AT BAY.

This is the end, then, of striving; this is what comes of it all-Darkness and foes just behind one; before, an impassable wall. What does it matter how staunchly one may have battled for truth, When with his weapons all broken he sits by the grave of his youth? What did it profit in past years that one did the best that one knew When in the gloom of the present Virtue herself seems untrue? Why should one fight any longer when nothing remains but defeat? Surely such labor were useless, and idle the stirring of feet.

Ah! but the soul that is faithful knows it is well to have fought, Knows it is good to have acted, whatever the doing has brought. This is the crown of the conflict, this the reward of the strife— Faith in one's self and one's motives, no matter how darkened the life. Flesh may be bruised and defeated, but spirit is never disgraced— Spirit is always triumphant, whatever sharp pain it has faced.

Here, at the end of my conflict, I counsel not yet with despair, Though to all seeming my struggles are his who but beateth the air. Darkness and foes are about me, yet I stand with my back to the wall, Facing whatever fate sends me, and facing Fate thus I shall fall. —Oscar Fay Adams.

"DIOCLES."

An Athenian Fable by Henryk Sienkiewitz, Translated From the French.

By SIMEON STRUNSKY. Divine sleep has brought peace to till you have withdrawn the last vell. Athens and a silence so profound that Do you agree to the conditions, Dio-

"Behold Truth," said Athena.

less and give light.

the distant twilight.

emancipated from

you have complete enjoyment.

spaces.

Universe!

the ear might catch the faint drawn-out breath of the dreaming city. Hill, "Th 'Acropolis, and temple, the olive will be done, Oh Lady of Knowledge,' are drenched in moonlight. The As he spoke the groves and the dark cypress masses are drenched in moonlight. The fountains have ceased to play; the Scythian watchmen are asleep at the house doors. The city, the entire launching into flight, sped through countryside, is at rest.

countryside, is at rest.the divine ether like one of the starsYoung Diocles alone keeps vigilwhich on summer nights furrow the
celestial vault above the sleepingwith the night. He has pressed hiscelestial vault above the sleepingforehead against the feet of PallasArchipelago. Cleaving the air as
rapid as thought, they came to an
unknown land and a mountain that
attained the sky, loftier than Olym-
yus or Ida, loftier than Pelion and
Gosa. On its bald summit Diocles
perceived the vague outlines of a
female form shrouded in numerous
tightly drawn vells. A mystic efful-

of the cold marble and raises his eyes | tightly drawn veils. A mystic efful to the face of the virgin, which is il-lumined by a single beam. Only the silence answers him, and even the light breeze which blows from the rays, you see, intercepted by many sea at this hour of the night dies wrappings, pierce through neverthe away. Among the trees not a leaf The heart of the young man is eyeball of the philosopher, is all that stir

possessed with an infinite sadness saves men from stumbling about and from his eyes, swollen with much weeping, tears trace a way down his night, like those who dwell in the beautiful face. He continues his sup- land of the Cimmerians. plication:

You, and you alone, I adore and long to celebrate above all other di-vinities—you my protectress. But you, too, have lighted the fires of de-"Tear it off," said the goddess. sire which consume me, and given me over to torture. Extinguish the flame, Oh Divinity, or appease it! Grant me to know the Highest Truth, the Truth of Truths, the Soul of all things, that I may offer up life and its delights as a sacrifice before her! For her sake I will cast off riches, renounce youth, beauty, love, felicity, and even that glory which mortals hold as the highest good and the greatest gift in the bestowal of the

Once more he laid his head against the marble and the prayer rose from ing the delights of inward peace. his soul as perfumed clouds mount "Oh, Luminous One," he breathed upward from holy censers. His enng became passionate en-He lost all consciousness of tire being treaty. space or time or earthly circumstance. Swimming in estacy his soul harbored but one aspiration, but a single thought: that to so passionate invocation a reply must surely come

And truly enough the response came. The slender branches of the olive trees began to stir, and the cam cypress trees bent their heads, as though the night wind had sprung into life again. Little by little, the rustling of the olive branches and the grating noise of cypress needles blended to form a human voice which swelled up, filling the air, filling the garden, as if a multitude, from all sides, and with one accord were one accord were the dance, and the sweet sound of the shouting, "Diocles! Diocles!"

