

blood ; setting fire to the houses still untouched ; cursing a people which only gave itself up after consuming its riches ; killing in their fury whatever living thing they encountered in their way, and stabbing the wounded.

As he realized this he knew that he was not dead, but that he was going to die. He knew it by the terrible weakness which overpowered him, by the mortal cold creeping up to his heart ; by his mind which was growing dull, and was now but a flickering light.

What of Sonnica ? Where could he find Sonnica ? His last thought was to reach her body, which must be near. He wished to kiss her as her slave ; to render her that tribute before he died. But as he made a supreme exertion, raising his head from the ground, a wave of warm and sticky liquid covered his face. It was his last blood.

Then he seemed to see, with the vagueness of a vanishing dream, a kind of black centaur, galloping over the slain, and looking at the blazing city, laughing with malevolent joy.

He passed near. His horse's hoofs ploughed into the body of the Celtiberian lying on his breast. The dying Greek recognized the horseman by the light of the conflagration.

It was Hannibal, his head uncovered, possessed by the fury of triumph, galloping on his jet-black horse which seemed to have caught the ferocity of the rider, whinnying, treading on the fallen bodies, lashing his tail above the litter of battle. To the Greek he appeared an infernal demon coming for his soul.

Dimly, like a blurred vision, he saw the face of Hannibal animated by a smile of pride, of cruel