THE SCRANTON TRIBUNE --- WEDNESDAY MORNING, MARCH 4, 1896.

HARRISON

Having Seventy Million Landlords

Wasn't the Thing It Had

What a lot of foolish speculation there

and enraged me, and it was to see about them that I called. I don't believe there is anything half as vexatious as having

70.000,000 landlords and never being able

ing-coat upon. I remember that in the old days I have gone coursing up and

down this great nation looking for the

get at him. The mere fact that one is allowed to hire the work done is no sur-

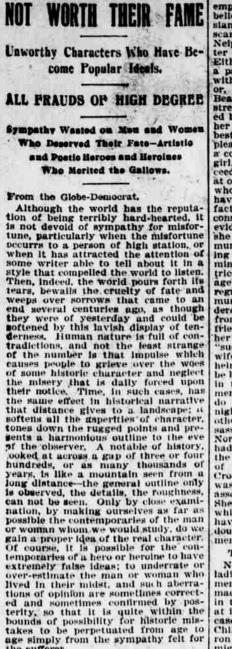
CLEVELAND COINCIDED.

"General," said President Cleveland, warmly, "I agree with you. I have been there—am there now and will be

Scemed to Ba.

From the Chicago Record.

to It.



the sufferer.

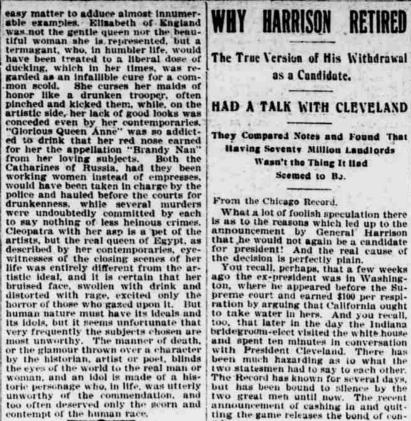
FALSEHOODS OF HISTORY. "Read me anything but history," said England's greatest statesman on his deathbed, "that, I know, is not true," and the apparently strange and harsh statement is fully borne out by a study of the manner in which the historians have been blased by their sympathies in dealing with dozens of characters. Some, utterly detestable, have been so transformed by the sympathy of the historical writers that they become of almost superhuman excellence; others, only moderately wicked, have been pronounced monsters of vice, while oth-ers again, men and women, in their own time, of good growthe man in their own time, of good repute, who lived hon-est upright lives, are either altogether forgotten or are remembered in that half-slighting way that is worse than oblivion. Many men and women have been made the pets of the historian. He will acknowledge for the sake of argument, that they were not all that they should have been; that here and there they deviated from the strict some excuse for their shortcomings; they were not quite so much to blame as they looked, in fact, they were hardly to blame at all. Of course, there was wrong doing in the case, but the fault was that of some one clese, on whom the blame is promptly saddled, and, whether he deserves it or not, he is forced to carry it, for the world has made up its mind on the subject, and it is useless to try to effect a change in its opinion. For history has its scapeits opinion. goats, and not only are all the vice and crimes of a whole race or genera-tion loaded on the back of one man, but often all the discredit of a long life of in composing indecent poems, some of which, scribbled on the walls of his shoulders of a pet of history to the back of a contemporary in order that the pe may go free. MARY STUART. One of the most highly favored of history's pets was Mary, queen of Scots. To use a familiar colloquialism, nothing is too good for her at the hands of the nistorians. Grave writers, men of in telligence and probity, have moaned over her long confinement and sad tak-ing off as though these were afflictions personal to themselves; women have wept over her sorrows as though these were their own; she has been exalted to such a pitch that not many years ago a proposition was gravely discussed to present to the church her claims to sainthood. Yet nothing is more certain than that the sufferings and execution of this woman were the result of her own crimes. There is little doubt that she was one of the gayest young women of the French court while she was the wife of the Dauphin, for the memory of her intrigues at that period has come down to the present day; there is none at all that she was unfaithful to Darn-ley, and was the leading spirit in the plot to murder him. This is the only murder, in her long career of crime, that can be directly traced home to her, but the people of her own time suspect-al her of several others, and probably ed her of several others, and probably not without good cause. Her faithless ness was so well known that the coun selors of Elizabeth, much as they dis liked to take the step, were compelled to lock her up as soon as she sat her foo England, and during the whole tim her imprisonment she was perpetual-engaged in plots, one after another until it was found out that the only way to make her good was to cut off her head. This was done, and at once all the sympathy of Christendom was enlisted in her behalf: her murders and other peccadillos were forgotten, and she is deemed a suitable subject for Sunday-school tableaux.

