Marius, who—like him whose name the nations will honor this week—rose from a humble position to be several times the chief magistrate of his country. When toward the close of his life he was captive in a dungeon, a slave was sent to take away his life. But the old Roman, standing like a rock, smote the meaner man with his eye, and made him quail before the commanding tones of his voice as he thundered out in his ears: "Slave, dost thou dare to kill Caius Marius?"

Sin comes to do us harm, yes, to take away our lives, while we are fast bound by our evil habits and tendencies. If we cannot, like the old Roman overcome the foe by our own will and power, yet we can, through Christ, who makes us strong and free. Standing like a rock, upon Christ the rock, let us look the cringing sin in the face, come from what quarter it may; and as we are strengthened with might by the spirit in the inner man, let us say to our enemies, the world, the flesh, the devil—Dost thou dare to attack, to kill, one who is made in God's image and likeness?

Stand fast, acquit yourselves like men, be strong, fight the good fight of faith. Let the words keep sounding in your ears like a trumpet call summoning you to nobler activities. Try to realize your high calling, your personal responsibilities. The consciousness of this will give loftiness of purpose. Take the whole armor of God and carry on the conflict, steadfast and true even unto the end.

Arm these, thy soldiers, mighty Lord,
With shield of faith and spirit's sword;
Forth to the battle may they go,
And boldly fight against the foe,
With banner of the cross unfurled,
And by it overcome the world;
And so at last receive from Thee
The palm and crown of victory.

TALK: AN EVIL OF THE TIME.

AN APOCRYPHAL CLUB PAPER.

(Second Installment.)

"Words, words, words."—Hamlet.

It is an old saying that the talker has more popularity and influence in a democracy than the doer; and, some years ago, the editors of the Nation, in the zeal and enthusiasm of their hostility to the administration of Grant, announced it as an axiom that a silent man is a menace to democratic institutions; although previous to this important announcement we had learned through much affliction that there are crises when even a democratic government needs acts instead of words and that its armies cannot be led to victory by debating societies, but may be led by them to disaster and ruin. Walter Bagehot had a phrase for our mode of government which describes what was considered by him as its most essential and distinctive characteristic. He gave it the name of government by discussion. As it was conceived by him a body of representative men meet and discuss public questions on their merits and adopt such measures as are considered by a majority of them to be the wisest and best. It is an admirable theory, and it is unquestionably the correct theory of popular government. But among those who are intimately acquainted with the proceedings of legislative bodies and the caucus there are not many who have implicit faith in it as a practical and working theory. There can be no rational or profitable discussion of any subject unless the participants in it are free agents, and our lawmakers enter upon the discharge of their duties with a very limited discretion. Pledges that are given for their nomination and election do not leave much for surrender to the caucus, and what remains is curtailed by it. Our tendency and progress as a nation have been from a republic to a democracy. A subtle transformation, like that wrought in the Electoral College, which was originally a deliberative body, is gradually taking place in the national and state legislatures. The representative, as he is described in the pages of Burke and Mill and was known to the founders of our government, with broad discretionary powers, chosen for his superior character and ability by a constituency which has an abiding faith in the honesty and intelligence of his official conduct and accepts him as its leader and guide, is giving way to the delegate whose discretionary powers are extremely narrow and who simply represents its prejudices and provincialisms without daring to rise above them. Between the two there is as much difference as exists between an attorney at law and what is technically known as an attorney in fact. It is the difference between John Quincy Adams and Jerry Simpson. Political equality makes it difficult for us to recognize moral and intellectual inequalities. When one man is regarded as good as another in every respect, Simpson serves the purpose of his election as well as Adams, possibly serves it better, and certainly pleases a Kansas constituency more. But sound argument, fresh authorities and precedents, new facts have as little weight with the legislator who always and invariably votes to please a constituency in Kansas, and with the hope of obtaining from it another election, as with the man who has given his conscience and judgment wholly and absolutely into the keeping of a caucus. On the other hand, the Kansas style of political economy and finance makes very little impression on the representatives from Massachusetts. Ratiocination upon any subject in a body of mere delegates is about as futile and ineffective as a discussion of the merits of presidential candidates in the Electoral College. The mind cannot be reached by the most irresistible logic or seductive eloquence through stuffed ears, and their aural passages are so obstructed that the marvelous trumpet which Hood says was bought by an English woman, who, by its means,

"The very next day
Heard from her husband in Botany Bay,"

would not make it possible to vex their tympanums. In Congress the bulk of what is called discussion is political, but if there was ever a change of politics accomplished by it in any member of that body the instance is unknown to history. When such a change takes place we seek, with unconscious cynicism, for its explanation in every other possible cause. The truth is that the only serious, earnest, effective discussion is on the hustings. We are too numerous to meet in a single assembly and enact our laws like the ancient democracies, and are constrained by physical reasons to meet in many assemblies, but we assimilate the democratic methods. The broad lines of political policy are not only discussed before and by the whole people, but they are adjudicated upon at the polls while the details of legislation are settled in accordance with the popular adjudication by legislative committees. In this way the functions of Congress are really becoming more executive than legislative. Nevertheless the talk in that body continues and actually increases according to the testimony of the speaker in the North American Review. He says:

"It will probably be a surprise to most readers, after all the outcries to which they listened during the year 1890 about the slaughter of innocent debate, and the gagging of members and the silencing of the minority, to learn that the volume of debate during the first session of the Fifty-first Congress, which was shorter by seventeen days than the first session of the previous Congress, exceeded the debate of that session by 1,352 pages of two thousand words each. Even in the House the excess was nearly three hundred pages. The Fiftieth Congress, first session, was able to express itself in ten volumes; the Fifty-first Congress, first session, required eleven.

