

## THE SAD SHEPHERD

him from the shadows. He lifted his stick, but let it fall again, and a strange ghost of a smile twisted his face as they gripped him and threw him down.

“You are rough beggars,” he said. “Say what you want, you are welcome to it.”

“Your money, dog of a courtier,” they muttered fiercely; “give us your golden collar, Herod’s hound, quick, or you die!”

“The quicker the better,” he answered, closing his eyes.

The bewildered flock of sheep and goats, gathered in a silent ring, stood at gaze while the robbers fumbled over their master

“This is a stray dog,” said one, “he has lost his collar, there is not even the price of a mouthful of wine on