emperor, there is excellent reason to believe that while he was on the Rus-sian campaign she was engaged in a scandalous intrigue with Count von Nelpperg, her chamberiain, whom, af-ter Napoleaon's death, she married. Either she or Josephine, howver, was a pattern of morality when compared with another pet of history, the famous, or, rather, infamous, Beatrice Cenci. Beatrice became a historical pet on the strength of a portrait, said to be paint-ed by Guido Reni, a day or two before her execution. Its authenticity is, at best, extremely doubtful, but it has pleased the world to believe that it is a correct portrait of the young Roman girl, and, as it represents her as ex-ceedingly beautiful, of course the world at once made up its mind that a woman who was so good-looking could not have been anything but good, and the fact that she was tried by a regularly constituted tribunal, and that abundant evidence was produced to prove that she was the leading conspirator in the murder of her father, counted for noth-bar beth conserve of the world's determurder of her father, counted for noth-ing in the presence of the world's deter-mination to believe her a martyr. Bearice had the misfortune to live in an age when assassination was generally regarded as a venial offense, when murder was a triffe so long as the mur-deter could remain undetected and safe from the vengeance of the victim's relands. It was even a jest, During from the vengeance of the victim's friends. It was even a jest. During her short lifetime, everybody knew that "succession powders," to rid a young wife of an old husband, or bring an wife of an old husband, or original heir quickly lints his inheritance, could be bought almost openly in Rome: that in the coowded quarters by the river men could be hired for a few soldi to do any murder. Assansitation was a nightly occurrence in Rome and every other large city in Italy, and the as-massing wave rarely brought to justice. sassing were rarely brought to justice. Nor would Beatrice have suffered death had it not been for the fact that while the pope was considering the question of clemency, the Princess of Santa Croce was murdered by her son, and it was determined that Beatrice and her

associates should be made an example She was no better than the age in which she lived, in fact, she seems to have been somewhat worse, and un-doubtedly suffered justly the punish-ment due to her hidsous crime. THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

Not to devote too much time to the ladies, however, it is well enough to renades, however, it is well enough to re-member that several men have been made the pets of the world who did not in the least deserve any consideration at its hands. One of the most notable cases of this kind is the "Prisoner of Chillon," immortalized by Byron. By-ron was a poet, not a historian, and might be expected to be carried away by his symmathies and indaed when by his sympathies, and, indeed, when we find historians so grossly misled no surprise can be felt at the same thing happening in the case of a young man of fine poetic genius and overflowing with sympathy for any case of suffering, real or otherwise. In this instance the peculiar castle furnished the theme, the cell beneath supplied the inspiration, and the prisoner was the creature of the poet's imagination. Chillon had many prisoners probably better deserving of the world's sympathy than Francols de Bonnivard, to whom Byron re-ferred. Instead of being the old, feeble

man described in the poem, he was a gay, rollicking young blood, perpetual-ly in hot water on account of his amorous propensities and fondness for other people's property. He opposed the Duke-Bishop of Savoy, Charles III., not so much from political motives as on general principles, being always ready to oppose anybody just for the fun of the thing. His invasions of Savoy were rather plundering raids than military expeditions, and, according to one historian, he was finally caught by the wrathful bishop while returning from one of these thievish jaunts, his followers being so laden with stolen roads that they were taken at a disadgoods that they were taken at a disadvantage and could neither run away nor fight. Of course, the bishop locked him up; the wonder is he did not do worse to him, and in jail he stayed for six years. He was not confined in the dungeon at all, but in an airy, comfort able room above, with neatly barred windows, from which he could look out over the lake. He did not take his captivity much to heart, but spent his time



THOUGHTS OF GREAT THINKERS.

The noblest motive is the public good .-The noblest motive is the public good.— Virgil. Let them obey that knows not how to rule.—Shakespeare. Yon gray lines, that fret the clouds, are messengers of day.—Shakespeare. He surely is in want of another's pa-tience who has none of his own.—Lavater. If a man is ended with a generous

If a man is endued with a generous nind, this is the best kind of nobility.-Plato. Plato. Nature, through all her works, in great degree, borrows a blessing from variety.— Churchill.