"When we turn back to the second session of the Thirty-seventh Congress, which lasted from the 6th of December to the 16th of July, we shall see how sadly neglectful people were then of the privileges of debate. The Fifty-first Congress, alleged to be so terribly restricted, needed to express its views on men and things eleven quarto volumes, 11,588 pages and 23,176,000 words. The men who adorned the Thirty-seventh Congress were so unequal to the modern demand for language that they could fill only four volumes, with 3,800 pages and 8,000,000 words. To use the language applied to others industries, the output of the House in 1861-62 was 4,000,000 words and has risen in 1889-90 to nearly 13,000,000, which must be gratifying to the friends of debate. And yet these men in 1861-62 had no mean task to perform. They were obliged to raise armies, to pass a new tariff bill, to provide for government loans, to establish a new and complicated system of internal revenue, to enact a homestead law and to provide for the great exigencies of the rebellion." And he asks somewhat plaintively "If the House of Representatives of the Thirty-seventh Congress could do all this on 4,000,000 words, could not the present House do its work, great and important as it was and as it might have been, with an allowance of 13,000,000 words without any reasonable ground for belief that its utterance had been cramped?"

In commenting on these statements of Mr. Reed the editor of Harper's Weekly sagely remarks that, notwithstanding the impregnable truth of them, government by talk is the parliamentary ideal, which is a paraphrase of Bagehot's observation, with a most striking difference. Talk is not discussion. On the contrary, talk obstructs discussion, as the speaker has very plainly demonstrated and as any one may easily discover for himself. Talk for buncombe, talk for delay, talk for the glory of talking, talk for dramatic effect, spread-eagle talk, small talk, big talk and all the other innumerable forms of loquacity are rendering sober and legitimate discussion extremely difficult and almost impossible. The editor admits that three-fourths of our congressional debates are mere talk, but the proportion is really larger. Nearly the whole of every session is consumed with talk until the last week or two, when measures of the greatest importance, bills for the appropriation of vast sums of public money, which should be thoroughly discussed, are hastily and recklessly passed without any pretense of discussion whatever. In order to rescue discussion from the fungoid and parasitic overgrowth which is smothering the life out of it and restore the almost obsolete ideal of representative government, which is infinitely better for us than any of the modern variations of a pure or approximately pure democracy, we must place some limitations on talk. Real discussion and genuine representative government belong together; one is impossible without the other, and illimitable talk is the mortal enemy of both.

Cloture has the merit of directing attention to the miserable shams that are upheld by these august names, but as the remedy for an evil it is a clumsy artifice. It is a cleaver which chops away the good and bad indifferently instead of a scalpel which preserves the living tissues while it removes the diseased and moribund. In the hands of a partisan speaker it is liable to gross misuse, and it could only be serviceable in the hands of a speaker whose official tenure renders him independent of partisan obligations.

But it is the purpose of the writer to state a grievance and not to provide a mode of redress except as it may influence personal reformation. A public calamity which results from the general diffusion of any personal vice may be reached most effectively through individual and moral treatment. Although the vice may be one which justly deserve repressive or punitory remedies, they are not uniformly deterrent. We might inflict penalties upon the man who talks about any subject without being accurately informed concerning it, or who talks without any definite purpose or practicable end, or who talks as boys whistle—for lack of thought, or who talks like one of the senators from Alabama, in order to give his mind a rest, or like Armado, who "draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument," and whom "the music of his own vain tongue doth ravish like enchanting harmony," but rigorous punishments frequently overreach and defeat themselves by stimulating the very crimes they are devised to prevent. Societies for the suppression of talk might be organized but for a dismal apprehension that they would actually increase the volume of it. A slow remedy but a sure one is in the promotion and general establishment of a sound intellectual conscience that will revolt at frivolous, unintelligent and irrelevant talk as the moral conscience revolts at malignant, vicious or scandalous talk because it has a distinctly immoral quality.

Much of the prolixity of speakers and writers is due to an imperfect apprehension of their subject, a deficiency of mental grasp or lack of clearness and firmness in their conception of it. A subject must be carefully thought out before it can be adequately expressed in words. Without deliberation or reflection upon it words about it are unnecessarily and indefinitely multiplied and their meaning is indistinct, because a meaningless use is made of them. Oral Pelions upon verbal Ossas will not make clear to an audience what one does not himself understand. Immaturity of thought is answerable for obscurity as well as prolixity of expression. Language is an implement and the use of it is an art, and the same haste and lack of thoroughness exist in the practice of it as are prevalent in many of the handicrafts. There is little or no apprenticeship in the oratorical and literary trades. Talkers and scribblers are "ready-made" and turned out in heaps like those on the counters of the ready-made clothing emporiums. Wares that are the product of these trades and these workers at them are hurried into the market like imperfectly-made clothing or badly-cured meats, soaps that have not been given time to harden or nails which lose their heads when they are hammered and provoke a similar loss on the part of those who use them. Our sovereign, the public, for whose instruction or amusement these wares are provided, certainly has the right to demand of those who talk and write for it, upon matters in which it is seriously concerned, that they should have, at least, proficiency enough in the art of expression to avoid the extravagant waste and misuse of its time. Even in its merrier moments it is possible that there are diversions which would please it better than such as are furnished by a rhetorical and grandiloquent cap and bells.

