THE PLOT THAT FAILED

BY ADAM R. THOMSON.

Exactly at noon on the day that fixed for the marriage of

Theresa of Nsrumbia to Ernest, I itary prince of Landbery, Co Klunst, the chief of police of the

tal city of Rosenstadt, was usher

to the private apartment of Coun

Schonstein, the Queen's principa

ister of state. He had come to

stein's residence in the Birnens

by appointment, and the count, t

his furrowed countenance wore

of deep gloom, received him grace

and motioned him to a chair.

versation. "Well, I have seen the Quee

## AURELIA;

# THE JEWS OF CAPENA GATE.

PART THIRD-THE VESTAL.

CHAPTER V.-CONTINUED.

"Doubtless, since God gives them not for a time, but for eternity. However, a day will come when Christ will manifest himself in all His glory, and appear to judge the living and the dead."

"Is this day near?" asked Domitian.

"We do not know," said the two young the constant of the c

when it comes it will be the con

summation of ages."
"So, you desire nothing in this world. and you wait for death to enjoy the great great things that have been promised

We wait until our God, calling us to Him, will show us His salvation, and our confidence will not be deceived.
But at present we wish to see Jerusalem, our flocks and the fields we culti-

The two brothers were deeply moved The two brothers were deeply moved, and they looked beseechingly at the emperor as they spoke these last words.

"That may be done," said Domitian, who no longer feared these two poor lads.
"Have they stated the truth?" he re-

"Have they stated the truth?" he resumed, addressing Josephus.
"Yes, my lord," replied the Pharasian, who had recently written the magnificent enlogy of Christ, which we find in his works. "Him they call Jesus, and whom they adore as the Messiah announced frour books, said, during his life, that his kingdom was not of this world. kingdom was not of this world and His disciples aspire, in fact, only to eternal goods."
The hatred Josephus bore the Chris

tians was merely philosophical; as a Jew and as a son of the Macchabees, he vener and as a soli of the Macchaoees, he vene ated, moreover, the last descendents the race of David; he strove, therefore, the race of by his answer the interest which the emperor began to manifest towards these illustrious and humble young men. Domitian having no further question

to ask, ordered Julius Fronto to take away those sons of David, who no longer gave him uneasiness.

When the two brothers left the imperial

gallery, no sarcastic laughter was heard, but the eyes of the courtiers followed their retreating forms with secret admiratheir retreating forms with secret admira-tion. These poor Jews, by the sublime simplicity or their language, and the un-known elevation of their answers had proved that their wretched garments con-cealed a greatness worthy of the second a royal race.

A general silence followed their de-

arture. Domitian, like his courtiers as evidently under the influence of those strange words spoken for the first time in the imperial palace. Those who watched every motion of the emperor remarked every motion of the emperor remarked that his looks went from Regulus to Fla vius Clemens and the two young Cosars, upon whom he gazed with a sort of stupor

For a long time he remained thought for a long time he remained thoughtful, revolving in his mind some secret question. At last he broke this painful silence by asking Flavius Clemens,—
"Do you know the projects of Lucius Antonius?"

This abrupt question sent a shudder through the assemblage; but Flavius Clemens heard it without emotion. He did not even observe the angry look with which Domitian accompanied it, and resided on the second companies of the second com

plied quietly,—
"No, my lord, I do not. I believe Lucius Antonius is in Germany, laboring to protect the empire against the barbarians, and sustain the honor of the Roman

"Lucius Antonius is a traitor!" exclaimed Domitian, unable to control him-self any longer. "He has raised the standard of rebellion, and wants to march upon Rome! . . . But his schemes are discovered and measures have been taken to defeat them," he added, casting

Clemens, gravely.

"Have you not read the proclamations posted during the night by his bold agents?" asked Domitian.

"I have read those proclamations, and

"I have read those proclamations, and deeply deplored the act," replied Flavius Clemens. "But, as they bear no signature and indicate no seditious plans, I could neither imagine they were the work of Lucius Antonius, nor suspect an insurrection of his legions."

"Flavius," said the emperor, "are you ready to march with me against that

"My arm and my blood belong to the prince. . . I shall follow you with joy, my lord, and shall fight with all my might at your side. . . ."

