
Elfa

lifted him from the road on to the first steps of the ascent up the hillside. I took a cruel delight in forcing him thus. Tall as he was and strong, he was but a stripling in my arms ; and I pushed and pulled and thrust and dragged him, now by the arm then by the clothes up the hill, while sometimes I hurled him to the ground and dragged him feet foremost, letting his head and face scrape and tear their way over the rough, stony way. And in this fashion we reached the point of the hillside from which the spur of rock ran out toward the road.

There I unpinioned his arms, loosened the gag from his mouth, and hauled him to his feet.

Hatless, his face was bruised and cut and bleeding, and his clothes soiled and torn by the rough passage up the hillside, he made but a sorry figure, as he faced me, dazed and stupid after the struggle.

I waited for him to gather his scattered wits. I was in no hurry, for I knew there was now no fear of interruption.

"Now, you villain, I ask you again—where is my wife?" I cried in a voice of thunder. "Do you hear?"—shaking him—"where is my wife?"

"I know nothing of your wife." The words came in a sullen tone, as if wrung from him despite his will.

"When did you see her last?"

"I don't know. I don't remember," in the same sullen tone.

"You prince of cowardly liars—do you hear—liars, liars, liars!" I cried in my rage, my voice