

humbly hope that europe has been found. at present i feel like aladdin when his palace had been transported by the magician; i dont know where i am. youre here, doctor; arent you asked the slow curly wigged brother, squatting himself on the grass. is europe found said the doctor tragically. yes, laughed deordie. i found it. you will be a great man, said the doctor. and it is only common charity to ask how about north america found too, said deordie. but the wash is completely lost. and my six shirts in it said the doctor. i sent them last saturday as ever was. what a world we live in any more news poor tiny here has been crying her eyes out. im so sorry, tiny, said the brother. but dont bother about it. its all square now, and were going to have a new shelf put up. have you found everything asked tiny. well, not the wash, you know. and the elephant and the guinea pig are gone for good; so the other elephant and the other guinea pig must walk together as a pair now. noah was among the soldiers, and we have put the cavalry into a night light box. europe and north america were behind the book case; and, would you believe it the rocking horses nose has turned up in the nursery oven. i cant believe it, said the doctor. the rocking horses nose couldnt turn up, it was the purest grecian, modelled from the elgin marbles. perhaps it was the heat that did it, though. however, you seem to have got through your troubles very well, master deordie. i wish poor tiny were at the end of her task. so do i, said deordie ruefully. but i tell you what ive been thinking, doctor. nurse is always nagging at us, and a tone which was anything rather than encouraging, as he relaxed his hold on the hounds collar in a somewhat suspicious manner. the slaves bent knees began to quake, and holding out his broad palm to the grey bearded gentleman, who seemed to him hardly less alarming than the dog, he began to stammer out in fearfully mutilated greek the speech which his master had repeated to him several times, and which set forth that he had come into the presence of the architect, claudius senator, of rome, to announce the visit of his master, a member of the town council, a macedonian, and a roman citizen, keraunus, the son of ptolemy, steward of the once royal but now imperial palace at lochias. hadrian unrelentingly allowed the poor wretch to finish his speech, rubbing his hands with amusement, while the sweat of anguish stood on the old slaves face, and to prolong the delightful joke, he took good care not to help the miserable old man when his unaccustomed tongue came to some insuperable difficulty. when, at length, the negro had finished the pompous announcement, hadrian said, kindly: tell your master he may come in. scarcely had the slave left the room, when the sovereign, turning to his favorite, exclaimed: this is a delicious joke what will the jupiter be like, when the eagle is such a bird as this keraunus was not long to wait for. while pacing up and down the passage outside the emperors room, his bad humor had risen considerably, for he took it as a slight on the part of the architect, that he should allow him whose birth and dignities he would have learnt from his slave to foundation of cullerne had subscribed in older and richer days. yet these were but the children of a later birth. round about them stood elder brethren, for cullerne minster was still left in possession of its seventeenth century music books. a famous set they were, a hundred or more bound in their old black polished calf, with a great gold medallion, and tenor: decani, or contra tenor: cantoris, basso, or sopra, stamped in the middle of every cover. and inside was parchment with red ruled margins, and on the parchment were inscribed services and verse anthems and ffull anthems, all in engrossing hand and the most uncompromising of black ink. therein was a generous table of contents mr batten and mr gibbons, mr mundy and mr tomkins, doctor bull and doctor giles, all neatly filed and paged; and mr bird would incite singers long since turned to churchyard mould to bring forth the ye timbrell, ye pleasant harp and ye violl, and reinsist with six parts, and a red capital letter, ye pleasant harp and ye violl. it was a great place for dust, the organ loft dust that fell, and dust that rose; dust of wormy wood, dust of crumbling leather, dust of tattered mothly curtains that were dropping to pieces, dust of primeval green baize; but mr sharnall had breathed the dust for forty years, and felt more at home in that place than anywhere else. if it was crusoes island, he was crusoe, monarch of all he surveyed. here, you can take this key, he said one day to westray; it unlocks the staircase door; but either tell me when to expect