LETTER ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR BY

THE JEWS OF CAPENA GATE.

LETTER ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR BY THE BISHOP OF ORLEANS.

Very Dear Sir and Diocesan:—

I have received the first volume of your Aurelia, and I beg you to accept my thanks, and let me add, also, my congratulations. Although I have, as yet, only glanced at this volume, what I have seen of it leaves me no doubt as to the interest and value of your book. This work, which I have so often urged you to publish, is anterior, I am aware, to a work with which it presents, however, some analogy, and which has been extensively read. I allude to Fabiola, by Mgr. Wiseman. Your aim was the same—to describe, under the dramatic form of a narrative, the primitive times of Christianity—but the per fool is different. Mgr. Wiseman has placed his drama in the very midst of the era of persecution, and has drawn the picture of the Church of the Calacombs. You go farther back, and it is the origin of the Church, the first preaching of Christianity in Rome, and the life of the first converts to the faith of Jesus Christ in the Eternal City, that you have described. This is what constitutes the originality and peculiar charm of your book; for nothing is less known in its details, less explored, and at the same time more interesting and curious, than thatearly age of the Church. Without pretending to guarantee all the inferences you have found in a period which I did not know to be so rich in documents.

Your profound knowledge of Roman law have studied and connected the texts, and the historical treasures you have found in a period which I did not know to be so rich in documents.

Your profound knowledge of Roman law has been of no little service to you in this work; it was even indispensable for the correct description of those Roman customs in which questions of law held such an important place. You have made a most happy use of these discoveries, so far, at least, as I can judge from a cursory examination of your first volume, in an animated narrative replete with the most legitimate success. It will be a ne

+FELIX, Bishop of Orleans.

The praise received by Mr. Quinton's Aurelia from the French critice, and, especially, the commendation with which it was honored by such a high authority as the illustrious Bishop of Orleans, encourage the hope that a translation of this remarkable work will be favorably received by the American public.

mope that a translation of this relatively work will be favorably received by the American public.

The author's object has been to remove the veil which conceals those early times of the Christian Church, when Peter and Paul preached the Gospal in the capital of the pagan world, destined to become the capital and eternal seat of the Church of the true God. Mr. Quinton, in sæking for the immediate consequences of that public profession of faith and the results that followed the death of the two apostles, did not consult the ecclesiastical writers who came long after those events had taken place, but sought his facts in the old heathen authors who were the contemporaries of the historical characters he had selected as the heroes of his drama. The facts connected with the extraordinary spreai of Christianity in all classes of the Roman Empire, the principal events of this narrative, and the life like description of the customs of Ancient Rome, are drawn from the writings of Tacitus, Suctionius, Dion, Cassins, Seneca, Juvenal, Martial, and others.

are drawn from the writings of Tacitus, Suetonius, Dion, Cassius, Seneca, Juvenal, Martial, and others.

Whilst pursuing the study of the contrast presented by the harsh Roman civilization and the soltening influence of dawning Christianity, the learned French lawyer made the discovery of facts hitherto overlooked, which, after being connected, formed an individual control of the soltening ty no longer exists; and after showing us the moral effect of Christianity upon Roman institutions and Roman society, he proves important facts of peculiar interest. Thus we see the first Christian hospital founded by Flavia Domitila, the niece of the Emperor Domitinn, in her own house, and not far from the imperial palace; the same holy woman, having been exiled by her uncle, receives the veil from the bands of St. Ciemens, the fourth successor of St. Peter, and proceeds to the island of Pontia, where she ceives the veil from the balance St. Celebrate the fourth successor of St. Peter, and pro-ceeds to the island of Pontia, where she founds the first monastery; St. Clemens founds the first monastery; St. Clemens consecrates, in what has since been styled the Catacombs, the first Christian burying-ground, on the occasion of the occaenarian Petronila, the daughter of Pater, Prince of the Apostles!

Apart from the "historical treasures" disapret in the consecration of the cons

the Aposties!

