Another: 'I the royal robe he wears, To hear men say: 'Behold, a king walks here! And cried the third: "Now by his long gray I'd have his throne! Then should men cringe

For then would I be Izza and a king!

They quaffed the blessed draught and went their way To where the city's gilded turrets shone:

"Then from the shadowed palms where rested Stepped one, with bowed gray head, and passed alone.

Against the fading light a shadow straight: Across the yellow sand, musing, he went Where in the sunset gleamed the city's gate.

Lo, the next morrow a command did bring. To three who tarried in that city's wall Which bade them hasten straightway to the

Izza, the Great, and straightway went they

With questioning and wender in each mind, Majestic on his gleaming throne was he. Izza the Just, the kingliest of his kind! His eagle gaze upon the strangers three

Bent, to the first he spake: "Something doth Me that to-day my jeweled grown should lie Upon thy brow, that it be proven well How any man may be a king thereby."

And to the second: "Still the same hath told That thou shalt don this robe of royalty, d"-to the third-"that thou this scepter hold To show a king to such a man as I!"

And straightway it was done. Then Izza spake Unto the guards and said: "Go! Bring thee now

From out the city wall a child to make It's first obelsance to the king. Speed thou! In Izza's name, Izza, the great and good

Went this strange word, 'mid stir and trumpet's ring. And straightway came alone and wondering

A child within the presence of the king.

The king? Her dark eyes, flashing, fearless gazed To where 'mid pomp and splendor three there

One, 'neath a glittering crown, shrunk sore amazed; One cringed upon the carven throne of state.

The third, wrapped with a royal robe, hung low His head in awkward shame, and could not see Beyond the biazoned hem that was to show How any man thus garbed a king might be! Wondering, paused the child, then turned to

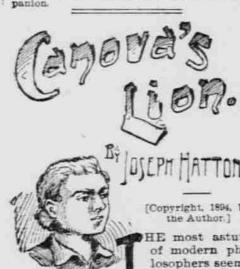
One stood apart, his arms across his breast; No crown upon the silver of his hair. Black-gowned and still of stately mien pos-

No 'broidered robe nor gemmed device to tell Whose was that brow, majestic with its mina; But lo, one look and straight she prostrate fell Before great Izza, kingliest of his kind!

Around the shining well, at close of day, Beyond the desert, 'neath the paim's green

Three stopped to quaff a draught and paused to "Life to great Izza! Long may he be king!"

Virginia Woodward Cloud, in Youth's Com-



[Copyright, 1894, by of modern philosophers seems rather to discount biogra-

phy when he suggests that curiosity about genius and its personality has grown to such a pitch that we are inclined to take more interest in the man than in his works. It is possible that be intends this view to apply only to those who in these days of the triumph of the personal paragraph in journalism prefer to read, say, what has been written about Goethe than to study his dramatic poem of Faust. But to my mind there is no branch of literature



ANTONIO CANOVA. From a Bust by Himself.

more interesting than biography, and the author of it. Informed who had I am quite sure that many of our modeled the lion, and under what cirtraders must have felt with me the in- cumstances, the nobleman desired that tense pleasure of coming upon a book the boy should be brought into the which has suddenly and unexpectedly banqueting hall to receive his thanks revealed the mystery of some pictures | and felicitations. which we have seen in the shop windows of our boyhood. Such books are was assured. The nobleman became generally biographics. I remember sev- his patron. He was placed in the eral pictures that haunted me as a boy. studios of the greatest Italian sculp-Anong them were "The Retreat from tors in Rome. His genius had its full eling the Lion." Where or under seemed to come to him almost by inwhat circumstances I saw the latter I tuition; but had worked hard neverthepicuresque person by his side, a kind | watching the growth of the lad's pow-

