

Octavia

Upon Stephanus's

the star that  
the slave, patting  
you make your-  
ed to take me to  
At once!"

but wept long  
wiped his eyes  
quivering convul-  
sions.

g," said the little  
voices on the

now, Stephanus,"  
voice; "be good

answer, when the  
Directly after  
the curtain at the  
metal frowned

Metellus, seizing  
uld not permit

on stepped out  
lly, and said to

## Empress Octavia

"I come from Rome," then moving nearer, and covering his mouth with his hand, he whispered: "Octavia sends me to you!"

"Octavia?" cried Metellus, in joyful surprise, "then she is still alive?"

"She is still alive," replied the soldier, bowing his head.

"So the vision in my dream deceived me! But speak! What have you to tell me from her, quick!" said the excited artist.

"It is he," muttered the Prætorian under his breath, and then continued,—

"She is not only living, but near you!"

"Near me! Oh, ye gods!"

"I was commanded to conduct you to her secretly."

"Then she is making her escape?"

"As you say, making her escape!"

The soldier, declining to answer any further questions, invited the unsuspecting sculptor to accompany him, the rest would be explained as soon as they reached the other shore of the Gulf; he had strict orders to keep silence.

"Don't go without me, master," pleaded Stephanus; but Metellus did not hear, he was rushing, as if in a delirious frenzy, down the steps into the garden. She is still alive, was