"My lord," cried. "My lord," cried together, Vespasian and Domitianus, "permit us to accompany our father, and to make our first

paign against Lucius Antonius The emperor made no reply to this request, although he examined attentively the candid features of the two young men.

but, turning to the courtiers:

"My will," he said, "is to leave Rome within eight days to surprise the traitor Antonins in his first projects. Let each of you"—and he repeated the words with emphasis—"let each of you hold himself in pradices to follow me. Greatin readiness to follow me . . . Greet-Upon this word, which meant that the

Upon this word, which meant that the emperor wished to be alone, the courtiers hastened to leave the gallery carrying in their hearts a terrible fear, and the presentiment of the vengeance which Domitian reserved for a later day. The lictors and the Pretorians, obeying a sign of the emperor, followed the crowd, and Domitian remained alone with Regulus and Hirsutus, who, lying at his master's feet, was playing with a magnificent dog of Mrshuls, which a magnificent dog of Gallic race, and seemed to look with in-difference on what had taken place. "Well, Regulus, what do you think of

this?' asked the emperor.
"Well, my lord," replied Regulus, "you need have no uneasiness concerning these sons of David. Pid I not tell you that those oracles mean nothing? The danger is not in that quarter . . . ."
"Where is it, then?"

"Where is it, then?"

"My lord, did you observe the faces of those who surrounded you? What anxiety they expressed at first? What joy when they thought you knew nothing of the conspiracy? But what confusion when you mentioned the name of Lucius Antonius! . . By Jupiter! all these people conspire with him . ."

"It is so," said Domitian, gloomily.
"But what do you think of Flavius Clemens and his two sons?"

"They have shown more cunning than tothers, that is all . . All those can dissemble with incredible per-

fidy . . . for, after all, my lord, you have read Metellus Celer's letter, which leaves no doubt . . ."

But the emperor here interrupted Regulus, pointing at Hirsutus whom it was perhaps imprudent to initiate into these

matters.

The lad, who saw this gesture, laughed hideously, distending his mouth in a fearful manner.

"What is the matter, Hirsutus?" asked Domitian.

"The matter is that my hand hurts me the distribution of the matter.

dreadfully, and I am relieving the pain in my own way," replied the dwarf, in a

"What shall I do?" resumed the em-

peror, addressing Regulus.

"My lord, you should act like the Jews, that is, dissimulate. At present, severity might be dangerous, but after the

severity might be dangerous, but after the rebellion is crushed, we shall have the names of the accomplices, and then . . ."

Domitian made again a sign of caution. It is true, my lord, I am the first to forget the prudence I had recommended . . But we had better interrupt this conversation." added Regulus, bowing respectfully; "my lord, you may always rely on my zeal . . I shall soon give you new proofs of it . ."

And the informer withdrew. Domitian left the gallery soon after, followed by

left the gallery soon after, followed by Hirsutus. The dwarf had not lost a single word of the conversation between the em-peror and Regulus. It seemed to have suggested to him some new design, which he was now revolving in his

which he was now revolving in his mind.

The emperor was even more embarrassed than Hirsutus. The necessity of crushing the rebellion in Germany in its incipient state would require him to leave Rome immediately, and therefore compel him to delay his vengeance until he should have gained a victory over the rebels. He could not persecute his relations now without danger; for, if they belonged to the conspiracy, their arrest might hasten an outbreak in Rome, and if they were strangers to it, the mere fact of their being Christians would not justify their punishment. The Jews, hated and despised, were not, however, looked upon their punishment. The Jews, hated and despised, were not, however, looked upo He left Rome accompanied by the

whole senate. On the same day, a ship was leaving

the port of Pozzuolo, having on board the sons of David. They were returning t sons of David. They were returning to their home in Judea. Before returning to our principal hero

before returning to our principal hero-ines, we must explain two important facts: How Regulus had obtained the documents brought by him to Domitian; and where Gurges was going with Metellus Celer's letter to the Grand

#### CHAPTER VI.

THE MYSTERIES OF THE TEMPLE OF ISIS, THE MYSTERIES OF THE TEMPLE OF ISIS.

[On the morning of the day when the first proclamation of Lucius Antonius was found posted on the walls of Rome and carried to Domitian by the Senator Palfurius Sura, a young woman could have been seen issuing from a house of modest appearance, situated near the Capitulania gate, and descending hurriedly the public highway, despite the early hour and threatening clouds which overhung the sky.

hour and threatening closes houg the sky.

