

fastening the last as he had fastened the first door, they could hear distinctly the roaring torrent of disorder and debauchery in the infamous street outside.

"A curiously constructed house, sir," remarked to Paulus the decurion Longinus, with a bewildered look in his handsome face. The Jew, who had come back as this was said, chuckled and observed, as he again led the way:

"If you lived in the Suburra, you would like to make your house difficult to enter."

Presently they arrived in a fine spacious apartment, and beheld in the middle of it a table, on which were lights arranged so as to illumine a long lambskin scroll in characters new and strange to them, and a venerable aged man seated at the table bending over the scroll, and standing at his side a young girl, who held in her hands some kind of oriental embroidery, an end of which trailed along a pile of cushions from which she had apparently risen, leaving her work for a moment in order to look at a passage in the book at the call of the aged reader. The latter was so absorbed in his occupation that he was not at first aware of the presence of strangers; but the child, who stood on the side of the table opposite the door, looked up and gazed with surprise at the four martial-looking figures who strode behind Eleazar into the room. Whatever the amazement, nevertheless, of the young maiden might have been, Paulus was more astounded still; for, truth to say, he thought he could never have beheld anything beautiful until that moment. The new comers having nearly reached the table, had halted, Paulus and Eleazar in front; and yet, even now, the old man, reading the scroll with his back to them, was unaware of their arrival, for pointing with his finger to the page, he exclaimed in a tone eloquent with emotion:

"And his warrior, this patriot, this glorious hero, this matchless servant of the Most High, and champion of the people of God, this very same Judas Maccabeus, my grandchild, was my ancestor and yours—he belongs to our own line!"

"Your line; your own line," said Eleazar, in a harsh voice, and sneering, "is to mind your business, or rather my business; it is for 'that' I give you your bread, and not for dreaming over the Scriptures. Who, think you, is going to pay the smallest consideration to you or your grandchild because you are descended collaterally from the Maccabees?"

At this bitter speech, bitterly spoken, the old man, who, on the first sound of the voice, had turned round and risen, bent his head meekly, but yet with a certain dignity, and replied:

"I had finished the accounts you gave me. My grandchild and I are not asking for any consideration from you beyond what I earn. You need not remind us that a noble old race has fallen into poverty. Come, Esther."

With this he was retiring, but the young girl burst into tears, and running to her grandfather, taking his hand with one of hers, and brushing her tears away with the other, she looked at Eleazar, and made the following speech:

"You rude, cruel man! you are always saying shameful cruel words to my grandfather, because he bears everything. But I will not allow you to speak so to my grandfather; I will not bear it any more."

Here she heaved a little sob, and added rather illogically:

"You ask who will pay grandfather any consideration because he is descended from a glorious warrior and a noble hero? 'I' will!"

Paulus, deeply interested in the unexpected interior drama which had thus suddenly been presented and played out before him, glanced at his martial comrades, and then said in a serious and kindly tone:

"Without intrusiveness be it spoken, 'I' will too. To be descended from a glorious warrior and noble hero is no small title to respect."

The little damsel's countenance cleared at once into sunlight.

"Well, well," said Eleazar, "I meant you no offence, Josiah Maccabeus. But go now and see to 'half the treasure'," emphasizing the last words.

With a look of astonishment, which was not lost upon the observant Paulus, Josiah Maccabeus left the room; whereupon the young girl resumed her embroidery and her former place on

the pile of cushions, and said with a sly glance at Paulus:

"You have come, sir, I suppose, for the treasure which our master here, the Rabbi Eleazar, has got ready for the army, because the 'Aerarium Sanctum' won't have enough money for some months?"

"Child, child!" exclaimed Eleazar, "who said I had the treasure ready?"

"You did yesterday, Rabbi—don't you remember?—when our countryman, Azareel, came."

"You mistook, Esther. You can run now, my dear, and see that some refreshments be prepared for these honored visitors."

During this short dialogue Paulus and his companions had their first good view of the person to whom they had brought Germanicus Caesar's signet. None of them liked his looks.

"Surely," said Paulus, "you have the money ready?"

"It is, and it is not, honored sir. The greater portion I must receive from various persons who will not part with it except on better terms than those which the Caesar offered to me. 'My' share, however, I will cheerfully advance, as agreed."

"We will," said Paulus firmly, "either take the treasure with us this night, or we will take 'you', in order to prove to the commander-in-chief that we have executed his orders, so far as we are concerned."

"But you will leave me my profits," answered the Jew, "and give me, all the same, a voucher in full?"

