

*The Lagman.* The evening of life has brought us at last the sunshine which its morning promised; the early and the latter rains have blessed the fields and meadows, and the songs of the grape-treaders will soon be heard around us.

*The Lagmanska.* Don't talk like that! Somebody might hear it!

*The Lagman.* Who could be listening here, and what harm can it do, if I thank God for every good gift?

*The Lagmanska.* One ought not to talk of good fortune. Ill fortune may be standing and listening.

*The Lagman.* What would that matter? I have been born with a silver spoon in my mouth.

*The Lagmanska.* Do be careful! We have many enviers and evil eyes watch us.

*The Lagman.* Well! Let them! It has never been otherwise. But I have kept my place all the same.

*The Lagmanska.* Till now, yes! But I forebode evil from our Neighbour; he goes about in the village and says we have cheated him out of his property, and other things of the same kind which I will not mention. Of course that does not matter when one has a clean conscience, and a blameless life behind one. The slander