, and carried three bladders attached to his stick. Approaching Don Quixote, he cut all sorts of capers, making the bells tinkle, and finally so terrifying Rosinante that she took the bit between her teeth and

dashed off across the fields with more speed than any one would have expected from such an aged beast. Seeing his master's danger, Sancho ran to help him, but before he could reach him, Don Quixote was already sprawling on the ground, and Rosinante had fallen too.

No sooner had Sancho dismounted than the clown jumped on his donkey, shaking his bladders about its ears, till the terrified creature dashed over to the spot to which the players had withdrawn. In the confusion Sancho hardly knew whether to help his master or his donkey first. In the end his fidelity to his master conquered.

"The devil has run off with my donkey," he cried, approaching his master.

"What kind of a devil?" demanded Don Quixote.

"The devil with the bladders."

"Then I shall get it back for you, even if it be in the uttermost depths of hell. Follow me, Sancho; the wagon is driving

slowly. I shall give you the mules in it as indemnity for your donkey."

"Don't trouble, Señor," said Sancho. "The devil seems to have sent my donkey back."

And so it was, for when the clown tumbled off, in imitation of Don Quixote, the donkey turned and trotted back to its master.

"Nevertheless, it would be only right to revenge the rudeness of this devil on one of his party, were it even on the emperor himself," declared Don Quixote.

"Don't think any more about it," replied Sancho, "and take my advice, never quarrel with actors, for they are a favored class everywhere. I have seen actors arrested for two murders, and then set free without paying their costs!"

"For all that," cried Don Quixote, "the actor-devil shall not dare boast of his deed, even though the whole world protect him."

Saying which he returned to the wagon, which was now close to the village, and cried out several times:

"Wait, you merry company! I shall teach you how to treat the donkeys and the other animals belonging to the squire of a knight errant."

He screamed so loudly that the actors heard him, and understood what he meant to do. One after another they sprang down, picked up stones, and placed themselves in a row. They waited to receive Don Quixote with a volley of missiles, and the latter, seeing this, reflected how best to attack them.

"Consider, my lord," cried Sancho, hurrying up, "it is more foolhardiness than bravery for one man to attack an army in which Death and the emperor are fighting in person. If that does not shake your resolution, surely the fact that among all these enemies there is not a single knight errant will deter you."

"Now," cried Don Quixote, "you have hit the nail on the head. I can not and may not draw my sword against any one who has not been knighted. If you wish, Sancho, you are at liberty to avenge yourself. I shall assist you with good advice from here."

"There is really no necessity for vengeance," replied Sancho. "It does not become a good Christian to revenge the wrongs done him. My dearest wish is to pass my days in peace."

"If that is your resolve, honest, prudent Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "we shall let these people go their way and shall turn to nobler adventures, of which this country promises us many."

They turned their horses' heads, and Death led his ghostly troops back to the cart; so, thanks to Sancho's good advice, the adventure with the wagon of Death ended happily.

Don Quixote and his faithful squire

continued their journey and met with enough adventures to fill a book. It would take too long to describe them all in detail, but there are some we can not pass over in silence.

On the road to Saragossa they reached a hill, from which they heard the sound of trumpets, drums, and shots. At first Don Quixote believed that an army was passing by, and rode to the top of the hill to get a good view of it. He discovered about two hundred people grouped at the foot of the hill, and armed with all sorts of weapons. Riding down, he approached near enough to distinguish the colors, designs, and mottoes on their banners. One particularly struck him. It was made of white satin and represented a little Sardinian donkey, with outstretched neck, open jaws, and lolling tongue, as though in the act of braying. Surrounding it were verses declaring that the two mayors had not brayed in vain.

From this Don Quixote concluded the people must be the inhabitants of the "Donkey-village," so called, Don Quixote explained to Sancho, because at some time or another two of their councillors had brayed like donkeys. "The man who told me this said 'councillors,' but the standard expressly says 'mayors,' " cried the knight.

"Perhaps, in the course of time, the two councillors became mayors," replied Sancho. "It is quite as seemly for a mayor to bray as for a councillor."

On investigation, Don Quixote discovered that the villagers had come forth to revenge themselves on their neighbors, who aggravated them by braying after them on all occasions.

All this Don Quixote explained to Sancho, and then advanced into the middle of the crowd, much to Sancho's disgust, for he hated all such feuds.

