

"Why do you look at me like that, lady?" And the horse sped along under the overhanging woods.

The black hair of the lady shone in great billows of light. The foliage glistened with hoar-frost, like silver-leaf. The lady looked at the highwayman and shuddered, she felt herself squeezed in his powerful arms, and her eyes burnt like two stars beneath the heavy knitted brows.

"Why do you look at me like that, lady? Why do you shiver? Are you cold?"

The galloping hooves thundered through the glades, the leaves glittered in their silver sheen, and the bay passed on like a phantom in the light.

A shadow suddenly appeared in the distance.

"What is that yonder?" questioned the lady.

"Boyar Nicola awaits us there," replied Racoare.

The lady said no more. But Cozma felt her stiffen herself. The leather strap was snapped, and two white hands were lifted up. The highwayman had no time to stop her. Like lightning she seized the bridle in her right hand, and turned the horse on the spot, but her left arm she twined round Racoare's neck. The highwayman felt the lady's head resting against his breast, and a voice murmured softly:

"Would you give me to another?"

And the horse flew like a phantom through the blue light; the meadows rang with the sound of the galloping hooves, the silver leaves glistened, and tresses of black hair floated in the wind. But now shadows seemed to be pursuing them. The hills on the horizon seemed peopled with strange figures, which hurried through the light mist. But the black phantom sped on, and ever onwards, till it was lost in the far distance, in the gloom of the night.

THE WANDERERS

By M. SADOVEANU

A house stood isolated in the middle of a garden, separated from the main group about the market-place.

It was an old house, its veranda was both high and broad and had big whitewashed pillars. The pointed roof was tiled and green with moss. In front of the veranda, and facing south, stood two beautiful round lime-trees throwing out their shade.

One day in the month of August, the owners, Vladimir Savicky and Ana, his wife, were sitting in the veranda. Both were old, weather-beaten by the storms of many journeys and the misfortunes of life. The old man wore a long white beard and long white hair, which was parted down the middle and smooth on the top; he smoked a very long pipe, and his blue eyes gazed towards the plains which stretched away towards the sunset. The old woman, Ana, selected a nosegay of flowers from a basket. He was tall and vigorous still, she was slight with gentle movements. Forty years ago they left their ruined Poland, and settled in our country. They kept an adopted daughter, and had a son of thirty years of age, a bachelor, and a good craftsman. They had lived for thirty years here in the old house, busying themselves with market-gardening: for thirty years they had lived a sad, monotonous