

Tiberius's Leap, an enormous rock, a thousand feet high, from which the tyrant caused his victims to be hurled into the sea. . . .

The Emperor dismounted, walked up to the hand-rail and took a glance at the abyss. Then he went on foot to the ruins of Tiberius's Villa, where he strolled about among the crumbling halls and passages.

He stopped for a moment.

There was a glorious view of the point of Sorrento and over the whole island of Capri. The glowing blue of the sea outlined the beautiful curve of the bay; and cool perfumes mingled with the scent of the citron-trees.

"The view is finer still, Sire," said Waldemar, "from the hermit's little chapel, at the summit."

"Let us go to it."

But the hermit himself descended by a steep path. He was an old man, with a hesitating gait and a bent back. He carried the book in which travellers usually write down their impressions.

He placed the book on a stone seat.

"What am I write?" asked the Emperor.

"Your name, Sire, and the date of your visit . . . and anything you please."

The Emperor took the pen which the hermit handed him and bent down to write.

"Take care, Sire, take care!"

Shouts of alarm . . . a great crash from the direction of the chapel. . . . The Emperor turned round. He saw a huge rock come rolling down upon him like a whirlwind.

At the same moment, he was seized round the body by the hermit and flung to a distance of ten yards away.