

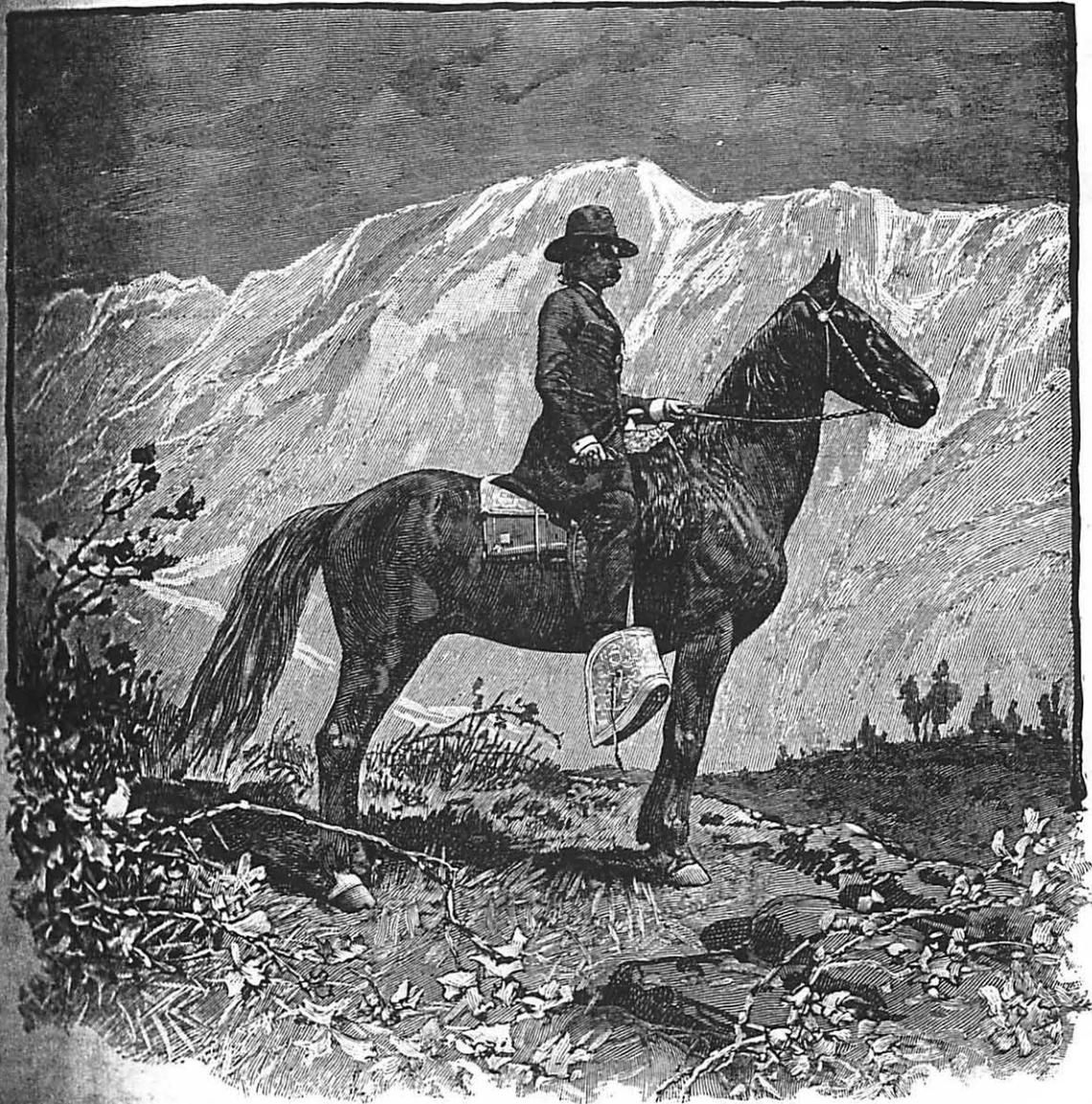
Y'S  
300  
NON  
UP  
car  
tilla  
s of  
rest  
r in  
f pep  
pieces

# FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY

Vol. XXXII.—No. 6.

DECEMBER, 1891.

\$3.00 PER ANNUM.



JOAQUIN MILLER AT "THE HEIGHTS," OAKLAND, CAL.

# THE RED SHIELD

## THE ROMANCE OF THE FIRST ROTHSCHILD.\*

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

### CHAPTER I.

WHACK! whack! whack! Somebody is pounding at the garden gate; and it must be somebody of importance to dare pound in that way at the garden gate of the richest man in rich Frankfort. And what familiarity is this that can bring him in at the garden gate?

Whack! whack! whack! And down the rear steps of the red house comes tumbling the little hunchback, Jacob, and shuffles across the garden toward the gate. His hand is on the latch. Whack! whack! whack!

And now down comes tumbling the fat and fretful Sary. She puffs across the garden, takes Jacob by the sleeve, hurls him back and around like a top, and leaves him curled up near the table while she opens the gate and ushers in the egotistic old Mayor of Frankfort with much ceremony. She gets a coin, a small and perhaps a suspicious one. But it may be from habit of the house that she bites it and makes a face of doubt and displeasure.

"Your master?" says the mayor. But before she can close the gate and run after him the little hunchback is up and before the astonished mayor.

"The devil!" And the imp is away and up the steps of the red house. Sary tries to follow, but the big man takes her by the arm.

"Stay, old dame," says he, as he puffs at his enormous pipe. "Your master rich, very rich?" But her lips are set as firm as a trap. "I say, Prince William comes here often? He brings moneys? He takes moneys? He, he— Now what's the matter with you that you don't speak? Your master is very, very rich, eh? All his sons rich, eh?" But the queer fat old sphinx only shuts her lips firmer than ever, and the puffing old mayor is perplexed. Suddenly he seems to have an idea: "Look here. Was that a gold piece I gave you, or was it only silver? What was it?"

"Copper," says the old daughter of Israel.

"Ah! Well, now, I thought it was gold. You

see, I am growing old and can't tell the difference. Here."

"Well, I am not growing old, and I can tell the difference; don't it now?" and she bites and rubs the coin and ties it up in a corner of her apron as she rattles on: "Yaw; I told you now, rich, rich like dot;" and she throws her arms above her head as if to bury herself in heaps of gold. "And der boys all rich, rich like dot. And they all go to the war. Go this morning from der Judengasse in der ranks—tramp, tramp, tramp; boom, boom, boom. And master he cry and he kiss 'em all, and missus she cry and cry, and Rebecca she cry most of all, and I—I—I"—and here the old domestic sobbed aloud till, taking up her apron to wipe her eyes, she felt the coin in the corner, and all of a sudden grew radiant and loquacious as before. "Tell you, Mr. Burgomaster, I wouldn't go to the Christian wars to fight for Christians and be killed by Christians if I had money like dot. And Rebecca—"

"Yes, yes; tell me about Rebecca, see—she's all right; ah, lots and lots of money, eh?"

Here the old domestic once more shut her mouth sharply. But she could not help wheeling sharp about as she took her fat little body up the steps, and saying, snappishly:

"Well, better as you ask your son Henrique about dot. I mind my business; you mind—Henrique's business."

"Ask my son Henrique, bah! Why, he'd say she's rich if she didn't have a thaler. He'd say she is rich if she was in pawn for a pair of wooden shoes in her grandfather's pawnshop. I don't like dot; hush up on dot subject. I got suspicions. You look out, old Burgomaster, Mayor of Frankfort-on-the-Main. I got suspicions. Why don't she marry a Jew if so rich? I got suspicions; I—"

"Well, burgomaster, right in you to come to me like that, at all doors and at all places. You are most welcome to come in at all, and at all times. Nay, don't rise. I will sit with you.

\*All rights reserved.

And we will  
under the old  
often, where I p  
my brave boys  
battlefield of  
good boys—  
my heart to hav  
away to battle  
of Israel of old.  
dried his eyes  
across the table  
"Yaw, yaw,  
his horse pay t  
go now. He r  
the Frankfort  
Napoleon at Je  
"The God of  
devout old faith  
traveling on in  
to battle for a  
land. "Ah, w  
hope and char  
young Jew, Je  
"Yaw, yaw,  
Frankfort. I  
tions—all my w  
fort. I think  
Henrique—"  
"A gallant  
all love him w  
"Yaw, yaw,  
him—all, all, A  
"All! He is  
The mayor li  
folded his big  
leaning over on  
and then lean  
"I come to  
"About wha  
With a sigh  
ing something  
he launched u  
on the subject  
The thought  
word till he h  
both Jacob and  
"Johanniab  
There was a sc  
the privilege o  
But the wine,  
time. And th  
came.  
"Your son  
He surely shal  
the fatal imp  
our families, n  
"Hold! I,

And we will have a bottle of Johannisberger under the old pear tree where my father sat so often, where I played in my childhood, and where my brave boys—my boys that went out to the battlefield of Jena to-day—my boys, my brave, good boys— Ah, pardon me! But it breaks my heart to have my brave, handsome boys go all away to battle so. It is like unto the dark days of Israel of old." Here the courtly old Rothschild dried his eyes and again shook hands cordially across the table with the fat burgomaster.

"Yaw, yaw. And Henrique he go too, soon; his horse paw the ground now by der gate. He go now. He ride fast. He find his men outside the Frankfort wall; and they go—go to meet Napoleon at Jena. And God go with them."

