

THE MINNET-DANCER.

So, my enchantress in the flowered
brocade,
You call an elder fashion to you aid,
Step forth from Gainsborough's canvas
and advance,
A powdered Galatea, to the dance.

About you clings a faded, old-world
air,
As though the link-boys crowded
round your chair,
As though the Macarons thronged the
Mall,
And the French horns were sounding
at Vauxhall.

They tread the stately measure to its
close,
The silver buckles and the silken hose
Ladies and exquisites that bend and
sway,
Brilliant as poppies on an August day.

You dance the minuet, and we admire,
We dulleards in our black and white
attire,
Whose russet idyll seems a mere bur-
lesque,
Set in a frame so far less picturesque.

Yet I take heart; for Love, the con-
fess-
ing, can scarcely heed what raiment be in
vogue,
Since in good sooth his negligence is
known
As something scandalous anent his
own.

And so he whispers, Eyes were bright
and brown,
Long ere the powder tax dismayed
the town,
And faithful shepherds still shall bab-
ble
on,
Although the rapiers and the frills be
gone.

A RETURN TO NATURE.

How a Glass Minister Obedied the
Latter of the Pastors.

"Rev. Augustine St. Gregory, Miss
Helen Mackintosh, Married."
"Dear up the wedding cards!" inter-
rupted Prie Armstrong. "It was in-
fantuation—fantasism. How could a
Boston girl, brought up with every ad-
vantage of education and association,
marry a full-blooded Sioux! I went
to the wedding under protest; as Helen's
nearest friend, I sat there under
protest; and it required all my self-
control to refrain from shrieking aloud
at the words: 'If any man can show
justly cause why they should not law-
fully be joined together.'"

"You talk as though you had just ar-
rived from the plains, in wampum and
war paint," returned Annie Chesley,
indignantly. "I met him at Mrs. Cot-
ting's reception, and thought him per-
fectly fascinating. He has the loveliest
manners—so gentle and subdued,
and, with his soulful dark eyes and
melancholy face, he reminded me of
Sedwih, South Sea. The Iron Chest, such
an interesting history as he has, too.
He lost his father at the battle of the
Little Big Horn, and after the flight
of Sitting Bull and his men into Can-
ada, the poor little fellow was found
by a missionary and sent to Hampton.
Later, by means of an old lady's be-
quest, he was educated for the minis-
try preparatory to going to his mis-
sionary to his own people. If you had
heard him speak the last Sunday in
Advent, when taken foreman, you would
realize what religion has done in trans-
forming a savage into a Christian gen-
tleman and clergyman."

"Helen was taught from babyhood
to have the highest respect for the
mission," said Prie slowly. "In Lent
her childish sacrifices were for the
benefit of some Indian school. Her
cast-off toys were sent to Hampton;
her Sunday school class supported an
Indian there. Later, she attended all
the meetings for the benefit of the In-
dians, has been an active member of
the Dakota league and devoted all her
charitable energies—and a Boston girl
must have some outlet for philan-
thropy, as imperatively as for her love
of music, books and art—to collecting
funds and packing barrels of clothing
for the Indians. As she stood by the
altar it seemed the culmination of a
life-long faith—an earnest and religious
one, if you will, but still merely a fad
—in which love bore a minor, if not a
doubtful part. There was a delay in
getting to the carriage and I waited.
No, not to throw rice, but—but to see
Helen once more, Capt. Carter, Helen's
cousin—he was best man—closed the
carriage door, with a gay good-
by. He stood, with uncovered head,
in the fog and drizzle, and I saw the
look upon his face."

"They say he has always been in
love with Helen."

"It was not that. Insight gave fore-
sight, and on the pavement, in Copley
Square, he saw the future, somewhere
on the Western plains."

"You are tired, August?"
Helen St. Gregory arose from the
piano, the one article of luxury she
had permitted herself, and leaning
over the back of her husband's chair
played with his hair. It had been al-
lowed to grow somewhat long in the
last few weeks.

He had just returned from a visit to
a settlement a few miles distant, con-
sisting of a few wretched, scattered
huts. His hand sought his throat and
loosened the stiff, clerical bands with
an impatience that seemed uncontrol-
lable.

"It is stifling here," he said; "the air
of a room makes me cough."
"I will open the window."
"Open both windows."

"I cannot," returned Helen, with
some surprise at his imperious tone.
"The other window is sealed, hermet-
ically, with paper-mache, manufac-
tured out of soaked newspapers, after
Frank Carter's recipe."

