

euphemia money as a gift; she wouldn't accept it on any condition. i know her quite well enough to be sure of that. but if i was to offer her twenty pounds for it, and tell her it must always stop here, and that she could buy it back from me when she was able, i think she would feel such an offer to be a godsend, and accept it readily. yes, westray said dubitatively; i suppose it couldn't be construed into attempting to outwit her, could it it seems rather funny at first sight to get her to sell a picture for twenty pounds for which others have offered fifty pounds. no, i don't think so, replied the organist. it wouldn't be a real sale at all, you know, but only just a colour for helping her. well, as you have been kind enough to ask my advice, i see no further objection, and think it very good of you to show such thoughtfulness for poor miss joliffe. thank you, said the organist hesitatingly thank you; i had hoped you would take that view of the matter. there is a further little difficulty: i am as poor as a church mouse. i live like an old screw, and never spend a penny, but, then, i haven't got a penny to spend, and so can't save. westray had already wondered how mr sharnall could command so large a sum as twenty pounds, but thought it more prudent to make no comments. then the organist took the bull by the horns. i didn't know, he said, whether you would feel inclined to join me in the purchase. i have got ten pounds in the savings bank; if you could find the other ten pounds, we could go shares in the picture; and, after all, that wouldn't much matter, for miss euphemia is quite sure to buy it back from us before very long. he stopped and looked at westray. the architect was taken aback. he was of a cautious and calculating disposition, and a natural inclination to save had been reinforced by the are so beautiful, and as white as a lily, have any part in the hideous curse. you charm every one, even my mistress, bent anat, and it seems to me impossible that i should belong to the unclean say it out, said uarda softly, and casting down her eyes. then she continued more excitedly: but i tell you, the curse is unjust, for a better man never lived than my grandfather was. tears sprang from her eyes, and rameri said: i fully believe it; and it must be very difficult to continue good when every one despises and scorns one; i at least can be brought to no good by blame, though i can by praise. certainly people are obliged to meet me and mine with respect. and us with contempt exclaimed uarda. but i will tell you something. if a man is sure that he is good, it is all the same to him whether he be despised or honored by other people. nay we may be prouder than you; for you great folks must often say to yourselves that you are worth less than men value you at, and we know that we are worth more. i have often thought that of you, exclaimed rameri, and there is one who recognizes your worth; and that is i. even if it were otherwise, i must always always think of you. i have thought of you too, said uarda. just now, when i was sitting with my sick grandmother, it passed through my mind how nice it would be if i had a brother just like you. do you know what i should do if you were my brother well i should buy you a chariot and horse, and you should go away to the king's war. are you so rich asked rameri smiling. oh yes answered uarda. to be sure, i have not been rich for more than an hour. can you read him the garments and masks that he had lent the day before to hadrian and antinous. the sarmatian at the same time told him, with tears in his eyes, a sad, very sad story, which stirred the young sculptors soul deeply, and which would have prompted him to penetrate into the palace at once, and at any risk, if he had not seen the necessity of being with papias at the appointed hour, which was drawing near, to answer for the valuable property that was missing. thinking of nothing, wishing nothing so much as to be back as promptly as possible at lochias, where he was much needed, and where his heart longed to be, he took the bundle out of the slaves hand and hurried away. papias had sent all his assistants and even his slaves off the premises; he received the breathless pollux quite alone, and took from him, with icy calmness, the things which had been borrowed from his property room, asking for them one by one. i have already told you, cried pollux, that it is not i, but the illustrious roman you know as well as i do, who he is who is answerable for the silver quiver and the torn chiton. and he began to tell him how antinous had commanded him, in the name of his master, to find masks and disguises for them both. but papias cut off his speech at the very beginning, an