

a ceiling! All white as milk. And the lamp-shade, and all those crochet things of every kind and shape! And the warmth, like being under a hen's wing, and a smell of apples and quinces!

I should have stayed a long time at Manjoala's Inn if my father-in-law, Pocovnicu Iordache, God forgive him, had not fetched me away by force. Three times I fled from him before the marriage, and returned to the inn, until the old man, who at all cost wanted me for a son-in-law, set men to catch me and take me gagged to a little monastery in the mountains. Forty days of fasting, genuflexions and prayers. I left it quite repentant. I got engaged and I married.

Only lately, one clear winter's night, while my father-in-law and I were sitting talking together, as is the custom of the country, in front of a flagon of wine, we heard from a prefect, who arrived from the town where he had been making some purchases, that during the day there had been a big fire at Haculeshti. Manjoala's Inn had been burnt to the ground, burying poor Mistress Marghioala, who thus met her end under a gigantic funeral pyre.

"And so at the last the sorceress was thrown on the bonfire!" said my father-in-law, laughing.

And I began to tell the above story for at least the hundredth time. Pocovnicu maintained, among other things, that the lady put a charm into the lining of my cap, and that the kid and the cat were one and the same.

"May be," I said.

"She was the devil, listen to me."

"She may have been," I replied, "but if that is so, then the devil, it seems, leads to the good."

"At first it seems to be good, to catch one, but later one sees where it leads one."

"How do you know all this?"

"That's not your business," replied the old man, "that's another story!"

ALEXANDRU LAPUSHNEANU

1564-1569

By C. NEGRUZZI

Jacob Eraclid, surnamed the "Despot," perished by the hand of Shtefan Tomsha, who then proceeded to govern the land, but Alexandru Lapushneanu, after two successive defeats at the hands of the tyrant's forces, fled to Constantinople, succeeded in securing aid from the Turkish army, and returned to drive out the rapacious Tomsha, and seize for himself the throne which he never would have lost had the boyars not betrayed him. He entered Moldavia accompanied by seven thousand spahees and three thousand mixed troops. He also brought with him imperial orders for Han Tatar Nogai to collect some troops with which to come to his aid.

Lapushneanu rode with Vornic Bogdan by his side, both were mounted upon Turkish stallions, and were armed from head to foot.