I remember a fellow dreamer tell- so great that his master offered to adopt ing me that the picture repre- him and give him his name; he prosented a boy who modeled a lion and posed indeed that he should be his son was made king of the sculptors, and heir; but the lad preferred to keep Everybody, of course, knows all about his own name and his independence, Canova and his wondrous works. If while at the same time showing his you look into encycloped:as and books gratitude to his master and friend. The on art you will find quite a catalogue of boy grew to manhood, not robust physhis groups in marble, and you will ically, but the greatest sculptor of Italy. learn that to him belongs the honor of His name lives on the imperishable roll having restored to sculpture the posi- of fame; it is Antonio Canova, the potion which before his day it had lost tency of which has made his patron, among the fine arts in Italy. I should Falleri, filustrious, and helped to keep not wonder that we have a modern green the work and memory of his Canova in England at the present time, master, Toretto the elder. in a neighbor of mine who is making as powerful a mark on English art as of the beautiful and the true that genius Canova made on Italian in his day, should suffer; that there should be But what I set out to do was to amuse myself and my readers with a bit of va's case it is a pathetic love story. biography which is just as fine as any- When he was studying at the Academy thing in fiction. I propose to make the of Fine Arts in Rome a beautiful girl briefest kind of story out of two true in- entered the gallery with a female cidents in the life of one of the world's friend. They came every day for a

greatest artists. He was only three years old when his Her friend left her until the hour for father died. His mother married again closing, when she returned to accom-His arms upon his breast, his eyes down bent, and he was left to the care of his grand- pany her home, The girl occupied her mother. He was a delicate boy with time in drawing from the antique; and dreamy eyes and a natural love of the Canova at his work stole many an adbeautiful. This is a common gift in miring glance at the young artist. He Italy. Thoughtful, loving and wise guardians of children are uncommon. This boy was blessed with both; other that delicate and refined character that wise he must have died in infancy. The | could not fail to appeal to the heart world knows nothing of its losses of and fancy of the young sculptor. Once children who might have lived to be he heard her praise his work, and her great. The bero of this romance of words were music to him. He woryouth was born in a little village shiped the girl at a distance, continuunder the government of the an- ally making up his mind to declare his cient Republic of Venice. His grand- passion, but not daring to do so lest he mother delighted in everything that should prevent her from making her pleased him. She told him stories of Venice and sang to him the romantic songs of their native hills and valleys. The adventurous history of the adjacent seas were full of romance, the fairy tales, the religious fables, the romantic ballads of the country sunk deep into the little heart of the lad as he grew up and began to appreciate the beauties of the world into which he had been born.

His grandfather was the stonemason of the village, whose work had won for him a local fame. He resolved that the boy should be his successor and to this end he had him taught drawing. The boy indeed had a pencil put into his hands while he was still an infant. The grandmother had stored the little mind with bright and poetle fancies, while she strengthened the body with the watchful care of a loving nurse, sioned sensations, which, alas, were des-The grandfather when the time was tined to a sad and somber eclipse. One opportune turned the lad's fancy into day the girl did not appear. The next practical directions. In an Italian vil- day brought her not. Canova was inconlage there would be the right kind of solable. Weeks passed. He was almost sympathy for a boy who showed a heartbroken, when to his joy the friend natural artistic temperament, though reappeared, and he looked for the girl some of the lad's playmates complained | Then assuddenly as the flush of hope had of his "sullenness," a youthful mistake come into his face he noticed that the for "thought." Soon after he had be- friend was attired in mourning and gun to make figures of men and things | that she was alone. Canova now found on paper the shrewd stonemason put a courage enough to speak. Where was lump of clay before him and showed her companion? "Julia is dead!" was him how sculptors modeled, the in- the agonized reply, the bitterness of struction being crude, of course, but which was an abiding tonic to the cloyuseful. The grandfather, watching the ing sweetness of success. The dream apt pupil, pictured him at some future of that first love must have brought a day in his place adding ornaments to human influence into Canova's work the village tombstones, displaying his that has helped to give a lasting fame. leverness upon new buildings, and Critics mention that after a certain peotherwise maintaining the reputation riod "he did not adhere to the severe want; Vaugelas, the great French marked the spot. In closing up its of Passagno, which was the name of simplicity of the antique, but rather classicist, left his body to the surgeons abode, the bee pushes down the top