We will spare the reader the sort of argument which ensued. It has, in cases analogous, been repeated millions of times, all over the world, for thousands of years.

When all was settled, servants brought in wines and dainty refreshments, and little Esther, with extraordinary gracefulness of mien and language, pressed the visitors to partake of the various delicacies before them. Eleazar forthwith prepared to produce the treasure. Attended by Josiah Maccabeus (who had now returned) as his scrivener, and by many servants, he first directed a large and massive empty chest of wrought-iron to be brought into the room. The chest ran upon rollers, or little wheels of hard wood, which were deeper than the thickness of a couple of stout poles, braced horizontally beneath the chest, and projecting beyond it at each end. The poles were thus kept from touching the ground. These poles, like those of a litter or "palkee," could be lifted and borne the shoulders of four or of eight men.

The next operation was to count the twelve thousand "sestertii," or twelve millions of sesterces (equal to about a hundred thousand pounds sterling). And here it will be worth while to note the fact that the money was delivered in such proportions respectively of gold and silver coin—the "aureus nummus", or gold denarius, worth, I believe, a guinea; the small gold scruple, less than the value of a dollar, perhaps three and eightpence; and, finally, the silver denarius, equal to about ninepence—that the whole treasure rose to a very considerable and unwieldy weight.

The operation of counting and packing the rouleaux in the chest occupied the party almost all the night, although they employed great diligence and a proper division of labor. Long before the task was over, little Esther had said farewell to the company; but ere doing this, she stole toward Paulus, stood on tiptoe, and reaching her hand to his shoulder, signified that she wished to whisper something in his ear. With a kindly smile, the tall youth stooped, and with an important and serious face the child whispered. Chaerias was the only one present who observed this little operation; the two other comrades of Paulus were bending over the chest and packing it; the Jew Eleazar was handing the rouleaux to Longinus and Thellus; while Josiah Maccabeus, Esther's father, was busy with the stylus and a large slate-like tablet, Chaerias perceived, when the whisper was finished, that Paulus looked for a moment fully as grave as the young girl. Paulus patted the girl's head, and thanked her, upon which she bounded away to the door. Arrived there, she turned round, and still directing her conversation to Paulus, whose appearance and manners had evidently much interested her, said aloud:

"Are you going to the war, sir?"

"Yes," said he.

"I thought," pursued Esther, "that you might have come back soon; and she heaved a slight fluttering sigh."

"You are very good, my little lady," replied our youth: "but sometimes people do return even from wars, do they not?"

"Oh! yes; my own ancestors often did. But I thought you might return sooner still; because Rabbi Eleazar said that the persons who took the money from this house were not the persons who would take it home—that is, to where it was bound, and that is to the war. But it seems you are to take it all the way. My grandfather does not know what I have just whispered you," added she, returning, and speaking in a lower voice; "shall I tell him before all these persons?"

"On no account," answered Paulus, in a whisper; "it might lead to an immediate struggle. I have formed my own plan. Fear nothing, my good and kind little lady; I am safe, I believe, and I shall never forget 'you'."

At this assurance, and the emphasis with which it was spoken, a sort of crimson fell like a light over Esther's face; she stood musing for a moment, and said:

"Then I will wait up for grandfather, whose room is next to mine, and tell him, as he passes, that I have mentioned the facts to you. Farewell!"

She now withdrew altogether, and Cassius Chaerias, who had, in spite of himself, overheard a part of the singular and mysterious conference, gazed hard at Paulus. But the latter stood, with his eyes bent abstractedly on the floor, calm, impassive, and impenetrable. Chaerias could gather nothing to solve the enigma.

By hard work the reckoning and the packing of the treasure were finished considerably before daybreak: whereupon Paulus received the key of the chest, and gave in exchange to Eleazar a receipt in full, signed with his own name, witnessed by Thellus, Chaerias, and Longinus, and sealed with the signet of Germanicus Caesar.

A sneering and malignant expression in the Jew's face struck Paulus, and the Jew saw that he saw it.

"You can't remove this now," said the Jew, composing his features with nervous rapidity.

"No," said Paulus; "and we have had fatigue enough for one night. There are couches and cushions in this room; we must trouble you to turn it into a sleeping apartment for the next four hours, and to leave us the key."

In ten minutes the numerous attendants had made all the arrangements requisite for this purpose, and Eleazar, taking up a lamp to retire, said, in a tone of sentimentality, intended for sentiment:

"This is a memorable chamber, honored sir. Here Julius Caesar, time and again, held wild orgies in his boyhood. Here Catiline and he, and a numerous convivial band, of whom Caesar was much the youngest, played many a strange prank."