"The God of Israel go with them," echoed the devout old father, as he thought of his four sons, traveling on in the dust, side by side in the ranks, to battle for a country wherein they could hold no land. "Ah, well, we must have faith—faith and hope and charity, as said that divinely beautiful young Jew, Jesus Christ."

"Yaw, yaw, I think we keep Napoleon out of Frankfort. I do my best. I send all my relations—all my wife's relations—to fight for Frankfort. I think we keep 'em out. Now, my boy Henrique—"

"A gallant fellow; my boys' captain. And we all love him well."

"Yaw, yaw. Now, dot's it. You all do love him—all, all, Mr. Rothschild?"

"All! He is a manly fellow; brave and good."

The mayor laid down his pipe at his side. He folded his big arms across his big breast, and, leaning over on them, he looked right and left, and then leaning still further forward, he said:

"I come to spoke about dot."

"About what, my lord mayor?"

With a sigh the mayor drew back, and, muttering something about "he's gettin' all cold now," he launched boldly out and blundered right in on the subject of Rebecca and his son.

The thoughtful old Jew before him said not a word till he had done. Then, clapping his hands, both Jacob and Sary came tumbling in.

"Johannisberger for my lord the mayor." There was a scramble, almost a fight, as usual, for the privilege of serving the will of their master. But the wine, and the glasses too, came in quick time. And the wine went almost as quickly as it came.

"Your son would see my child. He shall. He surely shall. We love him. Yet, you know the fatal impediments of faith that lie between our families, my lord mayor?"

"Hold! I come to spoke of dot, too. I un-

derstand. I come to spoke of dot to you, confidentially, Mr. Rothschild."

"Well, go on. No one is listening."

"Vel, den, I was a Jew, too."

The old broker slowly rose from the table, turned his back a long time, and rocked to and fro on his heel. Then, suddenly wheeling about, he hissed: "A Jew! and ashamed of being a Jew!"

The mayor shrank to half his size. Then, at last, he said, with an effort to smile: "I—I was not ashamed to be a Jew. But I was proud to be lord mayor, Mr. Rothschild. Dey don't go together dose times; no!"

"Shake hands, mayor. I was hasty. I am only sorry now—not angry." And once more the two sat at the table together.

"Vel, my boy he wait outside. A little time now and the bugle blow, and my boy he go lead your boys. They all go to battle for Fatherland. And—and my boy he want to see Rebecca." And the mayor resolutely wiped his eyes and took up his pipe, for want of something to do.

"Jacob! Sary! call your mistress, and call Miss Rebecca."

When the two queer old servants had fought out the usual battle for first place, and had disappeared, the mayor once more leaned over the table.

"Dey say you are very, very rich. Why, dey say if you touch even a stone it turns to silver,—dot diamonds hang about your house like fruit in a garden."

"Plenty as these pears, for example," smiled the great broker.

"And as big."

"Not quite as big, but possibly quite as plenty. You see, my lord mayor, the French may possibly get into Frankfort again. Well, you see this fruit is as hard as stone. It looks all right, but it is a late tree, and no one would pull this fruit after once touching it. A fire might lay Frankfort level—burn my diamonds, as if burning coal; yet the green pears of this garden would not be consumed, nor would anything they contain."

"I do not understand you."

"You shall. But here is Rebecca."

Very courtly arose the venerable broker, and led his wife to a seat. He was as gentle, as tender, as when leading her to the altar nearly half a century before.

"Jacob! Sary! open the gate and call Master Henrique."

At mention of this name the dark and silent child blushed, and, with averted head, begged her mother to be allowed to go.

Her father and mother exchanged glances, and

deep in their hearts they knew the girl loved the handsome young soldier who stood without, waiting to go down to battle, tenderly and truly as they had ever loved.

He came in hastily, sword and whip and spurs, proud and strong, with head erect. But when he saw Rebecca he stopped; his head fell on his breast. He turned about. He wanted to get away, to mount his horse and fly toward the battlefield at the head of his men.

"I see how it is; I see how it must be, Gudula," said the good old broker to his wife, tenderly.

"The same sweet story, Anselm!" sighed she, in answer. "Let them be happy as we were happy."

"Ay, as we *are* happy, Gudula."

"As we are happy, Anselm," she said.

"Well, it shall be as you ask, my lord mayor. Come, here is her hand. Place it in that of your son."

"Yaw, yaw; dot is good—dot is right, if—"

"If—if what, my lord mayor?"

"Vel, vel, she is very rich?"

The old broker's face grew dark. He stood up very tall. He looked terrible in his anger, as he towered above the cowering, money-loving mayor.

"I told you," he hissed, "that diamonds hung here almost like fruit in a garden, did I not? And yet you seem to doubt. Look here! What is that?"

He reached up, plucked a pear from above the mayor's head, and striking it on the table, it flew into a dozen pieces. A diamond like a bird's egg in size lay on the board.

"Would you have more? Would you eat diamonds? Would you have a heaped-up plate full of diamonds? Would you dine on diamonds? Oh, my lord mayor, with love as rich and priceless as the love of those children standing there waiting for your blessing, you stop to ask if she has money! Yes, I know now you are a Jew—an apostate Jew."

"I—I am sorry; I beg your pardon—I beg theirs!"

And the fat old money-loving mayor reached to take her hand from that of her father and give it to his son.

"Hold!—one word more. We love Rebecca; we love her dearly. But you must observe, my lord mayor, that she is young—so very, very young—and we, her parents, are old. You note this?"

"Yaw, yaw, I have note dot."

"Well, then, suppose I should say that this little Rebecca whom we love so much was found

by old Sary—Sary and Jacob, these together—one morning?"

"Un foundling!"

"Patience. Suppose I should tell you that sweet little Rebecca there was a homeless wail, what would you do, my Lord Mayor of Frankfort?"

Tears were in the eyes of Henrique as he whispered:

"Homeless! Then, by all that is holy, I shall be privileged to give her a home!"

"What would you do with a homeless wail like that, my Lord Mayor of Frankfort? I wait your answer."

The mayor beckoned his son to go. He almost pushed him before him. For the hideous old hunchback had said, "Glass, glass, glass!" more than once in his ear when the big diamond was revealed. And now, as he and Sary opened the gate together, he kept hissing in the ear of the lord mayor, "Foundling, foundling, foundling!" and old Sary echoed this between her two or three old black teeth, most viciously.

Wide open stood the gate. The bugle called. Henrique started at the sound of it. His head was once more in the air, and action and resolution in his heart. Then he wheeled about, and, dashing his father aside, he sprang back, and grasping her hand, cried: "Homeless, homeless! then I will give her a home, a heart, a life! Once back from battle, she shall be mine, and mine forever."

## CHAPTER II.

"I WAS wrong. I was wrong to serve my stout old lord mayor so. But he, too, like all the others, wanted my money. They can mock at the Jew's patience, sobriety, studiousness, piety, loyalty to his race and his religion; all these qualities they can mock at and make merry over; but his money, ah, that is a very serious matter! They want his money very much. They do not greatly desire his virtues, his long and silent endurance of wrong, his love for all that is beautiful and holy, his devotion to art, to music to literature; no, they do not desire these; but they do so desire the Jew's money! But I must read my Talmud."

With this, the old man who sat at the table in the centre of his shop, hung with tapestry, silks, and set round about with richest and costliest curios, snuffed his candle, wiped his glasses, slowly and reverently opened the great book before him, and proceeded to read in Hebrew.

Then, pausing awhile, he translated these lines: "Happy is the man who sitteth in darkness at midnight, for he knoweth that dawn watcheth on the mountain top, and shall descend to him in

the morn  
cup of at  
that such

"But  
wrong  
did not

said  
becca be  
less, as

God of  
stout old

hastened  
plague  
now the

gether  
will br  
him the  
and the

blood.  
But

there w  
the gre  
hastily

looked  
"All  
heard

old that  
sons has

"All  
and alle  
the dog  
be such  
the dar

watchm  
'Ton o  
bed!"

"An  
alain, a  
guns of  
quarter

tle, mig  
mult fr  
father

as in Je  
he asce  
garden

toward  
in this

He w  
shook  
on a sh

showed  
came b  
with h

big o  
on the  
iron p

together—  
you that  
eless waif  
of Frank-  
s he whis-  
ly, I shall  
eless waif  
? I wait  
He almost  
leous old  
s!" more  
nond was  
ened the  
ur of the  
ndling!"  
or three  
e called.  
His head  
l resolu-  
ut, and,  
ck, and  
omeless!  
a life!  
ne, and  
y stout  
others,  
e Jew's  
alty to  
as they  
ut his  
They  
greatly  
rance  
l and  
ature;  
desire  
nud."  
ble in  
silks,  
tliest  
asses,  
c be-  
nes:  
ss at  
h on  
a in

the morning. Happy is the man who drinketh the cup of adversity even to the dregs, for he knoweth that such bitterness cometh to him no more.

"But no, no; I cannot read. I cannot. I was wrong to deceive my lord mayor so. And yet I did not mean to so entirely deceive him. I only said *suppose*—I only said *suppose* our little Rebecca had come to us homeless, friendless, penniless, as she did come to us indeed—and the good God of Israel bless her for coming!—and the stout old lord mayor believed it all true, and so hastened from my house as if I had told him the plague was at my door. But he will come back, now that our boys have gone down to battle together—yes, our absent boys; the roar of battle will bring him to me again; and I will then tell him that I was only testing the love of his son, and that Rebecca is assuredly my own flesh and blood. And now I must read my Talmud."

