THE CATHOLIC RECORD

AURELIA; OR,

THE JEWS OF CAPENA GATE.

Vibius Crispus and Metellus Celer took Vibius Crispus and Metellus Celer took leave of the two maidens and withdrew Aurelia called her nurse, and placed Ce-cilia in the faithful woman's care. Then, when she found herself alone with her who had been the guide of her childhood, and whom she loved as a mother, she threw herself in her arms and wept sil-cently.

"Cornelia," said she, at last, " Vespasian is a Christian! All my dreams of happiness are ended !" "Dear child," said the Grand Vestal,

⁴ Dear child," said the Grand vestar, pressing the wesping girl to her heart, "this pricet is great! . . And this religion very beautiful! . Oh if I were not what I am! . . I, also, have nothing left but fearful deepair in my heart! . . . Metellus! Metellus! heart! . Metellus! Metellus! Oh implacable divinity! monsters! they will sacrifice us my heart The

Aurelia understood that there was here a still more bitter sorrow than her own, and suppressing her sobs, she embraced the Vestal, and left her to her sad reflections.

> CHAPTER XV. PHAEDRIA,

Cecilia's emancipation was merely an act of bodily release, since, being ingena-ous, or freeborn, she had become a slave only by legal fiction : yet it presented grave difficulties, as Vibius Crispus had

There was first the Ælia Sentia law, which prohibited the emancipation by a minor, unless there was just cause to per-mit the act. This just or legal cause deinit the act. This fust or legal cause de-pended upon various circumstances, sel-dom found united, and had, besides, to be submitted to a council presided by the Pretor, with the assistance of five senators and five knights. Aurelia had not yet attained the legal

age-twenty years-and no cause existed for her action, which could be admitted as just in law.

The clause of non-emancipation speci The clause of non-emancipation speci-fied by Parmenon, formed another seri-ous obstacle. It could not hinder Auro-lia from relinquishing her rights on the slave she had purchased; but it parmitted Parmenon to replace his hand on Cecilia, the moment she should become free through the voluntary act of her misthrough the voluntary act of her mis-

tress. Pliny-the-Younger, upon being con-sulted by Vibius, attached importance only to this second difficulty; the first sp-pearing to him as a means of protection in case the slave-dealer should vindicate his rights.

One of the two things," he said to "One of the two things," he said to Vibugs; "either Parmenon will claim the girl on the strength of this clause, or he will remain silent. This last hypothesis seems the most probable, for Regulus, however great his audacity, will not dare to contend opening, before the Pretor. to contend openly, before the Pretor, against the power of the divine Aurelia; ngthed, moreover, by the influence o

"But I suppose the slave dealer should interfere; weil to prevent him from re-covering possession of Cecilia, you will covering possession of Cecha, you will, yourself, in your quality of guardian, clam the nullity of the emancipation, as contrary to the Ælia Sentia law. The act being annulled, as I have no doubt it being annulled, as I have no doubt would be, your august ward can neverth less carry out her generous intentions, by simply permitting her slave to live in freedom, and no one will gainsay her right.

Pliny-the-Younger's advice was, therefore, that the legal emancipation should be attempted, and that it should be done in the most solemn manner, even if they in the most science in many, even when the had to fall back upon the very imperfect means suggested, —to let Cecilia remain a slave in name, though free in fact.

likely to astonish any one. His features had lost their wonted expression of auda-eity, to assume that of excruciating an-guish. In prey to the most abject fear, he trembled in all his limbs, a cold event organs from the proce of his form young girl the humiliation of preceding her on foot, in the midst of her pompous escort; but the imperious rules of eti-quette and time-consecrated usage must be obeyed, and all she could do was to commit her to the care of some of her more transfed women. sweat cozing from the pores of his face, mingled with the blood that trickled from his wound. He was hideous to behold ! gnashing his teeth and looking at Regulas when Aurelia's cortege appeared in the Forum, an immense clamor, a cry of joy and hope, ascended from the crowd. All the friends of Cecilia had hastened to with that expression of mute supplica-tion which the human face assumes in presence of some terrible, unavoidabl Forum, upon learning from the Ponthe Forum, upon learning from approa tiff Clemens the news of her approa tiff Clemens the news of her approa danger Ant Regulus, himself, seemed over-

till Clemens the news of her approaching release. They were mostly Jews from the neighborhood of the Capena Gate, who crowded round Cecilius, Olinthus, and old Petronilla, who had come to re-ceive in her arms the child that God was

