

and helped them to fight the wild animals that troubled their flocks. Their home was on the Palatine Hill, and the cattle and sheep for which they cared were those of the wicked king Amulius. Near by was another hill, called the Aventine, and on this the deposed king Numitor fed his flocks. In course of time a quarrel arose between the herdsmen on the two hills, and Numitor's men, having laid an ambush, took Remus prisoner and carried him to Alba, where their master dwelt. This no sooner became known to Romulus than he gathered the young men of the Palatine Hill, and set out in all haste to the rescue of his brother.

Meanwhile, Remus had been taken before Numitor, who gazed on him with surprise. His face and bearing were rather those of a prince than of a shepherd, and there was something in his aspect familiar to the old king. Numitor questioned him closely, and Remus told him the story of the river, the wolf, and the herdsman. Numitor listened intently. The story took him back to the day, many years before, when his daughter Silvia and her twin sons had been thrown into the swollen stream. Could the children have escaped? Could this handsome youth be his grandson? It must be so, for his age and his story agreed.

But while they talked, Romulus and his followers reached the city, and, being forbidden entrance, made an assault on the gates. In the conflict that ensued Amulius took part and was killed, and thus Numitor and his daughter were at last revenged. Seeking Remus, the victorious shepherd prince found him