Her husband strode across the room
and with one blow of his clenched fist
he broke away the lower part of the
sash.

"August! How could you—oh, your
hand is bleeding!" reproach changing
to commiseration.

She caught up a web of soft linen
upon the work table.

"It is nothing," said her husband al-
most haughtily, drawing himself so
quickly away that the linen fell be-
neath his foot.

The next moment there was an ex-
clamation from both, for it was the
surplice, with the circle-emblem of im-
mortality embroidered upon its front,
that lay there blood-stained and tramp-
led.

He sank into the chair again, and
she, who had learned in the last few
months that there were times when it
was best to leave him undisturbed,
silently closed the shutters outside the
broken window and pinned closely
over it the heavy curtains of Mexican
blankets. The room was both sitting
room and study. In the corner a prie-
dieu, with a threadbare cushion, tes-
tified to the length and frequency of
his devotions.

Presently Helen looked anxiously up
from the altar-cloth she was embroid-
ering.

"I wish you would not watch me in
that covert manner," said her husband
with new irritability.

He was tired; her woman's heart
chafed her after that moment of strange
and chilled misgiving. It was a long,
cold walk to the settlement, and the
people there were the most degraded
of his pastoral charge. They consisted
only of old men, women and children;
the young men were out hunting—a
euphemism for having joined certain
hostile tribes in the northwest.

"I have questioned lately, Helen," he
began presently, "whether I have not,
after all, mistaken my vocation. The
first has died out of my utterances, my
prayers no longer ascend as on wings
of light, but fall crushingly back upon
my heart. The meaning has gone out
of the Holy Scripture; its words are
as a tale told by an idiot, full of sound
and fury, signifying nothing."

She spoke gently, reassuring words,
and the strange foreboding vanished
from her heart.

Long after she had gone to bed, he
was kneeling at the prie-dieu. In the
days that followed, she noticed that
he was unusually silent; that the early
services, the prayers and fastings be-
came more frequent—the last so
rigorous that she begged to have care
less his health suffer.

"We are commanded," he replied,
solemnly, "to crucify the old man and
utterly abolish the whole body of sin."
He went about his work like a man
in a dream. The melancholy that had
always characterized him had become
moodiness, a taciturnity that his wife
learned was best left unquestioned.

His favorite subjects of conversation
had formerly related to his work; now
he never alluded to it. His texts had
been chosen from the New Testament,
that upon which he had most frequ-
ently dwelt being: "For their sakes I
sanctify myself, that they also may be
sanctified through the truth." Now his
sermons were drawn from the Old
Testament, and particularly from those
accounts that dwelt upon vengeance
and bloodshed. When he read the
lesson telling of the killing of
Sisera, there was a repressed force in
his utterance, an intensity of dramatic
action in the gestures of his slender
hand and flexible wrist, that brought
the scene with awful vividness before
his listeners.

"She smote the nail into his temples—
for he was fast asleep and weary. So he died." His personality
was merged into that of Joel, and ex-
ultation was exultation over the
treacherous and savage deed.

His manner in speaking of his own
people had formerly been tinged with
sadness. Was it a wild fancy of his
wife's that it now held a subtle pride?
A distinction, too, had evidently grown
up between "these people"—of his
flock and those amongst whom his
childhood had been passed.

His walks over the plain became
more frequent. Helen had supposed
their object was the settlement, till
an allusion to his work there unde-
ceived her. "I have not been there
I walked twenty, thirty miles over
the plain," he said, with an excitement
that she could not understand.

"I have not been there," he said,
"I have not been there." He had not
been there.

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forward on his face, but the circle
was instantly reformed. The young
brave who had held her gaze was
prostrate at last, in the kind of swoon
to which the others had succumbed.
Suddenly he leaped to his feet.

"I have seen the Great Father," he
cried, "and he will not talk to me,
because I have married a white woman."

It was the voice of her husband!
Half-frozen, blinded and staggering,
she reached her own door at last.
She must have wandered many times
from the path, for the cold, gray morn-
ing light was breaking. She dropped
from force of habit, into the chair by
the work table. She must darn those
stockings of August's. It was the
morning for early service. There was
a little illuminated book of devotions
in which it was her daily habit to
read. Was she going mad? The words
were revolving in a circle over the
page. A capital A, in scarlet and gold
bore a fantastic resemblance to the
pale bedizened figure of the dance.

