When Domitian stepped into the garden with his bow and arrows, he had also called in a loud voice,—
"Hirsutus! Hirsutus!"

At this name, a boy, or rather a young man, for he was eighteen years old, came out suddenly from behind a tree, and approached the emperor.
"Hirsutus," said Domitian, " go and

stand yonder; I need a little recreation."

"Are you going to hurt me again?" replied Hirsutus, without attempting to disguise his unwillingness, and speaking in a familiar tone which few dared use with

Domitian. "Oh!" remarked the emperor, "do you still think of the little scratch you got the other day? It is the first time that such a thing happened to me!"

"You call this a scratch?" replied Hir-

sutus, with a bitter smile.

And he held up his hand, the middle finger of which was fearfully torn, the

finger of which was fearfully torn, the flesh having been cut to the bone.

"What, my son," remarked Domitian, with something like compassion in his voice, "are you not yet cured? Heliodorus, my physician, said it would be nothing. Why did you not use the salve sent by Entrapeles? . . Go," continued Domitian resuming his walk, "go; the salve of the salve

tinued Domitian resuming his waik, "go; you will hold up the other hand."
Hissquiss made no reply. He preceded the emperor towards the hippodrome. But who could have studied the poor lad's face, would have read there a strange desire to revonge himself on the man who daily placed his life in danger for mere

Domitian, busy with selecting his arrows and examining his bow, had not re-

manding the army of Germania, who wants to have himself preclaimed emperor,—he, or another, it matters little. Here is, at all events, another document of far greater significance, which does not leave the least doubt as to his projects." Domitian jerked the manuscript from the hands of Regulus, and proceeded to read it with eager curiosity. In this document, as in the other one, the writer reminded the people of Domitian's many crimes; he revealed the true motive of Lucius Metellue's murder, and alluded sneeringly to the low birth of the man who had the boldness to style himself a god, and to have his statue worshipped in the Capitol; he insulted Domitian's recently acquired glory, by stating that he had been shamefully beaten by the Dacians and Marcomans, and, following the precedent established by himself in a previous expedition, had gotten up the evidences of an imaginary victory, by purchasing a large number of slaves, and parading them as prisoners of war, after having their hair and their garments arranged according to the fashion of the people he claimed to have conquered. Finally, the writer ended with an energet cappeal to the Roman people, whom he called upon to aid and sustain the effortson to be made for the tyrant's overthrow by a numberous army, which he annoqueed as ready to march on Rome rows and examining his bow, had not remarked this.

Hirsutus was a poor, misshapen creature. His pear-shaped head was covered with thin, wiry hair, short and hard, like the hair of a modern clothes-brush. He owed his name to this peculiarity. This pointed head was connected by a very pointed head was connected by a very short neck to an extraordinarly large short neck to an extraordinary large body; his arms were long and thin, and his legs crooked and dragging, making him altogether one of the most hideous freaks of nature. But a strauge light flashed from his eyes, and a lively intellie animated this uncouth mass, vas not unlike the bust of some divinity

Whence came this singular being? Whene came this singular being:
Where was he born? Nobody about the
imperial court, and not even Domitian
himself, could have answered these questions. The boy had been brought by a
necromancer, named Asclertarion, who came to Rome occasionally, and in whom Domitian had the most superstitions Domitian had the most superstitudes confidence, although he subsequently had him put to death, for saying that he knew when the emperor would die. Hirsutus hardly ever left his master. Domitian consulted him on the most im-

portant occasions, and, more than once the appointments to the first offices of th empire depended upon the capricious whim of this hideous creature. But all this, as we have seen, did not prevent the this, as we have seen, and not prevent the emperor from making him his plaything, and exposing his life daily. Hirsutus hated Domitian mortally, but he concealed this feeling carefully, in the hope that an occasion would present itself to

when Marcus Regulus arrived near the emperor, he found him engaged in shooting his arrows between the poor lad's fingers. Domitian, at first, paid little attention to the informer, who waited respectfully until he should be spoken to; and when he addressed him. at last, it was merely to call his attention to some skilful shot, and the looks he threw him were anything but satisfied. Yet Regul-When Marcus Regulus arrived near the skilful shot, and the looks he threw him were anything but satisfied. Yet Regul-us felt no uneasiness at the coldness of this reception. He was calm, and the vagus smile which played on his lips ex-pressed great confidence, Suddenly Hirsutus uttered a cry of pain; an arrow had pierced his hand.