this Italian village. able to help his grandfather in the characterized his group of Cupid and shop. Hitherto he had only amused Psyche." To what extent that episode himself, though always in a way that of the gallery in Rome moulded the could not fail to be of service when the fancy and imagination of the sculptor time should come for him to take his in his departure from the severity of grandfather's place. But grandfather the classic who shall say? Many things and grandmother to their sorrow had to in a man's life go to the making or confess that the boy continued to be far | marring of his work. Under the divine from strong. The affectionate old dame | hand the world owes the consolation nurtured him with the greatest care, and delight of Canova's art firstly to and the village mason softened the lad's | the care of his grandmother and the labors. Observing that the modeling gentle forbearance and love of his of flowers and animals gave him more graudfather. But for his love of the delight than any other occupation, he girl in the Roman gallery and the encouraged him in this enjoyment of pathos of it, the cold austerity of the his natural bent; and the boy became quite a little expert, especially in the modeling of animals. He was only sculptor who gave to Europe the fourteen when an incident occurred to noblest examples of the art of sculpture. bring him to the notice of a noble patron of the arts. In those days both art and literature owed almost everything to the special recognition and assistance of the aristocracy.

The nobleman in this case had a palace near the cottage home of the young modeler. He had a chef who not only prided himself on his cooking, but upon the artistic arrangement of his table. By some accident or strange oversight at almost the last moment of the serving of one of the nobleman's great banquets it was found that the principal ornament of the table was still wanting. Wonderful constructions in sugar, cleverly cut flowers from vegetable growths, artistic designs in paste and other perishable foods bore witness to the cleverness of the chef and his assistants, but the central design was wanting. The stonemason was known to be a skillful designer. He was sent for, but found himself unequal to the emergency. The genius of the grandson prompted the lad to take at the flood the tide that so early and in so prosaic a fashion had come to him with fame and fortune. Looking round for some material for his purpose he asked the servants for a jar of butter. Provided with this he deliberately sat down at the kitchen table done with wonderful rapidity, and to the admiration of his grandfather and the lookers-on. Never was butter put to such artistic use. Host and guests all admired the work, and inquired for

From this first step the boy's position Mescow," and "Young Canova Mod- swing. The technique of his art cainot recall; but I have still in my less, and he learned much in his grandmind the graceful figure of the boy father's shop. His new instructor was manipulating the anatomy of a lion, a enthusiastic. He took pleasure in of pip-kin on a table, sundry ers and in helping their development. antique bowls upon the floor; and As time went on his pupil's success was centricity. - Balzac

It seems necessary to a full estimate some deep sorrow in its life. In Canolong time. The girl was a student. would have spoken to her had he not come to love her. Her beauty was of



HOST AND GUESTS ALL ADMIRED THE

daily visit to the gallery. As his grandmother's songs and stories inspired his earliest fancy, the girl student awoke in his imagination new and more impashis Italian village.

At the early age of nine the boy was grace and loveliness of his own, such as classic school might have frozen the holiest and most human impulses of

This story points its own moral. May I add a word to it? There was a year's Academy, of Handel as an infant in his nightgown playing upon an old harps hicord in the middle of the night. His father had been so annoyed by the boy's strumming that he had banished the instrument to a garret or loft, whither the child had climbed to exercise its genius for music. How often may the impulse of genius be crushed out by ignorant or unappreciative parents. A principle of education among the Jesuits is to study the natural idiosyncrasies of their pupils. Parents should do the same in regard to their children. With the example of those two old people who brought up Canova as a lesson, I venture to appeal to fathers and mothers to study well the characters and impulses of their children. It should be remembered that it is among the children of to-day that the future great ones of the earth are to be found; and who shall say in which family the swan for the time being is hidden teneath the unfamiliar

#### feathers of "the ugly duckling?" Plain Duty.

The man wanted a pension for a wound received in the service and one day he applied for it. That is to say, and modeled a lion. The work was the claim agent took him before an examiner.

"What's this pension for?" asked the examiner. "For wounds received in

the service?" "Of course," said the agent, with a

flourish. "In the line of duty?" "Certainly."

The examiner looked over the records a few moments.

"Why," he exclaimed, "the record shows this man was shot while running away in the face of the enemy. Do you call that in the line of duty?"

The agent was stumped, but the applicant was ready. "You bet it was." he said. "They was shootin' plum at me with intent to kill, and wasn't it my duty to git away

if I could?" The case was held for advisement --Detroit Free Press.

-Even beauty cannot palliate co

### PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

-William, the Conqueror, became so stout that he could hardly walk. His death was caused by his horse plunging violently and throwing him against the pommel of the saddle.

