

you very much, but katharine is staying with the boy and he is quite safe there. then i will stay and pray with you for the dear little child. dada had not missed a word of this simple dialogue. the woman whose child was ill at home, and who had come here to pray for strength or mercy, had a remarkably sweet face; as the girl saw the two friends bow their heads and fold their hands with downcast eyes, she thought to herself: now they are praying for the sick child and involuntarily she, too, bent her curly head, and murmured softly: o ye gods, or thou god of the christians, or whatever thou art called that hast power over life and death, make this poor womans little son well again. when i get home again i will offer up a cake or a fowl a lamb is so costly. and she fancied that some invisible spirit heard her, and it gave her a vague satisfaction to repeat her simple supplication over and over again. meanwhile a miserable blind dwarf had seated himself by her side; near him stood the old dog that guided him. he held him by a string and had been allowed to bring his indispensable comrade into the church. the old man joined loudly and devoutly in the psalm which the rest of the congregation were singing; his voice had lost its freshness, no doubt, but he sang in perfect tune. it was a pleasure to dada to listen, and though she only half understood the words of the psalm she easily caught the air and began to sing too, at first timidly and hardly audibly; but she soon gained courage and, following the example of little papias, joined in with all her might. she felt as though she had reached land after a stormy and uncomfortable voyage, and had found refuge in a hospitable home; she looked about her to discover his change of service at once to the tribune of the legion. the centurion bowed in silence and obeyed. caracalla then went up to the prisoner, and dragging him, weakly resisting, from the dark back ground of the room to the window, he asked with a sneer: and what are assassins like in alexandria ah, ha this is not the face of a hired cut throat only thus do they look whose sharp wit i will answer with still sharper steel. for that answer at least you are not wont to be at a loss, came contemptuously from the lips of the prisoner. the emperor winced as if he had been struck, and then exclaimed you may thank your bound hands that i do not instantly return you the answer you seem to expect of me. then turning to his courtiers, he asked if any of them could give him information as to the name and history of the assassin; but no one appeared to know him. even timotheus, the priest of serapis, who as head of the museum had so often delighted in the piercing intellect of this youth, and had prophesied a great future for him, was silent, and looked at him with troubled gaze. it was the prisoner himself who satisfied caesars curiosity. glancing round the circle of courtiers, and casting a grateful look at his priestly patron, he said: it would be asking too much of your roman table companions that they should know a philosopher. you may spare yourself the question, caesar. i came here that you might make my acquaintance. my name is philippus, and i am son to heron, the gem cutter. her brother screamed caracalla, as he rushed at him, and thrusting his hand into the neck of the sick youths chiton who already could scarcely stand upon his feet he shook him violently, crying, with a scoffing look at the high priest: and is this the ornament of the museum, the free thinker, the profound skeptic philippus he stopped suddenly, and his eyes flashed as if a new light had burst upon him; he dropped indignation, he cried: prove it or, by our lords blood my sword, biberli spite of the peace proclaimed throughout the land, you shall learn, ere you open your slandering lips again here he paused suddenly, for while biberli withdrew to obey the command which, though it probably suited his wishes, he was slow in executing, doubtless that he might save his master from a reckless act, siebenburg, frantic with fury, rushed to the curtain. ere heinz could interfere, he jerked it back so violently that he tore it from the fastenings and forced the terrified maid, whose arm he grasped, to approach the knight with him. heinz had seen katterle only by moonlight and in the twilight, so her unexpected appearance gave him no information. he gazed at her enquiringly, with as much amazement as though she had risen from the earth. siebenburg gave him no time to collect his thoughts, but dragged the girl before the monk and, raising his voice in menace, commanded: tell the holy brother who you are, woman katterle of sarnen, she answered, weeping. and whom do you serve the knight demanded. the ortlieb