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A Roman Resurrection

by Lee Meriwether

Being the strange case H. Quintus Flaccus set against the background of modern Pompeii.

ON the 3rd of June Professor Horace D. Jones, of Yates University, made a discovery which not only caused him to abandon his trip to Switzerland, but determined him to wire his nephew, Mr. Jack Hornsby, to join him in Pompeii.

Now Jack Hornsby, although as enthusiastic about antiquities as his uncle, did not relish the idea of going to Pompeii.

In the first place, the dead Roman city is decidedly hot in summer; in the second place, Jack was having the pleasantest sort of time in Switzerland. The Countess Julia Stefani was there, and during his two winters in Rome young Hornsby had come to think the Countess Julia the loveliest woman he had ever seen.

To be sure, she had a curious hobby; she pored over the writings of Pythagoras and declared implicit belief in that old philosopher's theory of reincarnation and multiple lives. Indeed, Julia asserted that she herself had lived previously, and professed to have vague recollections of ancient Rome and of the court of the Emperor Nero.

But all this Jack Hornsby put down as a girlish fancy and did not allow it to lessen his admiration or alter his determination to make her his wife. Consequently Professor Jones' telegram did not please him. He wired his uncle to know if Pompeii could not wait until fall, but received the following reply:

Don't delay coming by a single day. Have made marvelous discovery. Want you to assist in experiment.

Jones.

Jack knew his uncle would not send such a wire unless the matter were urgent, so bidding the Countess Julia good-by, he took the night express for Naples, and thirty-six hours later was on the station platform at Pompeii, where his uncle greeted him with:

"Hello, Jack. You don't know how glad I am to see you. I've made a find that will set the whole world talking. Give your grip to Luigi. He will take it up to the villa."

"What villa. Uncle Horace? Aren't you stopping at the hotel?"

"No, my boy. By special license I am staying inside the walls of Pompeii, which is how I came to make my discovery. Frank Caroll says when Rutherford Cox learns of it he will turn green with envy."

Frank Caroll was Professor Jones' secretary, and Rutherford Cox was connected with Lorrimer College, a rival of Yates University. Mr. Cox shared in the prejudice of his college against anything and everybody connected with Yates, and was much given to scoffing at Professor Jones and to belittling his pretensions to antiquarian learning.

"I hope Caroll is right," laughed Jack. "What is the discovery, Uncle Horace? If it will really silence old Rutherford Cox I'll not begrudge coming here in this beastly hot weather."

"Well, Cox will be silenced all right," returned the professor with a satisfied smile. "The thing seems incredible, yet I have faith in Pliny's word and am confidently expecting within the next few hours to hold converse with a gentleman who lived in the time of Nero."

Jack Hornsby stared at his uncle and the

thought came to him that the old man's mind had been turned by over much delving in Pompeii's hot, mouldy ruins. But Professor Jones smiled cheerily and continued:

"Jack, I don't blame you for thinking me out of my senses: the proposition does seem preposterous, but, as Hamlet says, heaven and earth have more things than are dreamt of in philosophy. You admit, do you not, that the ancient Egyptians were skilled chemists?"

"Yes, but what have the Egyptians to do with your experiment? What are you driving at, Uncle Horace?"

"At this," replied the professor. "According to a manuscript, signed by the celebrated historian Pliny which I dug up a few week's ago, an Egyptian named Cambaces succeeded in the year 69 A. D. in brewing a liquid that possessed the property of suspending the body's physical functions. These once suspended would not all wear and tear on the human system cease? The working of the heart, lungs, pulse, etc., once stopped, would not waste of tissue also stop?

"That, my boy, is the theory upon which Pliny and Cambaces proceeded, and I am free to say that under such conditions it seems logical to me to conclude that, the body would remain unchanged, and that renewed life would be merely a matter of finding an antidote to the liquid that put at rest the physical organism. Pliny's manuscript says that Cambaces brewed such drops, together with their antidote, and that he, Pliny, conducted an experiment upon a certain nobleman who was condemned by Nero to cut himself off from fire and water. You know, that was the Roman way of telling a man to die."

"Well, did the Roman nobleman prove himself an obedient subject and obey Nero's command?" asked Jack.

"No. He only pretended to obey. Pliny says Cambaces gave him the drops of 'Eternal Life,' and after his apparent death the nobleman was put in the Pliny tomb near Pompeii's western gate."

"Surely, uncle, you don't take this seriously?" said Jack.

"But I do," returned the professor. "And so will you when you see the nobleman's body."

They were entering the inclined tunnel which forms the main entrance to Pompeii; a few yards to their right was the museum filled with curious specimens excavated from the ruins of the buried city during the past hundred years. One of these relics is the image of a beautiful girl, an image made by the volcano's ashes, which covered the girl's face and figure, making a perfect mold and preserving the graceful curves and lines of her body for the admiration of posterity.

"That girl was considered a wonderful find," continued the professor, "but she is nothing compared with what I have discovered."

"Do you mean to say you have found the nobleman's body?"

"I have indeed. On coming here I established myself in the ruins of a villa which from inscriptions on the walls and from manuscripts in the basement I feel certain once belonged to Pliny. Apart from the fact that the roof is gone (a defect easily remedied by stretching a canvas across between the tops of the walls), the villa is perfectly preserved, and I have been quite as comfortable as was its former master before the great eruption. The manuscript was found the first week after my arrival, and the search for the sleeping Roman which I at once began was rewarded three days ago when the iron pick of one of my workmen broke through a crust of lava and revealed the pallid face of a handsome young fellow apparently not over twenty-four years old.

"His features were finely chiseled and his flesh was as firm to the touch as the flesh of a living man. The wooden sarcophagus contained a parchment wrapped around a vial filled with amber drops. This parchment gave directions

how to administer the drops, and I could have performed the experiment without delay had I not wished to have you present. That is why I wired you to leave Switzerland and the Countess Stefani and come here at once."

In spite of the extravagance of this story Jack was deeply interested.

"Uncle Horace," he said, "if one half you tell me is true I'll never be able to thank you enough for wiring me to come. I would leave Switzerland and a dozen sweethearts (if I had that many) to take part in such an experiment. But tell me, are you sure this body and parchment were not 'planted' by a practical joker? Rutherford Cox is capable of anything to injure you. Think how humiliating it would be were you to make a report to the Antiquarian Society about this wonderful discovery, and then have it turn out all a fake."

"I have thought of that, but the circumstances utterly preclude such an hypothesis," answered the professor.