Patience-of whose soft grace I have her vereign ald, and rest myself content.

sovereign aid, and rest myself content.— Shakespeare. There are but three classes of men; the retrograde, the stationary and the pro-gressive.—Lavater. Pedantry crams our heads with learned lumber, and takes out our brains to make room for IL—Colton. Thus grief still treads upon the heels of pleasure, marry'd in haste, we may repent at leisure.—Congreve.

at leisure.-Congreve. As the mind must govern the hands, so In every society the man of intelligence must direct the man of labor.—Johnson. This melancholy flatters, but menace you, what is it else but penury of soul, a dazy frost, a numbress of the mind.— Dryden.

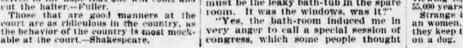
The passions, like heavy bodies down steerp hills, once in motion, move them-selves, and know no ground bat the bot-tom --Fuller tom.-Fuller. Man hath his daily work of body or mind appointed, which declares his dig-nity and the regard of heaven on all his

hity and the regard of hearth ways,-Milton. The bonest heart that's free frae a' in-tended fraud or guile, however fortune kick the ba' has aye some cause to smile.

Burns, There is always and everywhere some

There is always and everywhere some restraint upon a great man. He is guard-diverse is and shackled with formal-kies.-Cowley. Among the pitfalls in our way, the best of us walk blindly: so, man, be wary, watch and pray, and judge your brother kindly.-Allee Cary. The heathen mythology not only was not true, but was not even supported as true; it not only deserved no faith, but it demanded none.-Whately. They that marry ancient people merely in expectation to bury them, hang them.

They that marry ancient people merely in expectation to bury them, hang them, selves in the hope that one will come and cut the halter.-Fuller.





was for financial legislation, but which THE CITY OF MARSEILLES WHY HARRISON RETIRED
The True Version of His Withdrawal as a Candidate.
HAD A TALK WITH CLEVELAND
They Compared Notes and Found That Lafayette avenue and call a mass-meeting of the passers-by and roast them in sharp, bitter, biting terms for giving me a house to live in the chim-neys of which freeze over to a depth of even inches? It would be filtenhouse seven inches? It would be ridiculous. You know how that is, general." 'Know it? Ah, alas and woful words! Special Correspondence to The Tribune.

Marseilles, Jan. 25.—Marseilles is one of the European cities which the trav-eler, always in search of things antique or artistic, is likely to pass over rather invested. Once when the pump froze and I ham-mered at it until I had skan seven inches of skin off my knuckles, and I inches of skin off my knuckles, and I scalded it and put explosives in it and dredged at it for two hours, and then, oh, then, how I yearned for somebody whom I could call 'landlord' and whom I could abuse and vilify some! By the way, Mr. President, does that pump still get reluctant on cold days?" 'General." said the president, "It does my heart good to hear you talk so hurriedly, or perhaps not stop at it at all. Italy, with its pictures and pal-aces, being so near, the attractions of Marseilles are rather lost sight of, and the average traveler who stops there is likely to remember Marseilles only as possessing more cafes in proportion to its size than any other city in Europe.

ration by arguing that California ought to take water in hers. And you recall, too, that later in the day the Indiana bridegroom-elect visited the white house and spent ten minutes in conversation with Besideart Clearth Conversation my heart good to hear you talk so about that pump. You are the only man living who can understand what I have suffered from that profane plec-of mechanism in the last four years two statesmen had to say to each other. The Record has known for several days, When I first entered the white house was a younger man, stronger, more hopeful. I did not mind the pump so but has been bound to silence by the two great men until now. The recent announcement of cashing in and quit-ting the game releases the bond of con-talonce much then. And when you moved in and I moved out I did it with sorrow. Now I shall leave here with a burst of hilarity hovering all about me. I shall

go straightway and hire a house where there is a pump just like this and where When Mr. Harrison and Mr. Cleveland met there were, of course, the ordi-nary civilities attendant upon the herdthere is a man who owns the house, and I shall put in the rest of my life in win-ter assisting that man with the expletogether of two men each of whom had beaten the other for president of the United States, and each of whom had in turn been beaten by the other. Then Mr. Harrison said: tive adjectives which I have gathered The pump, general, is the same here. old pump.

