

The colors of the cords interested me, and I tried to discern who were the bearers of the different shades. Several times I thought I had recognized an acquaintance, when the light changed and the resemblance faded before my eyes. Some cords were of many colors, red, blue, yellow, green and brown, in recurring sections. This puzzled me, for I could not understand its significance nor tell why they should be so. There were also bicolored cords; some being dark gray through the first half of their length and then changing to a brilliant gold or purple; others being bright at first and taking a sombre tint afterwards. Again, the parts of the design intrusted to the various artisans differed widely in elaborativeness; and it seemed to me that the dull colors were oftenest laid in the prettiest curves, while the gay ones were used in the coarser lines of the figure. I noticed, too, that the cords were of varying lengths, and that white formed the most minute and delicate details of the work.

As I gazed in wonderment upon the sight, the pattern grew dim, the colors faded, and I knew not what I had seen. But afterwards I often thought of the toilers I had beheld from the castle tower, and wondered if they wove the web of destiny.

E. G., '03.