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MISSOLOGHI

By WINGROVE BATHON.
(Copyright, 1902, by Daily Story Publishing Company.)

You have seen the engraving of the monument created by David D'Angers to the memory of Marcos Botzaris, and you know whether or not the great sculptor was successful in his determination that he who fell at Missolonghi should have a monument worthy of his heroism and patriotism. The story of that monument, a sad and pretty tale, is little known—too little known. We forget too easily. There is no longer a Botzaris; there is no longer a Mavrocordato; Missolonghi itself is remembered but as the place where Byron died, and even then only when one says "Missolonghi—1824." And that is a long time ago. The day David D'Angers found the inspiration he sought for his monument to Botzaris, he was walking among the tombs of Pere-la-Chaise. He saw a young girl lying on a gravestone, at full length, tracing with a colored chalk the name "Marcos Botzaris" on the headstone of the tomb. She had just finished the last one of the letters on the otherwise blank shaft of marble.

"My child," David called to her, as he approached, "why do you write that name upon that tomb? That tomb has nothing to do with Botzaris."

"I know it, Monsieur," she replied. "I simply came here for a walk, and I was thinking of Marcos Botzaris. Besides, the monument has nothing to do with him because it is not half good enough for him, beautiful as it is in its simplicity."

"Why do you think it is not good enough for him?" the sculptor asked.

"He was a Greek, Monsieur!" she said, simply.

She wept. David took note of her. She was about fourteen, just budding into womanhood, with the travail of the transition expressed in her every feature, every limb.

Here, he said to himself, was not only the subject for his composition, but the model for his art as well. His statue took shape in his mind. This girl, he thought to himself, would represent, copied in stone, to the most casual observer the struggle for freedom. She would bend for him over the tomb of Botzaris to drag the secret of that freedom from him and give to the world in effigied marble the story Botzaris fell too soon to finish. Dawning life, the reincarnation of liberty, would take up the work of the dead, in its ever continuing effort to fulfill its mission. It would be his masterpiece.

Questioning the girl, he learned—nothing. She had nothing to tell, she said. Her name? She would not give it. Her residence? She shook her head. She told him nothing beyond that she happened to be in Pere-la-Chaise for a walk.

David sought himself upon a nearby tomb and commenced to speak of his monument. He prefaced his remarks with the question:

"You are a Greek?"

"As Monsieur sees," she said, proudly raising her head.

At first she listened to him incredulously. When he spoke of her country's war for freedom, and his own ideal of independence, a fire kindled in her eyes, and she arched her brows, and listened, silently entranced, showing only by her heaving young breast and the flashing of her eyes, the emotion his words occasioned her.

At length he reached the point of his conversation. Would she pose for him?

"I, Monsieur! I!" she exclaimed, in a proxy of eagerness and joy as she sprang to her feet.

"Yes," she said. He began to speak of paying her for the sittings she should give him, but she would not listen.

"I want no pay," she said. "It is for him!"

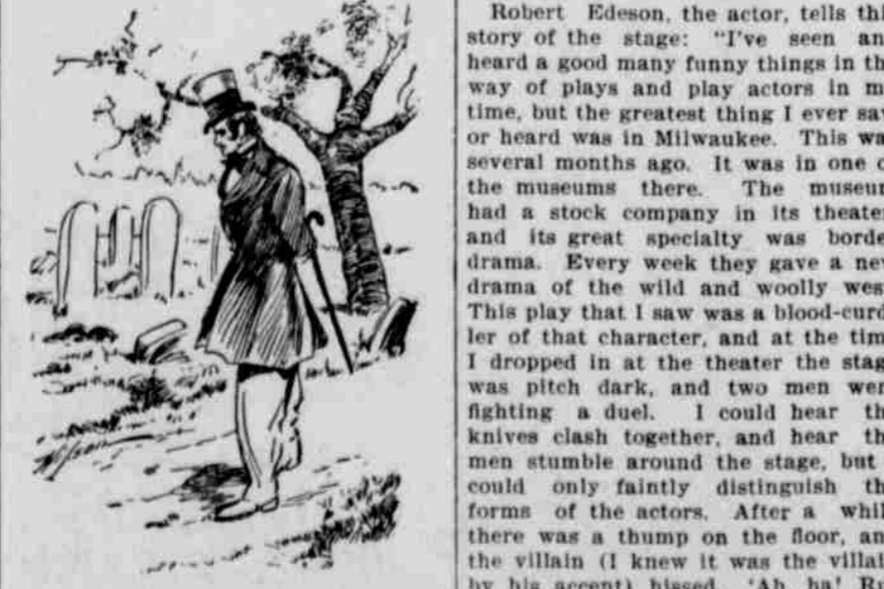
"Come," she continued. "Is the studio of Monsieur near? Let us start."