ceive in her arms the child that God was about to restore to her. We shall not do our friend Gurges the injustice to forget his presence in the first rank of the multitude gathered around the Pretor's court. The worthy vespillo made himself very disagreeable to his neighbors by the exuberance of his joy, and the gestures he frequently addressed to his companions. He had brought with him his father's hired men but merely as a measure of precaution, for he Fretor's trionnai, nad haid his hand heavily on Parmenon's head. The slave-dealer turning round ab-ruptly had seemed thunderstrack, and had fallen on his knees, upon recognizing had fallen on his knees, upon recommendation him whose hand was thus proudly laid on him, and whose calm, penetrating and implacable gaze made him cower. This young man was Metellus Celer and his companion, Sositheus, the faithwith him his father's hired men but merely as a measure of precaution, for he had ceased to fear Regulus, and he was ready to knock down any one who would have asserted that the vile informer could interfere. The precaution was a good one, however, for Regulus was there, not far from Parmenon, and waiting to see what would occur. ful freedman Since his arrival in Rome with his

far from Parmenon, and waiting to the what would occur. Garges was at first thunderstruck by this double apparition; but he had got over his emotion; and his anger rising as he accounted for the presence of these two reffians, he resolved to exterminate them if they made the least hostile demonstration. This was the cause of the extraordinary excitement manifested by the worthy vespillo.

by the worthy vespillo. Meanwhile, Aurelia's Numidian horse Meanwhile, Aurelia's Numidian horse-men had succeeded in forcing a passage through the dense crowd, and her litter had stopped in front of the Pretor's burule chair. The young girl stepped cut, lean-ing on her guardian's arm, and Flavius Clemens and Vespasian took their place by her side

by her side. The Pretor's lictors lowered their fasces, in token of respect for the consula citizen and the heir of the empire.

Cecilia was placed opposite her mis-tress, who, smiling kindly, placed her hand on her slave's head. Vibius Crishand on her slave's head. Vibius Orla-pus could not help starting, as Aurelia performed this first act of the ceremony of manumission, for Parmenon, followed by Regulus, had approached and almost within in a voice that again caused the freedman to start. The door opened and touched him.

touched him. Gurges actually roared with rage, and sprang forward, followed by his men, to surround the slave-dealer and his com-panions. Olinthus imitated the vespillo's Amidst the deep silence of the anxious

A midst the deep silence of the anxious multitude, the Pretor asked Aurelia the motive of her appeal to justice. The young girl, her hand still resting on Cecilia's head, replied that she had come with the intention of granting freedom to the slave who had become hers by virtue of a regular act of mancipation. She then added, in a firm and clear voice, quiries without raising suspicion. There was no scarcity of such establish-ments in the Villa publica, and the old freedman was embarrassed only in mak-ing his choice. He selected one of the most brilliant in appearance; and being decently clad and well provided with ses-teril, he found in its owner a willing and complement taker.

which was heard by all the crowd,— "I want this young girl to be free !" Having pronounced these words, she withdrew her hand from Cecilia's head. tertii, hefound in its owner a winnig and complaisant talker. Sositheus having described the appear-ance and indicated the residence of the stranger, was told that it must be one Parmenon, a slave-dealer, who did a large business and always kept a fine as-gortment of slaves. The inn-keeper evi-larght held him in great esteem, and re-The Pretor then took a long, narrow wand which he extended over the slave's head, and giving her a slight blow on the cheek,

"I declare, y, ung girl, that thou art free, by the law of the Quirites." The magistrate's lictor, taking Cecilia's hand, now made her turn a complete ci cle and let her gc, -a last symbolic cere-mony, which meant that she was free to

mony, which meant that she was needs go where she pleased. As Cecilia turned to spring into the friendly arms opened to receive her, Par-menon rushed forward to seize her. But the slave-dealer reckoned without Gurges, who was closely watching him, and who, throwing himself between him and his victim, struck him a terrible blow in the free which sent him rolling amidst the