Suddenly Hirsutus uttered a cry of pain; an arrow had pierced his hand. The poor fellow ran about, howling with mingled pain and rage, and trying vainly to pull the shaft from his wound.

"By Minerva!" exclaimed Domitian, without the least show of compassion for his favorite's sufferings. "Regulus, you are the cause of this awkwardness! You distracted my attention! . . But let us drop this," he continued, throwing aside his bow and arrows. "Come in my gallery; I wish to speak to you about some serious matters."

But we must describe the curious gal-

Bome serious matters.

But we must describe the curious gallery into which Regulus followed Domitian, ere we proceed to relate their convertions.

Sation.

During the reign of Nero, a singular stone was discovered in the quarries of Cappadocia, which has been carefully described by Piny-the-Elder in his Natural History. This stone, as hard as marble, was, at the same time, transparent, or rather luminous. It was, for this reason, rather luminous. It was, for this reason called phengyte, from the Greek name for called phengyte, from the Greek name for light. Pliny also relates that Nero had a temple built with these stones, and the light penetrated into the interior, as though there had been no walls. Notwithstanding its hardness, this stone could be split in thin layers, like slate; and the wealthy citizens subsetting need these transparent panes in

quently used these transparent panes in their windows. For glass, although known to the Romans, and used to man ufacture vessels of various shapes, had no

been made into panes.

Domitian wished, like Nero, to turn to account this precious discovery, but for his own benefit,—not in honor of the gods. In order that no one should approach him unseen when he was alone, he had caused a wide gallery to be con-structed with these luminous stones, in the interior of his immense palace, and it was his favorite resort when he did not walk in the gardens. It was in this gal-lery he amused himself with killing flies, when tired of shooting arrows between the fingers of the unfortunate Hirsutus. Vibius Crispus never approached this part of the palace. He feared that Do-

mitian might remember his joke about the

Domitian, having reached the centre of the gallery, looked around to see that no-body was near, and casting an angry look on the informer, said,—

You are very awkward, Regulus!" "How is that, my lord?" asked the informer respectfully, but with singular assurance. "Read." simply remarked Domitian.

known that the peace which ended the war against Decebalus had been purchased at the cost of Roman honor. Owing to Domitian's mismanagement, his expedition undertaken to avenge Oppius Sabinus and Cornelius Fascus, whose legions had been cut to pieces by Dacebalus and Duras, the two Dacian kings, balus and Duras, the two Daban Kings, aided by the brave Dagys, brother of Dacebalus, would have ended in a fearful disaster, had he not averted it by signing an ignominious treaty. The emperor, nevertheless, had the impudence of soliciting the glory of a triumphal reception, and the Sanate gave its cowardly assent.

The first programation contained only

throw by a numberous army, which he announced as ready to march on Rome

denver her from the yoke of the odious

and the Senate gave its cowardly assent.

The first proclamation contained only injurious revelations, the true import of which was more fully developed in the second. And yet, what had most deeply wounded Domitian's vanity were the particulars concerning his humble origin, and of the murder and incendiarism committed in order to conceal or rather wind

had intrusted with the management of this already old affair,—either the secrecy or the ability of the accomplices must have been at fault, since the accusation was now trumped up so boldly. But the emperor foresaw the coming of grave events, and his resentment against the informer melted before the greater anger which darkened his brow as he read the proofs of his enemy's and acity read the proofs of his enemy's audacity.

"How is it," he asked, after a little reflow is it," ne asked, after a little reflection, and showing the first proclamation, of which he had a copy, "that you have this libel in your possession? Palfurius, who handed it to me this morning, assured me that no other copy axisted."

'Palfurius must be very skilful!" said Regulus, with a smile of contempt. "For the last two days this proclamation has

"No second document brought by Regulus."

"Indeed!" cried Domitian, with mingled rage and terror. "And is this other one also publicly posted?" he asked, showing the second document brought by Regulus.

"No, my lord, it has not yet been posted, but it will be by to morrow," replied Regulu.
"To-morrow!" repeated Domitian with

the same terror.

"Yes, to-morrow, my lord, unless the package of copies just introduced into Rome is immediately seized!"

"Immediately! Immediately!" cried Domitian, with a madman's tury. "And let the man who received it be put to death! . . . Hallo, guards! . ."

But he stopped, seeing Regulus bare his bosom and kneel before him.