"Why?" insisted Jack.

"Because, while it might have been possible for Cox to 'plant,' as you call it, the manuscript which I found in the villa, it was not possible for him or for any one else to 'plant' the body which I found in the Pliny tomb. The sarcophagus was so deeply embedded under the lava, that I am willing to swear it was put in that tomb before Pompeii was destroyed by Vesuvius."

A quarter of an hour's walk through the dead city's desolate streets brought the two Americans to Pliny's villa, and there, propped up against the wall in a wooden sarcophagus, Jack saw the face of the sleeping Roman.

So wonderful and interesting was the sight he could hardly take his eyes off it, and Professor Jones had to pluck him by the sleeve three times before he could secure his attention.

"Come, Jack," he said. "We must get to work. While Caroll and I set the sarcophagus on this long table, you can read the parchment I found wrapped round the vial. Then we will inject the drops into this gentleman's heart, and a very few minutes later we shall determine the question whether it is possible to suspend animation and thereby prolong human life from century to century."

A translation of the parchment run thus:

This, the body of H. Quintus Flaccus is not dead, it but sleepeth, and will continue to sleep until Cambaces' drops be injected into his breast directly over the heart. The drops are in the vial within the scroll of this parchment.

Flaccus hath incurred Nero's anger, hence must not be restored to life till Nero is no more. And perchance 'twill be best to wait some years after Nero's death, lest his successor be minded to order Flaccus again to die.

If I be yet alive at the time when 'tis safe for Flaccus to live, I, myself, shall inject Cambaces' drops, and so complete the experiment. But life is uncertain—I may be called to the Elysian Fields before Flaccus dare awake, and so I leave this parchment direction.

O, stranger, who e'er ye be, perhaps now unborn but in the wisdom of the gods destined in some of the years to come to find this parchment, read it carefully, act wisely, and exercise great Jupiter's gift of making life where now is death.

And if it be the will of the gods that I be not present at the awakening, do thou, O stranger, speak for me and give greeting to H. Quintus Flaccus from his friend.

PLINY.

While Hornsby was reading this scroll, Professor Jones and his secretary set the sarcophagus upon the table and opened the vial containing the amber liquid.

The Roman was not tightly enshrined, like an Egyptian mummy; on the contrary, his legs were bare, and around his body was merely a toga in loose and graceful folds. Apart from its

mottled, yellow color, the toga was in excellent condition, having been preserved by its air-tight covering of lava and volcanic ashes.

It was an easy matter to pull the toga to one side, thus baring the breast for the operation, and by the time Jack had finished reading Pliny's manuscript his uncle was ready to inject the drops.

"The Latin writers make no mention of hypodermic syringes, but they must have had them," observed the professor as he inserted the nozzle of one into the vial. "If they did not have such appliances, how could Pliny have hoped to resuscitate his friend? I tell you, Jack, we moderns don't half know of the advancement and learning of the early Romans."

Hornsby made no answer to this: he was too absorbed with the experiment to enter into any antiquarian discussions. He and Frank Caroll stood on one side of the sarcophagus while Professor Jones stood on the other, all three watching with breathless interest to note the effect of the drops.

At first there was no change in the Roman's appearance, and as minute after minute sped by, Jack's mind again reverted to Rutherford Cox and to hoaxes and practical jokes. He was almost coming to believe the whole thing a "fake" planned by Cox to ridicule and humiliate his uncle; then of a sudden he was startled by observing that the pallor of the Roman's face was beginning to give way to a ruddy hue.

Placing his hand on the man's brow Jack found it warm and moist, and presently he saw a slight tremor of the eyelid and his ears caught the sound of words spoken in the pure idiom of Italy in Cicero's time, before barbarians corrupted the Latin language.

At first the words were disjointed, and were breathed rather than spoken; after a while, however, the man's eyes opened, and when he saw the watchers bending over him he asked in a low, distinct voice:

"Is Nero dead?"

In as matter of fact way as if he were answering a question propounded by one of his students in Yates University, Professor Jones said: "Yes, Nero has been dead nearly two thousand years."

This reply seemed to appall the young man; he stared at the professor and made an ineffectual attempt to sit up in his coffin, but was too weak and sank back exhausted. Fearing that in his excitement the Roman might injure himself and expire before their very eyes, Professor Jones hastily put a flask of brandy to his lips and urged him to take a swallow.

"It will do you good," he said. "And a bite of this bread and cold chicken ought not to be unwelcome to a man who has fasted as long as you have done. Conserve your strength, my dear sir; do not attempt to talk until you have refreshed yourself and are a trifle stronger than you appear to be now."

"I am not weak," murmured the Roman. "Every pulse of my heart sends the blood coursing through my veins; it warms me, it makes me live again, but what thou tellest me, O stranger, doth quite unman me. Nero dead two thousand years? In what age then have I awakened? And where is Julia?"

"I know nothing of the lady you mention," responded Professor Jones, "but your other question is easily answered. This is the year of our Lord 1903."

The Roman stared at the professor blankly.

"What meanest thou, O stranger, by the year of thy lord?"

"I mean from the birth of Christ. We date everything from that."

"From him who founded the sect called Christians?" said the Roman, the expression of surprise on his face deepening.

"The same," replied the professor. "Christ was born in the year of the city of Rome 753, consequently, according to your chronology, this is the year A. U. C. 2656."

The Roman seemed almost stupefied, and at

first could not speak, but presently, recovering himself in some degree, he said:

"What manner of man art thou, O stranger, to date thy chronology from the birth of one whom Caesar's consul nailed to a cross? Of all the sects that infested Rome, the Christians were most despised. I remember one night seeing Nero's gardens lighted by Christians who had been turned into human torches. The sheets wrapped 'round them were steeped in oil and the blaze they did make was most brilliant. And now thou sayest all time is measured from the birth of the founder of that wretched sect?"

"Yes, except in China and half civilized countries. You see, Mr. Flaccus I take it, judging from Pliny's manuscript, that that is your name—the sect is not so despised now as it was in your day. You have been asleep a long while—to be exact, if you went to sleep in the year of Rome 823, as Pliny says you did, you have been buried 1,824 years.

"A number of things have happened during that time and I foresee some patience will be necessary in order to make you understand the modern world. Fortunately, my nephew, Mr. Hornsby, and Frank Caroll, my secretary, took classical courses at Yates University—the finest university in America—so we all three speak Latin and shall try to make things plain to you. If you feel able to move, I think it would be more comfortable for you on that couch."