There was a sound without. The
door was pushed open and a naked
savage strode into the room. She saw
his purpose.

"August! For the sake of our unborn
babe!"
What followed may not be told.
—Edith Robinson in Argonaut.

SAW THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

A Midshipman Who Watched the
Fight Through a Sea Glass.

Wednesday, the 19th inst., was the
eightieth anniversary of the battle
of Waterloo. Of the hundreds of thou-
sands of men who struggled that day
for supremacy all have passed away,
except two in America, four in the
British Isles and six in France, and
most of these are centenarians.

There is another, who, although not
a participant in the great battle, had
the privilege of witnessing the thrill-
ing events of that week in Belgium
which marked the downfall of the Na-
poleon dynasty and who viewed that
battle from a better vantage ground,
perhaps, than any of the participants.

That man is James R. Green of Ells-
worth, Ohio, who is ninety-seven years
of age.

The old gentleman was born in Bol-
ton, Lancashire, England, on July 25,
1798, and entered the English navy at
the age of sixteen as a midshipman.
The next year his ship was employed
in transporting the English soldiers
for Wellington's army across the chan-
nel from Southampton to Antwerp, and
it was at this time that he accident-
ally witnessed Waterloo.

In 1818 he entered the East India merchant
service, and for many years voyaged
in the Atlantic and Indian oceans,
making many trips around the Cape
of Good Hope to Delphi, Calcutta and
Bombay. In 1820 he made his first
voyage to America in a sailing vessel.
It required twelve weeks to cross the
stormy Atlantic. Since then he has
crossed the Atlantic twenty-three
times.

Mr. Green was in a reminiscence
of the battle of Waterloo, a correspondent,
and talks interestingly of the great
battle. "I was a midshipman in June,
1815, on one of King George's trans-
port ships," he said, "and with the
other 'middles' started across Belgium
to join the English troops.

"We came first to Ligny, where the
preliminary battle of that terrible
week in Belgium took place. That
fight was between the Prussian and
Belgian and Napoleon's veterans. The
conflict did not last long, but it stands
as one of the most desperate fights of
history. Blucher was compelled to
give way, and his retreat was almost
a rout. Flushed with success, Napo-
leon pushed on to his fate at Quatre-
Bras and attacked the outposts of the
English on the 16th.

"At Quatre-Bras Napoleon was re-
pulsed, falling back to Waterloo that
night, where he determined to make
his final stand.

"On the morning of the 18th, with
a sea glass which we had taken with
us, we stood on the heights some dis-
tance away from Waterloo and took
in the whole scene. We could see Na-
poleon on his charger riding along his
lines preparing for the battle. The
lines were formed and soon the field
was filled with smoke and the roar of
cannon reverberated through the hills
of Belgium. In the afternoon the
fierce conflict ceased and the field was
a sickening sight. The green rye had
been trampled down and the field was
nothing but dust like the middle of
the road, while the dead and wounded
lay scattered thickly over the plain.
Out of 250 pieces of artillery Napoleon
lost 156, and 40,000 of his men were
either dead upon the field or prisoners.

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THE CHILD-SEASON.

O sunny life of childhood! blossoming
To gladden all the world; as if the
spring
Were captive made, and your soft
golds gleamed
Had netted all spring's sunshine as it
stirred;
Your little nest has still its slinging
bird.

O youth! fast learning to be wise and
vain,
Whose aims are lofty. In the race for
gain
Great things seem possible—and yet to-
day
Some grave that is a milestone on the
way
Says over the world's loud voice,
Kneel and pray."

O, hearts that pain has chastened!
The well ye know
The song of thankfulness. Ye but
forego
Your joy a little while. The leaves
may fall
Of autumn; yet be brave; ye have
fought well,
Weep not; ye know that other fighters
fell.

O, aged heads that many a Yule-tide
snow
Has whitened! Though the time be
long ago
Since first ye laughed in childhood's
golden ray,
The Child of Bethlehem takes your
hand to-day,
God's blessing crowns your far more
perfect way.

—Chambers' Journal.

LOVE ON THE WHEEL.

A Biking Romance, By Anne War-
rington Withrop.