"What are you doing?" the emperor asked with surprise.

asked with surprise.
"I bare my throat to my master's humby sword," replied the hypocrite, humby; "for the package of proclamation is at my

"Oh!" exclaimed Domitian. "Unless," continued Bomilian.
"Unless," continued Regulus, "the emperor should think that his miserable slave has done right in preventing them from falling into other hands."

"By Minerva! Regulus, you are a cunning fellow!" exclaimed Domitian. "This is the way to serve one's master! But may the Fates cut my thread of life, if I can guess how you managed to obtain ion of these documents.

possession of these documents."

"In a very simple way, my lord.
I have bought the man to whom they were sent. Unfortunately I only found him out after the first proclamation had been posted, for it was only then I suspected that there existed a depositary."

"Who is this man?" asked Domitian.

"Who is this man" asked Domittan.
"One Misitius, an obscure creature.
He lives not far from the two temples of
Isis and Serapis. I learned what was
going on from the Archigallus, who gets
his hair dressed at Eutrapele's. This
Misitius is certainly in communication
with Lucius Antonius, for he goes for the
packages to an appointed place, on the
Flaminia Way. These packages, well

delivered to Misitius at midnight, near the Garden hill."

"But this man will surely reveal the names of Antonius's accomplices," remarked Domitian, interrupting Regulus.

"I intend that he shall, my lord," replied the informer, "although I do not necessarily need his assistance to prolic cure a list of the names of the conspirators, for I have other means.

But, ot all events, I shall make some use of him."

"What do you mean?" asked the emptore, stopping abruptly before Regulus, "of all you are telling me? How did you get this information? You will readily understand the grave character of these revelations, and how necessary it is that I should be informed of the smallest circumstances connected with them."

"My lord," said Regulus, "of all you are telling me? How did you get this information? You will readily understand the grave character of these revelations, and how necessary it is that I should be informed of the smallest circumstances connected with them."

"My lord," said Regulus, "of all you are telling me? How did you get this information? You will readily understand the grave character of these revelations, and how necessary it is that remaining the proposed to interprograte in presence of his court.

Are you certain," asked the emperor, stopping abruptly before Regulus, "of all you are telling me? How did you get this information? You will readily you are telling me? How did you get this information? You will readily you are telling me? How did you get this information? You will readily you are telling me? How did you get this information? You will readily you are telling me? How did you get this information? You will readily you are telling me? How did you get this information? You will readily you are telling me? How did you get this information? You will readily you are telling me? How did you get this information? You will readily you are telling me? How did you get this information? You will readily you are telling me? How did you get telling me? How did you get telling me? How did you get th The informer looked triumphant.

"It is a proclamation, my lord," he replied, without taking the document. "I piled, without taking the document. I need not read it. I am already acquainted with its contents.

Here is a similar copy!! And the informer handed Domitian another sheet of papyrus.

of him."
"What do you mean?" asked the emperor, with lively cariosity.

"Read thie, my lord," replied Regulus, solemnly. "This letter was found among the libels."

And the informer handed Domitian another sheet of papyrus.

"A proclamation! You said a proclamation?" repeated Domitian, with unfeigned surprise. "But this does not have the appearance of one!" "My lord, the word may not be very exact. But when one knows the object of this writing, one may, I should think, style it a proclamation, for it aims at preparing the mind of the people."

"Prepare it to what?" asked Domitian, with visible anxiety.

"To rebellion and a change of reign," replied Regulus, bluntly.

Domitian bounded like a wild beast wounded by the hunter's shaft. Domitian had no sooner cast his eyes on the document than he gave a start of

on the document than he gave a start of surprise. After reading it, he remained plunged in astonishment, making no effort to conceal his impressions. The latter was addressed by Metellus Celer to the Grand Vestal Cornelia, and read as follows:—

Domitian bounded like a wild beast wounded by the hunter's shaft.

"By Minerva!" he cried, with concentrated rage, "can it be true? Is such the aim of all those covert allusions? Oh! they shall not succeed! and I will make them repent of their audacity!

But who is the author?" he asked, fixing his bloodshot eyes on Regulus.