With Hornsby's and Caroll's assistance Flaccus was lifted out of his coffin on to the conch and propped up against a lot of pillows.

"There, that is better," said the professor. "If you will only be prudent you will soon be yourself again, for it is evident, Cambaces' drops have all the potency Pliny attributed to them."

"That indeed they have, O stranger. So great is their power, e'en now I feel as refreshed as when I bade Pliny and Julia farewell before laying me down to sleep. But I am much concerned by what thou tellest, me. At most my slumber was to endure through the reigns of only two emperors. Why then sayest thou it hath stretched through more than a thousand years?"

"Because it has," answered the professor. "A short time after you went to sleep Vesuvius destroyed Pompeii—covered it fifty feet under lava and ashes, and no one knew where your tomb was until my men dug it up last Thursday. But, for that unfortunate outbreak of Vesuvius, your friend Pliny, no doubt, would have awakened you within the promised period. The catastrophe which ended Pompeii and buried your tomb out of sight was of course something Pliny did not foresee. In fact, he lost his own life in it while trying to reach the city from across the bay.

"History says he wished to study the volcano's action, but, in the light of what you have said, Mr. Flaccus, I believe Pliny's real object was to reach his family tomb and save you. Are you strong enough now to talk? If so, we should be glad to hear how Pliny happened to experiment upon you."

For a while the Roman seemed lost in profound melancholy and it was hard to induce him to speak. The knowledge, that, he had slept through so prodigious a period of time and the thought that all his friends had been dead for nearly 2,000 years made Flaccus give way to deep depression. At length, however, under Professor Jones' gentle urging, he aroused himself enough to describe the events that led to his taking Cambaces' drops.

In the year 67 A. D., or 820 A. U. C, he had fallen in love with Julia, daughter of the Tribune Claudius Atticus. Atticus was right glad to give Julia to Flaccus, who belonged to an ancient Roman family, but in an evil hour Nero's eye fell upon the fair Julia, and Flaccus was forthwith appointed consul to Gaul—of itself no mean appointment, but to young Flaccus it was banishment from the girl he adored.

In despair at thought of having to leave Julia in Nero's arms, the rash youth said and did that

which angered the emperor, and his consular appointment was annulled and he was ordered to cut himself off from fire and water. Nero was master of the world; nowhere was there refuge from his wrath, and the unfortunate young nobleman, as was the Roman custom when ordered to die, set about preparing for suicide.

"Believe me, O stranger." continued the Roman, "believe me, when I say I had no fear of death, but I did dread to leave Julia in Nero's palace. And so it was that when Pliny came with a strange plan and a strange hope I listened eagerly; but when Pliny had done I told him I would rather go at once to the Elysian Fields than awaken to find my beloved Julia dead.

" 'Julia shall awake with thee,' answered Pliny. 'I shall give her also of Cambaces' drops.'

" 'But how canst thou reach her?' I queried. 'Never watched hawk a sparrow as Nero's slaves watch the women of the palace.'

" 'Even so,' answered Pliny, 'yet shall I reach her. Nero himself hath a taste for astrology; his palace gates are ever open to Egyptian soothsayers. Cambaces shall seek Julia's presence to foretell her fortune, and, once in her apartments, the drops will be quickly given. Leave the rest to me, Flaccus. Julia's body shall be put in the family tomb on the Appian Way, while thy body shall rest in my own tomb near Pompeii's western gate. When Nero is dead I shall awake thee and together shall we journey to Rome to rouse thy beloved Julia.'

" 'What if thou diest, before Nero dies?" I asked.

" 'In that case others shall awaken thee,' answered Pliny. 'I shall leave orders respecting thee, and thou canst go to sleep assured that when Nero is gone—or at, most when the emperor following him hath passed away, thou shall be made to live again.'

"Persuaded by these promises, I agreed to Pliny's plan and sent a message to Nero that I would execute his command in Pliny's Pompeiian villa. And this I did soon after.

"Then, the next moment as it seemed to me, I saw thy face, O stranger, and heard thy voice speaking a curious tongue in my ear. Such is my story. Now tell me thine. Above all, tell me where is Julia?"

"My dear young friend," said Professor Jones kindly, "your sweetheart was buried in the tomb of her family on the Appian Way. Vesuvius' fires did not extend so far, consequently nothing prevented Pliny's plan from being carried out with reference to Julia. She was awakened after Nero's death and journeyed to the river Sarnus searching for you, but your tomb was so deep under the volcanic lava that it could not be found. After mourning your loss a proper period Julia married a Roman knight to whom she bore a daughter named Julia. There the family history ends.

"The postscript from which I gather these facts was added to Pliny's manuscript by his nephew, the younger Pliny, and was written while Julia still lived with her daughter and husband. What became of her after Pliny the younger died I do not know, for no other historian makes mention of the Claudius Atticus family."

`It seems absurd to mourn the loss of a sweetheart who has been dead 1,800 years, yet Flaccus was guilty of that absurdity, for to him it was as if after awaking from a night's slumber, he was suddenly told death had come to one from whom he had just parted.

He insisted that the younger Pliny's postscript was not true. *His* Julia wed another? She could not have been so false. The postscript referred to another Julia; if not, then it was a forgery.

At any rate, he would go at once to the Appian Way and examine the tomb of the Atticus family.

"Mr. Flaccus," said the professor gently, "the Appian Way has been swept by a hundred

armies since you lay down to sleep in Pompeii. The Goths, the Huns, the Vandals, one after the other, have devastated the country about Rome. It is hardly possible Julia's tomb can have escaped the ravages of so many invaders and so many centuries."

Temporarily, at least, these words turned Flaccus' thoughts into another channel. The Goths and Vandals in front of Rome? How dared they overrun Italy? Why had not the emperor's legions hurled them into the sea?

"Nero was a pitiful coward," he said, his eyes blazing with anger, "but not even Nero would have suffered the barbarians to enter Rome. Who is emperor now? It may not be too late to avenge my country's honor. First shall I find my Julia, but, that done, O stranger, I shall plead with the emperor to drive back the Goths and Gauls and Vandals. They must be driven back beyond the Helvetian mountains."

Only by patient effort did Professor Jones succeed in getting Flaccus to master an outline of Roman history. When at length he was made to understand that Rome was no longer mistress of the world, that what he called barbarians were now the strongest and richest people on earth, while Italy was a weaker State than her powerful neighbors, France on the west and Germany to the north, the anger in his eyes faded away and in its place came a look of infinite sadness.