if with cold. Thinking that his com-

gled in the disputes of the philoto the debates of the public phers assembly, his reputation for elo-quence and wisdom grew. More than once his fellow-citizens proffered him the highest political offices. Not only friends, but mere acquaintances, would beseech him to seize the helm of State and guide the ship out of the breakers and quicksands into calm waters, but he only saw the so-cial life, steeped in corruption, love of country stifled by personal hatreds and strife of parties, and his own ad-monitions falling like seed in sterile ground. The day finally came when the Athenians called upon him to place himself at their head. He replied: "Men of Athens, you have no enemies but yourselves. As a man, my tears flow for you; but were I a God, I could not govern you." War having broken out, Diocles went to the front like every one else and returned covered with wounds. But when the crowns of valor were dis-tributed on the Acropolis he did not march with the procession of veterans and he would not consent to have his name engraved on the tablet of bronze suspended as a memorial in e temple. When old age came Diocles built

C himself a hut out of branches of wilnear the quarries of Pentelicus. He left the city and lived far from Athenians are not slow at for-"This day and unto eternity thy getting, and on the occasion when he came to market to purchase bread and olives his friends did not recognize him.

Several Olympiads rolled by. His hair had turned white, his form was hair had turned white, ind seems were bent to the ground, his eyes were much deep in their sockets. Time the divine ether like one of the stars had robbed him of his strength. But one hope upheld him, nevertheless But the hope that before leaving the light of the sun he might see Supreme Truth, the eternal mother of all universal fact. And he even allowed himself to hope that if, after the final revelation, Atropos should refrain from cuting the thread of his years, he would return to the city bringing men a greater gift than they had regence, different from any terrestrial light, emanated from her, feebly. ceived at the hands of Prometheus;

It came at length, the ultimate mystic night, when the goddess once "Her more wrapped him in her arms and brought him to the heaven-piercing Their feeble

mountains, face to face with Truth. "Behold," she said, "what glory! What splendor! But before you extend your hand for the last time, listen to me. The veils which, year after year, through so many years, have fallen from your hands and es-"Celestial guide," asked Diocles, "when I shall have torn off the first caped in the form of swans, were your illusions. Will you spare the veil will not Truth appear dazzling to Or does fear cramp your last one? heart? Retreat before it is too late From these heights I will carry you He caught at the border of the shroud and pulled it away sharply. back to your native land, where you may end your days like other men."

The light burst forth with increase "To this single moment my whole life has been consecrated," cried Dio-cles, and with beating heart he apintensity. Half blinded, Diocles failed to perceive that the veil as it dropped from his hands had changed into ; proached the radiant form whose white swan which winged its way into glory dazzled him. With trembling hands he seized the last veil, tore it For a long time he remained in the presence o Truth, ravished, raised out of life off, and cast it behind him. In the very same instant the old man's eyes were as if struck with a thunderbolt, transported into superterrestrial mortal and he was plunged into darkness, compared with which the densest night of Hades were brilliant daythoughts, quaffing of unexperienced existence, of an unknown force, tast-In the midst of it the voice cles, heavy with inexpressible light of Diocles, "Oh, Eternal One! Oh, Soul of the terror and infinite grief, was heard, calling "Athena! Oh. Athena Diocles kept the vow he had made There is nothing behind the veil, and before the goddess. People knew that he was rich and as he strolled

cannot even see you. To this cry of despair the goddess sponded, severely: "The full light with his companions in the gardens responded, severely: "The full light has blinded you, and your last illuof Academus, or in the road leading to the Acropolis, or in the olive groves that lie between the city and sion—the belief that a mortal might see Truth unveiled—has flown."

the port, they did not hesitate to express their astonishment and dissat-isfaction. Then silence fell. Diocles sobbed: "Those who trust you, you ever deceive. Me, too, you "Come now, Diocles, your father has amassed a vast fortune of which have betrayed, cruel goddess of lies. But since I nevermore can hope to see Truth Supreme, send me at least What keeps you from bringing off a mag-nificent feast like those our godlike the death which liberates."