It is easy to string words and sentences together, but the words and sentences which the world will not willingly let die were not easily strung together. Literary biography and the old manuscripts of authors bear witness of the travail in which the imperishable works of genius were brought forth. The erasures and interlineations and transpositions in the manuscript of Pope, as it is preserved in the British Museum, and in the fragment of it which is reproduced in the Curiosities of Literature, show with what arduous labor his ease and felicity of expression were attained, even more effectively than the sonorous and turgid phrase of Johnson, who says: "He examined lines and words with minute and punctilious observation and retouched every part with indefatigable diligence until he had left nothing to be forgiven." Sir Arthur Helps tells the same story of the manuscripts of Dickens, and John Stuart Mill says that each one of his books was written twice over from beginning to end. Then we have Southey meditating a whole morning on the justness of a particular epithet, and the acknowledgement of Thomas Moore, who is "one of the lightest, gayest and apparently most thoughtless of modern minstrels," that he was a "slow and painstaking workman," and finally the witty and versatile Sheridan, whose brilliant oratory was the product of toilsome drudgery. Even his jests were laboriously prepared, and it is said that he was able to inform his right honorable adversary in Parliament that he was "indebted to his memory for his wit and his imagination for his facts" only after hours had been spent in the elaboration of that famous repartee, which underwent many changes before it acquired its present epigrammatic form. An equally famous mot in which he pronounced a righteous judgment upon the production of more facile pens was plainly the fruit of experience as well as observation. "Easy writing is curst hard reading."

Speech is not the greatest of the human faculties. Our spelling books and readers are not simply to equip us for talking or writing our thoughts for the benefit of others. A knowledge of language is quite as useful for learning their thoughts as for expressing our own. According to the old Greek philosopher our possession of two ears and but one tongue is an evidence that Nature intended we should listen more than we talk. Nor is speech the only or the best evidence of what a man is. Actions speak louder than words, and a man is known by what he does and not by what he says. The wisdom of ages is condensed into these old saws. Opinions and convictions are not simply topics for oratory and essay writing. One may as well, and really had better, not have any if his conduct be not influenced by them. The conduct of others will not be affected by the utterance of them if they fail to control his own. Only those opinions and convictions which are reduced to action or lead to it are worthy of respect. Talk is a promise, an act is performance, and the promise is nothing without some assurance of its performance. It must be the utterance of an earnest and sincere personality in order to gain credence for it and give it effect, just as the note of a bank must have proper guarantees behind it in order for it to get into circulation. Mere talkers—vox et preterea nihil—do not leave a permanent impress on any age.

"Not from a vain or shallow thought
His awful Jove young Phidias brought;
Not from lips of cunning fell
The thrilling Delphic oracle;
Out from the heart of Nature rolled
The burdens of the Bible old."

Notwithstanding the abundance of talk in politics and the professions among the artistic and cultured, these classes of society are not giving to the age its character and stamp. It is not celebrated for its political discoveries or its professional attainments, its literature or its art, but it is everywhere recognized and distinguished as the industrial age. It is not the vocal orders of society but the silent ones toiling in the manufactories where speech is made impossible by the whir and din of machinery, spanning broad rivers and great chasms, tunneling mountains and delving in mines, working miracles in civil and mechanical engineering, giving to sublime thoughts a majestic and lasting embodiment; the mute and mighty doers of the age, who are making for it the name by which it will be known when its books and its orations are forgotten.

In offering this paper as another example of what should be avoided it is sincerely and earnestly hoped that nothing has been said in it about the vice of loquacity which will be taken seriously enough by the club to prevent its furnishing additional illustrations of the subject.

To Madge.

You fear your body's beauty, not your soul,
Allures me most, my dear—
Banish the thought! your spirit is a scroll
On whose bright page appear
All graces that I dream of—all I love,
And all for which I pray;
A woman's tender heart I prize above
Its shell of crumbling clay.

The charms of body, lovely to the eye,
Are but as rainbow rays
That bend and brighten in the summer sky,
But vanish as we gaze;
While the pure soul, as steady as a star,
Pours its eternal light
Around about us, howsoever far
We wander in the night.

The ruby lips, the lily cheeks will pale,
The sparkling eyes grow dim—
The firm, elastic flesh at length will fail,
And lameness find each limb;
But fadeless are the beauteous thoughts that burn
Above this fleeting breath;
The soul's fair temple into dust may turn,
But love shall laugh at death.

Mason, Ill. —James Newton Matthews.

TERROR IN MIDAIR.

Dan Rice Describes the Sensations of a First Leap from a Balloon.

New York Sun.

"Circus life has its incidental dangers, as I found out in my experience of more than a half century under the canvas." The speaker was Dan Rice, the veteran clown and circus proprietor. "One of the dangers I encountered was recalled by a paragraph in a paper the other day about an aeronaut being killed in making a jump from a balloon with a parachute. I had a narrow escape from a similar death away back before the war.

"I was always willing to act as general emergency man, to do any work and fill any place in any circus with which I have been connected, and, in such cases, have been in grave danger of being devoured by lions, crushed by elephants, and 'skinned' alive by candy butchers and other employes who handled my money, but the occurrence I am about to relate was as interesting as anything in my career.

"I believe I was the first circus proprietor in the world to employ a professional to make a balloon ascension and a parachute leap prior to each afternoon performance, picking up an aeronaut named Ed Billings in an Ohio town.

"Now, Ed was a good aeronaut, entirely devoid of fear, and made leaps with the parachute from greater heigths than had ever been made before. The only trouble was that Ed was too jovial, and at times drank too much whisky. More than once I had spoken my mind to him on the subject, and, as he did not heed my remarks, I made every preparation for opportunely advertising my circus on the day when he should in the natural course of events fall from his baloon or parachute and be killed. With the same foresight I made a study of aeronautics and parachute leaping, until I felt competent to fill his position when made vacant. The occasion for my services came at White Water, Mich., when, at ascension time, Billings lay under a wagon suffering from 'sick headache.'