"Alas," he sighed, "rather would I not have awaked than awake to find my country's greatness gone. In my day, the Germans were despised barbarians, while Gaul, what thou callest France, was but a province governed by one of Caesar's consuls. Oh, why was there not one man like the great Julius, or Marius or Germanicus, to stem the tide of base barbarians? Under the first Caesar the tenth legion alone would have sufficed to save the honor of Rome."

Fired by these thoughts, the young Roman rose from the couch, and lifting his arms on high, began to swear an oath to all the gods that he would never rest till the barbarians were driven out of Italy. But before he could finish he was seized by a great fright, the cause of which was so simple, and the effect: so comical, that Jack Hornsby and Frank Caroll could not help laughing; Professor Jones alone maintained his gravity.

"What fearful noise was that?" asked Flaccus, cowering back toward the couch and lifting the end of his toga before his face as if to ward of an impending danger.

"That is merely a locomotive's whistle," replied Professor Jones.

"Locomotive whistle?" repeated Flaccus.

"Yes. The railway station is just beyond the city wall. The whistle you heard is that of the Naples express."

This was worse than Greek to Flaccus; he knew what a whistle was; when a boy he had often made one out of Egyptian reeds; but no whistle fashioned by Roman boy ever blew so fearful a blast, as that which had just smitten his ear.

"This is a steam whistle," explained Frank Caroll, but the explanation did not explain, since Flaccus hadn't the slightest idea what steam was.

"Uncle, we had better take Mr. Flaccus to the station and show him an engine and train of cars," said Jack, but Professor Jones shook his head.

"It might not be safe to do that to-day," he said. "The shock would be too great. We must first get him used to the idea that this is an absolutely different world from that in which he used to live. He will feel somewhat at home here in Pompeii, where everything is precisely as it was a couple of thousand years ago; in Naples or Rome or any other city he would be like a fish out of water. After we have had him in training for a few weeks, he will begin to comprehend the new order of things, and then he will no doubt enjoy going to Rome and

noting the changes that have taken place since he lived there in the reign of Nero."

"When he goes," said Jack, speaking in English so that Flaccus could not understand him, "he ought to get a suit of clothes. In fact, I don't think it exactly right even in this city of ruins for a man to go about naked."

"Mr. Flaccus seems about my build," observed Caroll. "If you wish, professor, I'll let him have some of my togs until he can go to Naples and see a tailor."

"The very idea," assented the professor, but to his astonishment Flaccus flatly refused to wear the clothes offered.

He declared that even barbarians did not wear such ridiculous garments, and to ask a Roman gentleman to don them was little short of insulting.

"My dear fellow," said Hornsby, "your notions are old-fashioned. The custom of gentlemen wearing sheets went out of style a dozen centuries ago; if you refuse to put on a coat and a pair of breeches you will land in jail as sure as you are a Roman."

"Even though they throw me into the Mamertine dungeon yet will I not put my legs in those absurd things thou callest breeches," replied Flaccus stoutly.

Jack was worried by this answer, but Professor Jones said Flaccus would come around all right.

"Give him time, Jack. Remember how strange everything is to him. I want now to write up my notes of this remarkable affair. You and Caroll take our Roman friend for a turn through the streets of Pompeii. Show him the forum, the ancient theater, etc., but be careful not to go too near the railway station. We must work up to that by degrees."

"For thy consideration, O stranger," began Flaccus, when Professor Jones interrupted him.

"I say," he remarked, "don't 'O stranger' me, and don't 'thee' and 'thou' me. Address me as 'professor,' or if you prefer, as Mr. Jones. That is more in accord with our modern customs and I take it you do not wish to appear eccentric."

"Of a verity, no," returned the Roman, "and I thank thee—I mean you for your kindness. The Romans had a saying that when times change we must change with them, and I shall try to adapt myself to your modern ways. But do not ask me to encompass my legs in those ridiculous breeches. Much am I willing to do, but not that, professor, not that."

"Very well," laughed the professor. "I won't push you on that point as long as you remain in Pompeii. You'll have to wear breeches, though, when you leave here, and even here you must wrap your toga close about you when passing tourists."

Thereupon Professor Jones turned to his table and began writing while Flaccus started forth with Frank Caroll and Jack Hornsby on either side to guide him.

All went well until they met a party of Cook's travelers, and then Jack and Frank groaned as they perceived the wide gulf that lay between their companion and twentieth century people. Florence Wakeham, a bright American girl whom Jack had met with her father in Rome, was in the Cook's party, and she bowed and smiled sweetly as she put the tips of her fingers on her father's sleeve and exclaimed:

"Oh, papa, there is Mr. Hornsby."

"By George, so it is. How are you, Hornsby?" cried Mr. Wakeham.

Jack's face reddened and he felt like running away; but retreat, was difficult, so he doffed his hat and expressed his pleasure at the meeting.

"That is Mr. Caroll, isn't it? I think I saw him in Naples."

Jack said yes, that was Frank Caroll, his uncle's private secretary. Mr. Wakeham and his daughter said "How-do" to Caroll, but they did not look at him; their eyes were fixed upon the Roman in his toga.

"Who is your other friend?" queried Mr.

Wakeham coldly; he was beginning to resent Hornsby's conduct.

Not even in Pompeii ought a man to gad about with a friend dressed up in a sheet.

"This, oh, this is—er, that is to say this is a Roman acquaintance of ours," stammered Jack.

"He looks the part; at least he wears as little clothes as a Roman," said Mr. Wakeham stiffly. "Come, Florence, we had better get out of this place."

This was bad enough, but before they were beyond ear-shot Jack distinctly heard Mr. Wakeham tell his daughter that it was disgraceful for young men to go out of doors when on a "jag." Caroll and Hornsby were dressed decently enough, but they certainly had been on a drunk or they would not suffer their friend to meet ladies while he was dressed—or rather while he was *un*-dressed in that scandalous fashion.

"Confound it," exclaimed Jack, "old Wakeham is just the fellow to tell the Countess Stefani about this. Our friend has got to wear pants or I'll be blessed if I go about with him."

This, being spoken in English, was not understood by Flaccus, and Caroll urged Jack not to press the matter until the resurrected Roman had had time to accustom himself to modern methods. Accordingly, they continued their stroll through the desolate streets, many of which Flaccus recognized in spite of the havoc wrought by time and by Vesuvius' mighty hand.