"I gather, then," said the general, re-"You have doubtless heard, Mr. Pres-ident, of my proposed marriage, and of course you will surmise that I am flectively, "that you have had enough and are going to quit the premises next year." "I certainly am. Do you blame me?

house-hunting. I know somewhat of this house, having rented if for four years, and my thoughts naturally turn What would you do?' But I remember quite well that

through which the products of the east have found their way into Europe. This trade gives to the port a very or-iental look, and on the streets, es-pecially those down near the docks, the "Mr. President," the general gravely observed, "I would do the same. I had when I was here before there were a lot of harassing annoyances that inflamed crowds are a queer mixture of Asian, African and European. The signs on the shop windows in that section are in observed, "I would do the same. I had thought of making application for this place, but your words have brought me an awakening. I had hoped there might have come a change since I was last here. But I see it is the same thing. It may be a great thing to be president to find one of them when you want to have a nail driven in the jamb of the laundry door to hang your canvas huntof the United States, but when to that circumstance is added the condition that one must have 70,000,000 landlords. none of whom are within kicking dis-fance when things go wrong, I pass out.

landlord so as to file my objection to a loose plank in the kitchen floor, and although there are, as I have said, 70,-000,000 of him I have never been able to I shall keep on renting from a man smaller in stature than myself and whom I can browbeat and fume at when the house needs three new shinges or another catch on the pantry cease of sorrow when you want to kick good and hard." window.

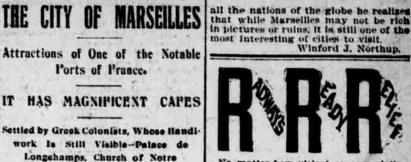
And shortly after Mr. Gowdy received that letter of surrender of presidential

SCIENCE GOSSIP.

The wars of the last seventy years have ost Russia \$1,755,000,000 and the lives of au, 600 men. It is estimated that a November fog in London cost, in gas and electric light, recidents, delays and damage, about \$500.-

cient privileges. The city had all these years remained thoroughly Greek, and under the em-

accidents, delays and damage, about \$300.-500. The letters in the various alphabets of the world vary from twelve to 202 in num-ber. The Sandwich Islanders' alphabet has twelve, the Tartarian, 202. In Wales it is believed that if any one kills a wren he wil fall down and break a bone before the end of the year. The sun, if hollow, would hold 300,000 earth globes, and an eye capable of hourly viewing 10,000 square miles would require 55,000 years to see all its surface. Strange bed-warmers are used by Chili-an women. In cold weather, when in bed, they keep their feet warm by placing them on a dog.



Damo and Chateau d' If.

but magnificent cafes, fully as fine as

those of Paris, and the same thing is

true of its continuation, the Rue No-villes, and the Allees de Mellham. If the

ONE OF THE CHIEF PORTS.

It is, and has been for two thousand

years and more, one of the chief ports

SETTLED BY GREEKS.

old importance as a trading center.

IN OLD MARSEILLES.

THE CITY'S CHIEF PRIDE.

de Longchamp.

o matter how violent or pain, the Rheumatic, Bu m, Crippled, Nervous, N estrated with diseases may

RADWAY'S READY RELIBE

Will Afford Instant Ease.

Will Afford Instant Ease. For headache (whether sick or nerveus), foothache, neuragia, rheumatism, lum-bago, paius and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, paius around the fiver, pleurisy, sweiling of the joints and paina of all kinds, the application of fladway's Ready Relief will afford immediate case, and its continued use for a few days effort a permanent cure. Instantly stops the most excrueiting pains, allays inflammation and cures of gestions, whether of the Lungs, formedia Bowels or other glands or fluosus mem-branes.

This impression is certainly the first one that the town gives. The broad one that the town gives. The broad Cannebiere, the principal street of the town, seems to be lined with nothing

Radway's Ready Relief CURES AND PREVENTS

Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Influence za, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Rhostraveler is an American the wonderful likeness of the city and its principal streets to those of his own country will matism, Neuralgia, Headache,

Toothache, Asthma, Difficult Breathing.

also strike him forcibly. It is the prin-cipal scaport and the busiest town of France, and trading as it does with nearly all the world, there is a stir and bustle about the life of the streets quite American.

ficult Breathing. CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty, minutes. Not one hour, after reading this advertisement need any-one SUFFER WITH PAIN. INTERNALLY-A half to a temponful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps. Spasms, Bourn, Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Stok Headache, Diarrhoes, Collo, Fistur-lency and all internal pains.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Price, 50c. per Bottle. Seld by all Druggists.