"When it became evident that I must make the ascension and jump, I did not hesitate, but, donning a tinsel suit, entered the car and began my first journey skyward, amid a chorus of half-suppressed exclamations of admiration from an immense throng of spectators. As I saw the earth dropping from me and the human forms below growing shorter and smaller, until they appeared like the tiniest insects, I contrived to maintain my nerve, and, leaning over the edge of the basket or car, bravely threw kisses to the gaping crowd beneath. When I had ascended nearer heaven than I had ever been before—say 1,200 or 1,500 feet—I prepared to make my maiden leap, being particularly careful that every movement should be seen by the crowd of spectators away down beneath on the earth.

"After a time I pulled open the escape valve of the balloon, which slowly began to descend after remaining stationary for a brief moment. Then I clutched the trapeze bar, which was attached to the parachute, kissed my hand to the expanse of upturned faces below, shut both eyes and made a bold jump out into space, and shot like an arrow earthward. My feelings at that critical moment can best be described as one of all-goneness, but grimly and desperately I clutched the bar in my hand, and, with my heart in my mouth, anxiously awaited the sharp snapping sound which would announce the opening of the parachute. But the sound did not come. Great God! how the seconds flew by, and still the accursed canvas did not open. Though darting earthward fatally, hope did not desert me.

"My mind, under the excitement, became unusually active, and, as I looked below and saw the earth rapidly approaching, I concluded that my chance of escape from figuring as the chief object of interest at a funeral was too small to mention. I resolved that my death should be the best advertisement Dan Rice's circus ever received, but the thought of how well the show was prepared to herald the sad event far and near was poor consolation at that moment.

"Suddenly the sharp, snapping sound rang upon my ears. Thank God! the parachute had opened! I was saved, and that, too, at the last possible moment. My descent was at once checked, and the earth was not 200 feet away. It was with assumed ease that I finally landed upon the ground, and I doubt if any, save the circus people, in that great crowd knew how near I had been to death."

"When Billings subsequently learned of my perilous leap with the parachute and narrow escape from a terrible death he came with tears in his eyes and, taking my hand, vowed that he would never again touch an intoxicant. He was true to his vow, and remained in my employ until his death from natural causes several years later. Always I have been a stickler for temperate habits on the part of my employes of all kinds, and on settling with them always made an allowance of money for those who had refrained from overindulgence in strong drink. As a result I had better control over my company than had the average circus proprietor. If you want sobriety to prevail in a circus, or anywhere else for that matter, make it an object to the people to keep sober."

GREEK PRINCE IN LOVE

PRETTY LARISSA, A SHEPHERDESS, HAS CAPTURED HIS HEART.

Idyllic Courtship That Was Suddenly Broken by George's Departure With the Naval Fleet.

Annetta Holliday-Antona, in New York Journal.

In a little flat-roofed village close by the city of Athens lives a girl whom fate has dowered most preciously with beauty, intelligence and nobility of character, though wealth and nobility of birth have been denied. She is only a peasant girl, but the romantic story of her life reads like a passage from the "Arabian Nights." It is simple fact, however; it is probable that the royal family of Greece would be well pleased could they relegate it all to the realm of fiction.

Larissa is what the Greeks call a "psychopaida" or "soul-child"—a child by adoption. She is also, as befits the heroine of such a romance, a veritable shepherdess. She is of good peasant stock, but was left an orphan very early in life, and upon the death of her parents was received as a servant by the family with which she has since lived. It is a custom among the Greek peasants when the daughter of a household is sent out to service, as is frequently the case when there are two or more sisters, that if the maiden be industrious and well-conducted, and especially if she become friendless or homeless, the family which she enters adopt her as a "soul-child," send her to school a few years, and finally dower and marry her at the age of twenty-five or twenty-six.

The "soul-child" in return takes an active part in household duties, and assists to spin, card, wind and weave the wool or flax for the needs of the house and its members; and she it is who oftenest leads the flocks to pasture. After a time, if she is fortunate enough to become the possessor of some embroidered garments, a slab upon which to say prayers in church, and a good supply of stockings of various colors, she is pretty sure to have an offer of marriage, and to establish herself in a tiny house of her own. But their are soul-children and soul-children. It is not every one that has a face like a flower, a great mass of midnight-hued hair, lustrous eyes to match, and a mouth like a tiny crimson bow. This maiden has them, though, and thereby hangs a tale.

"A woman to wear witchcrafts of color and still be beautiful," thought a stalwart young man, who, with several attendants, rocked idly, one day, a little more than a year ago, in a pleasure boat near the fishing grounds near to this ancient Greek hamlet as he watched the strong, vigorous movements of a young girl maneuvering a boat at no great distance. For, above all else, Larissa is a sailor; the love of the sea is inbred in her; and as for fear, she knows it not.

The man who first saw her thus, eighteen months ago, managing her little craft with the seamanship born of long practice, her cheeks peachy with the rich life given by the sharp breath of the sea, was no other than the well-beloved darling of the Greek people, Prince George, himself an admirable sailor. So capable is he in all branches of his favorite art, that upon his visit to this country with the young Czar of Russia, a few years ago, a certain gray-haired admiral at the Brooklyn navy yard said of him: "That young fellow knows more about naval warfare than I do."

THE CZAR'S COUSIN.