At first the sight, of the bare walls and roofless houses filled the young Roman with melancholy. Only the night before—as it seemed to him—these houses were bright, and new; rippling fountains played in their courts; dark-eyed maidens looked out from their windows; the streets were busy with men hurrying hither and thither; the forum rang with the busy hum of trade, with the shrill voices of orators, with the tramp of centurion soldiers.

To Flaccus all this was a thing of yesterday—and now naught remained but death and desolation.

His reflections were interrupted by the approach of another party of tourists, a company of women school teachers whose costume and general appearance caused Flaccus unbounded astonishment.

"What manner of creatures are they?" he asked. "Their faces are the faces of women but their figures by the shades of my ancestor, never beheld I such curious things before."

"What is it you find curious?" queried Jack; to his eyes they were well dressed American ladies, several of them, he thought, unusually pretty.

"Those garments that do flap about them are exceeding curious," answered the Roman. "Then observe their waists, how pinched and constricted. Thou shouldst see, Acte or Poppaea, if thou wouldst see a beautiful female figure. Acte in particular fills all the measurements of Praxiteles' Venus. No Roman woman would distort herself as do those creatures there."

By this time the "creatures" had approached quite near and were eying the three men with no little astonishment. Jack heard one of them say that he and Caroll looked like gentlemen, but that their companion was in a scandalous state of intoxication. All of which made Jack feel most uncomfortable.

"Let us get back to the villa, Frank," he said. "If we meet many more tourists the first thing I know a report will get back to Rome that I am either a lunatic or a reprobate, and in either case great harm will be done to my reputation."

They turned to go, but the school teachers were more inquisitive than Mr. Wakeham and his daughter, and one of them called to them to stop and asked what was the matter with Flaccus?

"Dressed rather thinly, isn't he?" said the "schoolmarm," pulling up a pair of lorgnettes and scrutinizing Flaccus critically.

"Yes, his clothing is a trifle thin," admitted

Jack. "You see, it is warm in Pompeii."

"Well, I shouldn't think he would care to dress in a sheet even if it is warm," returned the teacher. "What makes him stare at us so curiously? I fear, sir, your friend's brain has been affected."

"Yes, sunstroke, you know," said Jack, rather glad that this construction was placed upon Flaccus' appearance and actions; in truth, the Roman was staring at the American school teachers quite as hard as they were staring at him, and, although his remarks about their "unnatural and ridiculous" costumes were made in Latin, the ladies readily guessed from the expression on his face that what he said was far from complimentary.

The teacher with the lorgnettes endeavored to detain Jack with further questions, but he refused to continue the conversation.

"Am afraid the heat will go to his head," he said. "Sun's getting very hot, you know."

"I don't know anything of the kind," returned the schoolmarm acidly. "The cool of evening is approaching, and it is becoming less hot every moment."

This was obviously true, but Jack wasn't particular about logic. What he wanted was to escape, and any excuse was better than none.

Grabbing Flaccus by the arm, he hurried him away, while the entire party of American school teachers stood staring and declaring that he was fully as crazy as his sheeted companion. They had gone some distance, but were still within sight of the teachers, when there was another screech of a locomotive, and Flaccus again showed signs of fright, though not to the same extent as before.

"I am no coward," he said. "Were Pomponius here he could witness that for me, for Pomponius hath seen me in stress of battle. Once I fought 'gainst four Gauls at once, and the Gauls, though barbarians, were valiant foes. Pomponius knows I feared no enemy of Rome, but this evil noise is enough to affright any man. Caesar himself might quake before it."

"Yet it is perfectly harmless," said Jack. "If you think you can stand the sight I will show you the engine."

As Flaccus' curiosity almost equaled his fears, he consented to climb the city wall, from the summit of which the train from Naples was easily visible. It was less than two hundred yards away, and smoke was rising in thick, black volumes from the stack, while white steam issued from the exhaust pipe. With each cloud of steam came a loud puff that to Flaccus' ears seemed like the snort of some huge, living monster.

The sight was more than he could stand; for the moment he was unmanned, and with a loud yell he bounded down the wall, dropping his toga in his mad flight, and ran like a deer through the ruined streets back to Pliny's villa.

Jack and Caroll ran after him, but Flaccus' training in the Olympian games stood him in good stead and he distanced his pursuers by a full hundred yards.

"By all the gods on Mount Olympus, and by all the devils in Stromboli's caverns. I have this day seen that which would make great Julius himself quake with fear," he exclaimed, as he sank on the couch and covered his face with his hands.

"What is the matter? What have you seen?" asked Professor Jones, laying down his pen and running to the side of his Roman friend.

Before Flaccus could answer Jack and Caroll ran in, breathless but not wholly speechless, and they quickly explained what had happened.

At first Professor Jones was inclined to be angry, but on reflection he concluded that practical experience was the only thing that would bring Flaccus to a knowledge of the modern world; and so from that time on Frank and Jack were left to their own judgment in educating the disinterred Roman.

* * * *

Although strictly enjoined by Professor Jones not to make his discovery public until they were ready to take Flaccus to America, Jack Hornsby thought he might venture to let his sweetheart into the secret, and he wrote her a letter which caused complications.

It has been said that the Countess Julia Stefani had a curious hobby on the subject of reincarnation and multiple lives, and when Jack Hornsby's letter came, telling of Flaccus' awakening after a sleep of 1,824 years, what before had seemed to Julia but a misty dream now became to her almost a reality; it seemed to her as if she had known Flaccus in ancient Rome, and when she shut her eyes she fancied she saw Pliny's villa and that she was another incarnation of the same Julia who had excited Nero's passion.

Julia said nothing of these wild thoughts to her aunt, the old Countess Cornelia, but she did tell her that she meant to go to Pompeii, and this announcement surprised the old lady, almost as much as if she had told Flaccus' story. The idea of going to Pompeii in July was absurd.

"Of course, Aunt Cornelia, Pompeii isn't as cool as Switzerland," admitted Julia.

"Why then must you go?" demanded the Countess Cornelia.

"Signor Hornsby has made a wonderful discovery, Aunt Cornelia. I have just received a letter from him."

What Julia had to do with Signor Hornsby's discoveries the old countess did not know, and did not care. She knew, however, that, Hornsby was rich, and as the Stefanis, in spite of their ancient title and gloomy old Roman palace, were not over blessed with worldly goods, she rather favored a match with the handsome American.

"My dear Julia," said the old lady, "if it is because of Signor Hornsby that you go, I shall not object. Why did you not give me a hint of that before?"