But as the man again opened the big book there was a noise as of the tramp of men before the great battered door. He closed the book hastily, went to the door, threw it open and looked out.

"All dark! all dark and silent! And yet I heard the tramp of soldiers, surely. Or am I so old that I imagined the tramp of men because my sons have gone down to battle?"

"Ah, but for one word of news in this dark and silent Judengasse! Why, even the news that the dogs may know in the Christian quarter would be such precious news to me now! But here, in the dark and silent Jew quarter, the Christian watchman calls every night, in a loud, long voice, 'Ten o'clock! All lights out, and all Jews to bed!'"

"And so the battle might be lost, my sons slain, and the walls of the city leveled by the guns of Napoleon, before this old man in the Jew quarter, who to-day sent out his four sons to battle, might hear one word of it. But there is a tumult in the street. I must hear. Hold! My father built a place of prayer on this housetop, as in Jerusalem of old in Solomon's time, to which he ascended at the rear of the house through the garden. I will climb to the housetop and look toward the Christian quarter for light—for light in this utter darkness."

He went to the door, laid his ear to the panel, shook his head, came back, laid the great book on a shelf, started out through the open door that showed the garden, then quietly turned about came back, crossed the room hastily, and stopped with his foot on the great flat hearthstone of the big old-fashioned German fireplace. He stamped on the stone with his foot, then he took the great iron poker, thrust it down, pried up the stone,

and falling on his knees, thrust in his hand. He must have found everything in its place, for a smile of satisfaction lit his wan and weary face as he arose and returned quietly to the door that led into the garden.

He paused at the door, reached his long arm high up the side of the casement and looked out. Then he continued, talking still to himself: "My honest old pear tree! Keeper of my treasures! And yet, who so stout of heart and who so brave and truly true as a tree? And what so comely? No architect that ever lived, not even the builders of Solomon's Temple, could build one single tree. We trust you, my stout old pear tree. And how the lord mayor was taken aback! Ah, it stings me there! Stabs me to the heart! I lied to the lord mayor—lied! I must unsay that lie before I sleep. He will come to me. There is news astir in the street, and he will come to me, for he knows no Jew dares stir abroad so late. But now to the housetop to look away for light—for light out of the Judengasse darkness. But first I must have word, if by chance the mayor do come when I am absent. Jacob! Sary!—Sary! Jacob!"

The old man clapped his hands as he called, and from opposite corners of the room there came tumbling out, rolling out from the tapestry and silks, those two strange creatures. They were tied and tangled up in scarfs and sashes of silk of all sorts and colors. It was as if they were a part and portion of the riot and color of riches from the Orient that made the place so beautiful.

"Jacob! Sary—Sary! Jacob! if the High Lord Mayor of Frankfort comes, make him most welcome—most welcome, mind you—till I come down from the housetop."

They clutched the hem of his rich robe and kissed it passionately, as he hastily put them away and disappeared.

There was a rumble of carriage wheels, a loud knock at the door, and the two queer old quarrelsome lovers started forward, fighting to be first, as usual. At last the great door swung open, and in walked the lord mayor. His son, Henrique, worn and battle-stained, stood with bowed head behind his ponderous and puffing father.

The two servants laid hold of the breathless mayor, bore him to a big chair by the table, forced him down into it, and then, from some hidden place behind the table, began to ply him with bottles and glasses.

The mayor drank fast, and he talked fast also.

"Anselm—Anselm Rothschild, your master—where?"

The two servants pointed mutely but resolutely to the door.

"I told you so. I told you, Henrique; gone—fled, fled—dot's what he do!"

"But his daughter, Rebecca?" cried the son.

"The foundling?" sneered the dwarf.

"Yes, Rebecca. She is here? She has not gone. And I must see her."

"I told you not dot, Henrique."

"I must and I will see her, and Mme. Rothschild, also. Here I owe duties: even though we be beaten to the death, does she not want to hear the fate of her sons? Call her instantly. The French are coming. We are beaten, and I am going to take her. Forgive me, father, but that carriage takes Rebecca and her mother to the mayor's house for protection."

The old mayor in his heart was glad, proud of his son, and he chuckled with delight, and poked the dwarf in the ribs with his thumb till he jumped as high as the table. Then he told them to call the mistress and Rebecca.

The two servants disappeared through the tapestry not far from the door that led into the garden, and almost instantly the two women, clad in black, came through the yellow hangings. No doubt there was a door there.

The mayor tried to be polite, and half arose; then, falling back into his seat, clutched the neck of a wine bottle, and, between drinking and pouring out, and pouring out and drinking, he said:

"Tell 'em, Henrique. Tell 'em all about it."

The young soldier had somehow gotten close to the side of Rebecca. He had whispered again and again the great story of three volumes in three words, and her face was radiant. And at the same time, somehow, he had told the mother in almost one word that her four sons, like himself, had fought all day, shed their blood in battle, survived the fearful fray, but were prisoners to the Emperor Napoleon. Yes, they would be released to-morrow, as he had already been. But it was the hard and cruel conditions of the surrender of Frankfort to the French which had brought him in hot haste to the Judengasse.

"Twenty million francs and twenty minutes' pillage in the Jew quarter!"

The women stared in terror.

"But you shall not remain here to bear the insults of the French. I risk life and all—for it is forbidden that anyone should warn the Jews. But the mayor's carriage is secure to you—safe to all but this prisoner of the French, who not only breaks an order, but his word, by taking any further part in this terrible day's business. But come; make haste, all haste."

The young man almost dragged the girl toward the door. And she, dumb with agony, held close to her mother.

The old man, tall and antique and grand, had been standing in the garden door all this time. He had heard that his sons were safe. He had heard the old, old story—the story of every war, no matter which side conquered—"the pillage of the Jew quarter." And now, at this final appeal of the mayor and his son to enter the carriage and escape from it all, he started quickly forward. He took his wife and his daughter tenderly to himself. His long arms reached out and around them both, as if he alone could keep them from all harm. He never seemed so tall and so strong before.

"Thanks, thanks, thanks, good friends—true friends—faithful, loving, loyal friends, thanks; with all my heart, thanks! But we stay here. When the Jews endured centuries of bondage in Egypt, they endured it together, till God in His own good time led them out of bondage together. When they hung their harps on the willows and went down to Babylon, they suffered, and they, still trusting God, died together. And when Jerusalem fell, they went forth homeless, still together in one faith in God. And so to-night we, the Jews of the Judengasse, remain with the Jews of the Judengasse, still trusting in the same great Jehovah."

"Vel, dot's not business for me. I leave some things! Henrique, you come!" cried the fat mayor, as a French bugle was heard up the street. And he hastened out into the dark, calling back: "Henrique, Henrique! Gott in himmel! Henrique, come on—I go!"

There was a rumble of carriage wheels, and then for a time all was still.

The little dwarf had noticed the red shield on the great oaken door, as he closed it after the mayor, and had clambered up on a bench and taken it down. Together he and the woman had hung it up and out of sight behind the bright-yellow tapestry on the wall, not far from the door that led into the garden. Meantime, by some strange and unaccountable gravitation, Rebecca and Henrique had drawn together, while the old Jew, who would not abandon his people, busied himself in digging a hole with the poker and fire shovel just outside the doorsill, and in the garden. Very busily and very eagerly the two young lovers talked for a time. Then he led her to the door that opened into the garden, after she had embraced her mother. The old broker blocked the way, but still kept on digging with all his might. They could not pass, although the busy old man said no word nor raised a hand to stop their going.

Then the dwarf came up and held aside the rich silk gown of the great broker, so that they

could pass. And Henrique did pass on and out into the garden; but at that moment the man with the iron bar turned so that there was no more room. And the two lovers were separated, the man digging at the doorsill between them.

"You said she is homeless, penniless, a foundling, and so, Father Rothschild, I have come from battle, as I promised last night, to claim her—to give her a home. No, my father is not so mean as you think. He is not so hard. He wishes me well—that is all. But I shall not be well, I shall die, if she is not mine. I shall die if I go from here without her."

"You will die if you stay here with her."

"But let her go—go with me, and go now. What can it be to you if she be but well cared for, Father Rothschild?"

"Rebecca, I called you a foundling. Well, I found you, baby, in your mother's arms, and for fun, that pleasant May morning, I put you out on the steps, where Jacob and Sary and Sary and Jacob found you, and have been fighting for you ever since, eh?"

Very tenderly the old man had laid down the iron bar and taken the girl in his arms. His great big hand smoothed down her black hair as he talked to his little girl, utterly oblivious that the French were within a thousand miles.

"Then she is your own flesh and blood?"

"Why, certainly; could you not understand that?"

"Then I—I beg your pardon for my presumption. I will go back to battle at daylight; anything, anywhere that death can be found. For oh, I am so utterly hopeless and miserable!"

"Tut, tut! Go home! go home!"

"Let me stay—let me stay and die here to-night!"

"Suppose you come and live here to-morrow?"

Very radiant were the young lovers' faces, as the old man half led, half pushed Rebecca across the hole he had been digging by the doorsill, and into the garden. And, somehow, Rebecca leaned closer at his side than ever before. The broker took up his iron bar to dig; but, pausing with it half lifted, said: "Rebecca, some of those pears hang a little too low. The French are small men, but they are partial to pears, and may tiptoe and reach them. Help Henrique to fill his pockets full. And, mind me, young man, bring me the seeds—all the seeds you find inside—to-morrow, when the French are gone, eh?"

### CHAPTER III.

"ONE, two, three, four! and now the gate is closed behind him, and he is gone."