publica,

face, which sent him rolling amidst the crowd. A thunder of applause greated

It was surely Parmenon whom Sosin-slave in name, though free in fact. Consequently, Vibins Crispus informed his ward that it was possible to manumit Cacilia, but it would be necessary that she appear before the Pretor. Aureliare-plied that she was perfectly willing, and ixed the sixth hour of the day for the ceremony. She requested Vibins to call on Flavius Clemens and Vespasian, and on Flavius Clemens and Vespasian, and pair of iron-ciad leather gauntiets, not unlike the modern instrument known as "brass knuckles," and the terrible weight of which few men could resist. The slave-dealer had fallen, bruised and bleedand verticated and rates, ordised and bleed ing, and was writhing with pain and rage, giving vent to the most fearful threats and imprecations, but unable to A scene of confusion and disorder en-sued. Regulus, tearing his A scene of confusion and disorder en-sued. Regulus, tearing his garments, clang to the Pretor's curule chair, and clamored loudly for justice. Meanwhile, Parmenon's people attempted to throw themselves on Garges, and avenge their mester; but Aurelia's Numedians and other armed slaves coming to the rescue other armed slaves coming the slave with the vespillo's companions, the slave-dealer's hirelings were compelled to fall back. Threats and furious clamors were heard on all sides, and the excited crowd seemed ready to take part in the confider At last, the Pretor, Pablins Aufidius Namusa, who had not deemed proper to Namusa, who had not deemed proper to prevent the struggle which, as we have already stated, generally preceded such contestations for the vindication of a claim, thought that it was time to bring it to an end, and ordered his crier to proclaim silence, and his two lictors to restrain the multitude. he multitude. Order was instantly restored. "Who is the citizen that claims justice?"

of being his father's murderer must of being his father's murderer must doubtless be present also. Like an echo of his own exclamation, another cry arcse from the midst of this multitude which hid the tribunal from his eyes. This sound, which made Me-tellus and his faithful Sositheus start and exchange a look of triumphant hope, was the cry of pain and rage uttered by Par-menon, as he fell under the dexterous

menon, as he fell under the dexterout blow of the valiant vespillo. Metellus pressed forward, followed b Sositheus, the people opening their ranks before him as if they foresaw that a new before him as if they foresaw that a new incident of powerful interest was about to occur. Having reached the wide circle formed by the lictors of Aufidins Namusa Metellus laid his hand on the slave-deal Ant Regulus, himself, seemed over-whelmed by a strange fear and dared not to raise his eyes. A young citizen, accompanied by an old man, had silently wended his way through the crowd, and upon reaching the Pretor's tribunal, had laid his hand heavily on Parmenou's head. er, and in a loud voice prounced this

single word,-'Phaedria !" The trouble of the wretch when he heard this familiar and terrible voice, and felt the contact of this sovereign hand, left no doubt in the young Roman'

Concentrating in his look all the hatred and revengeful fury that filled his soul, he added, with the same terrible calmness of "Phaedria, you recognize me! I have

"Theedria, you recognize met Thave got you, at last 1 See !" His sharp sword had cut open Parmen-on's toga, and he pointed to the letters L. M., branded on the wretch's shoulder, and which proved that he was the pro-perty cf Lucius Metellus. A short and fearful name ensued, dur-Since his arrival in terms of the second sec ng He track He hoped reed since

that the time which had elapsed since the first investigations were made, Me-tellus Celer's subsequent exile, and con-sequently the security of impunity, might have led Predria to return to Rome. Two days previous to the scene we are describing. Solthens was wandering through the streets, after dark, peering into the taverns, and examining every free he met when the sound of a voice perty of Lucius Metellus. A short and fearfal pause ensued, dur-ing which the bystanders contemplated this strange scene with silent stupor. Then Metellus raised the short, sharp plade, and plunged it into the breast of Prædria.

"Murderer of my father," he cried, in voice of thunder, "let Tartarus receive Prædria fell like a beavy mass; one convulsive shudder shook his powerful

into the taverns, and examining even face he met, when the sound of a voice speaking at some distance, startled him. Hastening in the direction from which the sound had come, he saw a man of tall stature leaving a house, whose door was immediately closed. Sositheus could not see the features of this mea hat his form was familiar, and convulsive studied shudder his positive frame, and he was dead. The awe-stricken multitude recoiled with a cry of horror; and the Pretor, who did not know Metellus Celer, ordered his lictors to seize the man who had dese-crated his tribunal by the murder of a citizan

this man, but his form was familiar, and the faithful freedman felt his heart throb with revengeful exultation at the thought with revengeful exultation at the thought that his suspleions awakened by the voice, might prove correct. He followed the stranger who was hurrying through the dark streets, and never lost sight of him, although his aged limbs scarcely permitted him to keep up the pursuit. After many turnings the man reached one of the taverns in the Villa publica, and knocked at the door, calling to these within a voice that again caused the itizen. The young man smiled disdainfully.