-United States Senator Perkins, of California, has been visiting his native town of Kennebunkport, Me. He was twelve years old when he left his home suddenly, going upon a long sea voyage as cabin-boy, and later before the

-Lord Frederick Hamilton, one of the two editors of Mr. Astor's "Pall Mall Magazine," is a younger brother of the duke of Abercorn. He served for several years in the diplomatic service, and has represented Manchester in parliament. Sir Douglass Straight, Lord Frederick's coadjutor, is a retired Indian judge, formerly a London lawyer and journalist.

-In the death of Prof. Aloys Sprenger orientalists have suffered a severe loss. Born in the Tyrol, he went early in life to London, where Count Munster, the German ambassador, was his powerful friend. Among the professor's works are "The Life and Teachings of Mohammed," "The Geography of Ancient Arabia," "Post and Traveling Routes in the Orient," and "Sprenger's Oriental Library."

-Few books will be more eagerly awaited in France than the two volumes of "Souvenirs" which Madame Octave Feuillet, the widow of the novelist, is about to publish. The lifelong devotion of husband and wife was well known in the gay capital. The atmosphere about the married life of Valerie Dubois, of Saint Lo, and Octave Feuillet, of Paris, was as much above the ordinary as "Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre" was above its immediate contemporaries.

newspaper correspondent, who died at the paths that lead through the fields. Camden, N. J., when three years old was stolen by the Chippewa Indians. He remained with the Indians until he was nine years old, when they left him behind them on a trip to Detroit, then sour taste. a trading post. He became a newsboy, and at the age of seventeen he en- through the corn and wheat fields will listed as private in the Union army to fight against the confederacy. He rose tiny pieces seem to have been cut as rapidly in the service, and at twenty accurately as if done with a pair of he commanded a battalion.

-An English paper tells a good story of clerical presence of mind. A curate half an inch wide. These little pieces who had entered the pulpit provided the bee carries to its little house, crawls with one of the late Rev. Charles Brad- in first and drags them in after, then ley's most recent homilies was for a smoothing them out and pasting them moment horror-struck by the sight of to the sides. It takes through enough Rev. Charles Bradley himself in a pew such pieces to reach around the wall, beneath him. Immediately, however, and they are put on double. Three or he recovered enough self-possession to four are piled up at the bottom to be able to say: "The beautiful sermon make a snug little bed. The bee se-I'm about to preach is by Rev. Charles lects the petals of the poppy because Bradley, who I'm glad to see in good they are thinner and finer than those health among us assembled here.'

want of means; Camoens died in a hanger. The honey furnishes the charity hospital; Milton's old age was necessary food for the young bees. spent in extreme poverty; Tasso was Sometimes ants discover the tiny storcompeled to borrow small sums from age-house and carry off its sweets. his acquaintance; Ariosto was always The next day, however, the entrance poor and dependent, Cardinal Benti- to the hole is tightly closed, and no voglio spent his old age in distressful one could find it again, unless he had to help pay his debts: Dryden was so leaves, thus stripping the upper walls pestered by his creditors that he sold of their tapestry hanging. If the hole Torson, the publisher, ten thousand has been closed up on June 22 the lines for three hundred pounds; John- maggot changes into a chrysalis on son lived from hand to mouth until he July 1. It is not yet known when the got his pension, and most of his liter- bee develops, nor how it works itself ary contemporaries lived and died in out of this place, but it is supposed great want.

## HUMOROUS.

-"John, dear," said Mrs. Hicks, "I'm making a shirt for the heathen. Come here and let me fit it on you, will you?"

-"How about Mr. Jingles, our new neighbor; he is a number one husband, isn't he?" "Oh, dear, no; he's number four, anyway."-Inter-Ocean.

but I'm English, an' so's my farver." of the insignificant-looking snail's "An' what's yer little sister?" -she can't talk yet."-Judy.

'unanimous consent' in congress?" not to say loathsome, creature to han-Aunt Sarah-"When ther' all talkin' to wun'set."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Always say what you think or keep most interesting objects that come unsilent." Pupil-"But suppose I should der their observation. become a lawyer." Teacher-"That's different."-Boston Transcript. -Wife-"Have you noticed what

beautiful blue eyes our new pastor can make such a sharp and clean-cut has?" Husband-"How could 1? He incision in the leaf, leaving an edge as keeps his eyes closed when he prays, smooth and straight as if it had been and I keep mine closed when he cut with a knife. That is due to the preaches."-Hello.