She was of small stature, and seemed of humble condition, if one could judge from the simplicity of her attire, and from the fact that she went out on foot and alone, which was not customary with Roman ladies of some rank. To protect herselffers the damp sir, she wore the imself from the damp air, she wore the impluviatum, a sort of cloak for rainy weather, and under this the regilla, a long tunic which could replace the stole. A thick veil concealed half her face, but the beauty of the visible half would have

satisfied the most fastidious.

Upon leaving the house, the young woman looked disappointedly at the conwoman looked disappointedly at the con-dition of the sky, and she even paused, uncertain; but her business must have admitted of no delay, for she pushed on angry looks on the terror stricken courti-ers.

"I was not aware of this," said Flavius

bravely. Having crossed the Capitulania gate, looking round carefully to see if she was watched, she reascended, after turning to the left, as far as the Lata way, which she followed some distance, then, which she followed some distance, then, abruptly turning again to the left, she crossed the porticoses of the Septa Julia, in all their width A few moments later sne stood opposite two large edifices situated parallelly near to each other, above and below Agrippa's baths. These two edifices were the temples of Isia and Serapis. In front of the latter was an obelisk constructed of red granite, and eighteen feet high, and two marble lions.

There was also an obelisk in front of the temple of Isis, and two colossal statues of the gods who presided over the Nile and the Tiber. The Nile god was beaning on a she-wolf which was suckling Romulus and Remus; the Tiber reclined on a sphynx. Each river-god held a correction.

non asphynx. Each river-god held a cor-nucopia fall of fruits. These two groups were carved from blocks of the finest

white marble.

A flight of broad marble steps led to the temple of Isia on the side fronting the Septa Julia. It opened on a court surrounded with magnificent porticoes, in the centre of which was the temple con-secrated to the Egyptian divinity. At the furthest end of the court were the habitations of the priests in charge of the temple. These building communicated on the rear with some fine gardens, known as "the gardens of Isis," and

which extended to Agrippa's baths.
Before ascending the steps, the young woman looked round to see if she had been followed; but the Septa Julia was deserted at this early hour. Gathering the folds of her impliviatum and slightly raising her regilla, she then ran up the steps rapidly; a performance which would have gratified an early riser with the sight of the neatest little foot the proudest matron could ever boast of. The little woman crossed the porticoes with the same haste, and without stopwhich extended to Agrippa's baths. with the same haste, and without stopping at the temple, from whose open doors loud voices and noisy instruments were heard, she ran to the buildings occu-

pied by the priests, and knocked at the door of the middle one.

After some delay, heavy steps were heard approaching; one of the panels of the door slid back on a groove, and the horrible face of an old woman filled the

The hag, who had already drawn back her head, thrust it again in the aperture. "What do you want?" she asked

roughly.
"This is astonishing!" exclaimed the "This is astonishing?" exclaimed the unknown. "But this is not the first time I have come to speak in private to the Archigallus! . . . and regarding matters which brook no delay?"

"Then you must come back at the sixth hour. The Archigallus is never free until that time, and even then, it is the hour he takes his nap," replied Enother creaty.

the nour he takes his hap, thea crossly.

"At least," insisted the young woman, "do not fail to tell him it is Gellia, the wife of Misitius who wishes to have a secretimerylew with him. This is very

"He shall be told," replied doggedly the hag, and she closed the panel in the face of the little matron, whose name we

now know. Gellia, more than dissatisfied with this Gellia, more than dissatisfied with this reception, ran down the marble steps as radidly as she had ascended them; but instead of returning the way she had come, she took the road which ran near Flaminius Circus, passed Pompey's theatre, and stopped only when she reached the Tiber, between the Janiculum bridge and the Vatican or Triumphal bridge, thus named, because it led to the wide and long street through which triumphers ascended to the capital. wide and long street through which tri umphers ascended to the capitol.

wide and long street through which tri-umphers ascended to the capitol.

The shore of the river and the vast plain depending of the Campus Martius, used as a race course once a year, pres-ented the most extraordinary spectacle

when Gellia arrived.

