

better than i, and i will flutter after the mighty wing strokes of his spirit, and smile at my own weakness, and glory in admiring his superiority. katuti listened to the maiden with the smile by which the experienced love to signify their superiority over the visionary. ancient times may have produced such men, she said. but if in these days thou thinkest to find one, thou wilt wear the lock of youth, the lock of youth was a curl of hair which all the younger members of princely families wore at the side of the head. the young horus is represented with it. till thou art grey. our thinkers are no heroes, and our heroes are no sages. here come thy brother and nefert. will you persuade ani to give up his suit said the princess urgently. i will endeavor to do so, for thy sake, replied katuti. then, turning half to the young rameri and half to his sister, she said: the chief of the house of seti, ameni, was in his youth such a man as thou paintest, bent anat. tell us, thou son of rameses, that art growing up under the young sycamores, which shall some day over shadow the land whom dost thou esteem the highest among thy companions is there one among them, who is conspicuous above them all for a lofty spirit and strength of intellect the young rameri looked gaily at the speaker, and said laughing: we are all much alike, and do more or less willingly what we are compelled, and by preference every thing that we ought not. a mighty soul a youth, who promises to be a second snefru, a tholmes, or even an amem dost thou know none such in the house of seti asked the widow. oh yes cried rameri with eager certainty. and he is asked katuti. pentaur, the poet, exclaimed the youth. bent anat's face glowed with dead. as he saw the bright faced boys approaching him, he first gave a great start of surprise, eagerly scanning one face after another; then, as he did so the light of hope died out from his eyes, and the old despairing look came back. something of this was observed by the prince and his followers, but they were at present too much bent upon their own mission to have thought to spare for any other concerns. they formed a circle round him, and asked him of the robbers if he ever saw them; if he knew their haunts; if they had been near these parts during the past days for a moment it seemed as though the old man was disappointed by the questions asked him. he muttered something they did not rightly comprehend about robbers worse than these, and a quick fierce look passed across his face, and then died out again. the young prince was courteous and patient: he allowed the old mans slow wits time to get to work; and when he did begin to speak he spoke to some purpose, and the boys listened and questioned with the most eager attention. it took some time to extract the necessary information, not from any reluctance to speak on the old mans part, but from his inability to put his thoughts into words. still when this was by degrees achieved, the information was of the highest possible importance. the robbers, said the old man, were at that very moment not far away. he had seen them sally forth on one of their nocturnal raids about dusk the previous evening; and they had returned home laden with spoil two hours before the dawn. he was of the opinion that they had carried off some captive with besides balbilla in short. the girl colored at the words, and said with pleased excitement: are you flattering me or did hephaestion really say that noe is me cried the praetor, for hephaestion was my master too, and i am one of the masculine scholars beaten by balbilla. but it is no news to me, for the alexandrian himself told me the same thing as florus. you follow ovid and she sappho, said florus; you write in latin and she in greek. do you still always carry ovids love poems about with you always, replied verus, as alexander did his homer. and out of respect for his master your husband endeavors, by the grace of venus, to live like him, added sabina, addressing herself to domitia lucilla. the tall and handsome roman lady only shrugged her shoulders slightly in answer to this not very kindly meant speech; but verus said, while he picked up sabinas silken coverlet, and carefully spread it over her knees: my happiest fortune consists in this: that venus victrix favors me. but we are not yet at the end of our story; our lesbian swan met at lochias with another rare bird, an artist in statuary. how long have the sculptors been reckoned among birds asked sabina. at the utmost can they be compared to woodpeckers. when they work in wood, laughed verus. our artist, however, is an assistant of papias, and handles noble materials in the grand style. on this occasion, however, he is building a statue out