-Mrs. Dukane-"The newspaper has an article which says that in Russia a roof of his mouth. The tongue is a spinster is a curiosity." Mr. Dukane-Well, there's a good deal of curiosity about spinsters in this country, too."-Pittsburgh Chronicle.

-Mrs. Slocum (with an attempt at weariness)-"I have to make a lot of stupid calls this afternoon." Mr. Slocum-"Well, how much did it cost this time?" "What?" "Why, your new hat, of course."-Detroit Tribune.

-"Why, mamma, you've got a gray hair in your bang!" "Yes, dear. That came because you were so naughty yesterday." "O mamma, what a naughty little girl you must have been to grandma! All her hair is gray."

-"The next gown I shall issue," said the ladies' tailor, "will be the triumph of the century." "Indeed," said his humble assistant. "Yes, indeed. It will be impossible to tell from its ally inquired the man with the gray shape that there is a woman in it at spot in his mustache. all."-Indianapolis Journal.

-At a banquet that I attended not ong ago, the gentleman in charge of you an April fool or not," said the man the dinner tickets went up to the leader of the vocalists who were to enter- "but whoever picked you up for a valtain the guests with songs, with this uable package that day got badly April inquiry: "How many of you are there fooled." in your quartet?"-Boston Herald.

-Sayso-"Those who love books almost invariably love dogs. That is a rule with, I think, few exceptions." Nowitt-"I am one of the exceptions." Sayso-"You love books and hate dogs?" Nowitt-"Exactly." Sayso-"That is strange." Nowitt-"Not in the least; I am a book agent "-P. & S. S. S. Co. Bulletin.

and was the state of the state

# FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

I'LL DO WHAT I CAN.

I may not set the world on fire, Nor start a grand 'combine;' Nor be a triple millionaire, Or own a diamond mine. I never may be president, Or any famous man; But there is work for all to do, And I'll do what I can.

If Washington had said: "Dear me! There's nothing I can do: The country's bound to go to smash, And precious quickly, too!" Most likely we should still have been Oppressed by Britain's clau; But Washington did what he could, And I'll do what I can a Ben Franklin did not loaf around,

From morn till set of sun, And grumble that some other man Had wealth when he had none. While yet the stars were in the sky His daily task began; He did whatever he could do, And I'll do what I can We may not all be Ciceros.

And charm admiring throngs. Nor write immortal treatises, Or sing immortal songs; But each can fill some little groove, In nature's wondrous plan, And help the world to turn around. -Helen W. Clark, in Golden Dava.

INSECT PAPER-HANGERS.

A Bee That Makes Bright Hangings for

Its Fine Chamber. A small bee, with a long Latin name, "Anthrophora argentata." is a very fastidious little animal with regard to her dwelling place. This insect bores a vertical hole into the ground and lines its sides with pieces of flower petals, especially those of the poppy, which make a very bright hanging for such a tiny chamber. Before harvesting time sets in in the summer this little insect's com--Col. Frank Burr, the well-known fortable nest can be found'in any of A grass blade pushed down into the hole brings to light a narrow red passage way several inches long, and moist with drops of honey of a somewhat

An observant person wandering come across many poppies from which scissors. These pieces are all oval, half an inch long and a little less than of other wild flowers, and can be more -Cervantes often went hungry for easily handled by this small paperthat it does so by gnawing through the top leaves and pushing the earth upward until it reaches the surface .-St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

## THE SNAIL'S MOUTH.

It Contains a Tongue Built on the Prin ciple of a Bandsaw.

"It's a fortunate thing for man and the rest of the animal kingdom," said the naturalist, "that no large wild animal has a mouth constructed with the -"My muvver, she's French, she is, devouring apparatus built on the plan "Dunno mouth, for that animal could out-devour anything that lives. The snail -Willie-"Auntie, what is meant by itself is such an entirely unpleasant, dle, that few amateur naturalists care to bother with it, but by neglecting -Teacher-"And one thing more. the snail they miss studying one of the

"Anyone who has noticed a snail feeding on a leaf must have wondered how such a soft, flabby, slimy animal peculiar and formidable mouth he has. The snail eats with his tongue and the ribbon which the snail keeps in a coil in his mouth. The tongue is in reality a band-saw, with the teeth on the surface instead of on the edge. The teeth are so small that as many as 30,000 of them have been found on one snail's tongue. He can uncoil as much of this as he chooses, and the uncoiled part he brings into service. The roof of his mouth is as hard as bone. He grasps the leaf between his tongue and that fasten firmly the end of the other blade hard substance and, rasping away in a piece of pencil, whose length will with his tongue, saws through the toughest leaf with ease, always leav- This will be the tracing point. Now ing the edge very smooth and we may cause the opening of the blades straight."