There was more than human dolor Alcibiades has tendered to the youth in his words, and Athena was moved. of Athens? What makes you despise the pleasures of the banquet table, She laid her hand on the unhappy head and said gently: "I will send it, Diocles, and with it a final hope. shouting, "Diocles! Diocles!" phorminx and the sweet sound within a fine hope. Snatched from the depths of you cast your lot with the cynics that peace, you shall see that Light which ecstasy the young man shivered, as you refuse to care for your mansion blinded your eves when you were or adorn your chambers in a manner alive. blinded your eyes when you were

LONDON'S OUTCASTS.

With the Men Who Have Touched Bottom in the Great City :::::::::

I spent two nights last week with you what I'll do. I have got some the homeless and the outcast, one on the Embankment and the other in a

County Council lodging house. At Charing Cross and Waterloo there were 1100 men snatching eag erly churks of bread and the bowls of soup which the army officers kind-ly distributed. The police consta-bles were gentle and considerate, but it was a sad sight to see hungry men marchalled to precise a charity. marshalled to receive a charity. To understand them adequately and truly I ought to have been a tramp side by side with my fellow bank rupts, and not a visitor looking on from without.

Yet a number of men talked freely; one had tramped from Newcas-tle expecting to find in London a good job and a golden wage. In-stead he found a piece of bread and a sip of soup on the Embankment. Another had a good, strong, swarthy face and L bazarded the remark that face, and I hazarded the remark that he was not a Londoner and discov-ered that he was an Australian. Unfortunately he is not the only Colon ial who has touched bottom in Lon don.

Over twenty-five per cent, wer young men, many of them mere lads and the police officers confirmed the opinion of the social experts who maintain it is not misfortune that brings this class to the doss house and the Embankment. There was one face knotty as a stunted oak on some bleak hillside, which attracted me by its black despair. Not only did he sullenly refuse to reply, but snappishly bade his comrades not to answer our questions. He was per-fectly right, and I immediately recognized the higher voice, the voice of humanity, and maybe the voice of God, and at once desisted from feeding a curiosity, howsoever well meaning and innocent, upon the wretched-ness of my fellow men.

one end of the long, sad line. He lay full length on the steps of Water-loo Bridge, his head pillowed on a cruel ledge of stone. There was re-finement in his face, and his white beard was neatly trimmed. He was, we learned, a graduate of Cambridge. and had once been sent to the Univesity as the pride and the hope of a inhospitable stones without strength to care to open his eyes any more. but when he sees a kind, womanly,

sorrowful tale. The case of these 1100 men sugwhere rich men fare sumptuously every night, utterly regardless of Lazarus on the Embankment. Lower down in Scotland Yard, where millions are spent in tracking criminals, but not a penny in saving them. Be-yond that the War Office, red with gore and black with the waste of money enough to solve every social problem that troubles our land. Further still is the House of Commons, to which some of us look in great hope, but whose existence has been completely erased from the horizon of the men of the Embankment.

The one bright spot of hope is the self-sacrifice of the Salvationists. For the soup is handed round by voluntary workers, workingmen who have come all the way from Bermondsey and give their night's rest and their and a "moucher." He met clergyman when he was famishing for food, who, instead of a loaf, gave him a tract—"Thou shalt not live by bread alone." He cursed the clergy from that hour, and in the light o his experience his cursing was as holy as a paternostre. Not long after-ward he stood outside a ring of open air temperance workers he signed the pledge, obtained a shilling, and be came a cadger. But he has now been on his feet for fifteen years and is doing magnificent work. If all the Christians in London had the devotion and the sacrifice of these humble Salvationists the New Jerusalem would ere now have come down on Holborn and the Strand "prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.' The second night I dispensed with tie and collar and overcoat and cuffs and greatly enjoyed my emancipa tion, as I dived down into one of the streets of central London and asked a bewildered and suspecting constable for a doss house. I went

stuff in my locker; I'll sell you a ha'porth of milk, and there is plenty of boiling water." I expected him to be a long way below redemption point, but touced by another instance of beauti-ful kindliness in the simple annals

of the poor The reading room suggested a fair workingmen's institute; some ad-dresseed envelopes, two men discussed the parsons, four others were talking about Evelyn Nesbit, a few read, and almost all smoked. There were two men sitting on each side of a bench, pictures of dejection and despair. It was when I sat down in

silence between these two men and endeavored to look out at the world through their eyes that I knew that I had touched the ninth circle of our social Inferno, and felt strongly that if there had been no Incarnation there ought to have been one

There were a few workingmen, one of them toying with his spade, but most of the artisans who live here are said to be those whose wives are separated, whose homes are broken.