"The author of this impious project, and of these libels," replied the informer, "is Lucius Antonius, the general commanding the army of Germania, who wants to have himself proclaimed emperor,—he, or another, it matters little. read as follows:—

"Dear Cornelia,—In a few days you will hear a good deal about Lucius Antonius, and it will probably be stated that he intends to have himself proclaimed emperor. Do not believe this, but assure our friends of his real designs, with which I am perfectly acquainted. Lucius is assembling sufficient forces to overthrow the odious tyrant, Domitan; but he is too devoted to Flavius Clemens to think of wearing the crown which properly belongs to the two young Cresars whose names are popular in Rome. His intention is, therefore, to proclaim them as soon as his legions will be ready to march.
"Dear soul of my life, I am still buried in my retreat where, without taking any part in this enterprise, I make vows for its success.

in this enterprise, I make the costs.

"What consequences must result for us from this great event! First the happiness of seeing each other freely! And soon, doubtless, the greater bliss of being united forever! For under two Christian emperors, what prejudices, what vain omens could prevent us from being united?"

"What does this mean? Two Christian Emperors." asked Domition to the head finished reading this

tian Emperors . . "asked Domitian, when he had innshed reading this letter, the meaning of which, in great

letter, the meaning of which, in great part, he did not understand.
"My lord," said Regulus, purpesely selecting an indirect way to answer the question, "Have you ever made the 'Venns' throw' when playing the game of

tesseræ?"
"No," said Domitian, who could no see the drift of this question, "though have oftentimes made the 'Dog's throw," "Well, my lord, to-day, Fortune has prepared for you the finest Venus' throw that a player has ever made." "Did you not charge me, my lord, to surprise the Grand Vestal and Metellus

Celer? ... "I did," said Domitian, "but what of Domitian.

In order to understand the full import "Well, my lord, in this letter you have

"Well, my lord, in them! . . . And the means to punish them! And did you not commission me, besides," added the informer, "to find out the projects of the Christians? . . . You of this proclamation and the rage it must have excited in Domitian, it must be jects of the Christians? . . . You know them now!"
"What! Vespasian and Domitian, my

grandnephews, could be the two Christian emperors alluded to in Metellus Celer's letter?

"Yes, my lord, and I will add that Fla-

"Yes, my lord, and I will add that Flavius Clemens, the two Flavia Domitillas, all your relations, in fact, are Christians, and conspire to overthrow you."

"Oh!" cried Domitian, and his accent betrayed his terror, and still more his profound astonishment at this sudden discovery. "they are all Christians! all liscovery, "they are all Christians! all

sted all the entreaties of your so far re Flavia Domitilla, she who has spread the poison of that new doctrine in your family, but unless something is done, the divine Aurelia will succumb

Domitian, in prey to visible excitement, was pacing slowly the marble floor of the gallery. If we have succeeded in describing this tyrant's character as we have found it in history, the reader will easily imagine the strange perplexity in which he was thrown by the startling facts so suddenly revealed by Regulus.

He felt that he was hated, and the revolt of Lucius Antonius might arouse Rome and cause it to rebel against his authority.

authority.

On the other hand, how would he deal with the Christians, whose mysterious power frightened him, and who, besides, would count on such formidable adversaries in his own family?

Would he bathe in their blood? Nero had done so, and the Christians had become more numerous, notwithstanding come more numerous, notwithstanding his executions, or perhaps in consequence

f them. Would it not be necessary, however to strike at this sect, commencing his own relations? But would he then inspire such universal horror tha then inspire such universal horror that his overthrow would become inevitable? Then, the voices of the future, the pre-dictions already heard, whispered in his ear that the Christians would become the

masters of the world, and the race of David would control the empire. Were the prophecies to be realized which had so long occupied the public

mind?
"Oh!" thought Domitian, in his superstituus terror, "those sons of David's are in my power! It is fifteen days since Fronto brought them to Rome It is time that I should interrogate them

brought in the presence of all my court . . . I shall see whether they court . . . I shall see whether they have accomplices . . Let the guilty ones tremble, whoever they may

We need not say that Flavius Clemens, We need not say that Flavius Clemens, the two young Cresars and all their family had nothing to do with the rebellion planned by Lucius Antonius. But it was true that the latter, as Metellus Celer's letter led one to suppose, strengthened himself by the use of their names, which were exceedingly popular, because of their near relationship with Vespasian and Titus. It was also true that the general of the army of Germany had no other intention in marching upon Rome than to overthrow Domitian and put his nephew in his place, for the people looked nephew in his place, for the people looked with pleasure upon the young Casars as the heirs of the empire.

the heirs of the empire.