He was puzzled. He did not know what to make of her. But to David D'Angers the words "patriot" and "patriotism" meant something almost sacred. She had in her, he saw, something of the spirit of Missolonghi. It was better so. Better for his work, better for him, better for her.

"So be it," he said, at length.

"Come."

He led her home with him at once, and the first sitting was commenced. Silent, wrapped in her own thoughts, with the exact expression upon her



He was walking among the tombs of Pere-la-Chaise, face that he desired, he had no need to tell her a word of what he wanted. By intuition she seemed to know, and by the intuition of his genius he worked. Day by day she returned at the appointed hour, but never a word did she vouchsafe as to herself or her antecedents, and David, engrossed with his composition, grew to think of her less and less, as his composition neared its completion and he grew to thinking of the statue more.

On the wall of his studio hung a very handsome bronze crucifix, on a velvet panel. He often found her watching it. It seemed to have a fascination for her, and one day when the child was dressing, after two or three hours of hard work, when he had spoken to her again of payment for her sittings and she had again declined the money, she exclaimed, with a glance at the crucifix:

"If you insist upon paying me, M. David, you may give me that!"

The crucifix was worth considerably more than the price of her sittings at that time.

"I, Monsieur! I!" she exclaimed, two francs fifty centimes an hour, the usual price, and D'Angers hesitated.

"What do you want with it?" he asked.

"I would place it in my room, M. David," she said, "and pray to Christ for Greece."

He took down the image and handed it to her, and she left that day, the last day of the sittings, staggering under its weight.

The statue was finished and sent to Greece, and the thought of his model passed from his mind. She was a little of a mystery to him, but Paris held many such mysteries, or what seemed to be mysteries. In those days, and models, to David D'Angers, were simply models.

That was the story of the Marcos Botzaris monument. David had been sufficiently young to be enthusiastic and sufficiently presumptuous to imagine he could do something which had never been done before. He had succeeded. With the aid of the spirit of Missolonghi, he had succeeded.

In after years, when he departed from France, exiled by Louis Napoleon, a wanderer on the face of the earth, the irresistible desire to behold once more his masterpiece finally drew him to Greece.

Long before the vessel anchored he caught a glimpse of the tumulus erected at the foot of the bastion in honor of Botzaris. It made a small, dark spot on the horizon, but above it was a speck, small and white, with another dark speck beside it. He knew the white speck was his statue of the young Greek girl, but it was not until he had landed that he knew what is now a matter of history—that his statue had been mutilated almost beyond repair.

As he reached the tomb, he wept like a child, for, lying across the marble figure was the unknown girl who had originated the masterpiece, and who, having journeyed to Missolonghi to behold the composition once more, and having found the right hand of the statue broken, the index finger of which pointed to the name, after trying to hide the cruel, vandal break with a bouquet of flowers, had died of a broken heart, and with her still warm clay, for one brief hour was taking the place of the marble effigy she had inspired to the memory of Marcos Botzaris and his fall at Missolonghi.

WITNESSED BY "ME AND HEAVEN."
Humorous Incident at a Milwaukee Theatrical Performance.

