

because my mother had a sunstroke when I was born, but that you also——

*The Lagmanska (frightened).* Hush! When one talks of the devil, he——say, hasn't the sun gone down?

*The Lagman.* Yes, certainly.

*The Lagmanska.* How is it, then, that the patch of sunlight still remains on the mausoleum?

*(The sun-gleam moves).*

*The Lagman.* Jesus! Maria! A miracle!

*The Lagmanska.* A miracle, say you, and on the grave! That is not an everyday occurrence, and only a certain few who have lived in faith on the highest things——

*(The sun-gleam is extinguished).*

*The Lagman.* It is uncanny here this evening; really unpleasant. What annoyed me most of all was that the good-for-nothing expected to out-live us in order to inherit the property. Do you know that I——yes, I wondered whether I should say it.

*The Lagmanska.* Say it!

*The Lagman.* Well, have you heard that this ground was once a place of execution?