He raised his vizor with noble dignity and rode up to the banner of the donkey,

where he was quickly surrounded by leaders of the villagers, who gazed at him with the astonishment his appearance usually excited.

"I beg you, gentlemen," began he, "not to interrupt the speech I am about to make until it becomes obnoxious or wearisome to you. As soon as that happens, at the least sign from you, I shall set a seal before my lips and bridle my tongue."

They assured him that they were willing to listen to him.

He began by introducing himself as a knight errant, whose profession it was to protect the helpless and oppressed. He explained at length the only causes for which a sensible man ought to fight. First, for the Catholic Faith; secondly, to preserve his life; thirdly, in defense of his honor, family, or property; fourthly, for the king, in a righteous cause; and fifthly, in defense of the fatherland. It was folly, however, to have recourse to arms for

every trivial, childish matter. "Therefore, gentlemen," concluded he, "you are bound by the laws of God and man to live in peace."

"May the Lord bless me!" cried Sancho, "if my master isn't a theologian—or if he isn't one, he's as like one as one egg is to another!"

Don Quixote took breath, and, seeing his hearers so attentive, wished to continue his discourse, but was prevented from doing so by the slyness of his squire, who began to speak on his own account.

"My master, Don Quixote of La Mancha, formerly called the 'Knight of the Rueful Countenance,' now named the 'Lion Knight,' is a very learned man, who understands Latin and Greek, like any bachelor of arts. Take his advice. Do as he tells you; it is foolish to quarrel about the braying of any man. When I was a boy I screamed 'hee-haw' as often as I pleased, without hindrance from any one,

and I did it so well that when I brayed, all the donkeys in the village began too. Although my talent was jeered at by more than half a dozen of the most sensible people in the village, I didn't care a straw. And to show you that I am speaking the truth, only wait a moment and you shall hear, for braying, like swimming, is an art which once learned is never forgotten."

Putting his hand on his nose, Sancho began to bray so lustily that the valley around re-echoed. One of the men standing near him, imagining that the squire was making fun of them, raised his stick and struck him such a blow that Sancho measured his length on the ground.

Don Quixote charged upon the assailant, but there was such a crowd against him that it was impossible to avenge poor Sancho. On the contrary, seeing all the guns aimed at him, he turned Rosinante's head and galloped off, praying God to save him from this danger. Every mo-

ment he expected to be struck by a ball, and drew long breaths to assure himself that he was still alive.

The armed villagers contented themselves by putting him to flight, and did not fire after him. As to Sancho, as soon as he had recovered consciousness, they set him on his ass and allowed him to follow his master.

After riding a good distance, and assuring himself that he was not pursued, Don Quixote drew up and waited for Sancho to join him. The villagers remained on the spot until night fell, and then went home, as their opponents had not appeared. Had they been acquainted with the customs of the ancient Greeks, they would have erected a column of victory to mark the spot.

CHAPTER IX

On the morning after their adventure with the "Donkey villagers," Don Quixote and his squire reached the banks of the Ebro. While admiring the beauty of the rippling wavelets on the broad, clear river, the knight noticed a rudderless skiff tied to a tree on the bank. He looked all around, and seeing no one near, dismounted, and bade Sancho do likewise, and tied Rosinante and the donkey to a willow near by.

When Sancho demanded the reason for this halt he received the following reply: "You must know, Sancho, that this skiff is here to bring me to some noble knight or other distinguished person in distress. For I know from my books on chivalry that when a knight is so situated that only the bravery of a brother-knight can save

him, it is the custom of magicians to bear the rescuer through the clouds, though he may be thousands of miles away at the moment, or to send him a skiff, in which he is transported over the waters to the place where his help is needed. This bark is here for just such a purpose, as surely as the sun shines, so tie up Rosinante and the donkey and let us pray to God, for I am determined to embark."

"If that is the case," replied Sancho, "and your Grace is determined to rush into this—what shall I call it?—this absurd adventure, I have nothing more to do than hold my tongue and bow my head. Nevertheless, to relieve my conscience, I will tell your Grace that, in my opinion, this bark has nothing to do with magic, but belongs to some fishermen on the river."

When he had tethered the animals, which, to his sorrow, he was obliged to confide to the care of the unknown magician,

he asked his master what was to be done next.

