

rings the war cry said prince rameri, who had entered his sisters half dark room unperceived by the two women. the princess turned to the boy. how you frightened me she said. you said rameri astonished. yes, me. i used to have a stout heart, but since that evening i frequently tremble, and an agony of terror comes over me, i do not know why. i believe some demon commands me. you command, wherever you go; and no one commands you, cried rameri. the excitement and tumult in the valley, and on the quay, still agitate you. i grind my teeth myself when i remember how they turned me out of the school, and how paaker set the dog at us. i have gone through a great deal today too. where were you so long asked bent anat. my uncle ani commanded that you should not leave the palace. i shall be eighteen years old next month, said the prince, and need no tutor. but your father said bent anat. my father interrupted the boy, he little knows the regent. but i shall write to him what i have today heard said by different people. they were to have sworn allegiance to ani at that very feast in the valley, and it is quite openly said that ani is aiming at the throne, and intends to depose the king. you are right, it is madness but there must be something behind it all. nefert turned pale, and bent anat asked for particulars. the prince repeated all he had gathered, and added laughing: ani depose my father it is as if i tried to snatch the star of isis from the sky to light the lamps which are much wanted here. it is more comfortable in the dark, said nefert. no, let us have lights, said bent anat. it is better to talk when we can see each other face to face. i have no belief in the foolish talk of the people; but you are johnnie, said thomas trout, junior, with an exasperated sigh; and the apple tumbled up, rolled after the flying chips, and tumbled down again. is there any supper, father asked tommy. no, there is not, sir, unless you know how to get it, said the tailor; and taking his pipe, he went out of the house. is there really nothing to eat, granny asked the boy. no, my bairn, only some bread for breakfast to morrow. what makes father so cross, granny hes wearied, and you dont help him, my dear. what could i do, grandmother many little things, if you tried, said the old lady. he spent half an hour to day, while you were on the moor, getting turf for the fire, and you could have got it just as well, and he been at his work. he never told me, said tommy. you might help me a bit just now, if you would, my laddie, said the old lady coaxingly; these bits of cloth want tearing into lengths, and if you get em ready, i can go on knitting. therell be some food when this mat is done and sold. ill try, said tommy, lounging up with desperate resignation. hold my knife, johnnie. fathers been cross, and everything has been miserable, ever since the farm was sold. i wish i were a big man, and could make a fortune. will that do, granny the old lady put down her knitting and looked. my dear, thats too short. bless me i gave the lad a piece to measure by. i thought it was the same length. oh, dear i am so tired; and he propped himself against the old ladys chair. my dear dont lean so; youll tipple me over she shrieked. i beg your pardon, grandmother. will that do its that much too long. tear that bit off. now its all right. but, my dear, that wastes it. now that bit is of no use. there goes my knitting, you awkward lad daughter. when they went out of doors again, he said: you have to live on the princesss gift till i return, and i do not want half of the physicians present. but where is your pomegranate blossom i have picked it and preserved it in a safe place. strange things are women muttered the bearded man; he tenderly kissed his childs forehead, and returned to the Nile down the road by which he had come. the prince meanwhile had hurried on, and enquired in the harbor of the necropolis where the vessel destined for chennu was lying for the ships loaded with prisoners were accustomed to sail from this side of the river, starting at night. then he was ferried over the river, and hastened to bent anat. he found her and nefert in unusual excitement, for the faithful chamberlain had learned through some friends of the king in anis suite that the regent had kept back all the letters intended for syria, and among them those of the royal family. a lord in waiting, who was devoted to the king, had been encouraged by the chamberlain to communicate to bent anat other things, which hardly allowed any doubts as to the ambitious projects of her uncle; she was also exhorted to be on her guard with nefert, whose mother was the confidential adviser of the regent. bent anat smiled at this warning, and sent at once a