...ne, for the head of the Black Castle had come down, and fired the village. Young men fought and women fled; but in the morning the hamlet was a ruin far behind the backs of the marauders, who drove sheep and oxen on the way before them, and with Lindora and her father in the middle of their band, marched back to the Black Castle, well content with the good stroke of business they had done.

Several weeks after that night a young Moorish warrior, handsomely equipped, attended by about a dozen lances, galloped up hill towards the ruins of Al Hassan's tents. He was an extremely handsome man, you may be sure, because he is the hero of the legend. Not having expected to find any ruin on the spot, his first impression, when he saw no tents, was, that his father's brother must have struck them, and removed into another neighborhood. Soon, however, he discovered marks of fire, and—by the beard of the Prophet!—blood. Need I say that the young man was Cedi Mohammed Ibn Amar, and that his agony at this discovery was dreadful? He sent his spears abroad in vain for tidings, and then turned his own horse's head towards Tetuan, the nearest town.

Lindora was at this time, of course, in the Black Castle, imprisoned in a lonely tower. The old man, too old to be sold as a slave, would have been promptly dispatched, if the cries of Lindora for her father had not suggested that his life and prisoner were essential to the preservation of her beauty. The dark envoy was most instrumental in the securing of his safety, but Al Zagal having seen the maiden, who had been seized for his envoy's satisfaction, was desirous, of course, as the dullest legend-reader would perceive, to add her to the roll of his own wives.

When Cedi Mohammed Ibn Amar, knowing nothing of all this, reached Tetuan, he went to the house of Al Hadj Halek Ibn Abdallah, a famous marabout, and said, "Salaam on Aleekumm! Know, O holy man, that I am come to thee for news, the odor of which would be sweet unto my nostrils." The wise man having heard this question, was able fortunately to return an answer. And the youth said: "I will depart this hour again to Fez, and throw myself at the feet of the Prince of Believers to ask vengeance; and it shall come to pass that he shall grant me power to lead his warriors against Al Zagal, destroy his castle and deliver Lindora from its walls; for the maiden loves me still," he added, looking at the hilt of his dagger, in which a large opal glittered cheerfully. "Tabeeb, farewell!"

Lindora was at that time in her lonely tower, shrieking with but little intermission. Al Zagal appeared on the battlements, and leaning over, shouted to one of his followers; "Ashariky, place thyself at the head of a score of lancers, and ride the country through till thou findest a Tabeeb, for the daughter of Al Hassan is possessed." The Tabeeb, who was brought, declared the maiden to be in the delirium of fever; so thereafter Al Zagal, who by no means desired that she should die, frequently paced the battlements in a moody way, invoking on her case the blessing of the Prophet.

One day he was awakened from such a reverie by the sound of distant tom-toms and cymbals, and looking up he saw the royal banner coming down the road from Fez. Bright arms of warriors glittered about it, and a dark crowd of country people, that had joined with the great army of the Sultan, was shouting his name; they were his debtors from the surrounding country, now resolved to take this advantageous opportunity of paying him the little things they owed. When the multitude had halted near the castle walls, a single horseman spurred out of the main body—a herald he was—summoning Muley Ben Abel, *alias* Al Zagal, to surrender his castle and give up the prisoners therein, particularly Lindora and her father otherwise the Lord Cedi Mohammed Ibn Amar, Caliph of the Sultan, was prepared in the Sultan's name to lay siege to its walls. A valorous discussion followed, which was closed by a follower of Al Zagal, who, with a stone from a sling, struck the herald on the forehead and unhorsed him. Then the siege commenced.

The siege was tedious, for the castle walls were thick, but as the black band was not accustomed to live peaceably on short provisions, it turned very blue when the wine failed, and became finally seditious. Nevertheless the siege was tedious, and Cedi Mohammed Ibn Amar began to fear the approach of the rainy season and the departure of his peasant allies, when one day he saw, in strong relief against the morning sky, Lindora and her father let out chained upon the battlements of the Black Castle. Al Zagal had an offer of accommodation to suggest. If the siege were raised he would give up his captives for a ransom of a thousand pieces of gold. If not, he would cut off their heads next morning, and throw them down into the camp.

This threw Cedi Mohammed Ibn Amar into great perplexity, for his honor as a soldier and his desire as a lover, were played off unpleasantly against each other. While he still pondered in his tent, the tent curtain was drawn aside and the dark envoy entered. Cedi Mohammed Ibn Amar knew the dark envoy well, although he did not know him as the first cause of Lindora's misery; he knew him only as a doughty fighting man throughout the siege. What did the dark envoy want? "Son of Amar," he said, "grant but a free pass to myself and a few companions, and the castle shall be delivered up to-night into your hands. Al Zagal has wronged me, and the sons of Allah are not able to forgive." "Can I believe this?" "Fear not, Cedi; I will remain in this tent till my word has been fulfilled. To-night Al Zagal, having sulled and deceived thee by this morning's offer, will make a sally with his whole band, and attempt to cut a way to safety for himself and for his captives through your unsuspicious ranks. He hopes to get beyond the mountains into Rif. His men will be divided into two bands, one headed by myself, the other by my brother, who will join against him at a given signal."

