

Kaisar," pronounced in the Greek fashion, could occasionally be heard.

The trireme was close to a high quay, and suddenly the galley-slaves saw something against the timbers of the vessel, something falling gently into the water; a rain of something much softer than real rain, a slow, light and pearly shower. Herodion, half on deck, and craning his neck through the hatchway, cried :

"Roses! Roses! The people of Alexandria are throwing us roses!"

And he pushed a heap of petals down on the slaves.

They fell gently, and lay on bare and bleeding shoulders. Their perfume mingled with the stench from the cesspool and the smell of blood.

Then, bewildered at the sight, the unfortunates cried as with one voice from the depths of their eternal darkness :

"Herodion! Herodion! why do the people of Alexandria throw us flowers?"

And in reply Herodion roared :

"Brutes! Beasts! It is because of the victory *we* have gained at Actium!"

"Yes," said Barnavaux, "I understand.