Through the dense fog occasioned by the dampness of the weather, the eye could discover the dim forms of three or four hundred women of all conditions, who, singly or in groups, were performing the most singular exercises. Some, de-scending near the river's edge, with their long hair loosened, plunged in their heads three times, notwithstanding the icy coldness of the water. Others—and they were the most numerous—raising their garments as high as the knee, knelt on the hard ground, and painfully dragged themselves forward, beating their breasts, and involing the gods aloud. Their knees, torn by the sharp pebbles, left bloody tracks on the sand; some left bloody tracks on the sand; some would fall, exhausted and faint, but gath ering new courage, they would resume their painful task until the whole distance

Gellia, with her habitual vivacity of Gelia, with her habitual vivacity of manner, went straight to the Tiber and dipped her hand in the water. She withdrew it quickly, making a very wry face, disappointed in finding it so cold. But the little woman had made up her mind and would not be deterred by so trifling a matter. She took off her weil mind and would be trifling a matter. She took off her veil, and her raven-black hair fell loose on her shoulders; she shook off her impluviatum snoulders; sne snook on her improvatum and remained protected only by her re-gilla—an animated copy of the statue of alarmed Modesty. Then, kneeling on the margin of the shore she resolutely

the margin of the shore she resolutely dipped her head three times.

The ablution ended, the little matron drew from her pocket a snow-white woollen towel and carefully wiped her face and her long hair, which she smoothed with a shell comb, consulting attentively, a small mirror of polished steel. Satisfied with the examination, she resumed her impluyiatum and her veil. But this was impliviation and her volume in the regilla, she now knelt on the sand in the rear of the long file of penitents and proceeded to imitate them in the performance we have

already described. All these matrons were penitents of the Archigallus and other priests of Archigallus and other priests of the temple of Isis, fulfilling the penalties prescribed by them. Gellia, one of the most devoted, had come to perform the double penance in order to liquidate her debt entirely before calling on the Archiallus. Juvenal has described the mysteries of Isis. He will be our guide in our visit to

the temple.

Women alone were admitted into the sanctuary, where the priests assembled around the altars of the goddess.

In the centre of the sanctuary there

was a statue of Isis standing on the ter-restial globe with this inscription:
"I am all that has been, all that is, all

that will be On another altar a silver serpent was represented, entwined around a

Are not the words of this inscription Are not the words of this hieraption the same spoken by Jehovah from the burning bush in Horeb? And is not this serpent a reminiscence of that shown by Moses to the people in the wilder-But discordant sounds fill the sanctu-

ary. The priests (gallii) are uttering frantic yells and beating their drums or clashing their cymbals. Some simulate madness; others, in prey to a real phrenzy, bruise their limbs and tear their deah. diesh. The Archigallus commands sil-ence, and every noise is hushed. He raises his voice and addresses his femin-

ne audience.

He threatens with the most dire calamities those who will remain indifferent to his warnings or rebellious against his counsels. The only means of avoiding these fearful evils is to purchase forgiveness by offerings, or to submit to expiations.

He pauses, and the horrible noise is re

He pances, and the horrible noise is re-newed, the phrenzy of the priests become uncontrollable. Again he commands sil-ence, and speaks:
"Who is she, who has violated the sacred precept and has failed to observe the consecrated days?" exclaims the Archigallus in a solemn voice. "Let her accuse herself and implore forgive-

He points at the silver serpent, and, O

wonder! the reptile moves, its mouth opens, its eyes flash! "Is there no woman here who has ransgressed the rules and who wishes to

speak words of supplication. He implores forgiveness for the penitent at his

He then rises and announces in a loud voice that an offering will be made and a severe penance imposed. A priest brings forward the gifts presented by the repentforward the gifts presented by the repentant woman. They consist in a fine goose, and large, flat cakes of a rounded shape. The Archigallus presents these gifts to the serpent. He declares that the penitent shall thrice plunge her head into the cold water of the Tiber during the early hours of the day; or that she shall crawl round the Campus Martius on her bare knees; or even, if Isis orders it, she shall go to the confines of Egypt, in the island go to the confines of Egypt, in the island of Meroe to bring back water from the of Meroe to bring back water from the hot and salutary springs, which shall be poured into the temple. All the priests join in supplications to the divinity to look leniently upon the faults redeemed by repentance and pious gifts. The serpent, which has remained long motionless, moves at last its head in token of pardon.

pardon. Such, at least, is the interpretation given by the priests to a slight motion of the serpent's head towards the prostrate woman. They sing "Io! Io!" and utter

woman. They sing to the cries of triumph.

The Archigallus proclaims that the divinity is satisfied, provided the penance imposed is fulfilled.