But Regulus, who knew very little concerning the conspiracy of which Autonius was the head, had nevertheless seized with eagerness this opportunity to resume the plotting, interrupted by Cecilia's release and Parmenon's death and, as we have seen, in informing the Emperor that his relations were Christians, he had taken care to represent them as conspirators. ors.

your absence, and what I have done to obey the instructions you had left me." At this juncture a singular and barely

perceptible noise reached the ears of the two men, who turned quickly to see if any one was spying their secrets. But the wide gallery was deserted and silent, and the luminous stones reflected no other image than those of the Emperor add Regulus. add Regulus.

' Did you hear, Regulus," said Domi-

tian with uneasiness, and pointing to a colossal statue of Minerva, placed in the centre of the gallery on a bronze pedestal. "It seemed to me the noise came from that direction ""
"List us verify the fact, my lord," said
Regulus, "the same noise attracted my
attention."

The Emperor and the informer walked around the statue, but saw no one.
"It is nothing, my lord," remarked
Regulus, "the great weight of this statue,

causing its base to settle in the pably occasioned the slight noise we Very likely; well, Regulus, begin your narrative, I am anxious to know all."

The informer's long narrative mus

have awakened a powerful interest in Domitian, for he listened to it with much attention; but the reader being already utention; but the reader being alread equainted with the events that forme te substance, we deem it unnecessary to

repeat it.

"However, said Regulus, after relating
his disappointments, "I did not lose
his disappointments, "I did not lose "however, said Regulus, after relating disappointments, "I did not lose courage, and the gods have permitted that I should again, and by other means, obtain possession of all those secrets, so important to my master's safety, and the proof of which I have hastened to bring to his knowledge." o his knowledge.

The informer, however, was not very explicit in the second part of his narra-tive; he did not wish to say by what means he had obtained possession of the documents which he had brought to the emperor. He merely repeated that he had corrupted Misitius, whose acquaintance he had made through the Archigallus. Having finished his story, he asked the Emperor what he thought of all

this.

"It requires reflection," replied Domitian. "I shall again have need of your zealous services," he added, putting his hand familiarly on the informer's shoulder. Regulus blushed with pleases at this caresaing gesture accompanied shoulder. Regulus of the decompanied by a glance which promised future favor as the reward of future infamy.

"Do yo know," remarked Domitian, after a short pause, "that this cousin of

after a short pause, "that this cousin of mine, Flavia Domitila, is a veritable bane in the family? She it is who cor-rupted all my other relations. I see it. rapted all my other relations. I see it. . . . I want to begin with her," he added, with a dark smile! "what shall I do

'Speak, my lord, I shall obey," replied

"Speak, my lord, I shall obey, Tephea Regulus, bowing low.

"We shall think of it," growled Do-mitian. "As for that young beau, Me-tellus Celer and his Vestal. . ."

"Will the emperor permit me to give my advice?" asked Regulus.

"Speak," said Domitian.

"It would be perhaps better to wait the further development of eventa," said the informer, "I have placed a man devoted to me near Metellus Celer, and I am sure informer. "I have placed a man devoted to me near Metellus Celer, and I am sure that we can seize the latter in the retreat The informer paused, for the emperor no longer listened to him.

Domitian, in prey to visible excitement, does not the emperor see what precious information may be obtained from this

information may be obtained from this source?"

"You are right, Regulus, let us wait!
. And as for the Flavius family.
. let us wait also. When they will have fully betrayed themselves, my severity will seem natural and legitimate. Moreover, to-morrow all these questions will have made a great step. Regulus, do not fail to be here to-morrow.
You will be able to observe some curious and significant things. . . Go, Regulus, I am satisfied with your zeal.
Leave all these documents with me."
The informer handed the various packages to the emperor, who placed them on

The informer handed the various packages to the emperor, who placed them on a tripod near Minerva's statue, and accompanied Regulus to give him further instructions. They walked out of the gallery into another apartment, where they remained in conversation a little longer.

longer.
No sconer had Domitian and Regulus left the phengite gallery than the bronze base of Minerva's statue opened noiseless. pase of Minerva's statue opened noiselessly; and Hirsnuts springing forth, seized the papers and swiftly disappeared with them in his hiding-place. The secret panel fell back to its place, and the most arrest age and the parent server are could not be medicated in the most expert eye could not have detected its ex-

Silence and solitude reigned in the im-

Silence and solitude reigned in the immense gallery when the emperor returned.

He could not restrain an exclamation of surprise upon reaching the tripod and missing the papers he had so recently put there. Laying his hand mechanically on the gilded surface, he felt something warm and damp that made him recoil with terror. His fingers were stained with blood!