Julia did not trouble to undeceive her aunt; if she chose to think Jack Hornsby was the magnet that took her to Pompeii, let her do so; no harm would be done; in fact, it was perhaps best that the Countess Cornelia should think this was her reason for leaving Switzerland; it would save troublesome questions about H. Quintus Flaccus.

Just without Pompeii's main gate, a stone's throw from the railway station, is a modest inn called the Albergo Swisse. In this inn one hot July day the Countess Julia Stefani installed herself, accompanied by her aunt and by her maid, Martella.

It was two o'clock when their train arrived, and the old countess declared nothing could induce her to undertake a walk in the ruined city before the cool of evening; accordingly, she went to her room to nap, while Julia, too impatient to wait for night, bade Martella remain within call of her aunt, then donned her coolest, muslin gown, selected a straw sunhat, and sallied forth to look for Pliny's villa.

Although she had never been in Pompeii Julia seemed to know the place as by instinct.

Without hesitating a moment, not even at the narrowest and crookedest turns, she pursued her way as rapidly and as directly as if in very truth she had lived in the city before its destruction 1,800 years ago.

On reaching the villa she knocked on the door but elicited no response, Professor Jones and party being absent on an exploring expedition. Julia turned the knob, and finding the door unlocked pushed it open and entered.

The interior of the place, the fluted columns, the frescoes on the walls, the silent, fountain all seemed to her strangely familiar.

"If I am dreaming it must be while I am awake," she murmured, rubbing her eyes. "I know that I am Julia Stefani and that I have lived all my life in Rome, yet I can swear I have seen this villa before. This dancing bacchante

have I often observed, and this fountain—why, 'tis here I used to feed my gold fish. I have even sat on this chest."

As she stood before the rusted, iron-bound receptacle, a sudden impulse moved her to open it. On the very top of its curious contents lay a soft, filmy mantle such as Roman maidens wore in the time of Nero.

The cloth, wonderfully preserved by its air-tight lava covering, was as soft and pretty to the touch as the day it was woven. Julia threw it over her shoulders, then, woman-like, ran to a mirror to see how it became her.

"Now indeed do I know I am not dreaming," she said. "This is myself as I looked in my first incarnation. So dressed the vestal virgins, and I remember how I used to try on this mantle whenever I visited Pliny's villa: once I begged Pliny to give it me that I might myself become one of the vestals. But what face is this? Surely it cannot be—but yes, if is, it is the hero of my dreams."

It was Flaccus who had entered and his countenance was reflected in the mirror. When he first stood in the threshold of the door and saw the woman before the glass, he guessed not who it was: but when Julia turned her face toward him he gave a glad cry, sprang forward and seized her in a passionate embrace.

"Julia, my love, my adored one, have I indeed found thee at last?"

"Ah, Flaccus, how oft have I thought and dreamed of this hour."

Her head fell on his shoulder, her eyes looked up into his and her arms met in an embrace around his neck.

"Julia, my sweet love, my divinity for whom I have waited so long, thou knowest not; what joy thy coming gives me. When I awoke they told me thou wert dead—dead more than a thousand years, and on hearing such horrid news I fain would have slept again. But, thank the gods, I accepted life and so am here to claim thee as my bride. Tell me, Julia, how camest thou hither? Did not Pliny awake thee after Nero's death?"

"Dear Flaccus, I know naught of that. My first life is but as a misty dream. Only one thing is vivid and clear—that I did love thee then even as I love thee now. For the rest, all is vague. Cambaces and Pliny are mere names to me."

"How can that be, dear love?" asked Flaccus anxiously. "Dost thou not recall our strolls in Lucullus' gardens? To me, in spite of what, they say of Pompeii being dead two thousand years, those happy hours in the gardens are gone but a single moon."

"And they will come again, O Flaccus. The world is before you now. Let us enjoy it together."

This remark, which Julia imagined would please her lover, seemed rather to dispirit him.

"Are you not willing to sec the world with me?" she asked.

"Julia," returned the Roman sadly, "to be with thee is heaven, but I cannot go out into the world with thee. With shame must I confess myself a coward. I fear to step foot out of Pompeii."

"Why?" asked Julia, opening her eyes wide with surprise. "What do you fear, Flaccus?"

"Ask rather what I do not fear, for I fear almost all that I see," answered the Roman. "Only this morning when I heard the screeching and snorting of that iron monster they call an engine my legs shook beneath me. And yet this was the third time its hideous noise hath smitten my ears. Does not all this affright thee, Julia?"

"No. Why should it, Flaccus? Engines will do you no harm. They are made for the use of man."

Although the Countess Stefani had lived, in her dreams, in ancient Rome—in bone and flesh and blood she lived in the twentieth century, consequently was not astonished at twentieth century inventions. It was hard for her to realize that many of the commonplaces of our modern

life seemed miracles to Flaccus.

For example, a music box, which even to our children is an ordinary toy, would have aroused the wonder of the world in Julius Caesar's day. A phonograph, or a telephone, would have convinced the most learned philosophers of ancient Rome that magic was abroad in the land; while the thought of being hurled through space on a railway car at the rate of sixty miles an hour would have affrighted Rome's boldest heroes.

"There have been many changes since you first did live," said Julia, "but those changes are for the better, not for the worse, so do not fear them, Flaccus."

"Mr. Jones hath told me that same thing," returned Flaccus sadly, "but 'tis hard to believe it, Julia. Much have I come to accept, but not yet can I bring myself to travel behind that iron horse. I saw it depart from the station yesterday morn and methought it did fly faster than a bird."

"The Naples express does fly faster than the average bird, but the faster it flies the better I like it. Indeed, Flaccus, my complaint is ever that the trains do not fly fast, enough."

The Roman stared at her incredulously and Julia added:

"Look at me. Do I look as if harm had been done me? Yet I am just come from Switzerland. Helvetia, you used to call it—on the Naples express, which makes fifty miles an hour, counting stops at stations. Everybody travels that way now. Chariots have gone out of fashion."

"Chariots such as we had in Rome may be out of fashion, but that men do still ride in certain kinds of chariots I know of a certainly, for last, night, whilst standing on thy city's wall looking toward the flames rising from Vesuvius' burning mouth, I heard a pulling, hissing sound, then a hoarse shriek; and the next instant a huge chariot dashed by, two men in the seat and both most strangely clad. Their coats and caps were made of leather, whilst on their eyes were the most, hideous things I e'er did see. No horses were attached to the chariot, yet, did it fly along the road as if drawn by twenty demons."

