

but not to read it, only to seek some trace of the well known handwriting of her husband. like all the egyptian women of good family she could read, and during the first two years of her married life she had often very often had the opportunity of puzzling, and yet rejoicing, over the feeble signs which the iron hand of the charioteer had scrawled on the papyrus for her whose slender fingers could guide the reed pen with firmness and decision. she examined the letter, and at last said, with tears in her eyes: nothing i will go to my room, mother. katuti kissed her and said, hear first what your brother writes. but nefert shook her head, turned away in silence, and disappeared into the house. katuti was not very friendly to her son in law, but her heart clung to her handsome, reckless son, the very image of her lost husband, the favorite of women, and the gayest youth among the young nobles who composed the chariot guard of the king. how fully he had written to day he who wielded the reed pen so laboriously. this really was a letter; while, usually, he only asked in the fewest words for fresh funds for the gratification of his extravagant tastes. this time she might look for thanks, for not long since he must have received a considerable supply, which she had abstracted from the income of the possessions entrusted to her by her son in law. she began to read. the cheerfulness, with which she had met the dwarf, was insincere, and had resembled the brilliant colors of the rainbow, which gleam over the stagnant waters of a bog. a stone falls into the pool, the colors vanish, dim mists rise up, and it becomes foul and clouded. the news which her sons letter contained fell, indeed, like a block of stone on almost reduced to despair, they spied a great ship of the spanish flota, separated from the rest; this vessel they resolved to take, or die in the attempt. hereupon, they sailed towards her, to view her strength. and though they judged the vessel to be superior to theirs, yet their covetousness, and the extremity they were reduced to, made them venture. being come so near that they could not possibly escape, they made an oath to their captain, pierre le grand, to stand by him to the last. tis true, the pirates did believe they should find the ship unprovided to fight, and thereby the sooner master her. it was in the dusk of the evening they began to attack; but before they engaged, they ordered the surgeon of the boat to bore a hole in the sides of it, that their own vessel sinking under them, they might be compelled to attack more vigorously, and endeavour more hastily to board the ship. this was done accordingly, and without any other arms than a pistol in one hand and a sword in the other, they immediately climbed up the sides of the ship, and ran altogether into the great cabin, where they found the captain, with several of his companions, playing at cards. here they set a pistol to his breast, commanding him to deliver up the ship. the spaniards, surprised to see the pirates on board their ship, cried jesus bless us are these devils, or what are they meanwhile some of them took possession of the gun room, and seized the arms, killing as many as made any opposition; whereupon the spaniards presently surrendered. that very day the captain of the ship had been told by some of the seamen that the boat which was in view, cruising, was a boat of pirates; whom the captain slightly answered, what then, must i be afraid of such a pitiful thing as that is no, though she were a ship as big and as tiny is. i want her to drive to the other end of the parish with me. there she comes, said his wife, looking out of the window, by the garden gate, with a great basket; what has she been after the rector went out to discover, and met his daughter looking decidedly earthy, and seemingly much exhausted by the weight of a basketful of groundsel plants. where have you been said he. in the doctors garden, said tiny triumphantly; and look what i have done ive weeded his sweet peas, and brought away the groundsel; so when he gets home to night hell think a brownie has been in the garden, for mrs. pickles has promised not to tell him. but look here said the rector, affecting a great appearance of severity, youre my brownie, not his. supposing tommy trout had gone and weeded farmer swedes garden, and brought back his weeds to go to seed on the tailors flower beds, how do you think he would have liked it tiny looked rather crestfallen. when one has fairly carried through a splendid benevolence of this kind, it is trying to find oneself in the wrong. she crept up to the rector, however, and put her golden head upon his arm. but, father dear, she pleaded, i didnt mean not to be your brownie; only, you