Domitian cried aloud, and the echoes Domitian cried aloud, and the echoes

Domitian cried aloud, and the echoes of the luminous gallery repeated the cry. The guards rushed in, thinking the emperor had called for help.

They found him gazing with superstitious terror on Minerva's statue.

"Go away! retire!" cried Domitian, angry, for he did not wish others to witness his auguish.

When he was again alone, he examined the statue carefully, feeling the

When he was again alone, he examined the statue carefully, feeling the joints of the bronze base with his flugers. But his search was fruitless; he saw nothing but a compact mass of metal.
"This is strange," he muttered, passing his hand on his brow, moist with the cold sweat of fear. "To-morrow, this statue shall be pulled down. . . ."
In a book-store on the Sacred Way, a

In a book-store on the hundred men were busy copying, by the light of numerous lamps, a document which a stranger had just brought in. This document was the second pro-

ing crowds assembled near them, and from which were heard the most courage-ous and significant curses against Domi-

TO BE CONTINUED

THE BLOT ON THE WALL.

Effie's nest was built where nests should be built—high up in the air; nor was it any the less a nest that its occurrent again, and first first that its nor was it any the less a ness that its occupant could not fly. Indeed, she could hardly walk. Effic Taral h.d been a cripple all her life.

It was a pleasant place this nest. It was always warm there, and flowers

bloomed in the windows all year long. The sun came in as freely as he comes to the swinging homes in the trees; and high above the twilight between crowded walls the morning and the evening made the day.
On Effic's fifteenth birthday her

mother gave her a camera, and the imprisoned girl found it a mine of delight. The view from the windows of her room, on one side overlooking Lake Michigan, and on the other the busy city streets, afforded her a pleasing variety of subjects. She beg presently to exhibit a decided skill. egan

Her interest grew with her skill; and so absorbed d'd she become that Mrs. Taral began to fear for daughter's health. But it was hard to deny a pleasure to a child that had so few, and the mother was content, there-fore, merely to curb the young artist's enthusiasm

One night in early spring Effic was awakened by a thunder storm, which was passing over the city, and lay for some time listening to the peals of the thunder and watching the flashes

against the pane.

How she would like to see a photo graph of the lightning! She had never seen one. Why, she wondered. never seen one. Why, she wondered. Were they very hard to take? Then a sudden thought flashed through her mind.

She sat up in bed. Should she try it, or not? What would her mother say? But, surely, there was nothing rong in it. She would wrap up well; and then when would she ever have another such chance?

Slowly then the crippled limbs drew hemselves from the warm bed to the floor, and the girl, wrapping herself in a big shawl, went to the window where the camera stood. With a beating heart Effic slipped the plate

into it, and made ready.

But now she stopped. Should she raise the sash? It would be impru dent, perhaps dangerous, for though it blew away from her, a great gale was on. But would not the open window be more likely to ensure success

The sash went up; and sheltering herself as best she could from the damp wind, the excited girl sat down to wait.

She waited long. Everything but the gale seemed to have passed by. Some flashes there were, indeed, but not what Effie wanted. She felt herself growing chilled and her eagerness gave place to disappointment. At last she rose to put down the sash, and in that moment the thing she hoped for came. In one long, rattling crash the heavens opened from zenith to horizon, and a blinding splendor filled the night. The trembling fingers snatched the cover from the leus, and while her heart seemed almost to stand still, Effie counted one, two, three, and the picture was taken.

Then she put down the window and rept back to bed, happy, but chilled

to the bone.

When Mrs. Taral came in the next morning Effie was still in bed. "Why, little girl, not up yet," said the mother cheerily.
Effic turned towards her with flushed

cheeks and glassy eyes.
"O, mother," she panted, pressing her hand to her side, "I've got such—

such a pain here." Taral had not been well the Mrs. night before, and falling asleep late had slept through the storm. Charg alf now with neglect, she sent

in haste for a physician.
Dr. Strorrs confirmed her fears Effie had pneumonia, and for days after Mrs. Taral watched by her child with an anxiety in which was little

In the delirium to which she quickly passed, Effic soon revealed the cause of her sickness and as her mother listened to the whispered babble about taking pictures, she keenly regretted the day when the camera came into the house She did not hear the whole truth, how ever, until Effie was out of danger; and when she did hear it, the face looking up to hers was so penitent and pale that her only comment was to

stoop down and kiss it.
"I'll give it up now, mother," Effic said at last. "You can put the camera away just as it is. But mother," with a pathetic little smile, "that pic ture would have been just splendid

At last Effie was apparently as well as ever, but her mother doubted if she were quite the merry girl she had been. There was in her at times a listlessness unlike her old mood, and Mrs. Taral was constantly devising new means for the child's diversion, often, as she feared, with little success One afternoon there had been an unusually merry party in Effie's room A new scheme was afoot, and Mrs.

