

said that ameni was going to send him to the quarries at chennu, but that that was much too small a punishment. then hekt advised him to give a secret commission to the captain of the ship to go beyond chennu, to the frightful mountain mines, of which she has often told me, for her father and her brother were tormented to death there. none ever return from thence, said the prince. but go on. what came next, i only half understood, but they spoke of some drink that makes people mad. oh what i see and hear i would be contentedly on my board all my life long, but all else is too horrible i wish that i were dead. and the child began to cry bitterly. uarda, whose cheeks had turned pale, patted him affectionately; but rameri exclaimed: it is frightful unheard of but who was the steward did you not hear his name collect yourself, little man, and stop crying. it is a case of life and death. who was the scoundrel did she not name him try to remember. scherau bit his red lips, and tried for composure. his tears ceased, and suddenly he exclaimed, as he put his hand into the breast of his ragged little garment: stay, perhaps you will know him again i made him you did what asked the prince. i made him, repeated the little artist, and he carefully brought out an object wrapped up in a scrap of rag, i could just see his head quite clearly from one side all the time he was speaking, and my clay lay by me. i always must model something when my mind is excited, and this time i quickly made his face, and as the image was successful, i kept it about me to show to the master when hekt was out. while he spoke he had carefully unwrapped the figure with trembling fingers, and had given it to uarda. ani handkerchiefs to him, said he, laughing to himself. nothing else to wish for; nothing to cry about. nevertheless, he lay still, staring at the sky, till the smile died away, and tears came into his eyes. fortunately, no one was there to see. what could this awfully jolly doctor be thinking of to make him cry he was thinking of a grave stone in the churchyard close by, and of a story connected with this grave stone which was known to everybody in the place who was old enough to remember it. this story has nothing to do with the present story, so it ought not to be told. and yet it has to do with the doctor, and is very short, so it shall be put in, after all. the story of a grave stone. one early spring morning, about twenty years before, a man going to his work at sunrise through the churchyard, stopped by a flat stone which he had lately helped to lay down. the day before, a name had been cut on it, which he stayed to read; and below the name some one had scrawled a few words in pencil, which he read also pitifully behold the sorrows of our hearts. on the stone lay a pencil, and a few feet from it lay the doctor, face downwards, as he had lain all night, with the hoar frost on his black hair. ah these grave stones they were ugly things in those days; not the light, hopeful, pretty crosses we set up now, how they seem remorselessly to imprison and keep our dear dead friends away from us and yet they do not lie with a feathers weight upon the souls that are gone, while god only knows how heavily they press upon the souls that are left behind. did the spirit whose body was with the dead, stand that morning by the body whose spirit was with the dead, and pity him let us only talk about what we that many headed monster, the people, you must, but i entreat. the others the first considerations are enough; but may i be permitted to know what my wise friend has awarded to the hapless wight from whom she withdrew her favour first, imprisonment here at lockias. he has stained his hands with the blood of caesaron, the king of kings. that is high treason, even in the eyes of the people. try to obtain the order for the arrest this very day. whenever i can disturb the queen with such matters, not for nay sake, but to save her from injury. away with everything which can cloud her intellect in these decisive days first, away with barine, who spoiled her return home; and then let us take care of the man who would be capable, for this romans sake, of causing an insurrection in alexandria. the great cares associated with the state and the throne are hers; for the minor ones of the toilet and the heart i will provide. here she was interrupted by one of cleopatras waiting maids. the queen had awakened, and iras hastened to her post. as she passed charmians apartments and saw two handsome soldiers, belonging to the macedonian body guard, pacing to and fro on duty before them, her face darkened. it was against her alone that charmian was protecting barine. she had been harshly reproved by the older