

does me no harm. I go to confession and mass and am ready to close my eyes when the hour comes, in order to open them again once more and to look my Judge in the face. For I know what I shall answer Him.

*The Lagman.* What will you answer?

*The Lagmanska.* This: "Certainly, O Lord, I was not free from faults, but though I may have been a poor sinner, I was still a little better than my neighbour."

*The Lagman.* I don't know why you have come upon these ideas just now, and they don't please me. Is it, perhaps, because the Mausoleum is going to be consecrated soon?

*The Lagmanska.* Perhaps, for as a rule, I do not think about death. Haven't I still got all my teeth, isn't my hair as thick as when I was your bride?

*The Lagman.* Yes, yes; you have eternal youth, like myself. But we shall have to go hence some day after all, and since fortune has been kind to us we will avail ourselves of the privilege of lying in our own piece of earth. Therefore we built this little mausoleum, where every tree knows us, where every flower will whisper of our work, of our toils and of our conflicts.