"That must have been an automobile," said Julia.

"A what?" queried Flaccus.

Julia explained as best she could, but each explanation left something still further to be explained, and not much lime was left for love-making. However, prosaic as was the task of elucidating modern miracles, it did not prevent the two young people from sitting very close together; and the sight of them thus engaged caused Professor Jones no little amazement when he returned an hour later and entered the villa.

"Bless me," he exclaimed, "you make acquaintances rapidly, and with the Countess Stefani, too. When did you arrive, countess?"

"An hour ago, professor. Aunt Cornelia is at the hotel. I came straightway here to see Flaccus. Mr. Hornsby wrote me he had been discovered, and, of course, I was anxious to meet him."

"I can't blame you, my dear countess," returned the professor. "Such a discovery is well worth coming from Switzerland to see."

"Yes, but I didn't quite mean that," said Julia. "I wouldn't have come merely to observe a curious discovery. You see, I have a feeling that Flaccus and I were friends in a previous life. I think we must have played together as children."

Julia's "dream" talk had once struck Professor Jones as mere girlish nonsense, but, since the resurrection of H. Quintus Flaccus he believed more than ever in Hamlet's dictum. Pythagoras' theory of double incarnations was undoubtedly contrary to twentieth century scientific opinions, but so, too, was the theory of suspended animation, and had not Flaccus' awakening proved the truth of that theory?

Reflection along this line prevented Professor Jones from pooh-poohing Julia's talk, as he was wont to do. And even Jack Hornsby was forced to take the matter seriously. Indeed, to Jack the matter was a little too serious.

When he returned to the villa and saw Julia, she was very cordial to him, but the cordiality was that of a sister, and Jack soon discovered that as a rival of the Roman he was outdistanced.

This discovery angered and chagrined him. Quite apart, from the pain of losing his sweetheart, it vexed him to see a man he had helped dig out of Pompeii's moldy ruins step in and succeed where he, Jack, had failed after two years' assiduous courting.

"Confound the fellow," he said to Frank Caroll, "if he would only wear clothes and look like a gentleman I wouldn't feel so badly, but to be cut out by a shindy-legged dago wrapped in a sheet—I tell you, Frank, it is humiliating. That's what it is, humiliating."

This language was doubtless due in some measure to disappointment, for in truth Flaccus' legs were not, "shindy," and his toga was not a sheet; on the contrary, it, was draped over his shoulders in a way that made him look very picturesque indeed.

But disappointed love usually makes its victim bitter; so, too, does disappointed ambition, and the old Countess Cornelia was extremely angry when she saw the turn affairs were taking. To her mind it was sheer insanity for a girl like Julia Stefani to throw herself away on a miserable fellow who had been dead and buried l,800 years.

"Aunt Cornelia, it wasn't Flaccus' fault that he was buried so long," said Julia.

"I don't, say it was his fault, but he was buried that long and he ought to have had the decency to stay buried. A man has no right to come to life after that length of time and upset everybody's plans and make your whole existence miserable."

"Flaccus won't make my existence miserable," returned Julia serenely. "I love him with all my heart—I have loved him all my life, and not all the world shall persuade me to abandon him."

This was a bitter pill for the old countess to swallow, but Julia could not be budged an inch; utterly unmindful of her aunt's disapproval, and of Jack Hornsby's jealous looks, Julia and Flaccus had glorious times wandering through Pompeii's deserted streets, and in watching sunsets from the upper benches of the ancient theater.

"From this very seat," said Flaccus one evening as they sat on the topmost row of the theater. "I beheld a band of Christians devoured by wild beasts. It was a glorious sight, Julia. The gladiators' swords were red with blood, and—"

"Oh, Flaccus, how can you be so cruel?" cried Julia, drawing away from her lover.

The Roman looked at her in surprise.

"What meanest thou, dear Julia?" he said. "Why callest thou me cruel?"

"Was it not cruel to look upon those poor martyrs' torture?" said Julia.

"I know not what thou meanest by martyrs," replied Flaccus, "but cruel to look upon Christians in the arena? Why, my love, that was ever deemed a merry sport in Rome. Thou didst once take great pleasure in the game, as Pliny and Seneca and all my friends right well do know."

"That must have been in my first incarnation. I have no memory of that, Flaccus."

The double role of a maiden of the twentieth century and also one of Nero's time was becoming rather trying, and Julia was glad when the subject shifted from Flaccus' "merry" tortures in the arena to the tricks of the pagan priests.

He showed her where the priests lay in hiding, listening to the questions of the people, in the temple above, and answering through a

tube cunningly contrived so as to carry the priest's voice to the lips of the oracle. In this way the deluded people imagined it was the oracle that spoke, and, in fear and trembling, they obeyed the oracle's orders—orders, be it observed, which always redounded to the profit, of the priest who lay in hiding beneath the temple of Isis.

For three weeks things progressed thus, Julia and Flaccus enjoying themselves like a couple of children during the days; then, as dusk began to fall Flaccus would escort his sweetheart to the gate and there bid her good-night.

On no account would he step foot beyond the walls; for one thing, the iron monster that stopped in front of the Hotel Suisse frightened him; for another thing, he felt at home in Pompeii, whereas beyond its walls it seemed to him as if he were beyond the limits of the earth—everything was so utterly different, outside of Pompeii, from the world he had known.

Jack Hornsby observed these details with ill-concealed joy. Such nonsense, he thought, could not but disgust Julia, and even if it did not disgust her she could not live forever in a city of mold and ruins; consequently, in the end she would be forced to give Flaccus up; she would see the impossibility of a twentieth century girl being happy with a man completely out of touch with the modern world, with a man who would live nowhere except in Pompeii.

In truth, thoughts of this kind did occur to Julia, and as the weeks passed by her pleading with Flaccus to conquer his fears and go forth into the world grew more and more insistent.

"Dearest love, for thee would I brave the gods on Mount Olympus," said Flaccus. "Aye, I would defy the fiends in Stromboli's awful caverns, but ride on this iron monster that flieth through the air, swifter than a bird—oh, Julia, thou knowest not what thou askest of me."

"I do know; I but ask you to go hence where we may dwell together. We cannot live always in Pompeii. Surely you see that, Flaccus. Pompeii is dead, it has been dead 1,800 years. Would you have me live in a dead city when the world is so large and so beautiful?"

Flaccus sadly admitted he could not expect this of Julia, but how could he entrust, himself to the iron monster? How could he ever bring himself to wear cloths around his legs, and stiff board-like things about his wrists and neck?