Robert Edeson, the actor, tells this story of the stage: "I've seen and heard a good many funny things in the way of plays and play actors in my time, but the greatest thing I ever saw or heard was in Milwaukee. This was several months ago. It was in one of the museums there. The museum had a stock company in its theater, and its great specialty was border drama. Every week they gave a new drama of the wild and woolly west. This play that I saw was a blood-curdler of that character, and at the time I dropped in at the theater the stage was pitch dark, and two men were fighting a duel. I could hear the knives clash together, and hear the men stumble around the stage, but I could only faintly distinguish the forms of the actors. After a while there was a thump on the floor, and the villain (I knew it was the villain by his accent) hissed. 'Ah, ha! Rudolph Tegherington, I have you now, and no one is to see me do the deed!' Then the drummer hit the bass drum a belt and the calcium man turned on the light, and away up on a rocky pass a woman (the heroine) was seen standing. 'Coward!' she shouted, 'me and heaven is here!'"

ADVISE GIVEN BY SCOTCH PARSON

Minister Set Twenty Drinks a Day as the Limit of Moderation.

A Scotch parson once preached a long sermon against dram drinking, a vice very prevalent in his parish, and from which report said he was not himself wholly exempt.

"Whatever ye do, brethren," said he, "do it in moderation, and, above all, be moderate in dram-drinking. When ye get up, indeed, ye may take a dram, and another just before breakfast, and perhaps another after; but dinna be always dram-drinking."

"If ye are out in the morn, ye may just brace yerself up with another dram, and perhaps take another before luncheon, and some, I fear, take one after, which is no so very blameable, but dinna be always dram-drinking away."

"Naebody can scruple for one just afore dinner, and when the desert is brought in, an' after it's ta'en away; and, perhaps ane, or it may be twa, in the course of the afternoon, just to keep ye fra' drowsing and snoozing; but dinna be always dram-drinking."

"Afore tea, and after tea, and between tea and supper, and before and after supper, is no more than right and good; but let me caution ye, brethren, not to be always dram-drinking."

"Just when ye start for bed, and when ye're ready to pop into't, and perhaps when ye wake in the night, to take a dram or twa is no more than a Christian man may lawfully do; but, brethren, let me caution ye not to drink more than I've mentioned, or may be ye may pass the bounds of moderation!"—Mirror.

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New Service Inaugurated on the Iron Mountain Route.

The Iron Mountain Route has inaugurated a new dining car service on its fast daily trains from St. Louis, Memphis and intermediate points to Texas. These cars have just been turned out of the Pullman shops and are models of skillful workmanship. They are handsomely fitted up, thoroughly equipped with the latest appliances and lighted with electricity. They are also supplied with electric fans.

