

that he must be dead. the singer could tell many tales of luckless men who had been murdered and never seen or heard of again; but she was not to be convinced, she persisted in hope, and lived wholly in the purpose of sending her younger son, teuker, on his travels to seek his lost brother as soon as his apprenticeship was over, which would be in a few months. antinous, whose burnt hands had soon got well under the emperors care, and who had never felt a liking and friendship for any other young man but pollux, lamented the artists disappearance and wished much to seek out dame doris; but he found it harder than ever to leave his master, and was so eager always to be at hand that hadrian often laughingly reproached him with making his slaves duties too light. when at last he really was master of an hour to himself he postponed his intention of seeing his friends parents; for with him there was always a wide world between the purpose and the deed which he never could overleap, if not urged by some strong impulse; and his most pressing instincts prompted him, when the emperor was disputing in the museum or receiving instructions from the chiefs of the different religious communities as to the doctrines they severally professed, to visit the suburban villa where, when february had already begun, selene was still living. he had often succeeded in stealing into paulinas garden, but he could not at first realize his hope of being observed by selene or obtaining speech with her. whenever he went near hannahs little house, mary, the deformed girl, would come in his way, tell him how her friend was, and beg or desire him to go away. she was always with the sick girl, for now her mother was nursed by her sister, and dame hannah had obtained permission for her to work at home in gumming the papyrus strips together. the widow herself was obliged to be at her post in the factory, no, replied marcus, to morrow, certainly, i positively cannot. people who have nothing to do always lack time, replied the other. is to morrow one of your festivals no, not that= and good heavens if only i could. could, could cried demetrius angrily and standing close in front of his brother with his arms folded. say out honestly: i will not go, or else, my affairs are my own secret and i mean to keep it. but give me no more of your silly equivocations. his vehemence increased the younger mans embarrassment, and as he stood trying to find an explanation which might come somewhat near the truth and yet not betray him, demetrius, who had stood watching him closely, suddenly exclaimed: by aphrodite, the daughter of the foam it is a love affair an assignation. woman, woman, always woman an assignation cried marcus shaking his head. no indeed, no one expects me; and yet i had rather you should misunderstand me than think that i had lied. yes i am going to seek a woman; and if i do not find her to morrow, if in the course of tomorrow i do not succeed in my hearts desire, she is lost not only to me, though i cannot give up the heavenly love for the sake of the earthly and fleshly but to my lord and saviour. it is the life the everlasting life or death of one of gods loveliest creatures that hangs on to morrows work. demetrius was greatly astonished, and it was with an angry gesture of impatience that he replied: again you have overstepped the boundary within which we can possibly understand each other. in my opinion you are hardly old enough to undertake the salvation of the imperiled souls of pretty women. take care what you are about, youngster it is safe enough to go into the water with those who can swim, but those who sink are apt to draw you down with them. you are a good looking the speaker of the mornings discourse why did you not endeavor to persuade the people with words of warning, rather than with brute force i had no priests garment, replied pentaur. there again you did wrong, said ameni, for you know that the law requires of each of us never to leave this house without our white robes. but you cannot pretend not to know your own powers of speech, nor to contradict me when i assert that, even in the plainest working dress, you were perfectly able to produce as much effect with words as by deadly blows i might very likely have succeeded, answered pentaur, but the most savage temper ruled the crowd; there was no time for reflection, and when i struck down the villain, like some reptile, who had seized the innocent girl, the lust of fighting took possession of me. i cared no more for my own life, and to save the child i would have slain thousands. your eyes sparkle, said ameni, as if you had performed some heroic feat; and yet the men you killed were only unarmed and