Apart from the "historical treasures" discovered by the author, and for which he was warmly congratulated by Mgr. Dupanloup, Aurelia has all the merit of a highly dramatic narrative. Whilst, therefore, this work commends itself to the scholar, it is hoped that lovers of wholesome light literature will find it as entertaining as most of the works of fiction of the day. of fiction of the day. Baltimore, October, 1869.

### PART FIRST-THE INFORMER. CHAPTER I.

ROME IN THE YEAR OF GRACE NINETY-ONE.

In the year 842 of its foundationperiod which corresponds with the year 91 of the Christian Era-Rome already groaned under the implacable and auguinary tyranny of the Emperor

Domitian. Doubtiess the Roman people, former ly so happy and so free, must have re-pented bitterly that it had given unto itself masters in the person of its Casars; for to the peaceful and mild reign of Augustus had succeeded, without interruption, those of the stern and taciturn Tiberius of Caligula, the mad man, of the imbecile Claudius, and of the infamous and cruel Nero; then those of Galba, O honus and Vitellius. In other words, during fifty five years, every possible humiliation and ervitude had been inflicted upon the pride of the conquerors of the world; they had been made to suffer all sorts of misfortunes, of sanguinary excesses, of unparalleled diso ders and fearful seditions, until terror and anguish

tions of their life. It is true that the accession to the imperial throne of Vespasian and his flown with the rapidity of happy his breast. dreams; and clouds as threatening cision of the tribunal had struck at his and gloomy as those which had over- dearest interests. shadowed the worst days of suffering, He was accompanied by the defendwere gathering on the horizon since
er, a younger man, whose notice and has been little mortality in Rome, of must be one hundred thousand sesteror must be one hundred thousand sestershadowed the worst days of suffering,

kind, had ascended to the throne.

many public and private catastrophes many sentences of banishment against the most illustrious individuals, many murders perpetrated openly or secret-ly, had marked the ten years already lapsed of Domittan's reign, and filled Rome with a terror which prostrated the most manly courage.

Nevertheless, in this year 842, Rome enjoyed, apparently at least, a moment of quiet, and some little respite from its sufferings.

Not that the Emperor Domitian had modified his usual instinctive cruelty, or that he had endeavored to conciliate some sympathy by putting a stop to his series of crimes; but, since several months he had left Rome, to direct per sonally the war which his generals had waged without success against Dece-balus, King of the Dacians. He intended also seizing this opportunity to take revenge on the Quadi and Marcomani, tribes of Germany, and neighbors of the Daci, who, during this long war, commenced in the year 837 (A. D. 86), had not shown themselves the faithful ailies of the Emperor, nor ob-served the conditions of their old treat

served the conditions of their served the Roman people.

However, if, temporarily, the weight of Domitian's iron hand was not felt upon the immense city, the situation was neither better nor more encouraged. ing. The danger was less actual, and eemed less pressing; but it remained suspended over the heads of the people; and many, alarmed at what they saw around them, believed it still more fearful because not immediate.

The Emperor had left Rome filled with the ministers of his tyranny, and the habitual agents of his fury. crowd of informers vied in skilfulnes and audacity, to feed the equally insatiable hate and cupidity of the mas-

ter of the world. These shameful agents of imperial tyranny, full of that zeal which serv ile obsequiousness for the master awak ens in vile natures, had divided the city between them, and prowled incessantly in the streets, hunting up the slightest indications upon which they might build their sinister accusations scrutinizing the most natural acts with the activity and intelligence of those indefatigable hounds which are set

upon the traces of forest beasts. No detail, however minute, could escape their anxious investigations; no suspicion, however frint and fleeting, was treated with indifference by them: the dwellings the most completely veiled in obscurity became transparent, and sould conceal no secret from them. One might have thought that hey penetrated into consciences and hearts, so well did their sagacity read the most hidden thoughts; but it was to suppress the least aspiration to liberty, and, in the forcible language of "to keep a record of every Tacitus. tear and every sigh.

