

By Maurus Jokai.

URING the reign of King Achaemenes, a Persian magician concocted a miraculous potion...

The secret of this philter, the magician had confided only to the king, who on his part communicated it to his son...

At a tender age, Agamede became the wife of the king, and the secret came that never more than one person was in possession of the same.

At that time Sparta was not celebrated yet by that famous black broth, which had frightened the ambassadors of King Xerxes...

At these words King Kleanthos ordered the prisoner's fetters taken off and approaching him shook his hand.

But however questioned, they could not utter a word from the stranger. Once he proudly raised himself and said:

"I am in your power; you may burn me, crush me, use me as you please, but I will not answer you; you shall not even find out who I am or what is my name."

At these words King Kleanthos ordered the prisoner's fetters taken off and approaching him shook his hand.

He told him that he appreciated manly virtues, even in his foe, and that he would thrust the force without further quest as to the reasons of his suspicious presence near the royal chamber.

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As the convulsive tremble of his muscles showed, he battled against the cursed charm. He remembered all his heroic deeds and tried to overcome this cowardly feeling.

"Then tell me first who thou art, and what thy name?" "I am Aristomenes, the leader of the Messenians, stammered the hero, leaning his head against the wall of his prison.

"And where is the king himself?" "Are the sentinels at the palace gates freezing that they crowd together against the walls, covering their faces and dars not stop the white figure which slipping past, takes its way toward the prison?"

Even the prison watch dare not stop it when they see the gleaming point of a sharp sword directed against them—though it is only a woman.

It is the wife of the king, the beautiful Agamede, who felt toward the young hero who had risked his life for a kiss from her.

She regretted to have delivered him to his ruin and determined to save him against all odds.

What she had done, the Sparta heralded from the wine at the festival of today. Agamede looked on his young husband with a look of love and admiration.

He sank fainting from the couch and if the tears had not rolled down his cheeks, one could have believed him dead.

Standing against the shoulder of her husband, Agamede saw what she had done.

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Translated by Sigmund Krausz Author of "Towards the Rising Sun."

"Now thou hast attained thine object—go!" "Why should she riot have saved such a noble life by a kiss?"

Aristomenes, at this moment, felt such a thrill in his heart, that he had the whole population of Sparta crowded into his arms, and he was out of the gates of the city, and he was out of the gates of the city, and he was out of the gates of the city.

How he had escaped through the crowded streets in spite of soldiers and sentinels, Kleanthos had made in his stupa, he had seen him, he had seen him, he had seen him.

When Agamede had filled the cup of the sentinels, Kleanthos requested Agamede again to prepare the draught for a suspected Ephor whom he had invited to dinner.

While the Ephor quivered with fear, Kleanthos asked Agamede to prepare the draught for a suspected Ephor whom he had invited to dinner.

After a few minutes Agamede began to feel the enervating effect of the draught. Her heart began to beat with anguish, like that of a criminal who sees the executioner before him.

But now she looked at the Ephor, who smiled sarcastically at her, then she turned her eyes to Kleanthos, whose face was burning with uncontrolled rage.

On the table before her lay the knife. She shuddered as she saw it, like all those who have seen a man die. She shuddered as she saw it, like all those who have seen a man die.

And now she heard the voice of her husband. Like a bolt of lightning, a roar of a wild beast it sounded in her ears.

"Woman, answer me three questions. What happened eight days ago to the people of Sparta? Who gave Aristomenes his liberty, and who is the secret of this magic draught?"

BREAK HEARERS ON THE TROUSERS FAIR PKE BY FRANKLIN FYLES

St. Louis, May 29. I HAVE but wan eye to see your show, said an Irishman at a theatre window on the Pike, 'an' won't yez let me in for half price?"

"To see this show, with even one eye," said the fellow inside, "is worth double the price of admission."

National theatre, named National theatre in Dublin which presents the plays of Yeats and his coteries of modern Irish authors.

The Irish theatre on the Pike—not the Yeats, but the one which has no house of its own and gives a performance only once in awhile—a performance in an auditorium to seat a thousand persons.

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The one-eyed Irishman and I agreed that we were delighted to see your show, said an Irishman at a theatre window on the Pike, 'an' won't yez let me in for half price?"

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common sense tells them, can't be big enough to swing a bull on by his horns. Then they feel foolish and resentful at having been so easily taken in.

Yes, this is a show of mechanical figures, yet so skillfully made and operated as to be a good entertainment for half an hour.

The stage shows of St. Louis in fair time are to embrace, before June is over, two theatrical spectacles.

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same that it was in Chicago, except that it is done in the theatre. It is different in the direction of the show. The Cairo girls are on the stage, but only a pair of them, and their dancing, though wicked, is less so than it was in Chicago.

The two chosen to begin wear blue tunics and brown trousers in the latest fashion. Until their time comes they sit drowsily in the row of eight naive musicians.

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