been there—am there now and will be until the end of my term. I look out sometimes upon the gay throng of men who live in houses the landlords of which are tangible quantities and I weep in my longing. There is Dan, for instance. If his windows were to rattle like a thing with chills he would be able to much down town and corresponde large

THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

Napoleon's first wife is the object of an endless amount of sympathy, solely on account of the fact that she was divorced against her will. Writers who ought to know better bitterly inveigh against Napoleon for his treatment of her one solne so for nis to define that Against Naboleon for his treatment of her, one going so far as to declare that Napoleon's good fortune deserted him as he deserted Josephine, and came as a punishment for his injustice. The truth is that Josephine's infidelities and frivolities were so numerous that Na-poleon had abundant cause for divorce long before he setually sourch and ere poleon had abundant cause for unre-long before he actually sought and pro-cured a legal separation. Among the annalists of Napoleon's court were a number of very clever women, who, in their narratives, give much attention to the daily doings of the imperial cir-cle, and among these gossips, a great deal of unquestioned truth about Josech of unquestioned truth about Jo-sephine came out. As regularly as Na-poleon left Paris on a campaign just so regularly did his wife engage in some new scandalous affair. It is true that the emperor was no better, but that fact does not excuse the unfaithfulness of Josephine. The emperor was long kent does not excuse the unfaithfulness of Josephine. The emperor was long kept in ignorance of her doings, for he ap-pears to have entertained no suspicion of her, but when once he learned part of the truth his spies soon put him in possession of all the rest. With this evidence in hand, he reproached Jose-phine with her misconduct, and gave her to understand what were his inten-tions. To avoid publishing her shame, however, and for the sake of his own name, another reason was assigned and however, and for the sake of his own pame, another reason was assigned, and Josephine was divorced, nominally be-cause the emperor winited an helr to the throne. He acted with as much gener-osity as possible under the circum-stances, and more than could have been evenced of such a man as he was Ho expected of such a man as he was. He was not equally considerate of two or three men who were suspected of being her loyers. What became of them no one knows; they simply disappeared. BEATRICE CENCI.

"Napoleon's second wife was only a triffe better than his first, but, though har fidelity was never suspected by the

om, are still to be seen. MAZEPPA.

Byron had another character, quite as worthy of a prison cell at Bonni-vard, but who by the magic of verse has been transformed into a popular hero. Mazeppa was the same kind of person as Bonnivard, and took his famous, but reluctant, ride as the result of a discovered intrigue with the wife of another Polish nobleman. There was consider-able personal risk in the matter, but nobody of his time seems to have re-garded him as specially worthy of sympathy, and when mentioned at all it usually in terms that indicated the public conviction that he got about what he deserved. His ride proved his fortune, for it brought him with the Cossacks, among whom he subsequent ly acquired great influence. His ad-venture with the horse did not improve his morals in the least, for several times after Peter the Great had made him prince of the Ukraine he was inhim prince of the tkrathe he was in-volved in difficulty with outraged hus-bands on account of being too much of a Lothario to please even a Cossack, and more than once his life was in dan-ger. He betrayed the confidence of every one who trusted him, even that of his aveal master whose fortunes he of his royal master, whose fortunes he deserted to take the side of Charles XII of Sweden. At the battle of Pultowa he was taken, and Peter determined to make an example of him and so reerved him for a special hanging, to which the whole army was invited, and at which Byron's hero was to be the object of chief importance. So little, how-ever, did he appreciate the interest felt in his behalf, that a day or two before this grand event was to come off, he bribed the fallor and ran away, riding as fast as he did on the wild horse, un-til he got into Turkey. There he was safe, and having more regard for his worthless carcass than for poetic jus-tice, he stayed at Bender, and under the protection of the sultan, until his death in 1709, at the age of 64. The ride at-tracted the poetic fancy of Byron, and

the character of the man had nothing to do with the matter at all.