The court and the ministry have for some time abandoned the quest of a suitable marriage for the young prince, as he most resolutely proclaimed his intention of devoting himself to the people and the navy, leaving matrimony to the Duke of Sparta, his elder brother, Constantine, the heir to the Grecian throne. So the court and the ministry, well pleased, smiled contentedly, and Prince George went traveling, having been chosen as companion de voyage by his cousin and intimate chum, the Czarowitch of Russia, now the Czar, whose life he saved from the hands of a Japanese assassin in the far East.

When he returned to his family he made good his determination of commanding the navy, and such was his single-hearted devotion to his duties that again the court and ministry smiled with content, and congratulated themselves upon possessing a model prince and younger son.

Still water, however, runs deep, and the prince, after all, is only a human being. He is, moreover, something of a romanticist, and somewhere deep in his heart lay hidden the desire to be loved by some woman for his own sake, big, strong, handsome athlete that he is, and, for the time being, to forget that he is the son of the King of Greece and a possible heir to the throne.

Whether it was because the time and his mood were propitious, whether it was the effect of dinner or destiny, will never be known, but certain it is that the prince fell in love with the beauty of this sea maiden, and for a year and a half has behaved much like other lovers, impatient at every moment spent away from her, reckless of the hours when with her, enraptured at trifles, dejected for causes equally trifling, and jealous with ordinary mannish jealousy of every churl that crossed her path; while the court, incredulous, dismayed, aghast, have looked on with increasing doubt and apprehension, and wondered what plan could be evolved from the deep recesses of statecraft to get rid of her, yet hesitating to speak or act, for the prince is strong and violent and has a powerful hold upon the people.

And the peasant "soul-child?" Until a short time before the Cretan war the identity of her lover was quite unknown to her. He was loved like other men; he knew, perhaps for the first time in his life, what it meant to possess affection for himself alone, and not for his title; and he also learned what it was to suffer for his love's sake, the expostulations of his family and those high in the government being severe and bitter.

There had been long strolls and talks, and discussions about housekeeping, and a dower of linen and pearls which belonged to Larissa's foster-mother; there had even been practical talks about a cow and mules and an income, all of which were untried novelties to this sated young scion of a royal house. His presents, indeed, were of such magnificence as to cause stupefaction; but although he visited openly at the girl's house, like any of the rustic swains thereabouts, and took Larissa on frequent excursions upon the great waste of waters so beloved by them, he wore always the national costume and masked his identity by calling himself a sailor's son from Piraeus.

Larissa gradually grew to be a scholar, with the books her lover brought, and the pains he took to add to the good fundamental education which she already had; and many a golden afternoon of summer, when Athenian society wondered where Prince George might be—for the idyl had not then become public property—the royal lover was reading and interpreting old Homer to the beautiful girl at his side, while around them stretched a landscape long sung in history and not far distant rolled the classic waters of the Straits of Salamis.

HER LOVER UNMASKED.

But such a state of things could not go on forever uninterrupted. The course of true love runs no smoother for a king's son than for a sailor's; and one day a mounted messenger rode up to the farmhouse while Larissa and her lover were within, and demanded hastily and authoritatively for Prince George. When the presence of this royal personage and any acquaintance with him, even by sight, was denied, the tactless messenger lost patience and pointing inside to where, unconscious of what was transpiring, the royal head was bent close to that of the plebeian maiden, exclaimed:

"I see the prince here, my good woman. Make haste and tell him I bear the King's order."

The secret was out. Red and angry the prince rode away in obedience to the paternal command; and it was the last visit in which the freedom of an accepted suitor to the woman whom he loved was accorded him. Greek women hold their virtue as the highest prize; and the next time he found a few moments before embarking on the hastily assumed expedition into Cretan waters, the girl with whom he had roamed so freely over the hills was closely hedged around by protecting friends, who saw in his attentions but a menace to the girl's fair name.

Larissa herself, when remonstrated, first pleadingly, then furiously, answered with shy dignity:

"You are a king's son. I am only a peasant woman."

But, as she was a woman, she could not forget that the man before her had been—nay, was still—her lover, and she cried out to him: "But I will be true to you, always."

After some persuasion she consented to accompany her adopted parents to Athens, and there, for the first time in her life, had a photograph taken, for the royal sweetheart to carry away with him. A few days afterward the prince and his torpedo fleet sailed for Crete.

How will it all end? Those who know the lover best say it is with him a much more serious question than the court, which has been much diverted by what it calls "the prince's little folly," is willing to concede. Perhaps the details of rural housekeeping proved too alluring to one brought up amid the conventionalities of a royal palace.

A younger son, with but a secondary claim upon the throne of the kingdom—what course would be more likely to win favor with the people than for him to renounce his title and pretentions and marry one from their ranks?

So argue his friends, in excuse for sundry menaces from the prince; while he, amid thickening war clouds, cherishes the photograph and the "soul-child," meanwhile, has promised to be faithful.

TEACHING A CALF TO DRINK.

Experience of an Amateur Farmer in an Unaccustomed Role.

Boston Transcript.

"If you are looking for some kind of exercise, which, for quickening the limbs, developing the muscles, and training the moral qualities, beats sawing wood completely out of sight," writes a man in the country, whom the Listener knows tolerably well, "I advise you to take up what I have been doing lately. You know that, being really in the country now, and not in a suburb, I have to keep a cow; that cow, after the manner of cows, has a calf; and that calf I, after the manner of all countrymen, have been teaching to drink! Imagine me, a philosopher and humanitarian, robbing a fond cow-mother of her offspring at the tender age of three days, holding the aforesaid offspring's head between my legs, cruelly forcing its nose into a pail of milk, and compelling it, greatly against its will, to substitute my pail for the means of alienation natural to it. But I tell you it is a great thing I am a philosopher. Nothing but large amounts of either philosophy or profanity will ever avail anything in this much more than elementary grade of instruction—this school to which the kindergarten is as great an advance as the Ph.D. course at Harvard is to a North End kindergarten. I have never had such an experience. I have got to work it off on somebody;

'And till my ghastly tale is told,
My heart within me burns.'