No genuine man in work stops here, if he is in receipt of a decent wage. Some are suffering from physical disabilities and some are old, "the too old at fifty" class, eking out a sordid existence by a a little pension and an odd job. There were a few men who had the cut of journalists, and one lad of nineteen, who had been staying there for six months, was, I am almost sure, a student scorning delights and living laborious days, contenting himself with the bare necessities of existence in order to get through a curriculum or obtain a degree There was the same proportion of

young lads here as on the Embankment. It is sad, in all conscience to see a brother on the ground; but One of the Blomsbury Sisters who it comes nigh to an unspeakable tragaccompanied me called our attention [edy to see men touching the bottom to an old man who had fainted at ledge before they are twenty-five, He and old in misfortune while only

young in years I am haunted by the figure of a lad holding a conversation with a villainous looking senior on the hearth side in front of a biazing fire. It was the face of a boy who knew too much and had lived too rashly. The place had an air of comfort cultured home. But forty years but it uterly lacked hope. Literally have passed since then, and for the past two nights he has been without out hope in the world. For most of sleep and food, and has fallen on the inhospitable stones without strength to care to open his eyes any more. there is nothing worse. Suffi-cient for the day is the evil thereof. The sister speaks to him. He opens It is embarrassing to think of the his eyes with languid indifference, morrow. There is the comfort that you are buried in Central London. Christlike face bending over him, may-be he mistakes it for one of the faces of long ago; anyhow he is aroused, and comes back to tell his sorrowful tale. The acces of these 1100 mon curve

An Oxford graduate who has gests a rich study in contrasts. By touched the depths and found his our side is a dark river heaving its feet in our men's meeting at Bloomsbosom like a living thing, with a light reflected here and there like a sinister gleam of a serpent's eye. Close at hand is the Hotel Cecil,

We have done with hope and honor; we are lost to love and truth; We are dropping down the ladder rung by rung. Gentleman rankers out on the spree, Damned from here to Eternity. God have mercy on such as we, Bah, Yah, Bah!

But it is something to have given them shelter and comfort; and here as in the case of the trams, and and slums and parks, the London County Council has been inspired by a com-passion and humanity which is rare in ecclesiastical assemblies, leave along large public bodies. By providing homes that are clean, and cheap, and wholesome they have fed the hungry, clothed the naked and taken in the homeless. But why cast the women into the outermost darkness?

For on Wednesday night there were Sisters, too, on the Embankkind labor in order to feed the hun-gry and relieve the hapless. They, too, were once in the gutter, but they saw something, and that vision is the secret of their sacrifice. One of them told me how he had become a cynic and s "moucher" He mot solution in the council lodg-ing houses, but for the women, there ing houses, but for the women, there is-nowhere!

The Submerged Individual

By JUSTICE JOHN WOODWARD, of the Appellate Division of the Su-preme Court of New York.

It is undeniable that the despot, if It is undeniable that the despot, in he be benevolent, can accomplish more good than the divided and myriad minded many. An unwise and precipitate democracy can, on the other hand, degenerate into that worst of despotisms, an irresponsible and selfish oligarchy which appropriates all of the benefits and denies every burden. And such, it must be confessed, is

the present attitude of many of our overgrown corporations. They have been intrusted with the welfare of the people, and have abused their trust. They have become pirates, where they should have remained beneficators They have destroyed competition till with monopolistic greed they have robbed the public for their own enrichment. They have desecrated the law, which is the conscience of the State. They have not remembered what they should never have forgot-ten, that old admonition still to be seen on a church in Venice: "Around this temple let the merchant's law be weights true and his covjust, his enants faithful."