The example of this repentant matron that the charm and the same cere-

The example of this repentant matron is followed by others, and the same ceremony is repeated again and again. Each woman listening to the Archigallus as if Isis herself spoke, and believing herself fully pardoned provided she fulfills her

we shall now return to the lively Gellia. The pretty little matron could see no better way to while away time than a little shoping excursion among the fashionable establishments of the Septa Julia. The hour appointed to meet the Archigallus finds her thus pleasantly engaged. She hour appointed to meet the Archaesta finds her thus pleasantly engaged. She hurries off to the temple and knocks once more at the door with the sliding panel. The heavy steps are again heard, and Enothea's ugly face shows itself in the

aperture.

"Enothea," inquired Gellia, "the mysteries must be ended, and Apollo is mysteries must be ended, and Apono is doubtless waiting for me?" "Come in," replied the old woman with her accustomed roughness.

### CHAPTER VII.

THE ARCHIGALLUS APOLLO. Apollo, the Archigallus and Flamine o Cybele and Isis, was a man of a fine, commanding appearance. He was about manding appearance. He was about sixty years old, and his long white hair hair gave him a very venerable look. He wore no beard. His rosy cheeks and bouble chin denoted the man wh and bouble can denoted the good things of this world. This healthy appearance formed a contrast with that of the thin-visaged, half-starved gallii, his subordinates, with whom he shared the geese and cakes offered by their penitents. The priests received no support from the state, and and had to rely on the liberality or charity of the citizens. The only exceptions to this rule were in the case of the Vestals and the Pontiffs, who were on a higher order than the Flamines.

If Apollo had had no other resources than the perquisites of the temple, he might have been reduced, like many of his colleagues, to travel about the country, with a small donkey to carry his makes a proper use of the good things of this world. This healthy appearance

his colleagues, to travel about the country, with a small donkey to carry his baggage, and a statue of Cybele to provoke the pious generosity of his dupas. But Appolo had Enothea.

This fearfully ugly old woman was the secret power of the priest's house. She found great advantages in living under his roof, and in return, had arranged for him an excitance of ease and plenty.

nim an existence of ease and plenty.

She prepared all sorts of medicinal pow She prepared all sorts of medicinal pow-ders and draughts, which she sold at a very good price. Nobody could conduct more skillfully an intrigue, and derive greater benefits from the necessities of others. She manufactured, with re-markable art, the numerous charms so eagerly sought by the superstitious Roman matrons; and she had for sale a complete collection of statues of the "little gods," whose number had become so greatly multiplied by the vain, fearful, ambitious voluptuous passions of the people. She added to these resources the secret sale of sacred offerings, magical consultations, nocturnal incantations, and a thousand other traffics. Enothea lived between the Archgallus,

whose priestly character increased her in-fluence, a large black cat which she used fluence, a large black cat which she used in her incantations, and a big old gander whose vigilance was excelled only by its boldness. This bird, mere irritable than a watch-dog, would scarcely permit a stranger to cross the threshold of the house; more than one matron had had her stole torn by its sharp bill; more than one citizen had fled, his calves bruised by the repeated blows of wings that struck as hard as a flail.

This is what happened when the lively

as hard as a fiall.

This is what happened when the lively
Gellia entered the atrium. The big gandes, suddenly disturbed, rushed upon her furiously, its neck scretched, its terrible bill open, and its wings spread out like

bill open, and its wings spread out like the sails of a ship. But Gellia knew the gander, whose at But Gellia knew the gander, whose attacks she had felt more than once, and she had sworn to punish it. Perceiving on a stone bench near by, a long, sharp knife with which Enothea had been carving the bust of some god, she seized it hastily, and struck such a furious blow at the ugly bird that she completely severed its head.

The lamentable cries uttered by Enothea, when she saw the sacred gander

The lamentable cries uttered by Enothea, when she saw the sacred gander lying on the ground, a bleeding and lifeless mass, alarmed the Archigallus and brought him out of the house. When he saw Gellia still brandishing the bloody knife, the ganger lying in the last struggles of death, and the old hag tearing her hair, and calling vengeance upon the head of the young woman, Apollo could not restrain a smile of secret satisfaction. He had often suffered from the attacks of the wicked gander, who respected only Enowicked gander, who respected only Enothea, and it was clear that the bird's sudthea, and it was clear that the only sold-den death gave him no displeasure. Yet out of regard for the witch, he thought proper to say to Gellia,— "What you have done is very wrong! Quite wrong, indeed!... This goose

was sacred!"
"Should I have allowed myself to be torn to pieces by that ugly bird?" replied Gellia. "The last time I came here, it

