

there seemed no chance of escape left, and no hope but that he must stay there and die of hunger.

After some hours, his poor wife came wandering about the tower, that she might see her husband, though only in the distance; but finding, at last, that no one was near, she ventured to go closer up to the wall, and ask if there was nothing she could do to serve him.

“Oh yes,” he said, “you can do a great deal. Go and get me a black beetle, a little grease, a skein of silk, a skein of twine, and a long rope.”

His wife flew to obey him. She might perhaps have wondered very much what he would want to do with these things, since she