## CHAPTER II.

AN INFORMER AT WORK,

On the eve of the Ides of the month of Julius (14th of July) in the same year, 842 (A. D. 91) the sun-dials in the Forum indicated the sixth hour of the day (noon), when a man, coming out of the basilica Julia, tarried awhile under its paristyle, already filled with a compact and tumultuous

crowd. The tribunal of the Recuperators was assembled by extraordinary, in this place where the Centumviri usually held their sittings, and what caused this great affluence of people was that a very important suit, bearng on a State questi decided, after several sessions, during which the two most celebrated lawyers of the time had participated in the

passionate debates.

The citizen, whose appearance under the pristyle we have mentioned, was a man of about fifty years. His radiant features, the triumphant looks he cast upon the crowd, which, how-ever, seemed to avoid him with mingled terror and contempt, and from which threatening voices had saluted him with curses, would have sufficiently indicated that he was inter ested in the contestation, even though his dress had not revealed the active part he had taken in it.

He was clad in the toga of mourning usually worn by orators desirous of feigning distress and of aspiring compassion; and, by an extraordinary singularity, had completed his care fully-studied, theatrical exhibition of lesolation, by covering half of his face with a wide bandage.

Every minor detail had been made to harmonize, and the enormous bundle of payyrus leaves - probably docunts connected with the suit just de cided-which this gloomy personage held under his arm, were tied with strings as black as his toga. He took off the bandage which, out

of the court, had no longer any mean ing, and concealed it in the folds of his wide garment. The hostile demonstrations of the people began to cause him some uneasiness, and he was al him some uneasiness, and no way ready attempting to wend his way tion:

"Well! my dear Palfurius, what is
"Well! my dear Palfurius, what is groans, mingled with fearful imprecations, resounded near him.

These groans proceeded from the lips of an old man, whose appearance had become the habitual, daily condi- and demeanor denoted the wildest despair. This unfortunate being, like next courier? the man with the bandage and black "Certainly, and the total is impor-toga, was leaving the interior of the tant enough. In the last six months eldest son, Titus, had been a truce of basilica; but he came out rending these public desolations; but this bliss-the interregnum to twelve years had ash covered white locks, and striking "What! are you not ashamed, Palful interregnum to twelve years had ash covered white locks, and striking It was evident that the de-

Domitian succeeding his brother, so grave features were an expression of late, and consequently but a small justly surnamed the delight of man sadness. The lawyer sustained the number of wills have been read. Ar tottering steps of his unhappy client, milatus, with whom I was conversing

most affectionate solicitude; but his efforts were unavailing to soften this wild grief; the old man anon broke out in noisy lamentations, calling upon the bystanders to bear witness to injustice of men and the rigor of the

The theatrical orator, first mentioned, would have been glad to make his way out, and avoid meeting this old man, whose sight seemed to disturb him considerably ; but the crowd was too compact. Baffled in his attempt, he made up his mind resolutely to ap proach those he wished so much to flee, and this he did, composing his features with remarkable facility, so as to give them the cheerful and kindly expression suitable to the occasion.

"My dear Pliny," he exclaimed grasping the hand of the old man's pro "allow me to congratulate you notwithstanding your defeat! Your pleading, yesterday, was the finest I have ever heard! By Apollo! you have surpassed Cicero, your model! But it is not surprising that you have lost your case; I had consuited the auspices, and had advised you that they were favorable to my cause.

Then, as Pliny-the-Younger-for it was he who had defended and lost the ase - withdrew promptly his hand and turned away, vouchsafing him no other answer than a look of contempt, the braz in faced individual turned to the old man:
"Unfortunate Cecilius," said he,

affecting, the liveliest compassion, why did you not accept the com promise I proposed? You would— He could not finish the sentence. An iron grip was upon his throat, and cluched it with a vigor one would have little suspected in an arm weak-

ened by age and a body crushed by sorrow It was the hand of the old man, who straightening up at the first words spoken by his adversary, had sprung at him like a tiger, and was shaking

im with convulsive violence. In an instant, he of the dark toga, breathless, almost choked to death, lost his balance, and rolled down the marble steps until his career was checked by the pedestal of one of the statues of the twelve great gods that decorated the peristyle of the basilica

Julia. The admiring spectators clapped their hands, and gave expression to their delight by hooting, and over-whelming the discomfited orator with heir gibes and mockeries.

