

everything, but how silly he looks now i will wake him. she pulled a blade of grass out of the heap on which he was lying, and saucily tickled his nose. nebscht raised himself, sneezed, but fell back asleep again; uarda laughed out with her clear silvery tones. then she blushed that is not right, she said, for he is good and generous. she took the sleepers hand, pressed it to her lips, and wiped the drops from his brow. then he awoke, opened his eyes, and muttered half in a dream still: uarda sweet uarda. the girl started up and fled, and nefert followed her. when nebscht at last got upon his feet and looked round him, he found himself alone in a strange house. he went out of doors, where he found bent anats little train anxiously discussing things past and to come. chapter xxxvi. the inhabitants of the oasis had for centuries been subject to the pharaohs, and paid them tribute; and among the rights granted to them in return, no egyptian soldier might cross their border and territory without their permission. the ethiopians had therefore pitched bent anats tents and their own camp outside these limits; but various transactions soon took place between the idle warriors and the amalekites, which now and then led to quarrels, and which one evening threatened serious consequences, when some drunken soldiers had annoyed the amalekite women while they were drawing water. this morning early one of the drivers on awaking had missed pentaur and nebscht, and he roused his comrades, who had been rejoined by uardas father. the enraged guard of the gang of prisoners hastened to the commandant of the while they were ethiopians, and informed him that two of his prisoners had escaped, and were no doubt being kept in growing old. nay only that you know the secret of remaining beautiful. you are a poet murmured the empress with a twitch of her thin under lip. affairs of state do not favor the muses. but i call any man a poet who sees things more beautiful than they are, or who gives them finer names than they deserve a poet, a dreamer, a flatterer for it comes to that. ah modesty can always find words to repel even well merited admiration. why this foolish bandying of words sighed sabina, flinging herself back in her chair. you have been to school under the hair splitting logicians in the museum here, and i have not. over there sits favorinus, the sophist; i dare say he is proving to ptolemaeus that the stars are mere specks of blood in our eyes, which we choose to believe are in the sky. florus, the historian, is taking note of this weighty discussion; pancrates, the poet, is celebrating the great thoughts of the is the mans philosopher. as to what part the philologist there can find to take in this important event you know better than what is the mans name apollonius. hadrian has nick named him the obscure. the more difficult it is to understand the discourses of these gentlemen the more highly are they esteemed. one must dive to obtain what lies at the bottom of the water all that floats on the surface is borne by the waves, a plaything for children. apollonius is a very learned man. then my husband ought to leave him among his disciples and his books. it was his wish that i should invite these people to my table. florus said ned, with his mouth full, or nearly so, if juicy pear, is this all a dream my peach tastes just like a real one, was the reply. but i say, father, the fruit never used to grow like this. no, my boy, said the doctor; i feel half stunned in my surprise. a complete change seems to have come over everything. the weeds and wild things have run rampant, but the fruit trees, such as i can see, all look clean and free from blight. say, neighbour, cried griggs, im going over to my place now, if some one else will help at the clearance. these grapes, you know. theyre splendid, said the doctor. what about them why, this, said griggs; i planted lots, and theyd never grow any more than my oranges would. oranges cried chris. here, father, we havent looked at our grove. come on with me, then, said griggs, and well take it on the way. i want to see mine too. as to the grapes, if yoursll grow like this so ought mine; and if they have but wait a bit. all mounted again, to make their mustangs breast their way in the direction of the dried up peach and orange grove which they had toiled over in despair, and at the first glance a shout of delight arose. why, father, cried chris, what was the good of going there through thirst and starvation to find phantom gold when it is glowing and growing, and breaking down the branches here for it was a golden sight indeed for weary, longing and disappointed eyes. progress was difficult after they had literally gloated over the beauty and promise of the orange grove, for the tracks were