"You know that by some strange dispensation of Providence it is necessary to take a calf away from its mother at the age of three days. I hated to do it, but my own children were crying for milk, as it were, and it had to be done. I hope you will refuse my address to Mr. Angell, and tell him that I am already punished enough. In the first place, you have no idea how strong a calf can be at the age of three days; but his wisdom is not as his strength. Having carefully provided your pail of warm milk, you embrace the calf effectionately around the waist and place him carefully in a pen away from the cow; he squirms and kicks, and possibly gets away from you and knocks you down; but that is nothing. You get him in the pen at last, and then, taking him tenderly around the neck, you hold the pail of milk temptingly in front of his nose. But it is one thing to hold milk to a calf's nose and another to make him drink. He does not see the pail at all; but wriggles around until he gets hold of the hem of your coat with his mouth, and then proceeds to give you such a 'bunt' that you are knocked sidewise against the pail, and about one-half of the milk is spilled on your trousers You command your actions and your language with a great effort, you perceive that this is a serious business; and you climb out of the pen and go into the house and change your trousers for the worst pair you have in the house. Then you come out and find the calf with greatly improved appetite waiting for you. You know now what you have got to do; you fancied that this calf might drink without it; but you must come to it. You put your arm affectionately around the calf's neck once more, you thrust your hand down into the warm milk with the fingers sticking upward, and then you carefully insert one of these fingers into the calf's mouth, and wait for the machinery to begin to work.

"In my calf's case, the machinery began to move very promptly. I thought the finger was being drawn off my hand, but the little beast kept his mouth shut so tightly that he didn't seem to get any of the milk. Meantime he wagged his tail with tremendous force and swiftness, and waved his body from side to side. The pressure on the finger grew awful, but the milk in the pail did not seem to lower any. But presently it did lower with great suddenness, for the calf 'bunted' again violently, and as I was all unprepared for this movement, the pail went clear out of my other hand and banged against the side of the pen. Most of the milk went into my shoes, and my knuckles were knocked against the edge of the pail so hard that I thought they were cut. I yelled 'Whoa!' madly at the calf, which was now rolling its eyes horribly and crazily butting against my coat, my trousers and the side of the pen with great impartiality and a very wet and milky mouth. I had to hustle out of the pen and go into the house and warm some more milk. Of course, it would have been cowardly to give up beaten now, and besides, I was too mad to do that.

"Once more I returned to the charge—and so did the calf; he charged on me the moment I entered the pen. But this time I knew just what to do. I set the pail down outside until I had taken the calf's neck gently, but firmly, between my legs. Then I forced him somehow to one of the front corners of the pen, and reached over and got my pail. I was going to hold the pail with one hand, and put the other in the pail as before, with the extended finger as an inducement, and expected the calf thus to begin gradually the act of drinking—which is so hard for some creatures to begin and others to leave off. Thus I philosophized. But the calf pulled back so frantically that it took one of my hands to keep him from getting away from me entirely, and when I held the pail with the other I had no vacant one with which to supply the inducement in the milk. So I had to give it up again and go into the house and get my wife to come out and hold the pail—a thing I hated to do, because I was so awfully undignified in the calf's pen, and I have hard enough work as it is to make my family respect me. But it had to be done.

And now behold us both, my wife outside the pen holding the pail hard and fast in a corner, and I inside with the calf's neck between my legs, pulling him up with all my might, and my hand in the milk. Now I experienced the crying need of something just behind me on the calf to take hold of, and I realized how awfully misplaced a calf's tail is; there was that member at the other end of him vibrating madly—think of the energy going to waste!—and nothing nearer to get hold of; clearly the tail should have been on his back, just between his shoulders. But hurrah! the calf was now actually getting some milk; he was getting it rapidly; and in his mad frenzy at this discovery he 'bunted' again with wild force, and threw about half the milk over my wife's best house dress. And then she turned on me with a look that was worse than disrespect. It was useless for me to disclaim any kind of moral responsibility for the calf. Then she went into the house, and left me to my misery. I thought the calf had probably got enough to keep him alive for an hour or two, and I did not care very much if he did starve. I devoted myself to the invention and manufacture of a trough, for the construction of which I stole my wife's second-best chopping bowl, and cut up one of her old shoes to get a strip of leather to nail against the bottom of the wooden bowl to serve as the inducement when submerged in warm milk; but in driving a nail into the bottom of the bowl I split the wood, so that it wouldn't hold milk, and the invention was wrecked.

"So things seemed to be going from bad to worse. We have been at it two days now, and that calf is no nearer drinking than he was at first. Meantime I have heard of a farmer about two miles away who takes the gift of young calves—perhaps you know that nobody will buy them—and I am going to load the poor bossy into the back seat of the carryall and take him over there. If the farmer won't take him, I think I shall offer to throw in the cow as an inducement."

Warning to Authors.

New York Evening Sun.

