out of the city. Once fairly away from the island, they turned towards the west, for Daedala had heard of an island named Sicily, which lay hundreds of miles away, and she had made up her mind to seek a new home there.

All went well for a time, and the two bold flyers sped swiftly over the sea, skimming along only a little above the waves, and helped on their way by the brisk east wind. Towards noon the sun shone very warm, and Daedala called out to the girl who was a little behind and told her to keep her wings cool and not fly too high. But the girl was proud of her skill in flying, and as she looked up at the sun she thought how nice it would be to soar like it high above the clouds in the blue depths of the sky.

"At any rate," said she to herself, "I will go up a little higher. Perhaps I can see the horses which draw the sun car, and perhaps I shall catch sight of their driver, the mighty sun mistress herself."

So she flew up higher and higher, but her mother who was in front did not see her. Pretty soon, the heat of the sun began to melt the wax with which the girl's wings were fastened. She felt herself sinking through the air; the wings had become loosened from her shoulders. She screamed to her mother, but it was too late. Daedala turned just in time to see Icara fall headlong into the waves. The water was very deep there, and the skill of the wonderful artisan could not save her child. She could only look with sorrowing eyes at the unpitying sea, and fly on alone to

