

bitterness, the fire of her old love returning to her with death.

She fell face downward on the ground. The Greek started toward her, but at the same instant his ears buzzed as if an immense mass had crashed upon his head; in his side he felt the chill of the steel perforating his flesh; everything turned black, and he sank to the ground, as if falling into a black and gloomy pit the bottom of which he would never reach.

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The Greek awoke. His chest was weighted down by a form as heavy as a mountain. He was not sure whether he really existed. His members refused to obey him. Only with a painful effort could he open his eyes and understand confusedly why he was there.

Gradually he realized that the something which oppressed his breast was the corpse of a gigantic soldier. Actæon thought he remembered having plunged his sword into the body of the warrior the instant that he fell into the dense and mysterious night.

He looked around. A ruddy glow, as of an endless aurora, scintillated on the abandoned weapons and outlined silhouettes of the bodies lying in heaps or scattered over the field contracted in weird postures by their final convulsions.

In the background a city was burning. The blackened and shapeless structures stood out against the curtain of flames, and through their restless splendour the walls of the Acropolis trembled.

Actæon remembered all that had happened. That city was Saguntum; the conquerors could be heard howling through the streets; they were covered with