

main. strong opposition, however, was roused by this mad uproar. a party of worshippers, in the first place, rebelled against it; these had been standing with veiled heads, near the statue of serapis, muttering exorcisms after a magian and howling lamentably at intervals; then a preacher, who had succeeded in collecting a little knot of listeners, bid the trumpeters cease; and finally, a party of actors and singers, who had assembled in the outer hall to perform a satira play, tried to stop them, though they themselves were making such a noise that the trumpet blast could have affected them but little. when the players found that remonstrance had no effect they rushed into the hypostyle and tried to reduce the musicians to silence by force. then a frenzied contest began; but the combatants were soon separated; the actors and their antagonists fell on each others necks, and a homeric poet, who had compiled an elegy for the evening on the gods coerced by the hosts of the new superstition, made up simply of lines culled from the iliad and odyssey, seized this favorable opportunity. he had begun to read it at the top of his voice, screaming down the general din, when everything was forgotten in the excitement caused by the entrance of a procession which was the successful result of many raids on the temple treasures and lumber rooms. a storm of applause greeted its appearance; the tipsiest stammered out his approval, and the picture presented to drunken eyes was indeed a beautiful and gorgeous one. on a high platform intended for the display of a small image of serapis and certain symbols of the god, at great festivals glycera, the loveliest hetaira of the town, was drawn in triumph through the temple. she reclined in a sort of bowl representing a shell, placed at the top of the platform, and on the bride is countless cordula. possibly, answered the knight, but the heart must not be filled by another's image. here he paused, for in the darkness he had stumbled into the ditch by the road. the whirlwind which preceded the bursting of the storm blew such clouds of dust and everything it contained into their faces that it was difficult to advance. but biberli was glad, for he had not yet found a fitting answer. he struggled silently on beside his master against the wind, until it suddenly subsided, and a violent storm of rain streamed in big warm drops on the thirsty earth and the belated pedestrians. then, spite of heinzo's protestations, biberli hurriedly snatched the long robe embroidered with the st from his shoulders and threw it over his master, declaring that his shirt was as safe from injury as his skin, but the rain would ruin the knight's delicate embroidered doublet. then he drew over his head the hood which hung from his coat, and meanwhile must have decided upon an answer, for as soon as they moved on he began again: you must drive your love for the beautiful sleepwalker out of your mind. try to do so, my dear, dear master, for the sake of your lady mother, your young sister who will soon be old enough to marry, our light hearted maria, and the good old castle. for your own happiness, your lofty career, which began so gloriously, you must hear me o master, my dear master, tear from your heart the image of the little nuremberg witch, tempting though it is, i admit. the wound will bleed for a brief time, but after so much mirthful pleasure a fleeting disappointment in love, i should think, would not be too hard to bear if it will be speedily followed by the fairest and most enduring happiness. here a flash of lightning, which illumined the hospital door close before them, and made bit the more solid for his meals, crept up a reed and sunned his wings; the water gnats skimmed and skated about, measuring the surface of the water with their long legs; the boatmen shot up and down till one was quite giddy, showing the white on their bodies, like swallows wheeling for their autumn flight. even the water scorpion moved slowly over a sunny place from the roots of an arrow head lily to a dark corner under the duck weed. molly shouted the boy; i wish you'd come and give a pull at the water soldier. we nearly got him up; but the leaves cut my hands, and you've got gloves. if the colander is ready, ill begin to fish. theres a beetle on that stick. i wish i were near enough, i could snatch him up like anything. i wouldn't advise you to, said molly. grandfather says that water beetles have got daggers in their tails. besides, some of the beetles are very greedy and eat the fish. the big black one doesn't, said francis. he said so. hydrius piceus is the name, and i dare say thats the one. its the biggest of all the water beetles and very harmless. he may be a good one, said molly, looking