Ine young man Smiled oledanitally. "Antidius Namusa," said he, turning to the magistrate, "when has a master, in Rome, lost the right of putting his slave to death? I am Metellus Celer, and this man, who murdered my father wes my slave! Do you understand now what I have done? The Pretor declared that Metellus Celer

had acted rightfully; and there being n other case for trial, he left the forum. freedman to start. The door opened and closed upon the stranger, who had no suspicion that he had been followed. Soeitheus having examined the tavern and its surroundings, in order to recog-nize it, sought some drinking shop in the neighborhood, where he could make in-quiries without raising suspicion. There was no survive of such establish. "This is the day of justice!" said Me-tellus. "young girl," he added, address-ing Cecilia, "you have never been a slave for this Parmenon had no right to buy you! But yet," he remarked, pointing to remember always with what Aurelia, "remember always with what generous kindness that noble hand rested

Cecilia, prostrate at Aurelia's feet, kissed her hands and bathed them with

"Lord, the glory of Thy name hath manifested itself! . . . O terrible and good God, Thy right hand hath crushed the strong and raised the child!" Cecilia ran to her, and they held each other in a long and tender embrace. She then went to her father, who clasped her in his arms and wept; and she held out her hands to Olinthus and furges. But the iovfal emotion of being dently held him in great esteem, and ra commended him warmly to the old freedman, whom he took to be a purchas so in search of a slave dealer. Sositheus took good care not to unde sne neid out her hands to Conthus and Gurges. But the joyfal emotion of being surrounded by all she loved was too much for the poor child, who had suffered with so much fortitude, and she fainted. "Glory to God! Praised be the Lord's holy name!" reneated the nious Chris-Southeus took good care not to unde-ceive him, and having obtained all the information he sought, bade him good-night, promising to call again soon. The old man then hastened to join Metellus

name!" repeated the pious Chris-women, as they surrounded Cecilia Celer, to inform him that he felt almost holy name!" certain that he had discovered Prædria, tian oncealed under the name of Parmenon "Dear Aurelia !" said Flavius Clemens and keeping a slave tavern in the Villa

and Vespasian, to their young relation, 'you have been the chosen instrument of Providence!''

of Providence!" The young girl gave them a long, sad look, but made no reply. She did not even smile, and when she stepped into her litter, her pale face was bathed in tears. Cries of wild enthusiasm greeted her, a thousand voices united to thank and bless her; but she remained pensive and indifferent, absorbed in the secret thought which was gnawing at her young heart.

THE BOTTLE MILLIONAIRE. How Mike Tussier Made and Lost a For

tune in the Black Hills. My friend Mike Tussier was a cowboy par accident. Nature had made him an Irishman, and the favor of a ward bess had made him a policeman in Boston, yet here he was beside a sagebrush campfire, with the cattle edded down for the night hard by Some good cow boys come from Boston -a few. There is a doubt about Mr. Tussier as to whether he was so effi cient a vaquero because he was Irish or for the reason that he was nansual ly bow legged. At any rate, his ana

tomy fitted to a horse very accurately and he bestrode a bucking broncho as gracefully and securely as a sawbuck on a Gothic roof. It is said-but I can give you only a hearsay on this point -that Mike would lock his toes together under the horse's ribs, and thus ride out safely the hardest gale of pitching and tossing that any cayus could put up. Added to the anatom-ical reason for the Irishman's making a good vaquero there appears to be an

nteresting ethnological one. There is a hypothetical racial rela tion between Ireland and Spain. The Spaniard and his American progeny, the Mexican, make the best horseme on earth, and the Irishman is a good acond.

Mike says this is all wrong, and I am onfounding cause with effect ; that his legs were straight as young sap-

before overmuch riding effected and perfected their present graceful curve.

Also, he is not a real Irishman at all, at all, but belongs to that honorable and abounding clan, "Sootch from the North of Ireland.'

But this is his own yarn-let him tell it : "When my legs was straight I was three inches taller than I am now,

and good looking in proportion. With my broad shoulders and fine chest I my was one of the best-looking officers on the force, and so they put me out at Cambridge to keep an eye on the boys at the 'varsity. I stayed there only at the 'varsity. I stayed there only one year, when I had to resign from force on account of my health, the being threatened with sympathetic tremens from seeing them students staggering home in the morning. Fine officers is ruined that way ever year, b'ys, and John L says they

ought to have a pension. But a policeman is like a soldierhe has to go where he is ordered ; so when I was ordered off the force I Then I joined a private detecwent. tive agency, and was sent out to Black Hills to find a gold mine that had been lost there. My employer was an old ady who had taken a half interest in the property to oblige a friend, and it was my sad duty to write her that it was no real mine at all, but saited, barrels of salt having bean imported for the purpose. I found that out at once by the empty barrels that was piled up near the entrance. The poor old lady died on hearing how she had been buncoed, and so I never had

the chance to let her know I was mistaken, the barrels not being salt barrels, but all bottled beer barrels, just dumped in the canyon to get them out of the way. The Hills was a great place for beer, reminding me of Cambridge, and the railroad not bein' built yet, everything had to come in two hundred miles on wagons, making freights sky high and the price of beer likewise.

