

hall, and the crowd outside joined in the hunt.

"He is an idiot," they said. So they pelted him with stones, and drove him out of the Palace gates with kicks and blows.

He fought like a wild beast.

There was blood on his forehead, and he often fell and got up again. His lips were drawn and cracked, but he

room was very still, and the air was heavy with the scent of flowers, and just before daybreak they both fell fast asleep. Now nothing stirred but the wax candles, which burnt very low and began to throw strange flickering shadows over everything. You could almost fancy that one of the shutters was slowly opening.

Surely it was opening! Yes. There crept in a figure, very very cautiously.



He felt her weight no more than the weight of a White Lily.

never ceased to cry in a loud, hoarse voice, "She is not dead! I tell you, she is not dead!"

So they drove him out of the town.

All this time the Queen lay still and white. The night came on. The tired people and the Court went to bed, all except two waiting women who sat up to keep watch beside the Queen. The

It was the swineherd. He had come back.

How he got there is more than I can tell you! Perhaps the many grotesque ornaments on the walls helped him, for he was grotesque, too, and could climb like a wild cat. Anyhow, there he was. He had a look on his face as though he would win all or die; no-