"So far as I am concerned, dear Flaccus," said Julia, "you need not wear collars and cuffs, I like you best in your toga, but they will not let you wear a toga outside of Pompeii. Were you to appear on the streets of Rome in this attire the police would arrest you, so why not adapt yourself to modern customs? A stylish Prince Albert coat will look really becoming on you, Flaccus. Won't you let Mr. Hornsby send you his tailor?"

Finally persuaded by these arguments, Flaccus, though with much misgiving, promised at last, to let a tailor take his measure and prepare him for the journey to Rome. The suit was delivered a few days later, and Julia declared it was exceedingly becoming, and that Flaccus looked perfectly lovely in it; even Jack Hornsby admitted that, arrayed in modern garb, the Roman presented a handsome, manly appearance.

But Flaccus was inconsolable. He surveyed himself in the glass and sadly said that so ridiculous a looking object could not be a real man; how Pliny and Curtius Cicero and all his other friends would scoff could they see him thus attired! To make a man absurd and outlandish in his outer self was to sap his inner manhood and courage, and he doubted if he would be able to brave the iron monster when the time came to start for Naples.

Julia laughed at these fears; to her it seemed the main battle was won and that Flaccus, now that he had donned modern dress, would adapt himself to twentieth century customs. But in this the poor girl was destined to be grievously

disappointed.

The very next morning was the date set for their departure, and the last thing Flaccus did the night before, when he bade Julia good-by at the main gate, was to promise to subdue his fears and be at the railway station in time for the train to Naples. Professor Jones was to accompany him, but the next day as the time approached for taking the train, instead of her sweetheart appearing, Jack Hornsby came running up quite out of breath.

"Have you seen Flaccus?" he cried.

"Not since last night. Oh, Mr. Hornsby, don't say anything has happened to him!"

"Nothing except he has disappeared. We have been looking for him ever since six o'clock this morning. Uncle Horace thinks he has run away because he was afraid to ride on a train."

"But where could he run to?" exclaimed Julia.

"That is just what we would like to know. After you left yesterday he seemed moody and despondent, said everybody thought him a coward because he was afraid of engines and automobiles, but that he had proved his courage a hundred times in Gaul and could show by Pomponius, captain of the Centurions, that no officer of the legion had fought better than he.

"Then, remembering that Pomponius had been dead a couple of thousand years, he sprang from his couch and cried: 'By all the gods, since my friends who saw me battle 'gainst Nero's enemies are dead, hence can not speak for me, I shall find other means to show that I am no coward. These modern devils with goggle eyes and hissing steam are enough to affright great Julius himself, and 'tis no shame for me to stand in awe of them. You will not believe this, Julia will not believe it—but to-morrow she shall believe it. The bravest soldier of the tenth legion might well fear Vesuvius' mighty power, but I fear it not. Since Pomponius is dead, I shall make Vesuvius witness to my courage! Farewell.' With that he stalked out of the villa."

"Oh, Jack, some terrible thing has befallen him. Why did you let him go?"

"We did not know he was really going. Uncle Horace thought all he wanted was a turn in the forum so as to let of steam and cool his excitement; not until we found him missing this morning did we have the slightest idea that his talk was anything more than mere buncombe."

"Of course it was not buncombe," said Julia indignantly. "You know how sensitive he is. You ought to have humored him. Jack, I will never forgive you if anything has happened to Flaccus."

Jack felt it was a grievous wrong to blame him for the doings of the Roman; he hadn't dug Flaccus up; he was not responsible for his safe-keeping; they were suitors for the hand of the same girl and it was hard to have that girl blame him for the crazy conduct of his rival.

Nevertheless, being a sensible fellow with some knowledge of the ways of women, Jack gave no sign of his feeling, but said as soothingly as he could: "Nothing can have happened to him, Julia, he will he bound to turn up somewhere."

"But where? Something tells me a dreadful misfortune has happened. Those were no meaningless words about making Vesuvius a witness to his courage. Oh, Jack, I fear my poor Flaccus has perished in the volcano's crater."

As to the correctness of this surmise I regret to say I can offer no opinion, for, so far as is known, no mortal has set eye upon the Roman since he left the ruins of Pliny's villa the night before he was to have taken the train for Naples.

It is possible Flaccus may have climbed Vesuvius and fallen a victim to burning lava, or to stifling sulphur fumes; but on the other hand, Rutherford Cox has publicly intimated that Flaccus was no Roman at all; Mr. Cox declares that Flaccus was an actor from the Scala Theater in Milan, and that the story of his resurrection was deliberately concocted by Professor Jones

in the hope of winning for himself a cheap and meretricious reputation.

Professor Jones' friends scout this insinuation as slander, and point to the fact that Rutherford Cox has long been a rival of Professor Jones, and that the university with which he is affiliated is at sword's point with the university which sent Professor Jones to Pompeii.

These facts leave many unprejudiced persons to discount, and even to discredit, Mr. Cox's insinuations. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that Professor Jones has never made any official report of his discovery. However, Frank Caroll says this is only because of the difficulty of making the public believe so marvelous a story, now that Flaccus, the one convincing witness of the occurrence, has disappeared.

As for Jack Hornsby and the Countess Stefani, their affair was much simplified by the turn events took. For some months after leaving Pompeii Julia was inclined to mourn the loss of her "dream" lover, but Jack's gentleness and attentions finally made an impression; a "dream" can't hold out forever against a healthy, good-looking young American.

Jack almost succeeded in convincing Julia that she had not seen Flaccus, that in fact the episodes in Pompeii were mere feats of her imagination—and so in the end she gave young Hornsby the promise he so much desired.

When Frank Caroll heard of this he was profuse in the expression of his congratulations.

"Jack, old fellow," he said, "now that she has got over that daffy notion about previous incarnations, there is no lovelier girl in all Europe than Julia Stefani. I only wish I could find a duplicate of her for myself."

"What did you answer?" asked Julia, when Jack told her of Frank Caroll's remark.

"What answer did I make?" repeated Jack. "What could I answer except that the whole world contains only one Julia? Ah, sweet love, I am the happiest man alive now that you have stopped dreaming of your Roman hero."

To this Julia made no reply, and Jack was conceited enough to construe the light in her eye and the smile on her lip as meaning a perfect love for him. That she loves him must be admitted, but the truth is Julia still has, and probably ever will have, somewhere in the corner of her heart a warm spot for the lover of her dreams—H. Quintus Flaccus.