

little boy. That's one of our specimens! He's here for murder too!' 'That boy!' I exclaimed. 'I suppose it was an accident that took place in a quarrel?' 'Not a bit of it,' said the sergeant. 'He and a friend of his, of the same age as himself, had some grudge against another boy. They waited for days and days, till that boy was alone, and they strangled him with a couple of boot-laces, which they had knitted together for the purpose.' As I listened to all this, whilst we slowly made our progress, all the air seemed to grow sickly round me, and to come to my nostrils tainted with blood and sorrow. The prisoners at work in the sunlight were most of them tolerable objects; but these black cells, with the guilty eyes within, which one felt, without looking at them, were gleaming at one out of the shadow—the sense that these were close to us became soon intolerably painful. I drew a long breath when I found myself once again in the street; and I was glad to learn, since it seemed we were to make a morning of it, that the rest of our time was to be given up to the Konak.

As I passed again through its silent vaulted guard-rooms, as I again looked at the beauty of the crumbling window over them, and caught through a broken arch a breath of the hiding violets, I was conscious of an effect like that felt by the nerves when something cool is laid on a head that is physically aching. I mentioned to Captain O'Flanagan that I had seen the place before. 'Ah!' he said,