

*THE SAINT OF THE DRAGON'S DALE*

slanting glory across the hill of the Wartburg. Many stood by, hoping to be edified by the last words and moments of a very saint ; but Graf Ludwig made a commanding gesture, and all vanished from the tent, saving he. Then he knelt down by the camp-bed, and a tear rolled down the iron cheek of Ludwig of the Harz, to fall on the iron cheek of Jerome of the Dragon's Dale.

"My father."

"My son."

That was all for a very long time ; and then Ludwig (for so men would call him still), that tall strong man, before whom robber-barons trembled, spoke, and his voice was nigh to sobbing.

"Father, father, I have sinned against heaven, and am not worthy to be called your son."

"The fault was mine, Sigismund, — mine."

Thus Jerome, but Ludwig answered him : —

"I was wilful and swift to wrath. I defied you at Antioch when we stood in the room where the form of my sister Agnes lay unburied. I have richly earned your curse. I strode from your presence impenitent. I