

you she asked again. i gave him striking reasons for doing so, he replied quickly. but he will return he has learned enough up here for to day. we have now to think of your journey to alexandria. but it seems to me, replied sirona, blushing, that i am safely hidden in your cave, and just now you yourself said i warned you against the dangers of the expedition, interrupted paulus. but since that it has occurred to me that i know of a shelter, and of a safe protector for you. there, we are at home again. now go into the cave, for very probably some one may have heard you calling, and if other anchorites were to discover you here, they would compel me to take you back to your husband. i will go directly, sighed sirona, but first explain to me for i heard all that you said to each other and she colored, how it happened that phoebicius took hermas sheepskin for yours, and why you let him beat you without giving any explanation. because my back is even broader than that great fellows, replied the alexandrian quickly. i will tell you all about it in some quiet hour, perhaps on our journey to klyma. now go into the cave, or you may spoil everything. i know too what you lack most since you heard the fair words of the senators son. well what asked sirona. a mirror laughed paulus. how much you are mistaken said sirona; and she thought to herself, the woman that polykarp looks at as he does at me, does not need a mirror. an old jewish merchant lived in the fishing town on the western declivity of the mountain; he shipped the charcoal for egypt, which was made in the valleys of the peninsula by burning the sajal acacia, and he had formerly supplied fuel for the drying room of the papyrus factory herself at last left isolated from all, except mrs purlin, the builders wife, who was far too fat and lethargic to be anything but ignorantly good natured. then, in a fit of pained abstraction, miss joliffe had made such a bad calculation as entirely to spoil a flannel petticoat with a rheumatic belt and camphor pockets, which she had looked upon as something of a chef doeuvre. but when she got back to bellevue lodge her vexation vanished, and was entirely absorbed in solicitude for her niece. anstice was unwell, anstice was quite ill, quite flushed, and complaining of headache. if miss joliffe had feigned indisposition for three saturdays as an excuse for not leaving the house, anastasia had little need for simulation on this the fourth saturday. she was, in effect, so dazed by the event which had happened, and so preoccupied by her own thoughts, that she could scarcely return coherent replies to her aunts questions. miss joliffe had rung and received no answer, had discovered that the front door was unlocked, and had at last found anastasia sitting forlorn in mr westrays room with the window open. a chill was indicated, and miss joliffe put her to bed at once. bed is a first aid that even ambulance classes have not entirely taught us to dispense with; it is, moreover, a poor mans remedy, being exceedingly cheap, if, indeed, the poor man is rich enough to have a bed at all. had anastasia been miss bulleel, or even mrs parkyn, or lying and mischief making mrs flint, dr ennefer would have been summoned forthwith; but being only anastasia, and having the vision of debt before her eyes, she when they attempted to perform any other duty on board of the brig, as their knowledge of voyaging extended no further than the distance they go in their own canoes, which, though very beautiful, are sad leaky things at sea; and as, during the time they are out, the greater part of the crew are baling the water out of them, they thought the leaky state of our vessel was no uncommon occurrence. but however cheerfully they worked during the day, nothing could induce them to turn out at night; they always stowed themselves away, but in what part of the vessel i never could conjecture. they have a dread of some unknown evil spirit, which they imagine has power over them at night; and this supposition makes them terrible cowards in the dark. the second day after we were at sea, i saw a group of savages lying round the binnacle, all intently occupied in observing the phenomenon of the magnetic attraction; they seemed at once to comprehend the purpose to which it was applied, and i listened with eager curiosity to their remarks upon it. this, said they, is the white mans god, who directs them safely to different countries, and then can guide them home again. out of compliment to us, and respect for its wonderful powers, they seemed much inclined to worship this silent little monitor. during our voyage to port jackson we experienced a succession of southerly gales, which captain kent