

depends, said the old man. did she show it you no; it is something in the style of linus and she sang it to us. the daughter of the rich porphyrius sang for your entertainment yours said karnis laughing. by sirius the world is turning upside down. now that girls are forbidden to perform to the gentlefolks, art is being cultivated by the upper classes; it cannot be killed outright. for the future the listeners will be paid to keep quiet and the singers pay for the right of torturing their ears our ears, our luckless ears will be victimized. orpheus smiled and shook his head; then, again dropping his knife, he went on eagerly: but if you could only hear her you would give your last copper piece to hear her again. indeed muttered his father. well, there are very good teachers here. something by linus did you say she sang something of that kind; a lament for the dead of very great power: return, oh return my beloved, come back come home that was the burthen of it. and there was a passage which said: oh that each tear had a voice and could join with me in calling thee and how she sang it, father i do not think i ever in my life heard anything like it. ask mother. even dadass eyes were full of tears. yes, it was beautiful, the mother agreed. i could not help wishing that you were there. karnis rose and paced the little room, waving his arms and muttering: ah so that is how it is a friend of the muses. we saved the large lute that is well. my chlamys has an ugly hole in it if the girls were not asleep but the first thing to morrow aye. tell me, is she handsome, tall herse had been watching her excitable husband with much satisfaction and now answered his question: not a hera not a muse decidedly not. hardly above the middle height, slightly made, but not small, black eyes, long lashes, dark straight eyebrows. i could will be made in your grandfathers lifetime. my advice to you is not to quarrel with him; you had better spend your long vacations away from fording, and when you leave oxford you can travel. so the young man went out from fording, for a wandering that was to prove half as long as that of israel in the wilderness. he came home for a flying visit at wide intervals, but he kept up a steady correspondence with his grandmother as long as she lived. only once, and that in the last letter which he ever received from her, did she allude to the old distasteful discussion. up to this very day, she wrote, i have found out nothing; we may still hope that there is nothing to find out. in all those long years he consoled himself by the thought that he was bearing expatriation for the honour of the family, that he was absenting himself so that his grandfather might find the less temptation to drag the nebuly coat in the mire. to make a fetish of family was a tradition with blandamers, and the heir as he set out on his travels, with the romance of early youth about him, dedicated himself to the nebuly coat, with a vow to serve and preserve as faithfully as any ever taken by templar. last of all the old lord passed away. he never carried out his threat of disinheritance, but died intestate, and thus the grandson came to his own. the new lord blandamer was no longer young when he returned; years of wild travel had hardened his face, and made his heart self reliant, but he came back as romantic as he went away. for nature, if she once endows man or woman with romance, gives them so rich a store of it as shall last them, life through, unto the end. in sickness or health, in poverty or riches, through middle age and old age, being painted with no other object than to cover a given space. this view was, moreover, supported by the fact that the gilt frame was exceptionally elaborate and well made, and he came to the conclusion that sophia must somehow have come into possession of the frame, and had painted the flower piece to fill it. the sun was a red ball on the horizon as he flung up the window and looked out over the roofs towards the sea. the evening was very still, and the town lay steeped in deep repose. the smoke hung blue above it in long, level strata, and there was perceptible in the air a faint smell of burning weeds. the belfry story of the centre tower glowed with a pink flush in the sunset, and a cloud of jackdaws wheeled round the golden vanes, chattering and fluttering before they went to bed. it is a striking scene, is it not said a voice at his elbow; there is a curious aromatic scent in this autumn air that makes one catch ones breath. it was the organist who had slipped in unawares. i feel down on my luck, he said. take your supper in my room to night, and let us have a talk. westray had not seen much of him for the last few days, and agreed gladly enough that they should spend the evening together; only