"The old lady's mine was called the 'Sparhawk,' and all there was to it was a tunnel about sixty feet into the mountain right close to town, so as the a bluff to hold on a few years till an-miner could have all the advantages of other road came in but something haptown and country life. Not being very flueh of money, on account of her dy-The thing that happened was the nephew of the old lady that owned the ing so suddenly after getting the report on the mine without having time to sign my check, I boarded up the mine. He came in on the very first regular trains into the hills. He had the papers all straight enough, and he front of the tunnel and moved in. I looked up the property. When he found it he found me and my bottles. made some elegant furniture cut of the old barrels, and I found a lot of beerabout a dozen bottles-that had been And he told me to get out. But, b'ys, it broke my heart to think of leaving overlooked in the straw packing in the the mine and my rich pocket not half barrels. It was getting cold weather, worked out. I couldn't do it. but the straw had kept it from freezing, so's 'twas all right.

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just looked at it and me contemptuous. 'That's mica,' said he; 'what do you mean by bringing fool's gold to me?' But it looked like the real stuff I had in the bottles. So I made up my mind that my eyesight wasn't good enough for mining, and I quit. And that's the truth."-The Argo-

nault.

THE DECADENCE OF HELL.

Under the somewhat flippant title, "What Has Bacome of Hell," the Rev. Dr. Shinn discusses, in the North American for June, the remarkable change which of late years has come to pass in the Protestant world with reference to future punishment. The Protestant press and Protestant pulpit have, with remarkable unanimity, ceased to discuss this unpleasant subject. In fact, hell is seldom mentioned except in the profanity of the day.

"It was not always thus," says Dr. Shinn. "In days not very long past, men argued with each other concern ing the place and concerning the people who were on their way thither.' Appeals to flee from the wrath to come were the great feature of old fashioned Bellef in hell was a practi revivals. cal incentive to missionary endeavor Without the Gospel the dwellers by Africa's sunny fountains and India' coral strand could not escape the pain of hell.

But such views are now quite out o date. When one of the speakers a the recent so-called Ecumenical Cor ference ventured to suggest that little old-fashioned fire-and-brimston preaching might be found beneficia o-day, he was greeted with peals derisive laughter.

Dr. Shinn asserts as a fact, which cannot be contradicted, that belief hell as a place or state of punishme has been the persuasion of Christia people from the beginning of Chr. tianity down to a few years ag Hell is recognized in the Scripture and the writings of the early father are full of references to it. But wh has become of it lately? Why is that the preachers have ceased to ur what is for the majority the only effe ive motive for virtuous living ? though one may be accused of taki a low view of human nature by endo ing such sentiments, the fact is t few men are attracted to duty by moral beauty of duty, and few k God's law out of pure love for God. According to Dr. Shinn the mo

ment for the discrediting of hell beg with the introduction of Universal into;this country away back in 17 and Universalist notions have gre ally infected all denominations " Eternal Ho on Farrar's book on in which he branded the doctrin eternal suffering as an affront to of the instincts of and a violation manity, found a large and sympath audience. The world, for reasons

known to itself, wanted to get r hell, and the Canon's amiable a ments ministered to the want. S "thinkers" who could not quit cept Farrar invented a theory of bation ; which is a caricature of doctrine of Purgatory. The sum substance of it is that God will in world to come give a second chan working out their salvation to who failed to work it out in this m life., But suppose a man fails to himself of the second chance ? what will be done with him aft has rejected his last chance? dently the theory of a second prob