LOUIS XVL AND CHARLES L A world of sympathy has been wasted on two kings who had the misfor-tune to lose their heads. The royalist

elements in both France and England managed, at an early day, to get the public ear and to present these two rul-ers as fit objects for public sympathy. As a matter of fact, each met the fate that he intended to deal out to his adversaries. There is not the slight-est doubt that had Charles I, been vicest doubt that had Charles I, been vic-torious in the civil war he would have chopped off the heads of every one of the military leaders who opposed him and finished the job by decimat-ing or exterminating the parliament. Nobody know this fact better than the popular leaders. They found Charles uttacky untrustworthy and discovered utterly untrustworthy, and discovered that while he was negotiating with them for an amicable adjustment of the affairs of the realm he was also nego-tiating in France for money and men to reopen the war. It was his life or theirs, and as a measure of self-defense they were compelled to act as they did. Louis XVI. was as faithless as Charles, and otherwise a despicable character. If he had possessed one kingly attrib-ute he would never have been brought to prison, and, after he was there, the bitterest complaints he made were founded on the quality and scantiness of the food furnished to the royal fam-ily. These stories, told on the streets ny. These stories, told on the streets of Paris, brought him into popular con-tempt and did much to hasten his end. Nor did he die heroically, for many eye-witnesses to the execution testify that he struggled with the executioners and screamed for assistance, hoping to the last moment for a popular upris-

ing in his favor.

SUCH CASES NUMEROUS. The historians, poets and artists, however have so many pets that it is an

I interviewed Liew Liwyd (Grey Lion) f The reader once about his literary methods. found him sitting in his shirt-sleevesmean ne was sitting in an arm chair with his shirt-sleeves tucked up. Llew

then was going on forty, with a bardic career almost as long. Like many other successful literary men, Liew believed in a maximum of out-of-door recreation with a minimum of close application in his study. His by was cutting coal, and he told me that his happiest inspirations came to him while ripping the "top" of ils stall.

He was equally indifferent as to his He was equally manterent as to his tools of trade and modes of working. He showed me a blotched note-book which he carried with him to his stall, and in which he was in the habit of jotting down bits of verse as they struck his fancy. He would often test an al-literative phrase by writing it in chalk on the curley-box. When all alone at home, as he liked to be when in one of his fits, and for which purpose he would send his wife to the village on all sorts of errands, he would drop on his knees on the stone floor and try his lines in chalk. He thought that method emi nently fitted a subject that required a broad handling, an ode or an epic, for instance. But as sooon as he heard Mary's footsteps outside he would rub out the writing frantically with a piece of cloth readiest at hand, as if in morta fear of a broad handling himself. AB he told me that secret I could not help looking at the floor, and I could see the mutilated remains of an epic around

the corners of the slabs. He prefered the evening, after a warm bath and a full meal, for regular literary work. Before begining a se-rious task he would exchange his cutty pipe for a church warden. He told me also, that he could not work with his coat on. He would usually write on slips of brown paper which Mary sup-pned him with from the grocery parcels. He always, however, kept at hand a stock of foolscap paper with en-velopes to match, and when he had licked a piece into shape, so to speak, he would employ ...s brother's son to write it on foolscap. 'uch a task he could

only entrust to a relative, for Liew car-ried on a play of hide and seek with the public, claiming his works only after they had caught on and brougat him gain and glory. His unsuccessful pro-ductions he treated as the Chinese do an overplus of chituren, or as the Hin-doos used to send their old men to the Ganges Hospital. Llew was, in fact, the "Great Unknown" of Cwincoed. Liew The first composition which

submitted to the censors of the elsteddvod was a few stanzas in praise of Ebenezer Chapel, a high-shouldered, severely rectangular and perpendicular structure, with the outline of a grainelevator and the windows of a soap factory. The adjudicator said that the stanzas contained much good, strong sense, but no rhyme. His next work was a quatrain or englyn on "The pot," which an adjudicator described as strong in alliteration and rhyme, but without a particle of sense. Liew ther told me of his pathetic struggle te match sense and rhyme according to the prescribed bardic rules. He greatly favored what he called the same views of Islwyn, and his best produc-tions I found modelled after the poem of Ebenezer Chapel rather than on Teapot." In this again he rebled a number of famous authors whose numerous productions are only so many variations on their first ef-

forts. But Llew's attempts at reconciling But Llew's attempts at reconciling sense and rhyme were by no means un-successful, and the prize quatrains on "The Hammer." "The Mandrel." "The Safety Lamp," "The Pig." "The Colo-rado Beetle," and "The Flea." appeared in a rapid succession. Then he sought for his muse a wider play ground in poems on "Truth," "The Cwmcoch Ex-plosion." "The Pollogeman." "The In. plosion, "The Policeman." "The Un-dertaker," "The Sexton," "The Coffin" and "Immortality."

