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was fastened to the rock from which the serpent had snatched so many other beautiful maidens of her land. The priests had withdrawn, and the miserable father was dragging himself from the awful sight which was momentarily expected when, hot with haste, the hero Hercules appeared.

He had barely time to bid the king take heart, when, with the noise as of a thousand waves breaking upon a rock-bound shore, the foul monster issued from the deep and advanced to seize his prey. Ere he could reach the rock, however, Hercules had bounded to the spot, and with rapid blows of his terrible club he crushed its head, and the brute serpent lay a mass of nerveless coils at the hero's feet.

Great was the joy of Laomedon, and Hesione knelt in gratitude to her deliverer, while the assembled Trojans rent the air with their applause. Well might they shout at the deed which had delivered them that day from the nightmare that had poisoned their waking hours for so many years.

One would think that the story should be ended here, but, true to his nature, once more Laomedon broke faith and denied the reward which he had publicly promised to whoever should deliver his daughter and the land.

Hercules strode from the royal presence in contempt of the man who could thus go back upon his