Taral as she entered the room was ap pealed to at once.
"O, Mrs. Taral," said Catherine Branch, "won't you help us persuade We want to elect her president of our new Camera Club, and she says

Effie looked up, blushing. "I tried This document was the second pro-clamation of Antonius, so mysteriously stolen from Domitian by the boy, Hirsu-tus, and which, it will be rememberee, contained an energetic appeal to arms. Next day, the walls of Rome were cov-

smiling, at the eager faces about her.

smiling, at the eager faces about her.

"But Effiz knows so much more about photography than the rest of us," said Catherine. "Do make her take it, Mrs. Taral, won't you?"

"Tell her about the prize, too, Catherine," said Minna Grex.

"O, yes; and Mrs. Taral," Catherine went on, "Minna's got a paper here, and somebody in New York has offered a prize, a hundred dollars, for the best photograph by an amateur. We want photograph by an amateur. Effie to try for it with that picture of

"O, but I've got a better one than that," Effic cried. "No, I haven't," she added in sudden confusion. "That is - I - mother, tell them about it,

Her mother did tell them, then, the story of the last picture, and what it

had cost. Mrs. Taral was much disturbed that this subject should have come up again. However, she did not see that it affected Effie's spirits. Indeed, she seemed rather brighter than usual for the rest of the day. But that night when the mother went into her daughter's room she found Effie's cheeks wet and one big tear still trembling on the closed eyelid. For an hour, afterward Mrs. Taral sat in the dark, thinking.

When Effie awoke next morning her mother came and sat on the side of the

"Effie, dear," she said, "I want you to get out your camera again."
"Why, mother?" said Effie, astonished

"Yes," said Mrs. Taral, "we must have no more little girls crying them-selves to sleep."

Selves to sleep."

Effie's only reply was a warm embrace; but that day her mother heard her sluging again for the first time since the storm. That same day Mrs. Taral was called

on for her opinion of the first printed proof of the night-picture. She was a wise mother, and cautious of any over-praise; but she saw at once that Effie had got a striking picture. The flash of lightning had been both vivid and prolonged, and the great white river running down the skies, even in the sober tones of the

photograph, seemed almost ablaze. Mrs. Taral's praise was warm.
"I think you might enter this for the prize the girls were talking about she said at last.
"There's a blot in it," said Effie,

taking the print, "but I think I can take that out of the plate."
"You mean the blur there on the back of that building?" asked Mrs.

Taral. " Yes'm. "I noticed that," said Mrs. Taral, "but you had much better let it alone. You might spoil the plate, and you'll never get another like it.

Effie took her mother's advise. The photograph was sent off with the blot still in it, and was printed by and by, along with others, in the paper that had ffered the prize Nothing more was heard of the pict-

ures for a month. Then a reporter's card was brought up one afternoon, as the mother and daughter sat together. "Mr. John O'Hara," read Mrs. Taral.
"A reporter? Why, Mary, what in the world ?"

Ordinarily Mrs. Taral would have excused herself; but now, curious to know what a reporter could want with she went down at once. It was a tall youth who rose to meet

her, with a manly, open face and a color that came and went like a girl's. His clothes were threadbare and his face thin and careworn in spite of its youth. "I've been looking for you a long

time, ma'am." said he, "or, at least, for Miss Effic Taral, and I'am very glad to find you at last. The sentence was a little confused, but there was no doubt about his joy.

His face was beaming.
"Indeed?" said Mrs. Taral. "My daughter is only fifteen years old, and an invalid, and I am curious to know why you should have been looking for

The young man seemed surprised, but he answered promptly, ma'am, I have been looking for her all the way from here to New York. I haven't done much else for a month, and I think I have good reason for it.
"And what can that be?" aske

Mrs. Taral, surprised in turn.
"I have been accused of burglary," was the unexpected reply, "and only Miss Effie Taral can prove me innocent Mrs. Taral, startled, half rose from her seat. The lad's face turned crimson, but he stood up very straight, and his blue eyes did not blench.