"What?" answered Don Quixote. "What but bless ourselves and raise the anchor, or rather, get in and cut the rope which binds the skiff."

They got in accordingly, cut the rope, and the skiff drifted slowly away from the bank. They were hardly two feet from land when Sancho began to tremble with fear, and it pained him deeply to hear the voices of Rosinante and the donkey, as they endeavored to break loose. He burst into tears, and lamented loudly, until Don Quixote stood up and addressed him angrily:

"What are you afraid of, miserable coward? Why do you weep? Is there any one following you or troubling you in the least? Are you suffering from want here in the midst of plenty? It would be enough to complain if you were traveling barefoot over the high, rough moun-

tains of Scythia instead of sitting like a duke at your ease in this comfortable boat, which is bearing us so gently with the current to the open sea. In fact, I believe we are already on the ocean, and have traveled seven or eight hundred miles. Perhaps we have even passed the equator; at any rate, we must be close to it. If I only had an astrolabe here, I could tell our whereabouts to a certainty."

He talked to Sancho about the 360 degrees into which the great cosmographer Ptolemy had divided the globe, but poor Sancho asked such ridiculous questions that Don Quixote had to laugh.

The skiff had drifted gently, and now there suddenly appeared before them a couple of water-mills, which were built out in the water.

"Look, my friend!" cried Don Quixote on seeing them. "This is the town, or the castle, or the fortress, in which some knight errant, or queen, or unhappy prin-

cess is imprisoned and to aid whom I have been brought hither."

"What the mischief does your Grace mean by talking of towns and castles and fortresses?" cried Sancho. "Don't you see that they are mills built in the water—flour-mills?"

"Be quiet, Sancho," retorted Don Quixote. "Although they look like mills, they are not so in reality. I have already told you that magicians can transform all things; though by that I do not mean that the objects really are changed, but they appear to be."

The bark had reached the middle of the stream and began to move much more rapidly than at first. The millers, seeing that the skiff was making straight for the mill-wheels, sprang out and tried to hold it off with their long sticks.

"You confounded fellows, where are you going?" they cried. "Are you crazy?

Do you want to get caught in the wheels and drown?"

"Did I not tell you, Sancho," cried Don Quixote to his servant, "that we have reached the spot where I must show the strength of my arm. See what knaves and assassins I have to do with. Look at their dreadful faces! But wait, I am equal to them!"

Standing up in the boat, he began to scream at the millers:

"Evil-minded people, give freedom to the person who is held in your fortress, no matter to what rank he belongs. I am Don Quixote of La Mancha, the 'Lion Knight,' sent specially by Heaven to bring this adventure to a successful issue."

With these words he seized his sword and began to flourish it against the millers, who were still trying to keep off the skiff with their poles. It was already in the whirl of the mill-stream, and Sancho threw himself on his knees and prayed fer-

vently to God to save him from this danger. His prayer was heard, for, thanks to the skill and energy of the millers, the skiff was drawn out of the mill-race. In the struggle, however, the boat was upset and its occupants thrown into the water. It was well for Don Quixote that he could swim, although his heavy armor impeded him greatly, and had it not been for the millers, who jumped in and fished them both out, there would be an end to our story.

Once on land, Sancho knelt down and implored God to save him from the foolish notions and crazy undertakings of his master. Shortly afterward the fishermen to whom the skiff belonged came along, and seeing their boat shattered to pieces by the mill-wheels, they began to strip off Sancho's clothing, and demanded payment from Don Quixote. With much condescension, and as calmly as though nothing had happened, the knight in-

formed them that he would pay willingly as soon as the person or persons confined in the castle would be delivered over to him without ransom.

"What does the fool mean with his 'persons' and his 'castle'?" asked one of the millers. "Does he want to drag off the customers who bring corn to our mills?"

"That is sufficient now," said Don Quixote to himself. "I might as well preach in the wilderness as try to induce these wretches to perform a good deed. In this adventure two great magicians must have opposed each other. The one provided the boat for me, the other hurled me into the water. The world is a constant warfare, with treachery on all sides. I can do no more!"

Then looking toward the walls of the mill, he continued:

"Friends, whosoever you may be that are imprisoned in yonder fortress, forgive me! It is not in my power to rescue you

from misery. That task must be given to some other knight."

Then he arranged with the fishermen by paying them fifty reals for the boat.