No Dissenting Voice.

"I'm a sort of April fool," said the man with the wart on his nose. "Born the first day of April?" casu-

"No Married." "I don't know whether that made in the mackintosh, lighting a cigar,

And there was a most unanimous

board .- Chicago Tribune. Would Have the Fun Afterward. His Mother-Tommy, if you fight

with little Willie Walters to-day I shall put you to bed for two hours. Tommy-Put me to bed, now, ma

WHY OLD WOOLLY DIED.

Killed by Having to Listen to Daily Dime Museum Lectures.

He was just an ordinary, everyday colt, and an ordinary, everyday young horse. His master had neither time nor inclination to give much attention to the horse's toilet. Nevertheless, a strange thing happened. His hair, day after day and month after month, grew more and more curly until finally "Old Woolly" became one of the features of the town.

"I'll give you two hundred dollars for your horse," said a stranger one

"You can have him," was the reply, as that was about twice his real value. The stranger was from a dime museum, and Old Woolly's hard work was over. The rest suited him well enough, but amid the din of street noises and the tooting of a band, Old Woolly listened daily to talk like this:

"Here, gentlemen, is a most marvelous freak of nature. Our agents discovered him in the mines of Siberia. Working underground, Old Blofsky, famous among the miners of that re



gion, was deprived of the light of day for years. By some curious process, which has puzzled the most distinguished veterinary surgeons of both continents, his hair began to curl. The hair became woolly in its texture entirely by natural processes. Gentle-

men, he is the only one of his kind." Poor Old Woolly had to endure this day after day. He lost his spirits and began to grow ill. The hot, stifling air of the museum aggravated his illness, until one day, as the showman was delivering his speech to the gaping crowd, Old Woolly quietly lay down and breathed his last .- Youth's Companion.

### HELPS FOR DRAWING.

How to Make a Compass, Flat Ruler and Square at Home.

If you have to make a geometrical drawing, and you have neither compass, flat ruler, nor square, you will be somewhat embarrassed, will you not? Well, here is a method of supplying, by common objects always at hand, the three instruments that are want-

The square ruler of the schoolboy is never straight enough to replace the flat ruler of the draughtsman. A sheet of strong paper will furnish a much better ruler. According to the geometrical theorem, a straight line is a line whose direction is not changed between any two of its points. Now we



know that if we fold a sheet of paper on a perfectly plane table, the line of the folded part will not be changed between either of its parts, but will be a perfectly straight line.

The square is also an instrument indispensable to the draughtsman.

We can also make this of a sheet of strong paper, by folding it first in two, and then in four, taking care to make the two parts of the first fold coincide exactly with the others. The second fold will be perpendicular to the first, because it forms with the first fold two adjacent equal angles, consequently two right angles, and the angle which has its summit at the meeting point of the two folds will form the right angle of our square.

Now I will show you how to improvise a pair of compasses. Take a penknife with two blades, the larger the better. The point of one of the blades will be the sticking-point of the compasses. We stick it at the center of the circle (or of the arc of the circle) which we are about to trace. Now vary according to the size of the knife. to vary according to the radius of the circumference which we wish to trace; and we should hold the instrument lightly by the end of the handle nearest the tracing point, as shown in our illustration.-La Nature.

## Remarkable Little Magnets.

A magnet which the great Sir Isaac Newton wore as a set in his finger ring is said to have been capable of raising 746 grains, or about 250 times its own weight of three grains, and to have been much admired in consequence of its phenomenal power. One and approving silence all around the which formerly belonged to Sir John Leslie, and which is now in the Royal Society's collection at Edinburgh, has still greater powers. It weighs but little more than Newton's curiosityeven 31/4 grains-yet it is capable of supporting 1,560 grains, and is, therefore, the strongest magnet of its size in the world.