

numbers. then suddenly, continued the soldier, the door of a house near the circus opened, and a young girl with long golden hair flew out, and drove the boys to flight, and released the victim, her brother, from his tormentors. she looked like a lioness, cried the narrator, sirona she is called, and of all the pretty girls of arelas, she is beyond a doubt the prettiest. this opinion was confirmed on all sides, and phoebicius, who at that time had just been admitted to the grade of lion among the worshippers of mithras, and liked very well to hear himself called the lion, exclaimed, i have long been seeking a lioness, and here it seems to me that i have found one. phoebicius and sirona the two names sound very finely together. on the following day he asked sirona of her father for his wife, and as he had to set out for rome in a few days the wedding was promptly celebrated. she had never before quitted arelas, and knew not what she was giving up, when she took leave of her fathers house perhaps for ever. in rome phoebicius and his young wife met again; there many admired the beautiful woman, and made every effort to obtain her favor, but to him she was only a lightly won, and therefore a lightly valued, possession; nay, ere long no more than a burden, ornamental no doubt but troublesome to guard. when presently his handsome wife attracted the notice of the legate, he endeavored to gain profit and advancement through her, but sirona had rebuffed quintillus with such insulting disrespect, that his superior officer became the centurions enemy, and contrived to procure his removal to the oasis, which was tantamount to banishment. from that time he had regarded her too as his enemy, and firmly believed that she designedly showed herself most friendly to those who seemed most obnoxious to him, and among these he reckoned polykarp. once more the knocker sounded on the senators door; it opened, near ten oclock, and he was finishing his supper, when someone tapped at the door, and miss euphemia joliffe came in. i beg your pardon for interrupting you, sir, she said; i am a little anxious about mr sharnall. he was not in at teatime, and has not come back since. i thought you might know perhaps where he was. it is years since he has been out so late in the evening. i havent the least idea where he is, westray said rather testily, for he was tired with a long days work. i suppose he has gone out somewhere to supper. no one ever asks mr sharnall out. i do not think he can be gone out to supper. oh, well, i dare say he will turn up in due course; let me hear before you go to bed if he has come back; and he poured himself out another cup of tea, for he was one of those thin blooded and old womanly men who elevate the drinking of tea instead of other liquids into a special merit. he could not understand, he said, why everybody did not drink tea. it was so much more refreshing one could work so much better after drinking tea. he turned to some calculations for the section of a tie rod, with which sir george farquhar had at last consented to strengthen the south side of the tower, and did not notice how time passed till there came another irritating tap, and his landlady reappeared. it is nearly twelve oclock, she said, and we have seen nothing of mr sharnall. i am so alarmed i am sure i am very sorry to trouble you, mr westray, but my niece and i are so alarmed. i dont quite see what i am to do, westray said, looking up. could he have gone out with lord blandamer do you think lord blandamer could have asked him to fording lord blandamer was here this afternoon, miss joliffe answered, but he they were, scrambled with all the agility of cats or monkeys; but it was not so with us: for several times they seated one of us on the top of their load, and carried him over. the chief, who accompanied us, made it his particular business to see me safe through every difficulty, and many times he carried me himself over such places as i dared scarcely venture to look down upon. in the midst of this wood we met the chief of this district, patuone, who, together with all his family, were employed in planting a small, cleared patch of land. he appeared highly delighted at beholding strangers; and all his wives came from their occupations to welcome us. he told us that, a very few miles farther on, we should come to a village belonging to him, where his eldest son was residing, and that we must there pass the night. illustration: patuone, a notable hokianga chief. we thanked him for the invitation, rubbed noses with him their token of friendship, and parted. soon after parting with patuone, we fell in with a most beautiful bull, cow, and calf. i was amazed at seeing such fine animals in this country; but my