

after drinking a little herself, Valhild claimed it and drank deeply, but still more was left than even Attalus, hungry as he was, could finish at one draft, and Roswitha took her share.

The sun was up now above the pine and beech trees on the hillside, and a loud blast on some kind of horn was heard, upon which all the horses, colts, and foals pricked up their ears and started off in the direction whence the sound came. The cows had already begun to gather together, and at another signal of the same kind, but different, gravely set forth under the charge of their herdsman in another direction. So did the goats, who seemed to need no signal to make them go off toward the mountain, led by a great old fellow with a long gray beard, but with feet full of antics. The sheep were not put in order without many blasts, and much barking and setting in order by the great shaggy dogs; nor did the swineherd and his dogs get their grunting and squeaking charge into marching order for the woods without much trouble, which so diverted Attalus that he laughed for almost the first time since he had left Langres.

Roswitha looked pleased, and he asked her where he could have a bath. She had never heard of such a thing, but when she understood she took him to the spring, which leaped out of a mossy fern-clad rock above the farmyard, and had a basin scooped out for it below, before it made its way as a stream across all the defilements of the yard.

He wished the girls would go away, so that he could have stripped and had a real bath; but they had no notion of what he meant, and were much too curious about the ways of this strange new being to get out of his way. However, he washed head, hands, and feet, and felt much refreshed.

Still he was so weary, sore, and strained with his miserable ride that he could not walk without pain, and he spent most of that day and the following lying on a heap of straw, half asleep, except when little Hundbert tormented him, evidently fancying the newcomer a strange animal imported for his amusement, pulling about the poor boy's clothes, taking away whatever there was to take, poking his fingers into his eyes, and ordering him about. Once when Attalus could bear it no longer he attempted to drive the little tyrant off with a cuff; but this led to a roar, and Frau Bernhild rushed up, threatened Attalus, and gave him a few smart strokes, which grieved and angered him more than all. He, a high-born noble, to be beaten by a barbarian woman!

Roswitha tried to protect him, but in vain, for the novelty of worrying him was only too delightful to her spoiled brother; and he had no peace except when the urchin was asleep or eating. Hunderik himself and his warriors indulged in a long rest after their expedition, and

did not lounge out of their boxes till nearly noonday, when they looked at their horses, devoured the sheep and the broth in which it had been boiled, drank ale, and spent the rest of the day in cleaning up their armor, or in having their heads combed by their wives, who were called off from their spinning for the purpose. Hunderik played with his little son, who rode on his knee and tried on his helmet, shrieking and laughing with joy; but he took no notice of his daughters, nor of Attalus, except that, probably on the complaint of either the boy or his mother, he observed, "Thou dog of a hostage, if thou layest hands on my son it shall be the worse for thy skin."

CHAPTER IX.—A STRANGE SUNDAY.

Were the people of Hundingburg Christians? It perplexed Attalus, who had never observed any token of prayers, nor seen anyone make the sign of the cross, and found that the day he had been used to call Dominica, or the Lord's Day, was termed by them only the Sun's Day. He had hoped to see or hear of a priest on that day, and asked Roswitha if they would not go to church; but she did not understand him, and when she gathered that he meant some kind of observance she said, "My father is going to hang up some of his spoil on the Ermansaul, and then he will come back with his kinsmen, and we shall feast upon the colt that he has killed."

"But that is like pagans!" exclaimed Attalus, with a shudder. "Are you not Christians?"

"Oh, yes; at the King's bidding, they said there came a man, a priest, and dipped us all in the river, and named us all in the name of the King's God," said Roswitha; "I remember it now."

"Yes," said Valhild. "Mother held back and said He was not a warlike God, and father said the King had conquered in that name, and we were on Gaulish soil and must bow to the God of the Gauls, and King Clovis would have it so."

"But He is the great King over all the earth, the only God," returned Attalus, aghast.

Neither of them fully understood the other, but Roswitha added, "It cannot hurt Him and will do us good if father gives his spoil to our old god, Erman, and then he will bring us good luck."

"Is there no Christian priest?" exclaimed Attalus; "no one to tell you of the one great God and Christ, in whose name you are baptized?"

(To be continued.)

"Money is an article which may be used as a universal passport to everywhere except heaven, and a universal provider of everything except happiness."