• It is well, then, that they should be controlled and regulated. It is time to drive the money changers out of the temple" and to substitute for the worship of gold the worship of character.

On whom, then, shall our salvation depend, if not upon the indi-The many will never make vidual? the attempt to regain their lost rights unless they are led by a man.

And the man will come. Comes the crisis, he will not be found want-ing. There is always the great personality who shall lead his people out of the wilderness to the promised land. He may not be one of the shining intellectuals, he may not be one of those subtle and brilliant ad-vocates that stand arrayed in behalf of private interests against the cause of the people; but he will have that quality of manliness which inspires confidence.

Beware of those that provoke the storm that they may reap the rainbow

If, then, those corporations which have sprung like mushrooms from the decay of public virtue reveal such appalling defects, can we expect that the State, when it shall have become, as many desire, a universal corpora-tion, will prove otherwise? Is not the danger in proportion to the size of the mononoply? Will not such a solution tend to crush that sense of individuality and that civic conscious-

ness which is our sole refuge? Society owes to each his oppor-tunity. It is the supreme duty of the State to inspire ambition. To thwart, to limit, or to exclude by legislation the enterprise of the individual, is to deaden the world's capacity for pro-gress. To quench the spark of pergress. To quench the spark of per-sonality is to impoverish the whole

social organization. To attempt by law, therefore, limit all men, irrespective of skill, endeavor or attainment, to a common wage would be as fatuous as it is unjust. Personality, indeed, can be subject only to the laws of nature. Needless to say, the souls of men are not amenable to statistics. You may measure material results; you can never calculate the aspirations of the mind.

To bring about the readjustment To bring about the readjustments of social conditions many fastastic remedies are proposed; but there can be no panacea for political ills. The law never rises higher than its source. Our hope, then, is in the education of the public through the individual.

It is for you and for me to decide whether public opinion shall become a despotism. The aim of democracy is, I take it, equality before the law, and to guarantee to each his personal liberty --- the liberty to be himself. When upon this shall be superimburden of restrictions, hedging the individual about with "thou shalt" and "thou shalt not," then surely democracy will exist only in name. Every law, therefore, which

were seeking him, he look around.

"Who calls?" he demanded

A hand of marble weighed down Diocles only replied with a question his shoulder. "You have summoned "Tell me, with all the treasures of me," spoke the goddess. "You prayer has been heard. Behold me the Persian King, may one purchase "Your truth

A divine horror seized upon Dlo-cles. His hair rose in fear as he fell upon his knees. For terror and de-light he could only repeat, "You are And so he continued to live in poy erty, while men began to say that some day he would surpass in wisdom the divine Plato, and honored hin near me, you, the Incomprehensible, the Awful, the Inexpressible One!" the meanwhile on accordingly In another night of moonlight, a second

The goddess, commanding him to veil escaped from his hands and fle rise, continued: "You would know the Highest, the Only Truth, which off into the darkness in the form of a swan, while more brilliant than ever the Truth of Truths shone upon is the Soul of the Universe and the e of all things. But I tell hitherto none of the seed substance of all things. hin

Diocles was a very charming youth blocks was a very charming youth, and the greatest men of Athens, phil-osophers, rhetors and poets, sued for his friendship, hoping through the contemplation of his beauty to gain of Deucalion has seen her without the veils that hide her and shall hide eternally from human eyes. fear you may pay dearly for you temerity, but since you have adjured me at the price of life, I am ready to insight into the beauty of the Eternal idea; but he rejected their gifts and their offers of friendship. The young girls who gather at the fountains in the Stoa and the Ceramicus wrapped aid you, if for the sake of this Truth will renounce riches, honore, and even that glory which, as

But all in vain

Like clouds shredded by Thracian

him in their tresses and envelope him in the circle of their dance. Th you have said, is the highest gift of the Gods.

I renounce the whole world and wondrously beautiful Companions the very light of the sun," cried Diolike so many nymphs, cast at his feet branches of fennel dedicated to eles, quite beside himself. The olive trees and cypresses stood

Adonis, or whispered into his ear, with bowed head, like servitors, be-fore Jore's omnipotent daughter, as she pondered over the youth's vow. over the drooping chalices of lilies, words as gentle and insinuating as words as gentle and insinuati the tones of the Arcadian flute.