Pany-the Younger, who had not had time to prevent this act of vengeance, seized Cecilius by the arm, and hurried him away. They were soon out of

Meanwhile, the citizen who had been made to descend so unceremoniously the broad steps of the basilica Julia, had jumped to his feet with a nimble ness that showed his limbs to be unbroken. But if his body was unhurt, his features were distorted by indigna tion and anger.

"By all the gods of Hades, and by all the furies, I shall take my revenge, cursed old man !" he cried, as soon as he was on his feet; and after a few minutes' reflection, he was seen to hurry towards a building contiguous temple of Saturn, which, the basilica Julia. was situated within the limits of the Forum.

This structure was known as the Tabularium of the people. It was the place of desposit for public acts and re

Having reached the office, the unknown called for the certificate of birth of a young girl named Cecilia; and, ed to show him the document,-

"You will state at the bottom of the act, ' said he, " that by a judgment of the tribunal of Recuperators, rendered this day, Cecilia, born of the lawful wedlock of Cecilius Bassa, a Roman citizen, and Tarsilla Pacuvia, deeased, is declared to be the property of Parmenon, a duly authorized slaverader, she having been mancipated to the said Parmenon, by her father Cecilius. Here is a copy of the judgment.

And he placed in the hands of the agent a certified document with which he had taken care to provide himself before leaving the court room.

The certificate having been duly entered and verified by this strange in dividual, he remembered, probably, that he had something else to do in the temple of Saturn, for, instead of retracing his steps, he entered a secret passage which led him to another and much larger office, where a prodigious activity reigned.

He was in the vast counting room of the State and Imperial treasury.

We will not remain to examine the countenances of the citizens hurrying to pay their taxes, but will follow our unknown, who, notwithstanding the avaricious giance east on the piles of gold which the libripendes weighed and counted incessantly, tarried not, but singling out a citizen in the crowd called him aside to ask him this ques

the amount of the legacies made to our gracious master, the Emperor Domitian, since his departure from Rome? Have you prepared this calculation which I must send to the prince by the

the wills in favor of the Emperor have furius, to speak of such a paltry sum?

At the time our story commences, and endeavored to soothe him with the recently on this subject, thinks that the ing the absurd Cincia law, thou

mildness of the weather is the principal cause of this healthy condition; but the hot spell is commencing; it will bring diseases which will enable us to show our devotion to the prince."
"You and Armilatus are a pair ef had awakened unpleasant reminis-

fools," cried the unknown, who seeme to care little how Palfurius, evidently a man of rank, would like the epithet;
"I repeat that this amount is insignifand it is singular that you should find an excuse in the condition of the weather and the scarcity of disease. Reflect that the friends of the Emperor Augustus bequeathed to him a milliard of sestertii; that the sester tius was then worth much more than it is now; and that, consequently, you will never attain the fourth part of that sum, if you consider fifteen paltry millions of sestertil an important result for six months! Are you, per chance, one of those who think that Domitian should not be as well treated by his friends as was Augustus?"

This last remark, made in a signifi cant tone, was so embarrassing Palfurius looked down, and could not find an answer.

"But," resumed the pitiless ques

tioner, "since you have mentioned the name of Armilatus, may I know, at least, whether you have obtained the information which you two were to procure me concerning Flavius Clemens and his wife Flavia Domitilla? Have you ascertained, at last, whether as reported, they have embraced the new superstition? Fiavius Clemens is immensely wealthy, and if it should be true that he has become a Jew, there might be an easy way of making up, in part at least, the deficit of which we vere speaking."