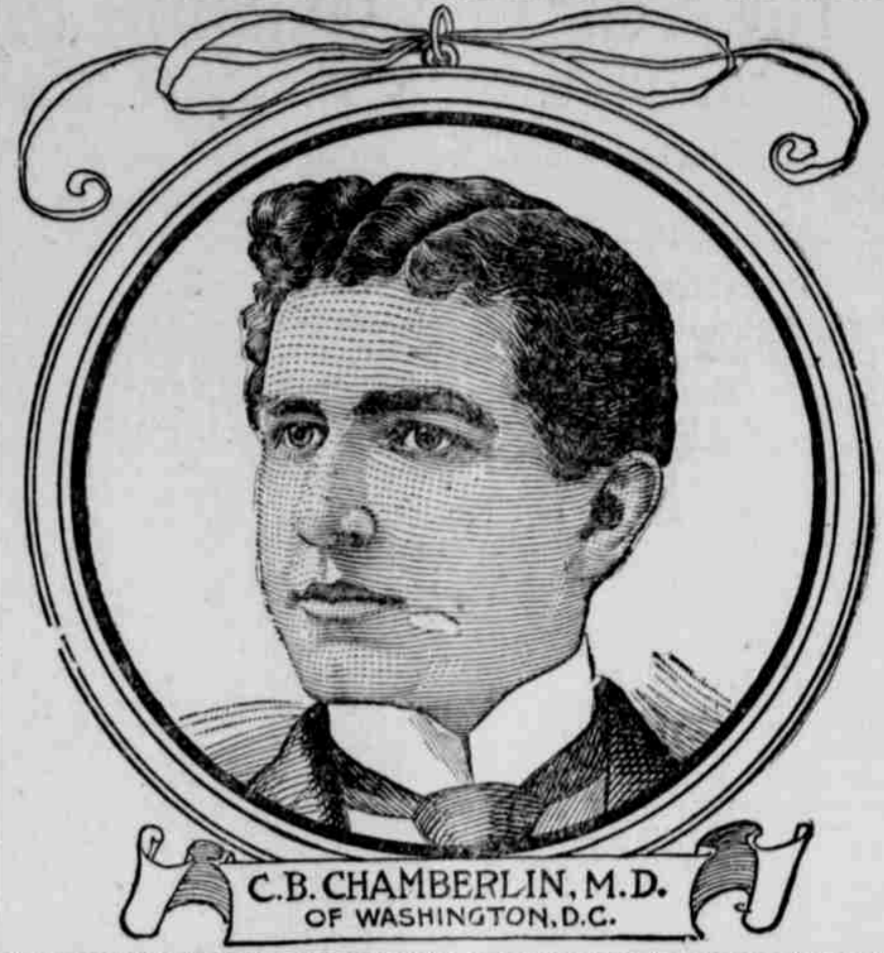
Meals are served a la carte from dainty Haviland china. Libby cut glassware and elegant silverware. This is the only line running dining cars from St. Louis to points in Southern Missouri, Arkansas and Texas. It has a triple daily service between St. Louis and Texas and a double daily service between Memphis and Texas of Pullman sleeping cars with electric lights, fans and all up-to-date appliances.

In severe paroxysms of coughing a tablespoonful of glycerine, in hot milk or cream will give speedy relief. The great trouble with the majority of men who bet on sure things is that they always bet the wrong way.

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Medical Examiner U. S. Treasury.

Dr. Llewellyn Jordan, Medical Examiner of U. S. Treasury Department, graduate of Columbia College and who served three years at West Point, has the following to say of Peruna:

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Geo. C. Havener, M. D., of Anacostia, D. C., writes:

The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O.: "Gentlemen—In my practice I have had occasion to frequently prescribe your valuable medicine, and have found its use beneficial, especially in cases of catarrh."—George C. Havener, M. D.

If you do not receive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

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W. N. U.—DETROIT—NO. 27-1902

HEALTH AND ALL ITS BLESSINGS

Health will come with all its blessings to those who know the way, and it is mainly a question of right-living, with all the term implies, but the efforts which strengthen the system, the games which refresh and the foods which nourish are important, each in a way, while it is also advantageous to have knowledge of the best methods of promoting freedom from unsanitary conditions. To assist nature, when nature needs assistance, it is all important that the medicinal agents used should be of the best quality and of known value, and the one remedy which acts most beneficially and pleasantly, as a laxative, is—Syrup of Figs—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

With a proper understanding of the fact that many physical ills are of a transient character and yield promptly to the gentle action of Syrup of Figs, gladness and comfort come to the heart, and if one would remove the torpor and strain and congestion attendant upon a constipated condition of the system, take Syrup of Figs and enjoy freedom from the aches and pains, the colds and headaches and the depression due to inactivity of the bowels. In case of any organic trouble it is well to consult a competent physician, but when a laxative is required remember that the most permanently gratifying results will follow personal cooperation with the beneficial effects of Syrup of Figs. It is for sale by all reliable druggists. Price fifty cents per bottle.

The excellence of Syrup of Figs comes from the beneficial effects of the plants used in the combination and also from the method of manufacture which ensures that perfect purity and uniformity of product essential in a perfect family laxative. All the members of the family from the youngest to the most advanced in years may use it whenever a laxative is needed and share alike in its beneficial effects. We do not claim that Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of known value, but it possesses this great advantage over all other laxatives that it acts gently and pleasantly without disturbing natural functions, in any way, as it is free from every objectionable quality or substance. To get its beneficial effects it is always necessary to buy the genuine and the full name of the Co.—California Fig Syrup Co.—is printed on the front of every package.

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