The patient and serene old man had stood looking out of the darkness after his daughter and her lover as they together hastily pulled four pears from the tree, and she, forcing them into his pockets, pushed him out through the gate. Then she came back to him, and he kissed her forehead tenderly and in silence. Suddenly he said: "No, I don't like that hearthstone as a hiding place. The more I consider it, the more certain I am that this is the safer place. Come, we will remove the gold and jewels."

So saying, he hastily crossed the room, bar in hand, and prying up the great stone, fell on his knees, clutched up a bag, then a box, and was returning to the excavation near the doorsill, saying to Rebecca as he did so, "Do not despair or fear; true, there is only an old man and his helpless daughter to defend all this—" But here the dwarf and old Sary stood up so valiantly and warlike at his side, that he paused at the table and smiled very kindly at their enthusiasm.

There was a loud knock at the door, and all started in dismay. The two servants sprang forward, but the old man beckoned them back, and hurriedly replacing his treasures under the hearthstone, quickly stepped to the door himself, and threw it wide open. A tall, pale man, muffled in a soldier's cloak, and bearing a box and a bag concealed under his arm, staggered in.

"Anselm Bauer, my schoolmate, don't you know your prince in this sad plight?"

"My prince, my brave good Prince William! What do you do here at this time? Don't you know the French are upon us? And don't you know, my prince, if taken, you will be shot by the Emperor for going this second time to battle?"

"Do I not know it? Who should know it better than I? But listen, Anselm Bauer. We are again beaten. Twenty million francs and twenty minutes' pillage in the Jew quarter is the price of our defeat. They will be here just as soon as they can decide which regiment suffered most in the battle. But come; take these. Help me—I faint. And yet I must fly. Take these, I say; my jewels—millions and millions—the rarest and richest jewels in all Europe. This bag of gold will bribe to forbearance of further plunder, maybe; take it—take all."

"No, no; I cannot!" cried the old man, as he threw up his hands in protest. "I cannot even take care of my own house and fortune. Go—go, I beg you. You will pull down ruin on yourself, on me, on her—my poor timid baby Rebecca."

"You turn out your old schoolfellow? Anselm, you turn your prince into the street? I will not go."

The prince clutched the box and thrust it out to Rothschild.

"Yes, yes, I will take your treasure, and I will save you, and send you on your way. A glass of wine, quick!"

The prince was about to fall from faintness. Jacob and Sary together sprang to the table. Hastily the wine was served and swallowed, and the old man with the casket turned to the excavation under the sill of the door that led into the garden.

"See here, the place I was preparing for my own treasure. You see, soldiers will not stop to search here. They will step right over this—rush right on. They may dig up the garden, but it will be in the furthest corners that they dig, not in the nearest spot of all. Your crown jewels, my prince, shall yet adorn your brow, if I live."

The box had been hastily hidden away, and the two old schoolmates stood there in the doorway clasping hands in a kind farewell.

"And now, adieu! adieu! The wine has given me new blood. I think I shall escape. But if I fall, if the French are lying in wait for me outside that door, if ball or bayonet pierce me as I pass to the street, if I fall in battle, if I do not come back within five years, why, then, my will is that she shall inherit all, all. And this is my solemn seal." He leaned over the girl, and lifting her face, kissed her tenderly. "You shall be my heiress, brave girl, if I fall—heiress to many millions!"

The prince suddenly stopped. His hand was on the door. But the sound of many feet, the French command to halt, ground arms, the thud of muskets on the pavement, all this sounded through the silent and dimly lighted room like clods upon a coffin lid.

"The French are here!" sighed the prince.

"But they are not here!" cried Rothschild; and taking the prince by the hand, he hurried him back and out through the garden door, under the guidance of Rebecca.

"Rebecca, oh! I cannot bury all my treasures, so you must go to your mother, and leave me to meet these soldiers alone."

"But please, please let me stay by your side. My brothers are soldiers and brave men."

"Ah, you do not understand. But stay, if you will. And the God of Israel be with us!"

At this he swung open the door, after having laid his hand in a sort of benediction on her head.

A polite and comely French colonel stepped in. Leaning on his sword, he said, pleasantly:

"My regiment—what is left of it after facing

the Jews at Jena—has been given twenty minutes in the Judengasse, sir. This is your house?"

"It was my house. It is now yours. And I am your very humble servant."

"Good, good! But I am weary, and may I sit while we negotiate? I am sure we shall get on for good manners make all things easy."

"Sir, I thank you—sit. I regret your weariness, and—Sary! Jacob!—Jacob! Sary!" These two creatures came out, but ran back like mice at sight of the soldier, and the old man served the wine with his own hands. As for Rebecca, she stood back almost in a corner, with her beautiful face averted.

"Your wine is good, and plenty, too. Only you have had company. May I ask whom?"

"My lord mayor has been with me."

"Ah! this is a house of consequence, then? His face grew cruel.

Again and again the thirsty and weary colonel emptied his glass. His soldiers at the door began to grow impatient.

"My soldiers must have money. Would you mind putting the best price possible for you on the redemption of this house?"

"This bag of gold," answered the old man, as he laid the heavy bag before the astonished officer. His face was full of avarice now.

"Why, this is like Fairyland. I have only to mention gold and it is in my hand!" And he clutched at it wickedly.

"You accept my terms?"

"Why, I—I at least accept the gold. And some of these silks and tapestries, too, should be ours. Now, I like that bright bit of color there," and taking up his long sword from where it stood between his knees, he reached its point to the wall, and by chance laid bare the red shield hidden there by the dwarf. "Now, by St. Mary, my fortune is made! That is the famous Red Shield of Frankfort; and you are the friend of Prince William of Hesse, and the richest Jew in Germany."

"I am poor old Anselm Bauer, your very humble servant."

"Well, Anselm Bauer, keeper of the Red Shield, take back your bag of gold. I make no such bargain with one so rich and shrewd. Why, I have six hundred men to share my good fortune with. I had a full thousand till I met the Jews at Jena. And as you are the king of the Jews, you must answer for them. I go no further. Your wine is good. And I am waiting for your terms; or shall I dictate them?"

The officer had drained glass after glass as he talked. He was now flushed and almost drunk. His good fortune in discovering the red shield

had helped the wine to put wild notions in his head. The gentleman had become a demon.

"Come, time is precious. Two thousand pieces of good English gold in this English trading town. Will you count it down, or shall I help myself? Twelve hundred pieces of English gold for my men, and a gentleman's share for myself besides. It is not much."

"It is not much, but it is much more gold than I have."

"Father," said Rebecca, "all men take your

stood all uncovered and silent before her. She was so beautiful, so earnest, so eloquent—so mutely eloquent!

"And you will be his bond—his security?" he said, at last.

"I will be his pledge that it shall be paid," she answered, timidly.

There was a clamor at the door, a thundering of musket butts against it. The soldiers burst in.

"Take you the gold, men—all, all. Booty for you, beauty for me."



"NOW, BY ST. MARY, MY FORTUNE IS MADE! THAT IS THE FAMOUS RED SHIELD OF FRANKFORT!"

word; he will, I am sure. Sir, father will bring you the money to-morrow where you please, if this sum will save the Jews. He will bring you that sum for your soldiers, and he will bring you the same sum for yourself. Sir, all men take my father's word."

Her head was held low, her hands were clasped downward. But when she stood close and humbly beside the half-drunken soldier and meekly lifted her eyes to his for answer, he started up from his seat with astonishment and awe. He

And he caught up the bag of gold and hurled it at the men, who received it with a shout, and fell back, struggling and fighting like maniacs.

"And now come. You will bring the gold to headquarters to-morrow morning. Bring the gold and get the girl."

He had grasped her arm and was dragging her toward the door; had placed his cap lightly on his head, and had his drawn sword in his hand.

"Monsieur, Monsieur the Colonel!" cried the dismayed old man. "What do you mean?"

"I mean to take her at her word. This is my pledge, old pawnbroker. Do *you* let money in the hand of another and take no pledge? Aha! I have you there! She is mine till I have my money. Come, I say!"

"Kill me, rather!" said Rothschild.

But the man with drawn sword kept dragging her toward the open door. The dwarf was in terror, and ran about as if hunting for a sword.

"No, no, do no kill us all! There is plenty of gold. There are diamonds—the box the prince brought you to hide, Father Rothschild. Give him the jewels the prince brought, and let him go. I think so, Jacob, eh?" asked Sary.

"Yaw, yaw," answered poor little Jacob.

"The jewels of the prince!" whispered the colonel.

He let go the girl's arm. His sword was lowered. He tiptoed toward the door and looked out; then he went quickly up to Rothschild.

"It was the prince. That wine fit for a prince was for him. You have harbored and helped a traitor. He is under sentence of death for treason to the Emperor. Well, this is death to you, and confiscation of all you possess. Let this come to the Emperor—and I, as a true soldier, shall tell him—or, possibly not, for her. But now the jewels. Quick! With the bugle's blast I must be gone. But remember, I have your secret. I hold your life and fortune in this hand. Quick, I say!"

The old man said nothing. He cast one glance of reproach or pity toward the two cowering creatures, who seemed so weak in their terror of death, as if to say, "You have made integrity impossible," and that was all.

Taking the iron bar from where it leaned by the fireplace, he started with slow and heavy steps toward the garden door. Then, suddenly wheeling about, with face lighted, he sprang toward the big hearthstone, tore it up, pulled out the box and the bag of gold, and, throwing them on the table, cried:

"There, there—take what you will of gold and jewels, but spare her."