her arms, and endeavoring to restore him to life with magic words, hastened to introduce the young woman into a private room where they could converse unheard. This was not the first time Gellia had called to consult the Archigailus on the matter that troubled her, and he was anxious to learn more on the subject. Gellia had commenced by entertaining Apollo with some little grievances concerning her husband, but he was not long discovering that there was something more important than matrimonial bickerings. Misitius, the tender husband, had

discovering that that matrimonial bickerings. Misitius, the tender husband, had suddenly become gloomy, taciture, and intractable; he went out frequently at night, and Gellia had not been able to receive in whither he went. He had mysnight, and Gellia had not been able to ascertain whither he went. He had mystericus interviews with people who appeared and disappeared abruptly; he was continually receiving messages, and would then shut himself up, for hours, in the most private room in the house; all that Gellia had discovered was that he had made numerous copies of the flying sheets left him by his visitors.

Once Misitius had been absent a whole month. Where had he been? What had he done during that time? He would not tell her! But he had returned more anxious and morose than he had ever been. Another time, a man dressed in a

anxious and morose than he had ever been. Another time, a man dressed in a toga of mourning, and wrapped in the folds of a wide pallium, had sought shel-ter in their house, in the middle of the night. Misitius had received him with night. Misitius had received him with every mark of respectful deference, but during the two days that this stranger remained, Gellia had been compelled to leave the house and to seek the hospitala friend.

Ity of a friend.

In fine, the young woman, thus neglected, and made unhappy by the unaccountable change in her husband, had felt the need of some friend to whom she could confide her translet. felt the need of some friend to whom she could confide her troubles; and she had naturally selected Apollo, who enjoyed the confidence of so many matrons. The curiosity with which the Archigallus listened to her complaints had gradually changed into a lively interest in those mysteries, and he anxiously expected their unravelling. He suspected the cause, and without revealing it to Gellia, he had encouraged her to make further discoveries and further revelations.

When they reached the private room

When they reached the private room and were secured from interruption, the Archigallus hastened to ask Gellia,-

"Well, what news?"
"I come," said she, "from the Tiberine field, where I have fulfilled my two expiations. You had reproached me so severely, the last time, for having neglected them." "Well, what news?" ected them.'

"This is quite right, quite right," re-peated the Archigallus, "for you had pro-crastinated long enough. But, what else? "Here is what I found last night," re-plied Gellia, handing him a crumpled

sheet of papyrus.

It was a copy of the first proclamation sent by Lucius Antonius, which had been affixed to the walls of Rome during that

same night. Apollo gave a start of sur-prise as he read this document.

"How did you manage to get possession of this?" he asked Gellia.

"Misitins went out at dusk, day before "Mistins went out at dusk, by detailer yesterday, and returned in the middle of the night, carrying a large package securely tied up in emporetic papyrus. He did not go to bed, and all day yesterday he was doing some secret work, writing continually. From time to time there came strangers to see him, who went arg slmost immediately, doubt-

went away almost immediately, doubt-less with copies handed them by my hus-band, for one of them, as he went out, dropped this one which I picked up to bring to you . . . Misitius went out again last night . . . and this morn-ing, when I left home, he had not yet re-turned" turned."

turned."
"Do you know," said the Archigallus,
"that Misitius would be a ruined man if
the emperor saw this libel?"
"You think so?" asked the young

woman artlessly.

Apollo looked at her with astonish-

ment.
"Have you not then read this document?" he asked.
"Cartainly I have . . . I saw that much ill is said of the emperor . . . . . But I am so careless that I have not given much attention to this. . . Besides, how can the emperor know of the existence of this document? Gellia, as well as the Archigallus, was

ofelia, as well as the Arcingalle, was not aware that many copies had been affixed to the walls of Rome.

"Oh! the emperor knows a great many things," remarked Apollo in a singular tone; and he added abruptly: "Suppose Wistims was a comprisator."

Misitius was a conspirator "Misitius a conspirator!" exclaime the young woman, growing pale at this sudden revelation. "Yes, a conspirator!" repeated the Archigallus. "Otherwise what is the

meaning of all these mysteries you have told me about? those sudden departures and as sudden returns . . . those people who come and go . . . that silent and solitary task . . . those multiplied copies of mysterious docu-

ments? ..."
"Oh! I see it now ... I see it now," cried Gellia, and she sank on her knees, sobbing bitterly; "Misitius is

"No, he will not be lost," said the Archi gallus thoughtfully. "I know a means to ave him . . ."
"What is it?" asked the young woman

trembling with anxisty.