"Right thine own battles with Al Zagal," said Cedi Mohammed Ibn Amar; "I will have no traitor for ally." The youth, nevertheless, profited by the dark envoy's useful information, disseminated it industriously through his camp. In the night, the castle gates having been thrown open, a band of horsemen passed the drawbridge stealthily with muffled hoofs, formed into rank, and placed their captives in the centre, intending to burst in their old way with a sudden cry upon the sleeping enemy. "By the beard of my father," said Al Zagal, we will yet teach the shepherds what it is to have a lion at bay." He had not long spoken before the lances of the shepherds came upon him, and lances of his own troops also were turned against him. Seeing that he was betrayed, he closed with those men who were faithful to him round the captives, and endeavored to regain the castle; but the enemy possessed the path. There was a terrible fight, and Cedi Mohammed riding high among the torches, friends fought against friends; Emire splendidly caparisoned on Arab steeds, engaged with half clad members of the black band, on wiry mountain ponies. Al Zagal, through the tumult and the torch-light, fighting desperately, succeeded with a few followers in forcing a way with Lindora back into the castle, of which a large part was already in the hands of the besiegers. He secured Lindora in a secret room, and then descending through dark vaults and passages to a magazine that had long been prepared for any such occasion, added arson to his other crimes. The savage horror of the scene was at its height as the flames leaped their highest up into the night. The red glare was a pleasant beacon-fire to men who, waking up by chance in distant places, said it must be the Black Castle that was then on fire, and so there would be peace again upon their tents now that the Black Castle was destroyed.

But among the blazing ruins the strife still went on. The band of Al Zagal had their lives to sell, and valued their lives dearly. "There is one chance more," said Al Zagal a to gigantic black who had been unhorsed in the struggle; "let us mount the first horses we can get, and we may yet escape beyond the mountains into Rif." Al Zagal had soon forced an Emir from his charger, and was darting from the castle when the dark envoy confronted him. "Know me!" the chief said; "I am Al Zagal." But the dark envoy struck him, bidding him die like a dog; and after a great struggle he did die, like a brave dog, fighting gallantly. But the dark envoy had fought for Lindora, and had made Lindora his war-cry in the act of treason. Down came, therefore, in wrath, upon the head of the dark envoy, the sword of Cedi Mohammed Ibn Amar. There was another desperate encounter, and I suppose no shrewdness could discover which of the two combatants was killed.

Cedi Mohammed Ibn Amar rushed, at great peril of his life, among the chambers of the burning castle, seeking his Lindora. In the upper-most apartment of the western tower, still spared by the flames, he found her stretched upon a low divan, pale and disheveled, almost senseless. Her lover carried her among the ruins to a resting place upon the trampled, blood-stained grass, and there, under the fresh breeze of early morning, she revived: "I am indeed saved by thy hand; Oh, my beloved, Allah hath heard my prayers, and great is my reward. To-morrow I sleep with my fathers, and see thee no more." The light of the dawn was on her face. "Lindora!" the youth cried, with a sudden fear, "Lindora, speak to me again!" He looked at the opal in his dagger, which, for an instant, shot forth rays, and then its light departed; it became a dull, dead stone. The soul of Lindora, light of the dawn, had left that couch of trampled grass and blood, and floated forth into the morning sky.

"And what became of her lover?" I inquired of the old hunter, who appeared disposed to make an end at this part of the tale, whereas I desire always to know distinctly what becomes of every one. We were told, in reply, that some said he died at the storming of the castle, some said that he went to Granada and fought in a reckless way, became a great man, and never married, and never married; but the old hunter himself inclined to think that he abandoned war, and being a caliph, married largely, and escaped the observation of the world by being overmuch secluded in his harem.

We requested the old huntsman not to kill Linden when he told the story next. He listened gravely, and replied, with more reproof in his tones than in his voice, that Lindora had become possessed—that is to say, mentally deranged—and in that state, according to his faith, she was regarded as a saint, and sacred to every good Moslem. It was, therefore, good that she should, in that state, be compensated for her troubles by a certain passage into heaven.

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BUSINESS COMMERCIAL-HOUSE, S. C., August 6, 1859.

MESSRS. STEARNS & BARTON, Successors to Rice & Co., No. 140 Water street, New York: GENTLEMEN—In a late letter we informed you that we have to inform you that at the great fire which consumed our store and three others, also the jail, we preserved all our books and papers in one of your FLAMAN PADDLE SAFES, purchased from your agent in Charleston, Mr. L. M. Hatch. The stores were built of pitch pine, and the heat was truly terrible. The crowd present flooded the block away thus standing upon a fire; yet we never lost confidence in the Safe. Upon cooling (next day) in the presence of those who witnessed the fire, the greatest astonishment prevailed when they saw everything inside in the Safe perfect and without a stain, except what arose from the smoke.

We shall call upon you next month to select another safe, and remain, Yours, respectfully, WILLIAMS & CHRISTIE.

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We have in use in many cities these Safes, secured with ELEVEN EMPIRE DRILL AND POWDER PROOF COMBINATION BANK LOCKS, are the only really secure depository for money or other valuables. We now offer, for the ensuing year, the same Safes as Bank or Salesmen Bank Vault now in use. They are all the work of mechanism, other than the iron, an experience long enjoyed.

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