The man thrust the bag of gold in his bosom, seized the key that hung from the lock, opened the casket, and started back in wonder. Picking out an enormous diamond, and standing so as to conceal it from all, he said:

"Did *you* open the prince's casket?"

"Monsieur Colonel, why should I open my prince's casket?"

"Well, I am glad you didn't. There is a little prayer which you doubtless never heard, which says, 'Lead us not into temptation.' Ha, ha, ha! Lead us not into temptation." He said this last

with a low and wicked laugh, as if to stifle all remorse. He struggled a moment with himself, then thrust the big diamond into his pocket. Then, closing the lid with a loud snap and striking it hard with his hand, he said, as he turned his back to the table and the casket: "But I have read that prayer, and as I am a Christian, I will not be worse than a Jew. Take your prince's casket. Hide it away. I don't care for diamonds. Why, all the diamonds of this earth could not match her eyes for one moment. And I will not give her up."

Again the wretch had seized Rebecca's arm, and was striving to reach the door. He was mad with drunkenness and good fortune.

"Would you take my fortune and my house too?"

"Old man, there is a sermon in which it is said, 'If a man take thy cloak, give him thy coat also.'"

"Ay! The Sermon on the Mount. But if you read further the sacred sayings of that divine young Jew, Jesus Christ, you find there, 'Give not the things which are holy unto the dogs. Neither cast ye your pearls before swine.'"

The old man had tottered at first and fallen back almost against the wall, where two long swords were crossed above some Hebrew characters in gold. His right arm slowly rose till his hand laid hold of a hilt as he spoke, and with the last word the sword swooped down, disarmed the colonel and struck its point in the breast of his coat. And then the bugle called, and with a start the wretch, cowed and beaten, was gone.

#### CHAPTER IV.

FIVE years later, in the garden under the pear tree, and Time had made no change. Nature, however, had lifted up the old pear tree. Besides that, babies, grandchildren of the first Rothschild, as well as many little Jew children of the poor Judengasse, were gathered there under the pear tree, now in full blossom, for the German May dance.

This was a month before the battle of Waterloo. And friends of the Emperor, and enemies of the Emperor, too, were pouring down the Rhine to take part in the terrible hundred days' drama that was being played all the way from Elbe to Belgium's capital.

The old wooden gate opening into the garden had rotted down, and a new and high and strong iron one had taken its place. But whether this was to keep the Christians out, or the Jews in, was not certain; perhaps the latter. For, regularly at ten o'clock sharp, as the bell rung, a tall,

bank w  
sword  
Judeng  
at every  
the dia  
might  
lights  
If on  
where,  
was will  
he saw  
whole  
were not  
a terrib  
Sary,  
lowed b  
he first  
fat many  
ing out  
Sary  
"Not  
do have  
count di  
him any  
picked  
ing and  
A tall,  
gate, sig  
bauer's  
pear tree  
pered sin  
his clothe  
that he  
thaler  
But I wo  
transpire  
able, affi  
sayed say  
of all; b  
lieve, I'll  
all that  
Nor woul  
French co  
him out,  
single day  
valor; for  
So be care  
Napoleon  
But I ma  
beggar to  
return to  
As he co  
mestics ca  
"Vel, it  
all, I pa  
counted  
little gran

lank watchman, with a lamp on a long pole and sword and pistol at his side, passes through the Judengasse. And he cries out this one weird cry at every Jew's gate, at every Jew's door, wherever the dimmest light, either in sickness or in health, might be seen: "Ten o'clock at night! All lights out, and all Jews to bed!"

If on his return beat he saw any light anywhere, or fancied he saw any light anywhere, or was willing to swear, for his own purposes, that he saw any light anywhere, he either marched the whole household off to prison, or, if the people were very poor, would repeat his cry, and add, in a terrible voice: "Under penalty of the law!"

Sary, a little stouter than five years before, followed by Jacob, a little more stooped than when he first came rolling down the steps to meet the fat mayor, came tumbling and rolling down, driving out the few remaining little ones.

Sary found a child on a seat.

"Now, I did forget to count. Dem Jews dey do have babies, I tell you dot. I did forget to count dis times. But I specks it's ours. I take him anyhow. Take him on pawn." And she plooked up the child and went up the steps, puffing and talking, followed by Jacob.

A tall, strange man came in at the great iron gate, sighed and sat down. "And that is Anselm Bauer's house—not changed at all; only the pear tree has flourished well. I hope he has prospered since that night; and I—" He looked at his clothes, and, with a sigh, continued: "I hear that he was plundered, too, that night, of every thaler; and, of course, my jewels went with his. But I would give much to know exactly what transpired after I hurried away. For it is possible, after all, that the shrewd old man may have saved something. True, they say he was robbed of all; but I also read, and they all say and believe, Prince William of Hesse is dead. Yet, for all that, he is alive. Barely alive—barely alive. Nor would he be alive at all if the decrees of the French courts, both civil and military, could find him out, or get him from the front of battle for a single day. Condemned to be shot for loyalty and valor; for fighting for Germany a second time! So be careful, Prince William, to remain dead till Napoleon is driven back to Elbe, or into Hades. But I must find out, if I can, whether I am a beggar in fact, or a king in future, before I return to the battlefield."

As he concluded his musing, aloud the two domestics came again down the steps.

"Vel, it vas one of our little grandchilds, after all. I packed him all the vay upstairs, and counted 'em all off, and he was ours, our dear little grandchild. I gets no pay for dot. Dot

comes of being goot. I don't get no moneys on dot one." Suddenly she saw the prince. "I say, Mr.—Mr.—how you vas to-night?" The prince looked at her. "No, I—I didn't mean dot. Der neighbor's little ones leave de gate open; you comes in—dot's all right. You can come in, you can go out."

"Ausgang! ausgang!" cried the dwarf.

"Ausgang! Dot's all right. Mr.—Mr.—?" queried Sary.

"Mr. Jacobs," said the prince, quietly.

"Mr. Jacobs! You vas a Jew—no?" Then she said to Jacob: "No, dot's no Jew. Look—his clothes! No Jew so poor as dot. You—you vant to see Mr. Rothschild?"

"No. Sit down."

Jacob was awed into a seat, but not she.

"Sit down," said the prince, quietly. She sat down, and said:

"Vas you de Emperor Napoleon, Mein Herr Jacobs?"

"No!"

"Vas—vas you de Prince William?" stuttered the dwarf.

The prince started just a little. Then he said very calmly to the woman, as if not heeding the dwarf:

"Why, where is Prince William?"

"He's dead! he's dead like dot!" and she struck a doll hard against the seat, and broke it. "He's got to be dead. You see he fight twice for Germany—twice, and dey kill him mit de law twice. He's dead; he's got to be dead. Dot's business." She petulantly pointed to the house, saying: "They want me in dere."

"May-day party?"

"Yaw, May-day party for ten babies and Becky's two young mens."

"Rebecca's two young men, eh?"

"Your smart young womans always have two. Von might die. Dot's business. Becky, she's smart; I tell you dot."

"And who are her two young men?"

"Vel, first there is the handsome French officer, Leuville."

"Leuville! Colonel Leuville, who plundered the Jew quarter after the battle of Jena?"

"Yaw; but he is a big general now. Such gold lace like dot!"

"You, too, were in that house the night of the pillage? Tell me—I must be gone, if Leuville is here."

"Yes, yes," they both answered, as all turned toward the gate together.

"And what did he take away?"

"Gold, gold, gold, and——"

"And——?"

"Jewels—the jewels in the buried casket that the prince brought. Yes, for he drew his sword to kill us all. And I said, 'Master, master, give him the casket—the prince's casket—that he brought and buried,'" said Sary.

"And then we ran and hid," added the dwarf.

"Yes; but it was I who saved all our lives by giving up the prince's casket, you see."

"All—all lost, and I shall go to the front and never come back till Napoleon and his minions are in the dust."

The prince had laid hold of the great iron gate, and it shook and rattled with his emotion. Looking about a moment, he queried:

"And her other lover?"

"Ach! he was no good. He lose his sword. Prisoner at Jena. Den he lose his head. He come. He go all about and play on a pipe. And gone two years. Ah, but Becky love him. But he no good. He have straw on his hat and flowers. He fool—he fool!"

"He, he—he's a pretty smart fool, too," said the dwarf, sharply. "He sing and play; pretty smart fool, Sary, eh?—The master!"

The door opened, and Rothschild stood leaning on a staff on the steps of his house, looking after the fast retreating figure of Prince William.

"Jacob! Sary—Sary! Jacob! who was that?" He grew greatly excited, saying to himself: "On my faith, it was the figure of my friend—my schoolfellow—my prince." Then, aloud: "Who was it, I say, and what did he want here?"

"He want nothing. No bread," said Sary.

The party on the steps hastened to descend, led by the tottering old man. General Leuville was even more polite, if possible, than when he led his plundering regiment through the Judengasse nearly five years before. He was all devotion to Rebecca, and led her and her mother to seats under the pear tree.

"Mother, mother," said the old man to his spouse, "that was Prince William."

"Impossible! It may be his ghost, but not he. Prince William dares not be alive," said Leuville, firmly.

"Auselm," urged the wife, kindly, "you are always seeing Prince William come back—are always hearing the sound of his carriage wheels at the door. Now do please sit down and rest."