This question seemed to trouble Palfurius even more than the previous one : he replied, however,-

Fiavius Clemens is the emperor cousin and Fiavla Domitilla is hi niece. Their two sons have received from our august master the names of Vespasianus and Domitianus, because destines them for the empire. How do you want us to pry into the affairs of persons so near connected with the prince, and to whom he has shown such favor? Look you, this is a dangerous matter, and you have not re flected sufficiently.

"So," said the unknown, giving peculiar emphasis to each sentence. "you and Armilatus refuse to under take it? It does not suit you-con sular men as you are, able to pene trate into the intimacy of another con sular, and chosen for that reason-i does not suit you to investigate a matter which gives uneasiness to the em-peror, and of which he wishes to be in formed? Very well! We shall find other means. But really, dear Pal-furius, you are the mere shadow of your former self !"

With this ironical and threatening remark, the unknown suddenly left Palfurius Sura, to the latter's great

Crossing hurridly the crowded halls of the temple of Saturn, he entered the Forum. It was deserted, for the heat had become unbearable, and the citizens had returned to their home to enjoy the customary siesta. Bat our man minded not the burn

ing rays of the sun. He was absorbed in his thoughts of hate and revenge. Crossing the immense Forum in all its length, he followed the way to the Forum of Mars as far as the Ratumena gate ; then turning to the left, he entered a broad street, which led him to the Flaminius circus. To the right is one of the oldest difices in Rome, the Villa publica addressing the agent who had hasten- where the Romans lodged the ambas sadors of countries with whom they had no alliance. They were not per mitted to enter the city proper (urbs). The representatives of allied nations were introduced into the holy city and magnificiently entertained in

Græcostasis, a splendid house situated in the centre of the Forum. Near the Villa publica, the slave raders occupied shops or taverns built between the massive pillars of The unknown knocked the porticos repeatedly at the closed doors of one of the taverns. It was at length opened by an individual of high

This man, whose brutish and in-solent countenance bespoke a ruffiin of the first order, was strangely disfigured. The horrible scars with which his face was covered were evi dently produced by the application of powerful acids or of the juice of venomous plants, so skillfully prepared by

the witches of that time.

As he opened the door, this repuls ive being rubbed his eyes. and yawned so as to distend immoderately his jaws. He had been disturbed from his siesta, and seemed in very bad humor thereat. But his auger vanished as if by magic when he recognized his untimely visitor.

Parmenon, Cecilia is ours !" said the latter ; but, on his lips, this word, ours seemed to mean mine; one could have easily reen that a master was speaking, and that Parmenon was a subaltern. "Yes. thanks to my eloquence, the mancipation in thy favor has been declared valid by the Recuperators, and thou canst put the ticker of sale on Cecilia; but thou must ex-plain that she is of free condition else a guarantee will be required."

Master, I shall put the ticket." "Very well! But it is necessary, absolutely necessary, that Cecilia should be sold to morrow. Besides.
thou wilt stipulate formally that she can never be affranchised or emancipated. I have important reasons to make this a rigorous clause. Ah!

agreement; I must have two thirds.
If ever theu shouldst think of invok-

knowest, wretch, that I can-" "Master, fear nothing; what has been agreed shall be faithfully ful-filled," hastened to answer Parmenon, in whom the last words of the unknown

Satisfied with this promise, having no further recommendation to to Parmenon concerning make Cecilia, our individual, who had no completed his self-imposed task, has tened to leave the Villa publica, and returned in the direction of the Rat-

umena gate. Following his steps, we again cros the Forum; we then leave it on our right to enter the Clivus of Victory, and we are in the Palatine, in its outheast angle, and in front of a celebrated house. Built by M. Livius Drusus, the people's Tribune, it had passed into the hands of P. Crassus, and afterwards into those of Cicero. who borrowed three millions sestertii to pay Crassus the purchase money.