"Two such boating excursions would swallow up our whole fortune," cried Sancho, who handed out the money grudgingly.

The millers and the fishermen looked in astonishment at the two strange figures, one so different from the other, and not being able to understand Don Quixote's discourse, they put both down as fools and went off their different ways.

So ended the adventure of the enchanted bark.

All their undertakings ended in somewhat the same manner, and yet one fine day Don Quixote's promise was fulfilled, and Sancho Panza became a governor. Here is how it happened. In their wanderings they chanced to come across a fashionable hunting party, consisting of a

duke, his wife, and their friends. Don Quixote and his companion were quickly recognized for what they were, namely, two fools. When the duke heard that Don Quixote had promised the governorship of an island to his servant, he decided to help him to the position. Don Quixote and his squire were received by the ducal family as guests in their palace, and during their sojourn there the duke, in collusion with a few of his trusty subjects, carried out the joke of conferring the governorship of the "Island" of Barataria on Sancho. This "island" was nothing more than a small village belonging to the possessions of the duke.

CHAPTER X

BEFORE Sancho started to take up his new post his master gave him much valuable advice, for Don Quixote could talk and act very reasonably when it was not a question of chivalrous adventures, as described in his romances.

Armed with these good counsels, arrayed in suitable garments, and escorted by a retinue, which the duke had given him, Sancho started off to his "island" (which was really a village of about 1,000 inhabitants). When the new governor arrived, the bells pealed, the entire town council met him at the gates, all was rejoicing, and finally the supposed "islanders" conducted the governor to church, where the keys of the city were delivered over to him, with ridiculous ceremony. He was then escorted to the judge's bench,

where he seated himself and listened to an address read by the duke's steward.

The first claimants for the new governor's justice were not long in putting in an appearance. They were a peasant and a tailor, and the latter, who carried a big pair of scissors in his hand, began:

"My lord governor, this man came to my shop yesterday and gave me a piece of cloth, saying, 'Is this enough for one cap?' I looked at it and said, 'Yes.' He must have thought I meant to steal a piece of the cloth from him, for he asked if it wouldn't perhaps make two caps. Seeing what he meant, I answered 'Yes.' He continued his questions until we had arrived at five caps. He has just called for them. I have given them to him, and now he not only refuses to pay for the making, but wants me to pay for his cloth or return it."

"Is that so, my friend?" inquired Sancho.

"Yes, Señor," answered the man. "But permit him to show your Grace the five caps he has made."

"Willingly," replied the tailor (drawing the five caps, each set on the tip of a finger, from beneath his cloak).

"These are the five caps the good fellow wanted, and by my conscience, none of the cloth has remained over."

The spectators laughed at the tailor's ingenuity, and joked about the case, but Sancho reflected for a while, and then declared seriously as follows:

"It appears to me that this case can easily be decided. My ruling is that the tailor loses his pay and the peasant his cloth. The caps are to be given to the state's prisoners, and there's an end of the matter."

The listeners laughed, but the governor's will was obeyed.

Then there appeared two old men, one of whom carried a stick.

"Señor," said the one who had no stick, "I lent this man ten gold pieces some time ago on the condition that he return them whenever I should demand repayment. A long time has passed since then, and I have not asked for them, because I did not wish to inconvenience him. But as he seemed to have no intention of paying me, I demanded my money several times, and each time he refused to listen to me. I have no witnesses to prove that he paid me for the simple reason that he has not paid me! I now beg your Grace to make him swear that he has returned the sum, if he is willing to swear to the fact, and I shall be satisfied."

"What do you say to that, old man with the stick?" asked Sancho.

"I acknowledge," replied the man, "that he lent me the gold pieces. But now, as he has made it a matter of taking an oath, I swear that I have paid him back."

The governor, according to custom, inclined his staff of office, and the old man passed his own stick to his accuser, as though it were in his way, during the ceremony of taking the oath. Laying his hand on the handle of the governor's staff, he declared that the money had been lent to him, but that he had returned it with his own hands, and that the other old man—having forgotten this—had demanded it again from him.

His creditor declared himself satisfied, saying that he believed the other man to be honest and a good Christian, and that he was sure he had spoken the truth. The old man seized his stick again, and bowing to the court, departed.

Sancho remained for a few moments deep in thought, then suddenly commanded that the old man with the stick be recalled.