ill observe the steady i died he would attend the wake, which expansion of Liew's powers. To a catholicity of range he added great flexibility of treatment. The quatrains and poems mentioned represent two distinct stages of his growth as a bard -bard, I say, for we Welsh bards apply the term poet only to some English

versifiers. The quatrain periods represents Llew's struggles for the mastery of alliteration and rhyme often at the expense of sense. But even here we see how faithfully he observed the eternal

fitness of things by choosing subjects of a trivial nature, with the exception, perhaps, of the Colorado beetle, which at that time had gained international otoriety. But Liew confessed to me that he soon despaired of being able to infuse much sense into the twenty-four metres. Take for instance, one of his best quatrains, "The Pig," literally translated and shorn of its complicated alliteration:

A long-eared, blg-bellled caterpillar, Caterpillar was the only category that would rhyme.) With a long mouth and a short leg, is

the pig: its stubborn passions,

It will have its way in spite of sticks." In a way, there is a good deal of sense in the above-pig-sense, maybe-but hardly worthy of Llew's genius. It is with pleasure, therefore, we hall the "poems" period. Here the bard is in his element. Here he takes his immortal fellow bard, Islwyn, the great bard-le liberator, as his model. You notice the striking succession of subjects. With the composition of "Truth" Liew became a realist. He threw off the scales of Dafydd ab Emwat from bis eyes. He dived into the heart of things, He dared to investigate the uncanny, Like all realists, he delighted in discussing the shady side of human ex-perience. He followed "The Police-

man" on his beat. He lent a hand to "The Sexton" to dig some graves. Had he known of Stevenson's "Suicide Club" he would have applied for membership His muse grew fat on worms. The hor-rifying minuteness of "The Coffin," like those lines of Tennyson to the "Old Yew'

"Thy fibres net the dreamless head, Thy roots are wrapt about their bones, places that poem unique among wordpaintings. But through it all Llew kept a level head, and in his masterpiece on "Immortality" there is no suggestion of the odor of the vault.

With a laugh-another proof of his level-headedness-Liew told me a remarkable fact. After all there are but few bards who venture far into a favorite field without consulting the tastes of the crowd, who follow like dumb-driven cattle far behind. Sound principles should produce a good income, and Liew solved the problem in his own

way. Alliterative quatrains demand an immense amount of labor. It is an art by itself-the art of word-jugglingreasonably enough that the muse classic. You could apply them to any co. And of all species of poetry elegies pay best. While composing the "Un-dertaker." "Sexton." "Coffin" and "Im-mortality" a vista of vast possibilities opened before Llew. These poems sup-plied him with a ready stock of funereal sentiments, and Llew saw no rea-

tailian valley, though the valley of Cwmcoed is good enough for me. Liew took another tack. When a neighbor

To a in Wales is kept as a prayer meeting, great and at the close of the meeting he atrains would place in the hand of the leading living representative of the decease fearfully from the cholera the authorisomething rolled up into a paper bullet ties have taken some precautions against its return, and this is one of and then he would leave the house abruptly as if the thing was about to ex-plode in fifteen seconds. The leading them

The very interesting old port, crowdpiode in fifteen seconds. The leading representative would open the paper and read it, then he would hand it to the second, saying. "How good of Llew?" The second would hand it to the third with, "It is a perfect picture of poor Job." So the paper would be sent the round of the relatives to the remotest cousin, when one with a better ed with shipping from all quarters of the globe, is defended by forts at its entrance, one of which is the old Chateau Babondor, built by the Knights of Malta.

the modern center of the town, is down near the new harbor. It is a fine buildremotest cousin, when one with a better mastery over his feelings than the rest -a second cousin's husband, maybe, ing in the Byzantine style. -would suggest to have it printed and

framed. The day after the funeral the leading representative would be seen seilles is the Palais de Longchamps. going from store to store to pay the bills, and he would most likely meet Llew, who by this time would be restanding at the head of the boulevard of that name, and containing the picture gallery and the museum of natural garded almost as a member of the fam-ily. Together they would enter the lit-tle parlor of the Black Lion, conformby a fine colonnade and triumphal arch. below which is a magnificent fountain, one of the finest in Europe. Back of ably to a clause in the bard's license, and Liew would return home that eventhe palace is situated the small but ing seven and sixpence the richer.