"And you, too, shall not see her all at once. Every year, on a night like this, I will bring her into your mountain peaks which blustering The this, I will bring her into your presence, and on each occasion you Boreas drives each winter over Ath-must tear off one of her vells and ens out to the open sea, the years Dissection of east it behind you. My immortal passed over Diocles. He attained ma-gower shall ward off death from you turity. And though he rarely min-

that wealth is a gift of the gods which one has not the right to reject." But

The night grew pale and dawn rose cold and melancholy gray. Thin lines of cloud appeared in the sky, and heavy snowflakes began to fall, covering the mortal remains of Diocles.-New York Evening Post.

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We Are All Lopsided.

A person's eyes are out of line in two cases out of five, and one eye is stronger than the other in seven persons out of ten. The right is as a rule, higher than the left. Only one person in fifteen has perfect eyes the largest percentage of defects prevailing among the fair-haired people The smallest vibration of sound

be distinguished better with one The nails of two ear than with both. fingers never grow with the same rap that of the middle finger grow idity, ing the fastest, while that thumb grows slowest. In fifty-four cases out of 100 the left leg is short er than the right.—Philadelphia Led ger.

Horrors of Horrors!

The People have curious ideas as to the treatment patients receive in asy-lums. A nurse who was on sitting room duty recently heard a newcom asking people who had been visites for some time as to the treators for some ment of patients.

was one reply. "they treats "Oh. the poor things cruel here. They gives 'em a bath every week."gives American Home Monthly.

Dissection of human bodies by medical students has been practised

No. 88 allotted to me. I had left all the necessaries of life behind except a few pennies and a packet of "tabs." My first task was to get a light which a gruff neighbor kindly gave

me by holding the end of his pipe close to my face. My second difficul-ty was to get food, for unfortunately the bar was closed. I told my plight to a little red faced man, and in tell-

ing it I am afraid I stuttered rather badly. He replied: "Mate, I'll tell ounces of common salt.

Ob, it is pitiful. Near a whole cit eitv-full. Home they hav -London Daily News.

How Water Acts.

Water contracts as it falls from the normal boiling point, 212 degrees, until it reaches thirty-nine de grees. Below that degree it expands, and at thirty-two degrees, the freezing point, it will expand enough to burst pipes and vessels holding it. When the pressure of the air air is below normal, water boils at a lower temperature than 212 degrees. is noticed before a rain, when t This when the ba rometer shows by a falling mercury a decreased air pressure. This also explains why water boils away more rapidly, quickly or at a lower temperthe pressure of the air is less than on the

ature in the mountains, where seacoast or in the valleys. If sugar or salt is added to water the temperature of the boiling point is raised a few degrees. As a rule, as water is heated it will hold a greater amount in and "took my kip," and had bed I had left all of substance in solution. A familiar exception is the fact that ice water will dissolve twice as much lime as boiling water. At the other extreme boiling water will dissolve seventeen times as much saltpetre as will cold water. But water varies in its solvent powers regardless of heat. One pound of water will hold two pounds of sugar in solution, but only two

rogative as a man and as a citize a usurpation of your individuality. To submerge the identity of the per-son in the mass is to destroy all possibility for progress. This applies to us all. The ordinary man, indeed, may posses qualities far greater than those of the same nature in his more distinguished brother, yet it is to the exceptional faculties of the few that

the world must look for its advancement

To give encouragement to personality, to kindle by opportunities for reward the incentive to labor, and to nourish tenderly the progressive in-tellect, this should be at least one of the chief functions of government.

Severe Treatment.

The following is a quite modern Chinese conception of the foreigners' treatment of infectious cases: "If an epidemic broke out two foreigners took the sick away and put them in a little room, washed them with lime water and then locked them up, so that no one could see them, on purpose that they might soon die and not propagate the disease. Wives and children might cry and weep, but the foreigner would but drive them away with sticks, for until dead no one must see those faces again. ter for all of us to jump into the Betthan submit to this."-South Chi-a Post.

In the last hundred years there have been made in the United States, some seven or eight score of experiments in community life.