"My friend," cried Sancho, when he appeared, "give me your stick. I want it."

"Willingly," replied the old man. "Here it is."

Sancho took it and handed it to the other old man, saying: "Go with God. You are paid now."

"Ah! Señor," cried the man, "is this stick worth my ten gold pieces?"

"Certainly," replied the governor. "Or, if it is not, I am the biggest fool in creation. Now, I'll prove to you that I have enough wit to govern a whole kingdom."

He commanded the stick to be broken before all those assembled, and behold! Out rolled ten gold pieces! Every one was seized with admiration and looked upon the governor as a new Solomon. They wanted to know how he had guessed it, and he replied:

"Well, I noticed how the defendant handed the stick to the plaintiff, and then swore he had really and truly paid him. When he had sworn, however, he immediately demanded the stick back. It oc-

curred to me that the money might be hidden in the stick. So you see that those who govern, even though they may be blockheads, are often guided by God himself in their decisions."

The old man was paid, and the other slunk off, while the people wondered, and the clerk of the court hardly knew whether to put Sancho down as a blockhead or a genius.

For seven days Sancho ruled his island with marked success, but on the seventh day it appeared to him that he had had enough of governing, and was tired of judging and lawmaking. On the night of the seventh day, as he was about to fall asleep, a wild confusion of voices and bells reached his ears. He sat up in bed, and his fear increased when he distinguished the sounds of trumpets and drums. He got up and hurried to the door of his chamber, where he suddenly perceived two or more persons with burn-

ing torches and drawn swords running through the corridor, and crying out:

"To arms! To arms! my lord governor. Numberless enemies have forced their way to our island, and it is all over with us if our bravery and skill do not save us!"

They reached the door where Sancho stood, terrified at all he saw and heard. They bade him arm himself at once if he did not wish to perish with his island.

Sancho didn't want to have anything to do with bloody deeds; such things were more suitable to his master, Don Quixote, who could settle anything of this kind in a minute. But they insisted, and desired him to come to the market-place, where they and their leaders were all ready to rally round him.

"Then arm me!" cried poor Sancho.

They fastened two big shields on him, without allowing him to don any garment over his nightshirt, and these they bound so tightly round him with strings that he

was as if plastered into them, and could not bend his knees or walk a step. They gave him a spear, too, and on this he leaned to enable him to stand upright. Then they appealed to him to place himself at their head, and assured him that all would yet end well.

"How am I to go when I can't move my knee joints?" groaned Sancho. "These boards you have bound on me prevent my walking! Lift me up and show me my place and I shall defend it with my spear or my body."

"Oh! come quickly, your Grace, or we shall think it is fear and not the boards which detains you!" cried one. "Forward! Stir yourself! Otherwise it will be too late. The enemy is advancing."

The poor governor tried to move, but fell so heavily that he imagined all his bones were broken. There he lay like a tortoise, and the ruthless band began their cruel joke. They put out the torches,

still crying, "To arms!" and ran over poor Sancho's body, hitting his shields with their swords; and, indeed, had he not drawn up his limbs and hidden his head between the shields he would have fared badly among them. The noise was terrific, and when one of the wildest of the company jumped upon him and began to call out orders, poor Sancho could only mutter:

"I wish this island were lost and that I were dead and freed from my misery!"

His prayer was heard. Suddenly the cry of "Victory! Victory!" arose, and they called out to him: "The enemy has fled! Arise, my lord governor, and rejoice in our victory. Distribute the booty which your invincible arm has wrested from the enemy."

"Lift me up," said Sancho feebly.

Once on his feet, he could only gasp:

"I will distribute no booty, but will ask a friend, if I still have one, for a drop of

wine. I am fainting with weakness and dripping with perspiration."

They gave him the wine and relieved him of his shield, whereupon he fainted—to the sorrow of those who had played this trick on him. On recovering consciousness he asked what o'clock it was, and was told it was about daybreak. Without a word he dressed himself and went slowly toward the stables, accompanied by his suite.

With tears in his eyes he embraced the donkey and said to him:

"Come, my friend and fellow-sufferer. As long as I lived peacefully with you I was happy, but since I have allowed pride and ambition to rule me I have met with endless misfortunes and disappointments."