"I cannot rest while my prince is wandering homeless and I am well housed. Jacob, come!—run before me and find him. Tell him Auselm Bauer of the Red Shield must see him."

And with this the dwarf and the old man disappeared through the gate.

The general tapped his forehead, and then said:

"Well, I should like to find Prince William myself. I should like to take him to Napoleon to-night as I go to the front. But surely he is the last man that your father should care to see, Rebecca."

"And why, general?"

"And why? Why, bless my stars! he would have to make up the gold and diamonds that my men took that night in the Judengasse. That is why."

"And that may be why my father seeks so eagerly and earnestly to find him," she answered quietly.

The man laughed—a cold, hard laugh. Suddenly he said:

"You were present when he brought and buried the casket of diamonds that night?"

"Yes."

"And the casket was not opened?"

"There was no time, general; only time to conceal the casket and fly through this garden into the street."

"And your father did not know the contents of that casket then?"

She shook her head.

"Nor does he know the contents of that casket now," said the mother.

"You don't mean to say that he has never opened it?"

"Why, how could he? He had no authority to do so till the end of five years."

"Well, you are an incomprehensible people. Why, I should have opened it with the point of my sword, if nothing else, at the end of five minutes after he was gone."

"At the end of five years it will be opened. And it will be hers if he comes not," said the mother.

The soldier started, left his seat, came back suddenly, and, leaning over the ladies, said:

"Do you believe a man may be totally and unreservedly bad? If such a man may be, I am that man. I am as bad as that old man is good. I am the worst, as he is the best, of men. I—I have a gem, a jewel here in a bracelet. Take it, put that with your fortune at the end of five years. It is yours; will you not take it? Take it, and let it be the link that reaches from your hand to mine to lead me up and back from perdition. Take it. I am going down to battle. I shall never come back. I want to cast this millstone from about my neck forever. I stole it from Prince William's casket that night of the pillage. Take it, take it, for God's sake, and save a penitent thief, who stole it!"

"Why, then, it is Prince William's, and I dare not."

"You are driving me back upon my baser self. You shut the gates of heaven against me, and you despise me—yes, despise me in the only honest hour of my life since that night in the Judengasse. Well, so be it." Very bitter and very violently the man thrust the great diamond in his breast pocket, and walked away as the old man, led by the dwarf, came back.

"No, Gudula, no. I think it was not he. I fear I must die, and never meet my old friend any more this side the grave."

"Father, Prince William has fallen in the wars, surely," said the girl, soothingly. "For you have searched Europe through and through. My four brothers in the great cities surely have not been idle. And then, Henrique—"

"Yes, yes; I know I have done my best to find him; and so, I am sure, have my sons, and brave, good Henrique, too. But was he not to share the May Day with us? It is a full year to-night since he last set out upon his search."

"He will come! Hark! what is that? That is Henrique playing!"

A strange, wild figure in plumes and green garlands, pipe in hand, came dancing and playing in at the iron gate. The girl sprang forward, but he put his finger to his lip and said:

"Rebecca, my angel! But caution! The Frenchman! Do not know me in his presence."

"And what word? The prince?" whispered the old man.

"None at all."

"Sad, sad!" sighed the old man.

"But the diamond!—your great diamond, 'The Light of Israel,' is here—here in this garden—in his possession!"

"God be praised! I could not die content with the light of Solomon's Temple in such hands."

"And it would not have been in his hands if he could have sold it. First here, then there, anywhere, he tried to sell it—in every capital. I followed and I followed; and I found that he tried to sell it here in Frankfort."

Suddenly the officer turned and faced the old man and the young man, as they eagerly talked.

"Yes, old man, I play, and I sing also. Will you hear me this merry, merry lay? And you, fair ladies? and you, brave general?"

Very soft and low and gently the young man with the pipe began, and imitating the plaintive voice of the wood dove, as he is heard in Spain and in California calling in the olive trees to his mate, he sang these words:

"Come, listen, O love, to the voice of the dove  
Come, hearken and hear him say  
There are many to-morrows, my love, my love—  
There is only one to-day."

"Oh, fellow, you weary me!" said the soldier, impatiently. "Here is all Germany, all France, all the world, pouring into Belgium to battle for or against Napoleon, and yet you play on a pipe and garland yourself in flowers. Bah! remain with the women. I go to the wars. Rothschild, I wronged you deeply once. You wonder why I have prowled around your house for these five years? Well, trying to be brave enough to be honest."

He reached his hand.

"And have not found it possible!" said Henrique, sneeringly.

The soldier drew back his hand quickly, and put it to his breast, as if in pain. He took the bracelet and diamond in his hand.

"She made it almost possible. But you have made it impossible."

The old man went close up to him, took his hand, turned a look of rebuke on the young man, and said:

"If you have come to ask the old Jew's forgiveness, take it, take it—and hers, and hers."

The two women arose, and stood with bowed heads. He uncovered his head, passing toward the gate, bending very humbly. But Henrique stepped hastily around, and stood in the gate before him.

"Let me pass. I am done with all this weakness now. Old man, I despise you and your whole Jew household; ay, despise you, as you are the despised people of the earth."

Very patiently and very slowly the old man once more approached. Once more he took his hand and began, in a low voice:

"Did God despise us when he handed down through the thunders of Sinai the laws that rule the civilized world? Who are the heroes of all your songs and holy church lyrics? Before whom does all France prostrate herself perpetually in prayer? To whom does every soldier cry for help when rushing on to battle? A Jew, a despised Jew! To whom does every true and honest soldier of every nation kneel and pray for help, and cry out for forgiveness of his sins at the doors of death? Why, to one whom the Roman soldiers found in a garden of olive trees; to one whose last words before being bound and led away to die were these: 'Put up thy sword into the sheath;' to one who laid his hands outstretched upon the cross, and cried: 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' To that beautiful—beautiful—that divinely beautiful character, Jesus Christ."

There was a long silence. The soldier's head was low upon his breast. At last he said, reaching the bracelet with the big diamond:

"I want you to take this; keep it. I shall never come back from the battle. But Prince William may. If he does, it is his. If not, hers."

The old man's eyes were glad, but he feared to break the silence.

The young man resolutely put out his hand.

"It is a great diamond. It has a great history as well."

He took the bracelet in his hand, took a knife from his belt, pried the stone out from its setting, and held it up in the light, and began:

"This stone has a history—a great history. The history of the few great stones make up the history of empires. I marvel that people who admire diamonds do not read their histories. Shall I tell you the history of this one?—what I know about it?"

The general was dark with rage.

"You can tell what you know, fellow. It won't take you long."

"No, not long," answered the young piper. "Then listen. This stone stands seventeenth in the list of the rarest stones. It is the only one of the seventeen that is not a crown jewel. Its history is older than Jerusalem; and its history is well known to all great jewelers. It is very dear to all Jews, because it is known to be the stone that gleamed in a coronet that tipped King Solomon's sceptre. And it is believed to be the stone mentioned in the Talmud as a setting in the sceptre of the King of Persia. So that perhaps Queen Esther—certainly the Queen of Sheba—touched a finger tip to this precious stone when in the presence of the king. It was carried away to Rome by Titus, the son of Vespasian, on the fall of the temple, along with the sacred vessels of the tabernacle of God. After the fall of Rome, it was for nearly a thousand years a crown jewel of the kingdoms and empires that rose and fell by the blue waters of the Danube and the Rhine. In the Kremlin at Moscow are to be seen eleven crowns, taken by Russia during the last thousand years from the kingdoms and empires that crumbled to dust before her power. And in the tiara of no less than eight of these is still to be seen the place of this same precious stone from the sceptre of King Solomon. It was once in the crown of Peter the Great. It was in his hands when his army was saved, not by the strength of his arm, but by the address of his empress, who, besides giving all the jewels she possessed, placed this glittering gem for concealment in the muzzle of his pistol—thus!"

Suddenly he drew a big-muzzled, old-fashioned pistol, and thrust the stone in and raised it to the man's face before him. The soldier sprang back and drew his sword, desperate with rage.

The clocks in the city began to strike, and the tall, lank watchman, in a long black coat, with sword and pistol at his side, and a lantern on the tip of a long pole, stalked in.

"What is this?" said the watchman.

"A play," said the soldier.

"A tragedy?" queried the watchman.

"A coxo-comedy!" shrieked the little dwarf from the corner where he had, as usual in such cases, been hiding.

"And the last act," said the watchman, as he walked between the two men.

"The last," repeated the officer, as with bowed head he allowed the watchman to direct him toward the gate.

"Nay, there is one more act," said Henrique, as the old man placed Rebecca's hand in his.

"It is the last act for me," replied the officer, as he passed out, with head low.

The watchman slammed the great iron gate and cried, as darkness came down:

"Ten o'clock at night! All lights out, and all Jews to bed, under penalty of the law!"

#### CHAPTER V.

ARRAYED in the richest robes of his period, the first Rothschild, now a bent and tottering old man, sat in his gorgeous little parlor over the old shop in the Judengasse. And yet he was not so very old. But his life had been a hard and studious one. From the first, when he had felt the hand of poverty at his throat and seen his parents toiling and struggling night and day to leave him a home and a pittance to school him and fit him for the priesthood, his life had been hard and full of care. He was prematurely bowed and broken, as he sat there alone in his splendid little parlor. But there was a bright light in his eyes, and his rich robes and the rich surroundings told that some great event—to him, at least—was about to transpire. Yet he was strangely restless. Once, twice, he arose, laid his hand to his ear, leaned forward and listened; then, with a shake of his long gray locks, sat down again. His right hand clutched tightly the edge of the table, as he said to himself:

"At last, at last—I have mine own full and absolute consent at last, and Rebecca shall be dowered like a princess. The contract shall be signed this night—this hour—and the lord mayor's son Henrique shall be my son Henrique. And I think the despised old Jew somehow will not be so despised then."

