

A CITY OF REFUGE

Smiling she guides them toward the commandant and says: "Here they are, sir. How do you like them?"

That terrific personage has been suddenly transformed from haircloth into silk. He beams, and pulling out his fat gold watch, coos like a hoarse dove: "Look here, *kinderen*, come and hear the bells in my tick-tock!"

Presently he has one of them leaning against the inside of each knee, listening ardently to the watch.

"What do you think of that!" he says. "What is your name, youngster?"

"Hendrik," answers the boy, looking up.

"Hendrik *what*? You have another name, haven't you?"

The boy shakes his head and looks puzzled, as if the thought of two names were too much for him.

"*Hendrik*," he repeats more clearly and firmly.

"And what is her name?" asks the commandant, patting the little girl.

"*Sooss*," answers the boy. "Mama say '*ickle angel*.' Hendrik say *Sooss*."