will not do. The usual plan for doing away hell is to explain away the lar of Scripture which is supposed to to it. Another plan is the revi the alleged views of Origen, w said to have believed in hell, b an eternal hell. Still another p based on the assumption of a " tional immortality," which mean only those who have been filled the spirit of God during this life the spirit of Goa during this if survive eternally. Sinners will cease to be. But this view, th according to Dr. Shinn, there are things connected with it which make almost any one wish he co cept it, is open to the serious ob that it contravenes the funda Christian persuasion of the imme of the soul. Against all this theorizingthe growing popular relucta hear anything about " the place cannot be named in the pres cultured persons," Dr. Shinn that hell "cannot be obliterate says that there is no fact whic trudes itself as the fact of retri The law of retribution works present life and why may it n The time has o this point. The hereafter ? emphasize this point. to appeal to healthy fear acco according to Dr. Shinn, noticeable general decline in religion. "The consciences religion. must be aroused and the most quickening of conscience is the dread of the judgment to He who dies in sin passes judged for the deeds done in t Having rejected the offer of here, he must meet penalty th man who dies impenitent an given finds his retribution." Dr. Shinn is to be comme speaking thus frankly on a utterly distasteful to his co rel We hope his deacons or elders men will appreciate his ze cause of truth-that they w scandalized by his assertion ing to believe in hell does n hell. For the rest we submi he more knowledge he wo made a more telling artic argument from the visible l tribution is good as far as it there are others far more cog can readily be found in any Catholic doctrine. Why m

JULY 14. 1900: eams. I'd been to every one of them ellows, and they all would go out empty sooner than load up with cheap

freight. So I keeps on piling up the pottles, and I had to pull down the tack and begin 'way back at the end of the tunuel to get more room. And became quite the celebrated character

in that town. I've been mentioned in sermons, the preacher saying : " Let us be faithful to our ideals, as the beer pottle man is to his.' And the tourists, they had to have a look at me and my stack of bottles in the tunnel, for the 'You musn't go away people said : vithout seeing our bottle mad man

He is unique. "The town continued to prosper and to drink beer. Only one mine, the Homestake, was paying big, but there were lots of big prospects, and now and again some fellow would strike a rich pocket and take out gold enough in a day to quit on. And it

the Sparhawk mine never had struck any ore at all, but was just run into the hill on a venture, like you might fire your gun into a leafy tree on the chance that a squirrel might be hid in the branches, and mebbe you'll hit

> "I kept my eyes open and took pointers wherever I could get them, and by the time I'd been a year in the Hills I knew about all that was to be learned in that department. partly to practice my knowledge, and partly to make more room to store bottles, I began to dig. Not down in the far end, which was blocked bottles, but about half-way from the entrance, in a place where the rock

of the tunnel. " ' Twas slow work on account of

only got in a few feet before I struck a pocket of the real stuff. It was rich. Just a hunk of soft rock, and all full of the shiny fiakes of pure metal. Of course, I considered the mine my own, me being in possession for so long a time; but, not having the papers for it, I worked rather private, pounding the rich pieces of quartz in a mortar and washin' out in the stream at the bottom of the canyon. I did my milling and washing at night, pursuing

and another, and another. And I only working the richest of it, and no sign of the pocket peterin' out. "It was a great day for the Hills when the railroad came in. There was

boys to help me gather the bottles. That was the last lot I got. By next day people had woke up to me. The railroad bein' in, bottles was the same as cash, and bottles riz. They called me 'Crazy Mike' no more, well knowing I had a million of 'em stowed away in the tunnel. Being, as I said, a man of action, I sold my bottles at once by wire to the works at Denver. But my troubles was not over, for when I come to see the agent about shipping he told me that empty bottles not being on the schedule he would have to bill 'em as glass, double first class, and the highest rate of all. I told him the road was a hog, and he allowed that most of the stock was owned in Chicago. I made

When he

And]

kept everybody hopeful. Without neglecting my business I took lessons in mining, and I learned what they mean by 'salting' a mine. And I felt sorry that the old lady, my former employer, was dead, so that I couldn't let her know, too. And I learned that

him.

looked soft, I started a drift in the side

me putting in such small blasts so as not to shake up the bottles. "But it's all luck in mining, and I

my regular business by day, and ere long 1 had a beer bottle full of golda celebration and speeches, and beer run like water. I had to hire some

on Flavius Clemens and Vespasian, and ask them if they would assist her on this solemn occasion. Flavins Clemens and Vespasian replied

that it was their intention to unite them-selves with their young relation in this act of generosity. Of the several modes of manumission ex-

isting in Rome one only, the manumission per vindictam, could apply to Cecilia's case, on account of Arrelia's youth. It was, moreover, the oldest and most solemn of these forms. On this occasion, the high rank of the mistress, and the peculiar circumstances connected with the slave's history, increased the interest and added to the solemnity of the cere

Aurelia entered her litter at the hour appointed, and started for the forum, with the brilliant escort we have already described when we followed her to Pom

described when we followed her to Pom-pey's portice; only, instead of her women, she was now accompanied by vigorous and well-armed slaves. The young patrician was sad. Melan-choly thoughts cast a cloud of gloom on her fair brow, although her eyes rested on the handsome face of Vespasian, who seated in another litter with his father, greeted her with loving smiles. greeted her with loving smiles.