He again seemed to hear strange and unwelcome sounds, and again arose and crossed the floor and listened. Then he fell into his chair

and shook his head  
less fears.

"Ha, ha, ha! I  
where for him.

passed—long since  
up, the solemn pr  
are are here—mi

them by the sac  
fear of his coming

with the lord may  
my side, and all t

French took all, w  
in fact, who know

me—me and—  
ened, and finally.

in a half-whisper,  
ing to heaven—"

"There was a no  
pompous lord may

less to say that hi  
his high office and

"My Lord May  
"My brother, A

The two old m  
cordially, and the

"Well, sit dow  
Jacob and Sary sh

the contract, the  
dowry. Jacob!"

"And how is  
you Jew—no Jew

fore the wedding!

"Ah, but you  
get a daughter to

he is well, manly.

"Yaw, yaw! I  
Jacob and fat Sary

signs of great thi

"Ah, yes! you  
lord. They, too,

love for half a c  
receive their little

way. Get marrie  
serve us to-night!

You will make the  
old mayor looked

old Israelite, not  
cob! Sary!—Sary!

It was a gorgeo  
bit of color, in

You would have a  
second-hand robes

Rothschild had co  
half a hundred y  
backs.

"Wine for my  
best."

and shook his head and laughed at his own baseless fears.

"Ha, ha, ha! no, no, no! I searched everywhere for him. And then the five years have passed—long since passed. And by the word—my, the solemn promise—of my prince the treasures are here—mine; even though I did not earn them by the sacrifice of my own. There is no fear of his coming back. And even if he should, with the lord mayor and the lord mayor's son on my side, and all the world believing, too, that the French took all, why, who shall help him? Why, in fact, who knows anything to the contrary but me—me and——" He sprang up, leaned, listened, and finally fell back in his seat and said, in a half-whisper, with his long, lean finger pointing to heaven—"me and Him?"

There was a noise at the door, and the fat and pompous lord mayor was ushered in. It is needless to say that his apparel was in keeping with his high office and the high occasion.

"My Lord Mayor of Frankfort!"

"My brother, Anselm Bauer Rothschild!"

The two old men threw out their two hands cordially, and then embraced as brothers.

"Well, sit down; sit—sit at the table, and Jacob and Sary shall serve you, while I go bring the contract, the contracting parties and the dowry. Jacob! Sary!—Sary! Jacob!"

"And how is my Henrique? 'Tis hard for you Jews—we Jews—to take away a son even before the wedding."

"Ah, but you only give a son for a time, and get a daughter for eternity. As for Henrique, he is well, manly, noble—all that is good."

"Yaw, yaw; I knows dot. But where is little Jacob and fat Sary?" and the old mayor showed signs of great thirst.

"Ah, yes; you must excuse them a little, my lord. They, too, are in love; yes, have been in love for half a century. And now they are to receive their little fortune to-night, and go their way. Get married and be happy. They will serve us to-night, clad in their marriage array. You will make them a little present—eh?" The old mayor looked sour at the suggestion; and the old Israelite, not heeding it, again called: "Jacob! Sary!—Sary! Jacob!"

It was a gorgeous bit of color—two gorgeous bits of color, in fact—that came tumbling in. You would have said that some of the rich old second-hand robes of the father of the present Rothschild had come forth from their hiding for half a hundred years and fastened upon their backs.

"Wine for my lord; abundance, and of the best."

And the two animated flower pots were again, and for the last time, put in rivalry to serve the High Lord Mayor of Frankfort. That dignity was flanked on either side with long-necked bottles, and glasses clinked and danced together down the lane that lay between them. Then the two old men drank—drank the healths of their children; drank to one another; and then they drank to the dwarf and his bride.

"And now, that you are to be married, I want that you two should sometimes drink my health, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob."

The stout mayor found the way to his pocket, at last, and said:

"Here! A whole big silver thaler for you! No; I must not spoil you. Young folks to get married must not be to make spoilt."

Then the two went behind his back and shook fists and made faces while he emptied another bottle.

Meantime the old Israelite had again heard strange and unwelcome sounds, and was on his feet and alert, as before.

"It is on my conscience. I think I must tell him. For, if Prince William should come back! I have kept my hands clean, I must keep my heart clean. I will make a clean breast of it all."

Rothschild left the room, but soon returned with a jeweled casket under his arm, followed by his wife, daughter, Henrique, a rabbi, and a lawyer, with a scroll, goose quill and inkhorn.

The servants sought their corners, as usual; the mayor grew suddenly stiff and stately, and you would have said this was rather a funeral than the prelude to a wedding. This was partly owing to the fact that the mayor knew that he was in a condition which required he should lean on something; and so he very wisely concluded to lean on the dignity of his office. He was positively frigid; and although he had the grace to rise in the presence of ladies, he had also the good sense not to try to bow too profoundly, or even try to speak.

Then the good old patriarch of Israel, with his right hand on the rich casket, began very slowly, and in a low, soft voice:

"Rebecca, you who bear my mother's name—my mother, who was bowed down to the earth with poverty and persecution—to you, my last-born child, I shall give, in jewels and in gold the dowry of a princess. For I would not lose a daughter, but gain a son."

And tenderly she answered:

"Oh, good father! generous father! but my absent brothers! I would not take from them, my generous, good father, one single franc that they might claim or covet if they were here."

"Listen to me, my child. I hope I would not be unjust to anyone on earth, Christian, Turk or Jew; least of all, to those of my own blood. A few years ago your elder brother took twenty thousand pounds sterling and went to England. He made that twenty thousand more than one hundred thousand in a year. He was a true man, a just man, a brave man. And England trusted him, leaned on him as on a staff. Once, when old England could not cash the checks that Wellington drew in battling with the French, my son came forward, and with his gold fought the victorious battles of the world for England. My son is at this hour with Wellington, near a little village in Belgium called Waterloo. There is to be a great battle. Napoleon must and shall be beaten. For the God of Israel is with your valiant brother. I wait every hour, every moment, for news of the victory. Your brother at Vienna is also rich and influential. None the less is your brother at Naples. Your brother at Rome is so rich and so respected that he is the broker for the Christian's millions. They all send you love, Rebecca, and blessings, being well advised that I intend to make your dowry here to-night, in jewels and in gold, twenty million francs." Hastily the old man opened the casket, and taking the contents in his trembling hands, said: "And I now present you with jewels such as no queen of Europe wears! They are valued at ten million francs! Ten million francs, Rebecca!"

"Why, father, how your poor old hands tremble! What can be the matter? You know I am not to leave your roof, father. Now tell me what can be the matter?"

"Nothing, nothing. No; it is a memory—a memory; but—but nothing that would concern you or Henrique, or anyone but myself. And my memories, good or bad, are my own, and I must bear them alone."

"But are you sure you are strong enough, father, to bear them alone?" said Henrique, kindly.

"Strong, my son; strong now. See now how I hold them out at arm's length! Strong and steady, and—I thought I heard the sound of carriage wheels! The noise of a carriage, like that that came the night of the pillage in the Judengasse. Did you—did you not hear a carriage?"

He had paused to listen.

"Why, we heard nothing, father!" cried Henrique and Rebecca, in a breath.

"Ah, but you have ears only for one another. No, no—you are not listening for news from England, but you should be listening for news from Waterloo! Ha, ha, ha!"

The old man was almost hysterical, and the

jewels danced and dangled in his hands. The mayor, with an eye to business for his son, had kept himself busy counting diamonds and examining strings of jewels. He even exhibited a strong desire to get possession of some of them, but was respectfully frustrated at every attempt.

"In the bottom of the casket, Rebecca, is a check for ten million francs on Rothschild of London—my son Nathan, your brother—drawn in your favor, beloved, and signed by your father, Anselm Bauer Rothschild, of Frankfort."

The mayor was not quite satisfied, and wanted to see. He read it over, and after looking hard at the signature, handed it back to Rothschild, who put it in the box along with the jewels, closed the box with a snap, and then handed it to Rebecca. She at once handed it to Henrique, who gave it back to Rothschild. The old mayor tried to intercept its passage, but again was respectfully foiled.

"Keep it for us, father. What safer banker than Rothschild?" said Henrique.

"Very well," he sighed; "the casket and its contents are Rebecca's when she calls for them. And now the contract."

The lawyer arranged the scroll, and all signed without further ceremony till it came the turn of the mayor. Leaning over the paper pen in hand, he hesitated a moment. Then, lifting up his head, he said to Rothschild, in a strangely Israelitish accent, but very earnestly: "I suppose you would advance der ten million francs on der jewels? Take 'em on pawn for dot sum, eh?"

Rothschild was embarrassed and disgusted, but, bowing assent, the lord mayor began to sign his tremendous big name.

"And now, Gudula, lead the way to the dining hall. I must remain and lock up our children's treasures; but let there be no lack of merriment. 'Go! go! I will join you soon,'" said Rothschild, as he took the casket in hand.

They all turned to go. But Henrique and Rebecca came back a step or two, and they tried to urge him to go with them. He promised to come as soon as possible.

"Well, if you don't come at once, Henrique and I will return and take you by force;" and so, laughingly, the happy pair followed to the hall.