"I cannot say yet," replied Apollo, "but you will know it to-day. . . Leave this document with me, and retire to your house," he added solemly; "I must think over this."

Gellia, somewhat conforted by his prom-

Gellia, somewhat conforted by his promise, took leave of the priest of Isis. Hashe been less absorbed in Isis. she been less absorbed in her grief, she might have seen, as she crossed the atrium, the fearful Enothea standing in a atrium, the fearful Enothea standing in a threatening attitude and muttering the words of a mysterious invocation, as she threw on the path of the young woman the withered leaves of some magical plant. But poor little Gellia had too much anguish in her heart, and her eyes were too wet with tears, to permit her seeing the old hag. She went back slowly by the road she had followed so briskly that morning, and reached her humble home. Misitius had just returned.

Immediately after Gellia's departure, the Archigallus went out, telling Enothea that he could be found at Eutrapeles' bar-

he got nearer, saw a singular spectacle he got nearer, saw a singular spectacies. Eutrapeles was struggling to get away from a centurion, and protesting aloud that he was not the author of the proclamation. Struck by these words, Apollo inquired why the barber was being arrested. He was told that a copy of the proclamation had been pasted on Entrapeles wall during the night; a crowd had assembled to read it; and a pretorian had torn the paper from the wall and taken it to his centurion, who had come to arrees Entrapeles, holding him respon-sible for the insult publicly offered the

emperor.

"Very well," said the Archigallus, "I must try to help the poor barber out of this scrape." And pushing his way through the crowd, he approached the cen-

"Will you permit me," said he, "to see the document which our friend Eutrape-les, usually so devoted to the emperor, is accused of having written?"

The officer gave the Archigallus one of

the fragments.
"It is as I thought," said Apollo, who
immediately recognized the handwriting
of Misitius and the wording of the proclamation. "Centurion," he added, "do clamation. "Centurion," he added, "do not trouble our poor Eutrapeles any long-er; the author of this abominable defamation is known, and that great citizen, Marcus Regulus, will give a good account the whole affair to the emperor."

No one in Rome, would have dared to doubt the public and solemn affirmation

oout the public and solemn affirmation of a priest. The centurion bowed, and released the barber.

Eutrapeles was so delighted by this happy turn of the adventure, that he would have willingly poured his whole stock of precious essences on Apollo's stock of precious essences on Apollo's head. However, he embraced him most lovingly, which was a less expensive way

of showing his gratitude.

"Eutrapeles," whispered the flamine in his ear, "shut up your shop, and let us go in immediately. . . . I have something important to tell you."

The barber hastened to comply with this request, and the crowd dispersed,

much disappointed.
"My good friend," said the Archigallus
when they were alone, "you must go immediately to Regulus. You will tell him
simply that it is Misiting, the flute player at the sacrifices, who receives and distri-butes these proclamations."

And he drew from the folds of his sacer-

dotal robe the copy given him by Gellia. The astonished barber looked on inquir-"This is all I know," added the Archi-

gallus, who understood this mute inter-pellation. "But Regulus is a great man be will know what to do. Goodby, Eutrapeles, you should not lose a moment." And they parted. Thus is explained a great event that

fashionable customers, to wit: the closing up during half a day of Eutrapeles' tonorial establishment. TO BE CONTINUED.

# ROMANISM AND MORMONISM.

used much wonder among the barber's

That attractive looking paper, the Christian Work, is out with an article on "National Salvation Through Saving," by Denis Wortman, D. D., containing lines which his forebears, possibly, would have stigmatized as a backhanded compliment.

backhanded compliment.

"There never was," says this reverend Doctor, "so loud a call for thorough consecration amongst us as to day.

Romantsm on the one hand and Mormontsm on the other (the italics are our own) threaten us with consolidated power and purpose and consummate planning, with a devotion of multitudes that shames us, and an effrontery of boldness that almost appals. What would happen if, like either one of these apostasies (!)—the one an apostasy from religion and freedom, and the other an anostasy from ifreedom, religion and morfrom ifreedom, religion and more should bring all our titles into the