Vibius Crispus was on horseback, near his ward's litter; but he did little to dis pel her sadness, for he was, himself pel in anxious thought. The un unged plunged in anxious thought. The du fortunate courtier, while compelled to obey his ward, trembled for the consequ-proces of a struggle against Regulus. Was obey his ward, trembled for the consequ-ences of a struggle against Regulns. Was there not some hidden anger in this affair? What would the emperor think when he would learn that Vibius had mingled in the enterprises of the Chris-tions, or at least that he helped to restore the freedom of a wirl belonging to this the freedom of a girl belonging to this hated sect ?

He could augur nothing good from the He could augur nothing good from the difficult and dangerous undertaking in wuich he had become entangled against his will. He could scarcely disguise his irration whenever his eyes fell on Cecilia, who walked before him escorted by some of Aurelia's waiting-women. The young girl was clad in the garb of a slave, required by the circumstances, and which she must wear until, the Pre-tor's wand having been extended over

waist with a narrow bet. But she which is the struck with stupor. on her head a small cap, insignia of the struck with stupor. The extraordinary change which had

Aurelia would have liked to spare the taken place in Parmenon,

demanded the crier. "I am the man !" replied Parmenon, in a voice hoarse with pain and rage; and he dragged himself forward, with the

help of two of his men. "What do you want?" inquired the "I want to replace my hand on the

slave who has been manumitted in vio-lation of the express stipulation of my deed of sale." "What clause was that?"

"That Cecilia could never be emanci-pated. She has been set free! Aurelia could transfer her rights to another party, but she could not give the slave her free-dom. I, therefore, claim Cecilia as my property!" "The clause is legal," said the Pretor,

The young girl was clad in the garb of a slave, required by the circumstances, and which she must wear until, the Pre-tor's wand having been extended over her head, she would bear the solemn words which would make her free. This dress consisted in a plain tunic of coarse woollen stuff, descending a little below the knee, and fastened around the weist with a narrow beit. But she wora

On the next day Sositheus relurned to the Villa publica, and found Parmenon exhibiting his slaves to the crowd. The captions old men concepted behind thoug heart. cautious old man, concealed behind a p llar, remained for long hours scrutiniz-

p llar, remained for long hours scrutiniz-ing the features of the slave-dealer,—anxi-ously watching every muscle of that hide-ous face. But Parmenon was so strange-ly disfigured by the numerous scars which had eaten deep into the flesh, dis-torting every feature, that Soitheus heei-tated to recognize Phædria under this in-scrutable mask. It was the same voice, the same treacherous eye, the same tail form and ruffianly insolence, and yet it time

It was surely Parmenon whom Sosith-

Sositheus, after witnessing the sale of Cecilia, returned home, wavering in his first suspicious and almost discouraged. "Very well," remarked Metellus Celer, when his old freedman related to him these facts, "to morrow I shall go myself to the Villa publica, and, by all the gods ! if that man is Prædria, I will recognize him !!

im !" When Metellus went to the tavern, of the next day, Parmenon was not there; he was closeted with Marcus Regulus. The informer had heard of Aurelia's prejects, and ascertained the hour at which she would go to the forum. He was, in consequence, giving his last intructions to his accomplice, and making him rehearse the part he would have to play before the Pretor.

Metellus Celer waited a long time nea Metelins Celer waited a long time hear the tavern, hoping that the slave dealer would return; but he finally became con-vinced that further delay was useless when the usual hour for the public sales

were past. "I shall come again to morrow," said the young man. He had resolved not to leave Rome until he would have examined this clew, however vague and un-certain, by which he might possibly find his father's murderer.

He was returning by the forum, the nearest way to Aurelia's house, where, notwithstanding the advice of Vibius Crispus, he wished to see the Grand Vestal once more, when, at the entrance of the place, he found his progress impeded by the dense crowd assembled to witness Cecilia's emancipation.

