

THE EVENING LIGHT

Ludwig pressed his hands to his face ; his great frame shook.

"Now tell what was your father's true name," commanded the hermit.

"I will not tell!" The Graf nigh screamed it in panic-stricken defiance.

"You *will* tell, and tell it truly, that God may pity you on His last Great Day. What was your father's name?"

"Heinrich of Waldau."

"And your true name is not Ludwig, but —"

"Sigismund." The word was dragged across the Graf's set teeth. But a loud cry rang through the forest.

"Jesu!"

And Jerome lay as one dead upon the greensward.

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Many swore "he is dead," and even the Graf's Padua-trained physician was one of them. But Witch Martha brought him back to breath, though it took small wisdom in leechcraft to know that if he woke at all, it could not be for long. Nevertheless he did wake just as the afternoon shadows were falling in