"What!" cried Paulus, in amazement; "Caesar frequent this quarter of Rome! Caesar live in the Suburra!"

"Certainly," quoth Thellus, yawning.

"When a boy, yes," observed Chaerias.

"This was his very house in those days," pursued the Jew. "My father, who was one of the many thousands of my nation brought hither as hostages from Jerusalem by Pompey the Great, often told me that he had seen Julius Caesar more than once in the room we are now standing in. Pompey, of course, had selected the wealthiest families to carry away, and my father lent money over and over again to Julius Caesar."

"Was your father," asked Chaerias, with a sneer, "ever paid? Was he paid, I pray you, by the choragus of that convivial crew?"

"Not till after the battle of Pharsalia," answered Eleazar, "when indeed he had long ceased to look for the money. It was, however, then paid, valiant sir, and the interest of it was paid also."

"Ah!" returned Chaerias, "the hem of the garment was wider than the garment, I wager."

The Jew here moved toward the door.

(To be Continued.)

FARMERS' SONS WANTED with knowledge of farm stock and fair education, to work in an office, \$60 a month with advancement; steady employment; must be honest and reliable. Branch offices of the Association are being established in each Province. Apply at once giving full particulars. THE VETERINARY SCIENCE ASSOCIATION, London, Can.

## TO EVERY SUBSCRIBER.

New and Old

Who will send us One New Subscriber and 25 cents we will send them the

## Family Herald and Weekly Star FOR ONE YEAR

Together with the following beautiful premiums.

Two Beautiful Colored Pictures . . .

"HEART BROKEN"  
and  
"HARD TO CHOOSE"

Each 22 x 28 inches, in 11 delicate tints,

AND

A Large Colored Map of the Dominion of Canada (22 x 28 inches), with Special Maps for Each Province and for the United States.

The two pictures to be given are typical bits of child life. The prevailing note in each is—as it should be—bubbling enjoyment of the moment, with just a touch of one of the evanescent shadows of childhood to throw the gay colors into relief. They will please and charm upon any wall where they may hang, bringing to one an inner smile of the soul even on the darkest day. For what can shed more happiness abroad than the happiness of children?

One of the pictures is called

### "Heart Broken"

We will not let the reader into the secret of what has happened, but one of the merry little companions of the woe little maid who has broken her heart is laughing already, and the other hardly knows what has happened. Cut flowers nod reassuringly at them, and a bright bit of verdure covered wall stands in the background. There is something piquantly Watteauesque about one of the petite figures, suggesting just a touch of French influence on the artist.

The other picture presents another of the tremendous perplexities of childhood. It is called

### "Hard to Choose"

As in the other picture, we will not give away the point made by the artists before the recipients analyze it for themselves. Again there are three happy girls in the picture, caught in a moment of pause in the midst of limitless hours of play. One of the little maids still holds in her arms the toy horse with which she has been playing. Flowers and butterflies color the background of this, and an arbour and a quaint old table replace the wall.

The two pictures together will people any room with six happy little girls, so glad to be alive, so care-free, so content through the sunny hours amidst their flowers and butterflies, that they must brighten the house like the throwing open of shutters on a sunny morning.

## Quick Reference Map of The Dominion of Canada

SPECIALLY PREPARED

The map of the Dominion of Canada will fill a long felt want. It has been prepared specially for the Family Herald and Weekly Star, and is right up-to-date. It is printed on a sheet 22 x 28 inches, each province in a different color; it shows the adjacent portions of the United States, the exact location of the towns, villages, etc., all railroad routes, including the new G. T. Pacific. It gives the population according to the very latest census, of all small and large places in Canada. With the Dominion maps will be enlarged provincial maps, that appeal to subscribers in each province, as follows:

### For Subscribers in Man., N.W.T. & B.C.

With the Dominion Map will be found an enlarged map of Canada's Great West beyond the Lakes, right up-to-date complete information regarding location and situation of all towns and villages in the Western Provinces.

The Family Herald and Weekly Star is too well known to need description. It is the greatest Family and Agricultural paper in Canada. Its regular subscription price is \$1.00 per year, and you can't get it anywhere else for less except from us, and we will give it to you for

**ONLY 25 CENTS**

Any one of the premiums are worth more than that alone

Address your orders to—

The Business Manager

P.O. BOX 617

Northwest Review