

"Thou art a favorite of the gods," said the other with a venomous gleam in his narrow black eyes. "In thy heaven-bestowed wisdom forget not that it was I who came upon the two nesting in a corner of yonder old tomb like a pair of swallows."

"Thou shalt have the boy."

"And who gave thee leave to say, friend?"

"Canst thou sell them then? Is it of thee that the princess will buy slaves? Half the price of the two shall be thine; if that pleaseth thee not, why then ——"

"Look at me! I am thy sister that loveth thee,  
Do not stay far from me, heavenly one!  
Come to thine abode with haste, with haste  
I see thee no more. I see thee no more——"

trilled the unseen singer.

"Ha! The song of Isis! The little one is religious," continued the speaker, who had stopped in the midst of his bargaining. "Come! What sayest thou?" he added persuasively. "Half the price—and it will be a good one—no one can do better in such a matter than ——"

"No one better than Besa," interrupted the other rudely. "Be it so; but lie to me about the price and thou shalt regret it."

The two had reached the top of the hill by this time.