Cecilia's emancipation. The young man recognized Aurelia's Numidian horsemen, who, mounted on their high steeds, towered above the crowd, and a cry of joy escaped his lips. Why had he not remembered it sconer? She was there to manunit Cecilia, and, the young slave having been bought from Parmenon, this man whom he suspected

As Metellus followed the crowd which As Metellus followed the crown which was slowly wending its way out of the forum, a man approached him, and whispered in his ear,— "Metellus, this is the second time I

have found you in my way Take care that we do not meet a third

The young man turned round to see who had spoken, and recognized Regulus flying by the Sacred Way! A few minutes later silence reigned in the deserted forum.

TO BE CONTINUED,

OLD DR. JOHNSON ON PERVERT-ED CATHOLICS.

Old Dr. Johnson used to say in hi own bluff fashion that the perversion of

a Catholic could not be sincere, that the conversion of a Protestant "would have both the qualities of sincerity and durability." Sir William Scott (says Boswell) informs me that he heard Johnson say :

"A man who is converted from Pro testantism to Popery may be sincere. He parts with nothing : he is only superadding to what he had already But a convert from Popery to Protest antism gives up so much of what he

has held as sacred as anything that he retains. There is so much laceration of mind in such a conversion that it can hardly be sincere and lasting." To this Boswell adds these words

' The truth of the doctor's observation may be confirmed by many and eminent instances, some of which will occur to most of my readers." What would the fiery old lexicographer have said to the "organizing secretary" of that delightful society, whose only aim (according to the "Rock") is to per-(according to the

one million, five hundred vert the one million, five hu thousand Catholics of England ?' We impart to the smallest acts the

highest virtue when we perform them with a sincere wish to please God. The merit of our actions does not depead on their importance.-St. Fran-cis de Sales.

fixed up a trade with him, and if he would go along and dig somewhere else, and not bother me, I'd sell my Now, having a corkscrew in my pocket at the moment was the founda tion of my fortune, for if I'd been obliged to break the bottles to get the bottles and buy the mine. was a hard man to deal with, not knowing anything about mines. He beer, the idea would never have come to me to save 'em. But seeing them and the road between 'em got every standing all up in a row, good as new, and only wanting more beer in them cent of the proceeds, and I got a deed to the mine. "The rest of the details are rather

like me,) think, says I, 'Why not ave 'em and get 'em filled ?'

painful. I was undoubtedly a million-"I wrote a letter to my cousin in Boston, and I asked him, 'What beaire for a short while. Fortune came up, looked me square in the face, and then, like the priest and Levite, passed by on the other side. "In the excitement and hurry of making and abundance in the side of the s comes of all the beer bottles ?' knowing him to be an authority on such points.

And he answered me back : packing and shipping all them botties were used to throw 'em into the bay -and they all had to be put into barout they stopped us on account of fillin rels packed in leaves, straw not bein' up the harbor, and now we sends 'em ack to the bottling works to refilled. found in the hills-I forgot my bottles of gold, which for safety was placed at We get two cents for them."

a certain point in the big stack of bot-"When I got my cousin's letter, I spent the night laying out my plans tles, and the boys that helped me pack 'em put 'em in, gold and all, and they and the very next morning, bein' i man of action I begun to carry then bein' a was sent to the bottling works at Den-It made me sick out. I got me a barrow and went over

ver. It made me sick. "When I recovered from my illness to the town collectin' bottles, and fetched 'em to me residence in the tun-I went down there and demanded my nel and stacked 'em up inside, about gold. But they stood me cff. I could prove nothing, and they said probaby the bottles was not properly corked and it shook out in transit. But I twenty feet back. Well, b'ys, the pile got so big that it like to crowded me got so out entirely, for I went to every place in town that sold beer, and asked them know they had it. 'Twas only this summer the head of the firm retired to save me the bottles, and I swept out from business and went to Milwaukee their places and washed windows, and did all sorts of jobs for them, so they and married a love would do it. And I was called 'Crazy I saw her pictur Mike.' Frequently a man would tell Panky Magazine.' and married a lovely beer lady there, I saw her picture in 'The Hanky-

"And so 'tis, b'ys, that I'm a cow-boy, and you all are associating with 'Don't you know, you loonatic, that bottles is worth only two cents in Omaha, and it would cost four cents to me on equal terms.

"The mine? Oh, yes. Being now get 'em there ?' But to all such I says, Leave me be. I'm here for my the legal owner, I put the deed on record and picked out some chunks of health. "But very well I knew I couldn't the richest rock for the assayer.

"He didn't charge me a cent. He get them hauled out by the freight.