We lay down the paper, with a heart than with an overwhelming sense of consternation, amazement and horror. Is this so styled doctor of divinity, are these editors of a so called Christian Work, aware of what they are saying? Do they themselves realize the horrible offense against Christian charity conveyed in their printed and widely published words? If not, then they display a consummate depth of spiritual lignorance and bindness that not only almost but absolutely "appals." The secular as well as the religious

papers have been teeming, of late, with rumors of murder and martyrdom in China, connected with circumstances of fiendlike atrocily, from the mere thought of which the mind shrinks back in sickening fear. Steadily, through the ebb and flow of hope and dread, comes one coherent report, that the Catholics are slaughtered by the hundreds or the thousands—which is no new thing to us! The Catholic Church is used to that, since her Lord died upon the cross. Here and there, a paper may be found to allude to political causes as connected in some measure with these troublous times. But to the Christian Work is left, so far as we know, the unenviable distinction, the miserable notoriety, of choosing this precise epoch of anguish, torment, indignity, unnameable and unthinkable, to class these men and women who are dying for the love of their blood stained, fire scorched lips, to class the Church that trained these martyrs of the cross, -- with Mormonism and apostatism! On which side in the name of God, lies the boldness of effrontery that appals?

In that same Holy Name, we call upon our non-Catholic brethren to ease, during this awful time at least, their wretched tirades and their cal-umniating epithets against that Church which throughout the ages has carried among the heathen the cross of Jesus, has taught them the name and the love of Jesus, Whose noble army of martyrs be pardoned?"

This second invitation is received in silence; the assemblage seems struck with stupor. At last a woman makes a sign, and moves towards the Archigallus wond hastens to meet her. He leans towards her and she whispers in his ear the story of her faults. Then, the Archigallus eads to the altar, and both kneel before the silver serpent. The eyes of the priest are filled with tears, his lips

sat down in silence and waited ome impatience till the minister ing carefully tied the papers table in front of him into bundle, at length commenced th

> began in a low voice "Yes, your lordship?"
> "And it is useless trying to her, worse than useless. Si thoroughly made up her mind, even prepared to accept my retion if I persist in my refusal the monstrous decree I spoke about yesterday in readiness signature immediately after

row's ceremony. "But," said the other, "it ness—sheer madness."
"So I represented to her n Klunst, though not, of course, i prisoners she is so anxious to are members of secret revolu societies-men and women who the subversion of the constitut the overthrow of the throne

in personal danger."
"It is true, my lord." The count shrugged his sh "The Queen thinks not,"

freedom would even place her

grimly. "But what arguments did iesty put forward? None. She is a woman does not argue. It almost m wish Nerumbia had adopted law. I'll tell you what she though. She hinted that my old-fashioned, and stated prett that, in her opinion, most of o

cal prisoners, as she please them, are the victims of poli " Monstrous !" " Just so."

"How can her majesty such a notion?"
"I don't know unless it is has been reading some of the newspapers. But the original evil is of no consequence. missed me with an instruction the decree and to commence preamble to the effect the Theresa is-is-really, I ca bring myself to speak th words—is determined that

riage shall inaugurate a ne A new era?" "Yes, an era of-mark th absolute liberty to every

subjects. Absolute liberty-in No The captain laughed ironics Schonstein leaned back in "I have explained the he said, "and so far as I ca a miracle can avert us fron

"Ah!" Klunst drew a lo then he remarked, slowly, something startling to rev my lord count-something haps—though not a mira after all, lead her majest sider the position." What do you mean?"

minister, eagerly.
"I mean, your lordship have discovered the exist most diabolical plot ever co "Yes, yes. What is in man—speak." Schonstein his excitement. 'It is a plot to murder-

"Not the Queen?"
"No, but the princegroom—to morrow."
"The prince! Good
Where? How?" "In the cathedral at the ment of the marriage serv "Details," said Schons

brief, intense pause ; "de Klunst bowed "They are precise, my those who have been give the cathedral is a certain Malville, who is supposed ber of the French nobility Yes; I recollect the obtained her ticket throu

majesty's ladies in-waitin Whom we need not lordship, for she is merel She knows nothin dupe. She knows nothing posed duchesse's true antecedents." 'You, Klunst, are bett "said the other s woman, whose real nam ront, is an Anarchist of gerous type; young, fa
—worst of all—sincere.

careless of her life, and gratified at having been ellows for the deadly for to morrow."
"When was she so ch "At a meeting held meeting at which the po sented. The scheme of then discussed; and, to shortly, it was decide wedding party walked

aisle the woman should and stab Prince Ernst The count received a lars with the utmost call further sign of emotion sional bite of his iron Now he merely asked,

. Why should they nate the prince re queen?"
'I cannot you, you