This M. Livius Drusus made to his architect, who proposed to construct the house so as to protect the owner from prying eyes, this answer, which has been preserved by history: "I wish my house could be made of glass, in order that everybody should see what is going on within

The mysterious individual we have followed so far, looked carefully around to make sure that he was not observed; and, having ascertained that the street was silent and deserted, crossed rapidly the small circular place in front of the house, knocked softly at the door, and addressing the answered his slave-porter who knock,-"Greeting," said he, "to Pa'æ

strion, the future freedman of the divine Aurelia!"

"Alas, my lord," replied the slave bowing with deference, "may Jupiter hear you! Many times, already, you have given me such words of hope, but I do not perceive that my chain is loosened or its links broken!"

And the poor fellow pointed to his egs, which were tightly imprisoned in a double circle of iron connected with a long chain, the end of which was firmly secured to the wall.
"You do wrong, Pale strion," re-

sumed the unknown, "to doubt my words; every time you have seen me have broken one of those links, for have given you gold, that is, the means of purchasing your freedom. And to-day again, I have taken care not to forget the interest I feel in the unhappy Palæstrion. Here are two aurei for you."

And he handed to the slave two gold

pieces, which the latter hid away with narvellous dexterity in the folds of his garment.

"But, my lord," remarked the slave, you must have a motive to show such leep interest to a poor wretch like me I confess that I am very uneasy, for since the last time you were here, something has happened in this house which has given me much to reflect

upon."
"Ah! what is it, Palæstrion? What

has happened?" I must tell you, my lord, that our mistress, the divine Aurelia, is not cruel towards her slaves. She seldom causes them to be whipped. She was very fond of a girl named Doris, -did you know her, my lord?" asked Palstrion, interrupting his narrative, tor he had seen the unknown start at the mention of that name.

"Why should you suppose I have known her?" replied the latter, whose features assumed an expression of indifference. "Continue

"Well, my lord, this Doris, who was the habitual ornatrix (hair-dresser) of the divine Aurelia, by order of our mistress, she was stripped of all her clothes, suspended by her hair in the centre of the atrium, and there, in presence of the whole family (name by which the slaves in a household were designated) was so cruelly whipped by the public executioner that she expired under our eyes in the most horrible convulsions.

"And why this unusual severity?" asked the unknown, with well feigned impassibility.
"Oh! the divine Aurelia is quite

grieved at the death of her hair dresser; she says she cannot replace her easily It is even stated that she weeps fre quently ; but we have been told again this morning that she would consign to the same fate any member of the family who, like Doris, should betray the secrets of her house to Marcus Re gulus. . . . Why! my lord, what is the matter with you?"

It required a mighty effort on the part of the unknown to conceal the emotion caused by this name. He sucseeded, however, and replied with

composure, -"Nothing. Palæstrion; the fate of this young Doris fills my heart with compassion, and I could not suppress a groan. But this Marcus Regulus must be very dangerous that such an order should be given ?

"They say, my lord, that he is the vilest wretch there is in Rome, and I have thought that Doris's fate awaits me, if, unfortunately, he who ques-tions me, and whom I do not know, "Thanks, Palæstrion, for the com-

parison and your good opinion of me! But, thanks to the gods, my questions cannot compromise you and make you fear this fate. "It is true, my lord, and you will

pardon a poor slave who trembles, but who meant no offence.—for you are not Marcus Regulus. Besides, I shall see whether I can reply to your ques-

"They will be very simple ones, and dictated by my devotion to the noble house of your august mistress. Is our Grand-Vestal, the illustrious Cornelia, any better? Will she soon

be able to resume her high and holy duties?

"No. my lord, the health of the Grand Vestal is not good. The divine Aurelia's tender care cannot succeed in making her forget the punishment Pontiff Helvetius inflicted by the Pontist Helvetius Agrippa; and it is the deeply felt and ever recurring shame of that punishment which, it is said, prevents her

"And your mistress, the divine Aurelia, is she occasionally visited by Metellus Celer ?"

Palæstrion seemed to think this question dangerous or indiscreet, for he made no reply to it. His face even showed a shadow of suspicion, which vanished, however, when the unknown

resumed unconcernedly-"After all, what interest have I in Metellus Celer's doings more than in any one else's? But tell me one thing that I do care about : do not Flavius Clemens and the two Flavia Domitillas come here any more? I heard that your mistress had ceased seeing them. As for me, I do not believe a word of it ; they are so closely related !"