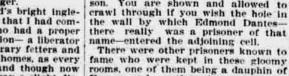
good zoological garden, which is a branch of the one at Paris. To say that the bard, in offering so delicately the mournful tribute of his To the south of the town stretches the long Prado, a drive bordered with fine muse, was actuated by a mercenary motive would be a gross libel and a villas extending to the sea. From the point where it reaches the sea the beautiful Comiche road, a triumph of monstrous perversion of the truth Liew never sang so worthy of himself as when free from the restrictions of an engineering, runs along the rocky coast back to the harbor. The views eisteddvod competition, and never did a literary aspirant write more for the waste-basket than did Llew pour his from this road are unexcelled, especially at sunset.

soul into songs which the cold, critical world never had a chance to mutilate. THE CHATEAU d'IF. And when you come down to the uni-versal question of shillings and pence-But the two chief sights of Marseilles side from its harbor are the church of Notre Dame de la Garde and the Cha-teau d'If. The church stands on a steep hill south of the town and is a never a pound-you ought to bear in mind that Llew once did exhaust his energies a whole week, and was one very prominent object in the view. It day too late for work, in composing an elegy on the late Mr. Fitzgerald, civil engineer, for a translation of which he is reached by an inclined railway, or rather elevator, for it runs up nearly perpendicular, at an angle, 1 think, of obout 60 degrees. The sheat think, of paid five shillings to a "stickit minis-ter;" and though dressed in his Sunday obout 60 degrees. The view from the porch of the church is claimed by the best he handed the neighborly tribute in person to Mrs. Fitzgerald, it drew forth a flood of tears, but not a penny piece of cash. The indelicacy of such Marseillaise to be the best in the world, and while that estimate of it is perhaps a trifle enthusiastic, for the world is a tributes is limited to some frequent scenes in the eisteddyod when a dozen large place, still there is no doubt that it is very beautiful, and once seen is not soon forgotten. At one's feet is the busy city of Marseilles, with its harbor filled with ships, and outside in bards, having shed their crocodile tears over the remains of a deceased of whom they knew next to nothing, await with the Mediterranean several rocky is-lands, on one of which stands the Cha-teau d'If. Behind are the foot hills of icalous eagerness the anne the award, and there and then start an unseemly wrangle the Alps, and to right and left stretches the southern shore of France.

"Ere ceased the inhuman shout which halled the wretch who won."

It is a rather curious thing that in se Like Matthew Arnold and most of the old a city as Marseilles the place which interests the average tourist most of all great writers whose words, phrases and sentences have become current coins of the literary realm, Liew believed in retakes that interest from a character in modern fiction. About two miles from peating a good thing in various guises Without the least consciousness of the the harbor, on a rocky island, is situated the Chateau d'If, where the hero of Dumas' novel, the Count of Monte impropriety of the thing he showed me many elegies which had couplets, and even whole stanzas in common. They Christo, was imprisoned. A boat runs to the island several times a day in good weather (the landing is impossible mense amount of labor. It is an art by itself—the art of word-juggling— and many are masters of the art. But Liew found it a poor paying thing. Liew, by the way, did not depend on literature for a living—another proof of his level-headedness. But he thouht reasonably enough that the muse ought at the least to keep him in tobac-co. And of all species of poetry elegies like home sum. In an elegy on a swaet in bad) and the visitor is shown over the mediaeval castle which rises in the center of the fort. A SIGHT FOR THE MORBID. In the center of the structure is very small wen-like court, from which the cells open. These cells run deep into the masonry of the walls, and are sufficiently dreary, gloomy looking places to satisfy the most morbid pertaken from the prize elegy on the gruff

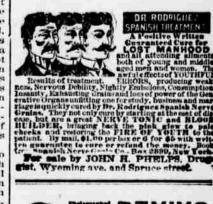
but kind colliery manager. As I left Llew Llwyd's bright ingleside that evening I felt that I had com-muned with a man who had a proper His first attempt in this new line—an elegy on a deceased colliery manager— brought him ten shillings. But the small elsteddvods were few and far be-tween, and competitors for bardic fame were as thick as leaves in that at an elstedovod, i assured nim with truth that if the good people of Cwm-coed were canvassed they would elect him forthwith as their poet laureate. Rhys Wynne,



France and another that mysterion being, the man in the Iron mask From the top of the castle another magnificent view is obtained of the city of Marsellles, and when one gets back to the harbor and wanders in and out among the ships and peoples of nearly

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