As soon as the last footfall died away the old man sunk heavily into his chair. He listened again; heard nothing, and seemed pleased as a child that he heard no more the rumble of wheels. He looked at the contract, rubbed his hands and was glad.

"It is done. It is done. I might have waited but to die and leave things for people to wrangle

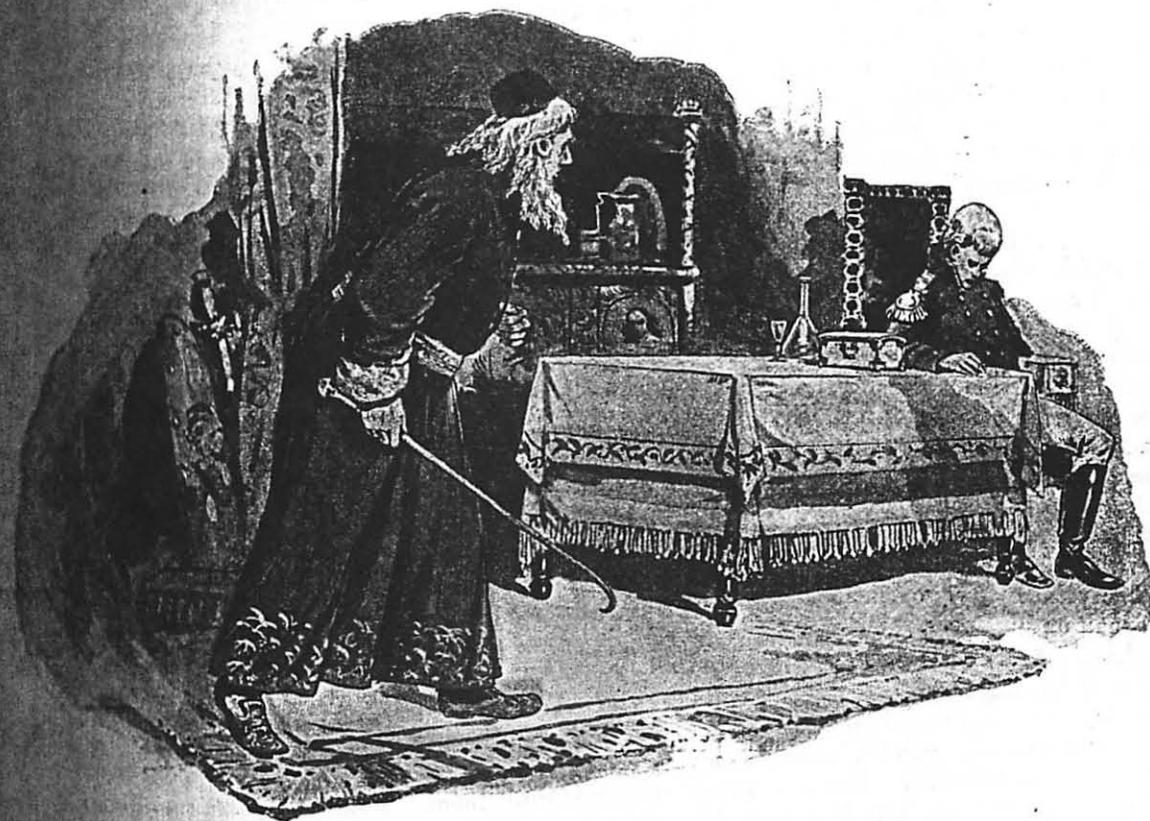
over, I don't think that wise or good at all." Then he meditated. "He must have died from some French bullet, or he might have died from exhaustion that same night. Sad, sad, sad! I remember now, when he used to come to borrow money from me—a young man he was then—how long he would sit in my little shop downstairs, in this Judengasse, and talk over plans—how he would yet be a king of Germany. He had the lands, he had the jewels. He said he would make for himself, out of the jewels in that casket, a

become mine by equity, if not by law." He came back, set down the box with trembling hands, and leaning over it, struck it heavily with his fist, and exclaimed, savagely: "Prince William is dead!"

"No, Anselm Bauer, not dead!"

Rothschild started, trembled, half rose, and slowly, very slowly, turned his head till the faces of the two old men met.

"Then, if not a disembodied soul, how came it that you could pass the closed and bolted port-



"HE CLUTCHED THE BAR AND STARTED FORWARD."

crowns such as no king of Europe had ever worn, as full of gems as the heavens are of stars. But alas! and alas! There lie his costly crown jewels in that little casket. And where he lies no man may know." He arose, took the box and looked about. "I must put this in my iron box and be with them." He paused, then started. "But if all should be missing? If he at last should come to claim them? He shall not—he shall not. Did I not give up my gold and jewels to save his? I could have given his and saved mine. So these

Vol. XXXII., No. 6-42.

als of my house?" cried Rothschild, as he turned his back resolutely to the box.

"You forget that you have the same honest old porter. He knew me in the old days, and made no question of my right to enter his master's house. He knew me to-night, and as of old made no question."

"May I touch your hand, that I may surely know that you are flesh and blood?"

The two withered old hands touched.

"I sought you everywhere."

"No, not everywhere; not in the front ranks of battle. For I have struck a thousand blows for Germany, and rested not till now. And oh, but I am worn and weary, and pale enough, no doubt, from toil of battle and loss of blood to frighten anyone and pass for a ghost. But quick! quick!—a glass!—I faint! No, it passes now."

The old man poured his prince a glass of wine as he sunk into a seat. His head slowly settled upon his breast, his eyes closed. He slept.

Rothschild leaned on the mantel. A great iron poker leaned by the fireplace. He looked at the sleeping soldier. His hand fell down till it touched the iron bar. He shuddered at first. Then his face grew dark and terrible. He clutched the bar and started forward.

"Father, shall he bless and break bread without you?" called Rebecca's sweet voice.

"Bless and break bread without me? Bless nothing—bless nothing here now!" he said, bitterly, to himself; then sprang and closed and bolted the door, letting the bar fall, as he moaned: "Ah, what was the prayer that soldier tried to utter when he saw my gold? It was, 'Lead us not into temptation.' I hated him, despised him, for falling before temptation. Yet see what I would have done! Oh, the wisdom of one who taught men not to pray to be strong in the hour of temptation, but humbly to pray, 'Lead us *not* into temptation!'"

The old man sunk upon his knees, and his lips moved, and he prayed devoutly.

The prince slowly opened his eyes, and seeing the man on his knees, said:

"Why, rise, my honest old friend."

Coming hastily forward, Rothschild said:

"And you are stronger now, my prince?"

"Ay, stronger; but no longer your prince, for we have won at Waterloo, and I assumed my sceptre on entering Germany; but you surely know this, else why were you kneeling there?"

"To the King of Kings, begging His help and forgiveness. And now, take them; take them—all! 'Lead us not into temptation.'"

"Why, my old casket! And my jewels, too," said King William, as he touched a spring and glanced within. "And you have kept them so loyally all this time! Then, my friend, my true loving, loyal old friend, keep them always."

"I—I do not deserve them," protested the old man, as he put aside the proffered casket.

"You deserve them all, and more, my friend Rothschild; and I do not need them. My vast possessions in land, now that the French are beaten, make me a king in deed as well as in name. Besides, I promised them to Rebecca, and a king cannot break his word. Call her, and I will give them to her with my own hand, since you will not receive them."

"Sary! Jacob!—Jacob! Sary! Call Rebecca—call everybody!" cried the glad old man. "And now, your majesty, what of my son—my son Nathan—at Waterloo?"

The people came pouring in, and Rothschild lifted his head.

"Waterloo is won! But what of my son, King William?"

"Safe, and now in London, I trust. He bought a ship, and sailed before the smoke of battle was yet lifted from the dead."

"And you saw him, and he sent us word?"

"Yes, yes; he sat on his horse at Wellington's side when the great general said that Waterloo was ours. He wrote this for you, and then rode swiftly away to take ship for London. But read his message, and let us hear what a Rothschild has to say of Waterloo."

"My old eyes are too weak. You read it, Rebecca," said the father; and she read:

"The gold of the Red Shield has fought and won Waterloo."  
NATHAN ROTHSCHILD.

Then the King handed her the casket, saying:

"These, I believe, are yours, and my congratulations with them. Wear these jewels, Marchioness de Rothschild, when it may please you and your father the baron, and your husband the Marquis Henrique, to visit the court of King William."

THEY had a rumor that  
of much account  
he could avoid it.  
was drunk; and, rare  
of chronic in  
his perverse antipat  
was watched by his  
of which could  
relative degree.  
though intemperat  
trait, however, w  
of weakness, rat  
the inhabitants of  
be considered a fluen  
of integrity at  
There were times w  
but those periods  
could again fall a  
of Possum Creek "pi  
the Rufus had left  
side, and strolled do  
little town, where a  
ated around a roari  
aving in of a shaft u  
in which two miners  
beneath a hundred fo  
Rufus seated himse  
the conversation in si  
Presently the soun  
faintly above the mu  
The Rufus arose from  
and disappeared into  
ments later he retur  
little child of about f  
"Found him up  
little fellow! His po  
day, an' I reckon ev  
that in the shanty—  
"H'w's little Joey!"  
advancing and gazin  
led that none uv u  
later, but I reckon t  
by him—"  
"You bet it ken,"  
saw that Possum C  
for an orphan ter b  
best."  
"Better send him  
a stranger, who had  
there's plenty of w  
for—"  
"Not if we know