It was rather a long story; but when it was done Mrs. Taral left Mr. O'Hara in the parlor and went up to Effie, looking both pleased and perplexed. "My dear, could you see this young man a little while?" she asked.

Yes, mother, if you would like me said Effie. "But what does he want to see me for ?" " Mary, show Mr. O'Hara up," said Mrs. Taral to the maid. And then to

Effie: "It's a strange story, child. This young man says he is the blot in your picture."
"Yes, that's the building," said Jack O'Hara, when Mrs. Taral brought him to the window. "And there's the pipe. Let me bring your chair up," he said to Effie, and gently wheeled her

chair to the window.
"You see the pipe, don't you?" said he, " that gutter pipe there on the back of that building?"

"O, yes," said Effie. "Well, now, look at this, please." He took from his pocket the paper that had printed Effic's photograph. He produced also a reading glass, and handing both to Effic, asked her to look at the blot on the wall in the picture. his face lighting up. "I'm glad saw it so quickly. Now maybe I saw it so quickly. Now maybe I make somebody believe I came d

that pipe." It was a good deal to believe. pipe was an ordinary tin gutter rand it ran down a sheer brick cliff stories high. And yet, there was photograph. Some one had been the pipe, certainly, and he could b ly have been climbing up it."

Jack told his story then for second time that day, and now minutely than before. He had n minutely than before. He had n sympathetic listener if Effic's face to be trusted. He had lately come up from

tucky to be a reporter; and going this building, yet unfinished, to with the workmen about an imper strike, had climbed upon the roof the view. The trap door fell to hind him. It was late in the afte and when the workmen were le for the day, one of them, seein door down, bolted it. Jack knew nothing of this. view of the city from the roof was the best he had seen, and it too

longer than he thought to get

he started down, the door was fa

thing of it into his note-book.

He called. There was no a He stamped upon the door. But stoutly made, and fitted down with the roof, and Jack's utmost could neither budge nor break i was trapped, and there was n for it.
"Why didn't you call to so down in the street?" asked Mrs. "I did, ma'am," said Jack tried it first at the back of the

but the wind was blowing in m

and it was of no use to call down Then I crawled out to the front 'Crawled?" said Effie. "Yes. I had to. You see, t going to have a roof garden u and the roof is laid in tiles. smooth as the top of that table and just as I was about to look edge, the wind took me by the and for a second, I—I—though gone.

His face changed in spite Out of all that night's expethat one swift spasm of ter scarred itself most deeply in h ory. He had stayed on the roo great discomfort, until after m

Then came the storm.

The wind, already high, ha ly become a great gale, sweet exposed and slippery roof fron front with terrible power. T no shelter, nothing even to The narrow flues on the si offered no protection, even could have reached them. H on his face, clinging desperat wet tiles; but the increasing pushed him backward until it

should be blown from the roo Then he thought of the gut back of the house. He ha early in the evening that it r reach of a window a short in the wall. If he could r slip down to that window, kick the sash in and so escar

a matter of a few moments

But would the pipe bear h He did not know. It was a But it was the only chance. he would take it. When the next lull came to the edge of the roof and over until the upper part of rested on the caves, while clasped the pipe. Then, great gust, the boy slippe

edge with a hasty prayer, ing the pipe with both hand began the perilous descent. Perilous, aye, even de might have been at anothe was not so now. The wind, became his friend; an against the wall with fresh held the boy as with une till that frail pipe became road to safety, and Jack feet once more on the earth If the wind had only b

he declared, "it would have the trouble came when dropped. It dropped justion about to kick in the wire slipped down past it, and of that came that long That scared me!"
But while the athletic y underestimated his perfethought it enough for tion and disgust not a yet it was what followed,

find Miss Effie Taral. As he was leaving which his prison abu knocked him down. Jac ly grappled with him, w dropping a bundle he c away and ran up the alle instaut a policeman w Jack by the arm. The reporter's indig

were vain. His captor

and Jack was taken to

a later discovery, that h

house, along with the pr There the bundle was for a kit of burglar's tools, Kentuckian, in whose m was of all crimes the locked up on a charge of However, Jack's ass Times office had bestire and had him released there the matter stood.

In the meantime h place on the paper and

another, when one di thing as it was, and no told it) as he listlessly to of an tilustrated paper he came on Effia's pictu recognize it, but that streak through the skie

was the Baroness de Co been lady in waiting to Lamballe, the intimate Antoinette. The princ