

cry any more," and he stroked her forehead.

Ana continued to sob, and clung more and more tightly to her father. Master Dinu felt as if his heart would break.

"Go and kiss your mother's hand, it's nothing. Veta----"

"No, let her get out of my sight, let her go. Ana has done this to me, my prudent daughter, my good daughter, my much-praised daughter, her mother's joy--she has done this," and Mistress Veta shook her head while everything seemed to turn black before her eyes.

Master Dinu did not know what to do. To put an end to it, he drew Ana gently outside, and tried to quiet her sobs.

A little later he returned to the house. His wife was exhausted and depressed, and sat gazing at the floor.

Suddenly she rose.

"Dinu, you must give Sandu notice to-day, do you hear? If you don't go now and tell him never to show himself here again, you'll never have any peace from me."

"How can I dismiss the man in the middle of the night? You must see we cannot--and then, what harm has he done?"

Mistress Veta could have killed him with a look.

"You will give him notice, do you understand? Or I will turn him out."

"All right, Veta, we will give him notice, but what stories will be told about us outside! How we dismiss workmen on feast days, and turn them out of the house in the dead of night. You must be patient. To-morrow I will give him all the money due to him, and tell him to go in God's name."

"It's your business to deal with him; never let me see him again; if they make any fuss I'll scratch his eyes out. He has got us talked about, no other than he, do you hear? Let him get out of my workshop, or there will be trouble."

Early next day, Master Dinu went to the workshop and called to Sandu.

He found it difficult, and he much regretted having to part with him, but there was nothing else to be done. He asked him how long he had been in his workshop, what money he had drawn, and made the calculation as to how much he had still to receive.

Sandu felt as if the house were falling about his ears--he could not keep him any longer? The blow was a heavy one.

"You have twenty-seven florins to come to you," said Master Dinu, and he did not seem to have the courage to look Sandu in the face. "Here are thirty, so that you do not lose your daily pay up to the beginning of next week. May God give you good fortune, you are a good man, and an honest, but I--I can no longer keep you. I am sorry, but I cannot help it. God be with you."

And so saying, Master Dinu went away.

Lost in thought Sandu stood gazing in front of him, seeing nothing. After a while he sighed heavily, picked up his money, and with a heart that seemed turned to ice he went off to collect all he had, poor man, in the way of clothes and linen, before he took the road.

He collected all his possessions, but he could not make up his mind to take leave of the men with whom he had worked so long. Even Iotza was sorry, for Sandu had been kind, and never spoken a rude word to him.

"I am sorry to leave you," said Sandu, and he felt as if his heart