'On! there are reasons. "They must be grave ones, then."

" People say that Fiavius Clemens and the two Fiavias are-how shall I say it? Ah! yes, that they are with the Jews of the Capena gate." "That is to say, Christians !"

"Yes, Christians, that's it! And they would have liked that my mistress, the divine Aurelia should be come a Christian also, but she refused. And she even told them that she would not see them any more, for they still insisted.'

The burden of a Spanish song, popularized in Rome by the poet Martian, resounded in the atrium, hummed by pure young voice.

The unknown started at the sound of this voice, and hurried away from the door, saying to Palæstrion-"Some one comes; I must be off.

shall see von again. But he could not disappear quickly enough not to be seen by the singer, young man who came out of Aure lta's house. The unknown turned round to cast a hasty glance on the person who had interrupted his con-

versation with Palæstrion. "By Hercules!" exclaimed the young man, as he caught sight of the retreating figure, "I believe it is that infamous Regulus! What brings him in this neighborhood? Hallo! Palastrion," he asked, turning to the por-ter, who trembled with fear, "is it possible that you hold communication

with Regulus? "No, my lord," stammered the affrighted wretch, "I have no acquaintance with this Regulus, and I know too well that our divine mis

"Rascal! if I were sure, I would flay you alive! But it is important that Cornelia and Aurelia should be informed of the presence of this man near their residence.

And the young man re-entered Aurelia's house

Meanwhile, Marcus Regulus, for it vas he who had fled on the approach of the young man, muttered to himself with exultant satisfaction, as he ran-"I was sure of it! I had recognized his voice! It is Metellus Celer; he was there whilst I conversed with Palestrion. Ah! Metellus, you visit the Grand Vestal at nooning time! Very well! Helvius Agrippa shall know this important fact, and another person also—the Great Pontiff Domitianus. We have got you now, illustrious Cornelia !

our later, Marcus Regulus was seated in his splendid mansion beyond the Tiber, thinking of the employment of his time. He could exclaim, like Titus: "I have not lost my day! Only, it was with evil doings of good deeds that he marked his days.

Poor Palæstrion was not whipped to death like Doris, for there was no proof of his conversation with the spy in his terror at the danger to which he had been exposed, and his indignation at the deception practised upon his ignorance, the slave muttered between his teeth. -"Ah! Marcus Regulus, it was you?

The villain! 'I shall see you again, he said. Well, let him come! I'll set my dogs upon him !"

TO BE CONTINUED.

# SAY "YOUR GRACE"

When some time ago the Dake of Norfolk, England's Postmaster General, passed through Hereford he was persuaded to visit a certain school in the neighborhood. The children were carefully instructed in the correct manner of addressing a duke in case the duke addressed them. "Be sure and say 'Your Grace,'" concluded the teacher. The Duke of Norfolk came, inspected the school, and asked a simple question of one of the smaller The boy folded his hands, and said, " For what we are about to receive may the-the-the duke make us truly thankful." The duke made him very thankful.

GOOD NEWS comes from those who take Hood's Sarsaparilla for scrofula, dyspepsia and rheumatism. Reports agree that HOOD'S CURES.

Much distress and sickness in children is caused by worms. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator gives relief by removing the cause. Give it a trial and be convinced.

Holloway's Corn Cure destroys all kinds of corns and warts, root and branch. Who then would endure them with such a cheap and effectual remedy within reach?

and effectual remedy within reach?

HOW TO CLEANSE THE SYSTEM.—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are the result of scientific study of the effects of extracts of certain roots and herbs upon the directive organs. Their use has demonstrated in many instances that they regulate the action of the Liver and the Kidneys, purify the blood, and carry off all morbid accumulations from the system. They are easy to take and their action is mild and beneficial.

A BLESSED DECISION.