In one of our courts the hero of a piece of fiction got damages from the author on the ground that he had been held up to ridicule. In the tale in question the plaintiff had not been named, but he was sufficiently identified by a reference to a painting upon which he was at work. It is worth noticing that the French courts have taken the opposite view on this question. With a tenderness for art and artists characteristic of Paris, the judges have held that there must be a model in the case of a novel, just as there is one in that of a picture. So when, in one instance, a public character was introduced into a romance, the law refused to give any redress to the victim. If the verdict of yesterday should be followed in other cases it would be a great danger to the writer of fiction. It will be remembered that on the appearance of Mr. George Meredith's "Egoist" dozens of persons wrote to the author complaining that their portraits had been drawn in the book. The cap fitted them and they put it on. Now, what would the writer of that satire have done if he had been liable to each of these sensitive ones? The fact remains that no one can transcend his experience, and the hero or heroine of a sociological study must be like somebody. However, there are ways and ways of painting the portrait of a man or woman, in oils as in words.

MR. DINGLEY ANALYZED

OLD-FASHIONED YANKEE EDITOR HAS MADE THE TARIFF BILL.

Finance and Tariff Have Been His Studies Since College Times—Reed's Joke on His Maine Colleague.

New York Herald.

It was a tariff bill which made President McKinley famous. It is a tariff bill which just now brings the name of Nelson Dingley, jr., to the front. Mr. Dingley is a man of many interesting characteristics. For instance, he is methodical and conservative to the last degree. Attorney General McKenna and Speaker Reed go out upon their wheels. Nothing would be more surprising to the good people of the national capital than to see Mr. Dingley go down the avenue upon a bicycle. It would be utterly foreign to the character of the man.

It is this trait of keeping steadily in the old ways, of almost plodding, that is most prominent in Mr. Dingley's makeup. He has not reached his present eminence by fits and starts, by jumps and spasmodic effort, but by persistent application. He has come to the top as a man finally comes to stand upon a mountain summit. He has climbed.

He has accumulated his vast store of knowledge on the tariff and on finance in the same way, adding bit by bit through continued study. During the hearings upon the tariff bill he sat at the head of the long committee table, his scant locks covered with a black silk skull cap and with a pile of data in front of him. He knew just what question to ask and where to put his hand upon the information bearing on the subject under consideration. His questions were precise and direct. He did not waste words, but went at once to the point. The stenographers who took the mass of testimony say that Mr. Dingley's questions or statements never had to be edited.

This directness of statement is also characteristic of Mr. Dingley's speeches upon the floor. He is not an orator. He lacks the physical presence, the development of throat and chest, the sonorous quality of voice, which make men orators of commanding influence. None the less, all the members listen when he arises to speak. He has a wonderfully lucid way of asserting facts, going at once to the heart of every contested point. He has a remarkable faculty of presenting an argument.

HIGHLY LOGICAL MIND.

His mind is logical to the highest degree. Had he followed the law and been promoted to the bench, he would have made a famous judge, for his mental sight enables him to see through a litigated question with great clearness, and his decisions would have been eminently sound and fair. Even during the tariff hearings the quickness with which he detected the weak points in the armor of his Democratic colleagues, or of the importers, became a proverb.

Mr. Dingley is sixty-five. The years do not weigh heavily upon him. Apparently not of robust health, he is, nevertheless, of that wiry nature which is capable of intense work without feeling fatigue. More than this, Mr. Dingley, although living in Washington during the congressional season for some seventeen years, has never been caught in the whirlpool of dissipation. He loves society, but he does not allow it to become his master. He is in bed every night at 10 o'clock and is at work at 7 o'clock in the morning, when nearly all Washington is still in bed. He knows, too, how to conserve his forces. He does not let his work get behindhand. Everything is done in order and his systematic ways make his burden light.

All this Mr. Dingley learned when he was a lad. He is a Maine Yankee, of blood undefiled, his family running back to 1638, when the first Dingley came over from England and settled on the shores of Massachusetts. The descendants of this ancestor have all been traders, or farmers, or blacksmiths, but have been thorough in their work, however humble, and in this way have laid the foundation for those characteristics which are now so well developed in the chairman of the ways and means committee. Mr. Dingley's father was a trader, not particularly well to do, so that the boy bent himself to work at an early age. His steadiness of purpose came from his old Pilgrim stock, but his intellectual ability came from his mother, a woman educated far beyond her station or the average of cultivation in those days, and a schoolteacher who brought all the discipline and knowledge of her mind to bear upon the training of her son. To-day Mr. Dingley sees in her influence one of the greatest factors in his success.

He was graduated at Dartmouth in 1855, at the head of a class which had in it men who have since become eminent, like Chief Justice Field, of Massachusetts. In college he gave evidence of love for journalism. He corresponded for daily papers and edited the college paper. He has always handled a pen with facility and even now would rather write than talk.

LEFT LAW FOR JOURNALISM.

But, instead of at once going into newspaper work, he studied law, not because he expected to follow that profession, but because he believed that it would be the best training for his mind. Even now he advises every man who wants to have a future to study law. "It is wonderful discipline," he says, and when asked why he did not stick to legal practice, he laughs and says that it is not because he loved the law less, but because he loved newspaper work more.

So it was quite natural that when he found an opportunity to secure the ownership of the Lewiston Journal, then a weekly paper, he seized it at once, and forthwith began to build up a business that has been wonderfully successful.

"My paper," he says with pride, "has a larger circulation than any other paper in the State of Maine, and I would rather write for it than do any other kind of work."

A man's public life must always have a beginning, and Mr. Dingley's career really began in college, when he took up the study of what were then the abstruse questions of political economy and finance. He followed with enthusiasm the discussion of the great problems which preceded the war, and debated them in college as no one else could do.

Then came the stirring campaign for Fremont, and Mr. Dingley, only twenty-four years of age, went on the stump. Later, in his paper, he wrote editorials which attracted wide interest and commanded the attention of the sturdy, thoughtful people of his home town. They sent him to the Legislature. At twenty-nine he was speaker of the House, and served six years, all the time never failing to keep posted on the great questions of government.