He mounted his donkey without opposition from those present, and turning to the members of his suite around him, he said:

"Make way, my lords, and let me return to my former freedom. I was not born to govern islands or defend them in time of danger. The care of fields and vineyards suits me better than lawmaking. I came here without a penny, and I leave it without a penny—not like most governors when they quit their offices. Now make way, and let me go!"

They pleaded in vain with Sancho; he wanted to have nothing more to do with governorships, and asked only for some oats for his donkey and a half a loaf and a piece of cheese for himself.

Amid the tears of his subjects, Sancho set off, and in a few days joined his master, who, as the guest of the duke, had been the victim of as many pranks in the castle as poor Sancho in his island.

One morning Don Quixote and his squire (who had received a purse containing two hundred gold pieces from the duke) set off from the castle to take up

their old adventurous life again. By degrees Don Quixote had begun to realize that a knight errant's life was far from profitable, and it occurred to him to adopt a shepherd's life instead. So he and Sancho returned to their village and were received with yells of derision by the village boys. Don Quixote's housekeeper and his niece stood before the door to receive him, and Sancho Panza's wife had also heard of her husband's arrival, and came half-dressed and with tousled hair to meet him. Not seeing him attired as she expected a governor to be, she cried:

"What do you look like, husband? You are more like a court fool than a court official!"

"Silence," replied Sancho. "There are lots of hooks and poles on which no bacon hangs. Let us go home and you shall hear wonders. I bring honestly earned money, and that is the principal thing!"

For six days after his return home Don

Quixote lay in bed with a fever. He was faithfully nursed by Sancho Panza, who never left him, and the priest and the barber came to visit him frequently. The doctor was called in, and after feeling the knight's pulse, looked grave, and advised him to make his peace with God, for his case was dangerous.

Don Quixote received the news quietly, but Sancho Panza and the women began to weep, as though they already saw him dead before them. Melancholy and worry were the cause of his illness, so the physician declared.

Don Quixote fell into a sleep, which lasted six hours, and terrified his friends, who feared that he had died. But he awoke with the words:

"God be praised for all the benefits He has conferred upon me! Truly, His mercy is boundless!"

"What do you mean, uncle?" asked his niece.

"God has shown His mercy in this moment, niece," replied Don Quixote. "He has driven away the shadows from my mind, and I can now realize the absurdity and falsity of the stories of chivalry, which have filled my brain for so long. I feel the approach of death and fain would meet it bravely; that in my death I may make amends for the folly of my life. Send now for the priest and Master Nicholas. I wish to confess and to make my will."

Just then his two old friends entered, and Don Quixote greeted them with the words:

"Congratulate me, friends! I am no longer Don Quixote of La Mancha, but Alphonso Quixano the Good, as people used to call me. I recognize the follies into which the stories of Amadis of Gaul and his imitators led me, and I thank God that I at last understand their absurdity and despise them as I ought."

His friends were surprised to hear him talking thus, and at first supposed it to be only another craze.

"What!" cried Sancho, who could not believe the meaning of these words. "Now, when we are about to become shepherds and pass our lives singing, does your Grace wish to turn hermit? Pray do not speak so, my master."

"Let us have done with that nonsense," cried Don Quixote. "I feel that death is near, and I demand a confessor to give me absolution, and a notary to draw up my will."

Those present were now convinced that Don Quixote had really recovered his reason, and hastily left the room, in which the priest alone remained to hear the knight's confession.

The notary then appeared, and Don Quixote made his will, in which his former squire, Sancho Panza, was mentioned in the following words:

"I will and desire that Sancho Panza, whom I took with me on my mad wanderings, and who is still in possession of some moneys belonging to me, be not called upon for an account of same; but that, after repaying himself what is due him, he be permitted to retain the balance, which will not be large. Were it in my power to confer the government of a kingdom upon him I would gladly do it in return for his loyalty and fidelity to me in my days of madness."

He then begged Sancho's pardon for having led him away from his home; but poor Sancho could hardly believe that his master was in earnest, and expected that he would suddenly get up and start off to enjoy life in the garb of a shepherd, as they had arranged to do.

Don Quixote continued to dictate his will, in which he left all his property to his niece.

Hardly had he finished the last words

when he fainted. Death did not come, however, for three days longer. After receiving the sacraments and formally declaring his hatred of all knightly romances, Don Quixote closed his eyes forever. The tears that were shed for him proved that he was a good man, and his name will remain illustrious so long as the world lasts.

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