BY CLARA MULHOLLAND. I was the plain one of the family was fair and blue-eyed; Myra wa with a bright color and neat fa whilst Mave was tall and statel the face and figure of a Diana. My were all well pleased with the advert angry with me. I had and very angry with me. I had a to be so ugly, they often remar spoiled the harmony of things an people talk.
"After all, Mave, what does it n

"After all, Mave, what does it a tor postulation, one morning. "God are not everything. 'Handsom handsome does,' remember, and girl than Molly never lived. St to be a model to you all."

I blushed to the roots of my handsome does, to be a model to you all."

wished I dared come out from m place behind the window curtai I was afraid to show myself, and still, hoping my mother and sist scon leave the room.

"Good!" Mave tossed her head and shrugged her shoulders.
ness doesn't count for much in the

If a girl can only be a saint, she ter go into a convent at once."
"I don't see that," my mo
swered sharply. "And you' swered sharply. "And you'l keep such thoughts to yourself, very well to be pretty—but, we'r made us. And a girl like Mo-bring a blessing on any home." "I'm glad to think so," Mav a little contemptuously. "For sure you'll get leave to keep her will be anxious to steal her a

you."
"You are very severe. Bu
Molly puts up her hair and get
frocks, and you'll see how r She'll cost you a fortune. allowance will have to be twice

ours."
"And so it shall be, if
Everything sha'l be done to
sweet Brownie appear to the b

"Dear, kind mother!" I cheard the door shut, and I k was alone. "I don't think was alone. "I don't think make much difference in you And she must be content to re and unnoticed. It is God's wi will but make her good and patient, and you will lov

she will not complain."
The tears that had been lon in my eyes now splashed do drops upon my clasped hand moment or two I sat in my sener weeping silently. Then I and said:

What a goose I am! Th last tears I shall shed over suc last tears I shall shed over suc If I am plain what matter? are pretty and admired, and as can be, but they are not hawanting something—craving that they never seen shall never be pretty, never and am not naturally frivok not try to be either one thing But I will be happy. These ness is to be content—never to look for anything beyond got, and to devote oursely I'll do all I can to make he and happy."

and happy." Having come to this det went upstairs, bathed my arranged my hair, and pu freshest white blouse, hur

In three months' time I out as a young lady. My abe lengthened, my dresses Maye's Parisian dressmaker "I don't think they'll s mother dear," I said, smi loving eyes. "Sweet sim loving eyes, "Swe best thing for me." "Not at all, dearie," kiss long as I can afford it you

dressed."
I laid my cheek agains "It will be a waste of n dear. Your little Browni

"My little Brownie," p her arms, "18 worth molever give her. And as fee that she has everyth best.

Taking little interest in 1 Taking little interest in which I felt could never anything but a small, becant person, I was greatly my last visit to the dressn

paid, and my outfit was co paid, and my outnt was or
"You're a lucky girl," s
ing into my room one ever
round at the dainty clothe
the bed and chairs and co "But you have lots of
"Not half what I want.

ance is so absurdly small in debt.
"That's a pity," I set think a hundred a year spend on one's clothes."
"Oh! do you? Well, then of course, you're onever have the templative or the set of th extravagant."

"I hope not. Anyway
give in to them."
"You're a virtuous cre
for this world," laughe
swent gracefully out of t
"Too good and too
"Molly Craven, you're a
hadn't a mother to lo
would be a sad one." would be a sad one." When I went down

room before dinner the of my new frocks, an much, trimmed with sertion, a bunch of scarly goodless. breast, a tall, good-low was standing by the Maye's music. He w Maye's music. He w color and intelligence face. Mave looked sul silk and Honiton lace. came in and, turning o "Miss Molly Craver she said, "Her first she said. "Her first frocks." And she sw

the piano with a sil-somewhat mecking, la Lord Vandeleur be Lord Vandeleur his frank eyes I recov which had been so Mave's peculiar intro "I am delighted to

ance, Miss Molly, eigor long," he said wit "Yes, Molly is Mave remarked with