At thirty-nine he was Governor, serving for two terms, and declining a third nomination. Finally Mr. Frye was elevated to the Senate, and Mr. Dingley was sent to Congress. That was in 1881.

Immediately the young statesman found that the seed which he had been sowing for so many years had found congenial soil. All that he had gathered of tariff knowledge, of financial facts and theories, of systems of government, had equipped him for forging at once to the lead in congressional circles. He has been growing and broadening ever since. His constituents, of Puritan and Pilgrim stock, conservative and slow to change, realized that he was the man to reflect credit on them, and they have continued him as their representative in Congress.

NO USE FOR POLITICS.

For the ordinary manipulations of politics Mr. Dingley has no use whatever. He pays no attention to primaries or delegates. Every two years his people renominate him by acclamation in a solid Republican district, where nomination is equivalent to election, and Mr. Dingley devotes his time to acquiring experience and knowledge, which makes him more and more valuable. His district runs from the ocean to the Canada line and the upper half of it is a wilderness. The population is compactly located in the lower half, is almost entirely native born American and is literally shoulder to shoulder with the congressman. There are no diverse sections or elements to be catered to. In this Mr. Dingley is especially fortunate.

While Mr. Dingley spends the day in dealing with the tariff, and finance, and shipping legislation, he uses the evenings for his recreation. He is a home body, and would rather read or see his friends than go out of the house. Although his reading is largely of a serious character, he has a sense of humor and likes to laugh at the jokes of Mark Twain. There is a tradition that once on a stumping tour he quoted a saying of Josh Billings. Speaker Reed, who always likes to see the funny side of things, once said that when Mr. Dingley was courting he would sooner read a government report than hold a pretty girl on his knee. A short time afterward, when Speaker Reed and Chairman Dingley were together with some friends, Mr. Dingley laughingly asserted that the remark was not true.

"I will leave it to Mrs. Dingley," he exclaimed, but Mr. Reed very gallantly refused to ask the lady to go upon the witness stand.

Mr. Dingley has always been a prohibitionist. He was for many years president of the Congressional Temperance Society, an organization of cold-water legislators. He is also a church-goer, belonging to the Congregationalists. His family consists of his wife, a daughter, Edith, who is the possessor of a fine soprano voice, and four sons, who are all doing well. One of them is a manufacturer in Lewiston, two of them are associated on a newspaper in Kalamazoo, Mich., and the fourth is in Colorado for his health.

The daughter does not care for Washington life, and does not even enjoy sharing in the receptions which her mother is compelled to hold. This year she is studying music in New York. As soon as Mr. Dingley gets through with the extra session of Congress he will go to his summer resort on the shores of Maine, and there, surrounded by his family, he will enjoy that home life which is much more agreeable to him even than the bright light of publicity which his position as the chairman of the ways and means committee and the father of the tariff bill now gives him.

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Munyon's Headache Cure stops headache in three minutes. Price, 25 cents.

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Indianapolis People Express Acknowledgment of the Value of Munyon's Remedies.

Miss Ida May, No. 204 Blackford street, Indianapolis, Ind., says: "I was severely troubled with nervousness for over six months. I was unable to rest and had headache nearly all the time. I tried various remedies, as well as doctors' prescriptions, but was not cured. I finally decided to try Munyon's Nerve Cure, and am pleased to say that it has completely cured me. I have also used Munyon's Headache Cure, and it gave me immediate relief. I keep Munyon's Remedies for emergencies."

Now Able to Attend to Business.

Mr. Joseph Taylor, 38 Thomas street, Indianapolis, Ind., says: "I was suffering from stomach trouble and rheumatism, and had been in bed for three months, when I began using Munyon's Rheumatism Cure. I noticed the improvement after taking three doses, and in three days I was able to be about the house. I am now able to be up and attend to business."

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MAJESTIC BUILDING,

Pennsylvania and Maryland Streets.

Valued at Two Hundred Words.

New York Tribune.

"Now I am quite sure that I have achieved greatness," exclaimed a pretty young authoress whose Pegasus is rather of the domestic pony order, "for I am on file among the obituary notices of the ——. I heard it was there, together with my picture, and was crazy to see it, and as I knew one of the editors slightly I went down to his office, and after some delay succeeded in obtaining an audience.

"'What can I do for you, Queen Esther?' he said, graciously, as I entered his sanctum sanctorum. 'I suppose I will have to grant your request, even if it costs me half of my kingdom.' 'It is only to look over my obituary notice,' I answered, 'and to see if I like it—and I should like to change the photograph; it is a horrid thing, I know, and I have a sweet one here—my latest.' The great man smiled and touched a bell. 'Miss W. would like to see her obituary notice, Mr. A.,' he said to his secretary, who appeared in answer to his summons.

"'You may present your case to posterity in any way you like, my dear young lady,' he added, 'provided you do not exceed two hundred words.'

"'Oh, is that all I am valued at?' I exclaimed, petulantly.

"'Well, keep on living and working,' he answered, laughing, 'and we will get you up to a thousand before we have done with you.'

"He bowed me out of the room, and I was conducted into an adjoining apartment, where from a pigeon hole marked 'W' a slip of proof was taken out, whereon was printed a short notice of me and my books. To this was pinned a photograph—of course, one of the worst I had ever had taken. And even in the notice they made me three years older than I really was, and misspelled the name of my best book. So, altogether, I was thankful I had gone down to put things straight. I felt quite relieved when I had touched up my obituary and substituted a becoming photograph.

"'Now I can die in peace,' I said to the young man, who stood by, much amused."