"Then you wish me never to re-
turn?"
"Never," she answered, with an ef-
fort that cost her much. There was
now no doubt in her mind that she
loved him. If she had ever ques-
tioned the fact in those hours of solitude
when she subjected her heart to the
severe scrutiny of her reason, now in
the cold moment of parting she did
not doubt. He was going to leave her
forever. True, he was going at her
bidding, but how could it be other-
wise? She was a woman of spirit and
would not be dictated to, and when
he said she must not ride a bicycle,
her womanhood rebelled. Love will
sacrifice much, but not all. The duties
of a fiancee she was happy to
meet and to perform; the responsibilities
of wifehood, soon to be assumed,
she was ready to assume; but how
long can love last when it yields itself
up a slave to tyranny? Not long, in
very truth.

"You must not ride a bicycle," he
had said.

"Must not?" she cried springing from
his arms, in which she had for the
moment nestled.

"What's that I said," said he, petu-
lantly. "It will make you round-should-
ered."

She eyed him angrily for a moment.
"Round-shouldered?" she cried. "Oh,
you men, you men! Had I married you
and round-shouldered making my
own dresses, you would not have
murmured. Had we gone hand in
hand into poverty and my shoulders
grown round from bending over a
laundry stove, you would have permit-
ted it; but because I choose to acquire
a manly riding wheel for pleasure
—you see that—because that which
you must to me, who have loved you,
declined to dance and dived with
others for you—oh, George, George,
George!"

"Well, I mean it," said he, calmly.
"Choose between us—me or the bicy-
cle—which is it to be?"

She made no answer but walking to
the porch, rang the bell of her wheel.
It was his answer, and he realized it.
"I do not care for bicycling," she
said, "but I can have no notes in my
life. Leave me."

He walked out into the night, and
Parthenia, throwing herself limply
over her wheel, pedaled wearily in
the other direction, forgetting to light
her lamp.

George Washburne walked moodily
down the road which one short hour
before he had traveled with so light
a heart.

"Heigho!" he said. "All my life
slattered in a moment. If she but
knew how I loved her—if she could
only have guessed my motive in speak-
ing as I did—that I wished always
to be at her side, and that if she rode
I could not, since, try as I will, I can
not myself ride a wheel, it is beyond
me, and yet I have not dared confess
to her that I have tried to learn and
can not. In his wife's eyes a man
should be a hero capable of all things.

Supposing I had told her of the les-
sons I have taken in secret at the
academy, of the dents my head has
made in the hardwood floor, of the at-
tendants I have run over and crippled
and the wheels I have shattered, until
the manager of the place has told me
—even as has she—never to return.
It would have lowered me in her es-
teem. I can not, can not tell her, and
shatter her respect for her former
fiancee."

As he spoke, he reached his own
front door and was about to enter,
when his heart grew too full. "I can
not go in yet," he said. "I will at
least walk back and gaze upon the
light in her window."
He fulfilled his destiny. Back he
walked, gloomily ruminating over the
future, now so black. Deep in his
thoughts, he did not notice where he
was going; he did not notice that he
had passed Parthenia's house; he did
not observe that he was ascending
Coaster's Hill a half-mile beyond; he
did not even hear a rumbling noise in
the distance which would have taught
him caution. Alas! thoughtless mortal;
and yet how happily all transpired!
There came a crash, a thud, a moan.
George Washburne lay unconscious
in the road.

Parthenia Hicksworthy stood, hav-
ing landed on her feet, ten yards dis-
tant.

Pressing the prostrate man into the
earth were the shattered remains of

her wheel, his punctured tires entan-
gled in his feet, its cyclometer heaving
on his vest pocket, and its left pedal
grasped firmly in the unconscious vic-
tim's hand.

It was spring, George Washburne,
who had lain for three weeks delirious,
opened his eyes. Reason had returned,
and his right arm had knit.

"At last," sobbed a fair girl, who
with his sister sat at the sick man's
side.
"Where am I?" he gasped.
"Here, George," said Parthenia, for
it was she—"here, I'll never ride
again."

"Sweetheart, was it you?" he mur-
mured.
"It was, George," she answered,
with a sob. "I had not lit my lamp—
and I was coasting—and then—it hap-
pened. But never mind, my darling,
I shall never bike again."

"Oh, my love!" he said, grasping her
hand and lifting it to his lips, "do not
say that. Bike as much as you will;
the wheel that I maligned brought us
together again. We owe it much. I
will tell why I objected."

And then he told her all; how he
had tried to learn, and could not; and
how the desire to be with her always
led him to speak as he had. And
she, imprinting a kiss upon his fore-
head, comforted him.

"You were right, darling," she said.
"We will get a bicycle built for two,
and I will work the pedals, while you
can sit on the hind seat and whisper
words of love in my ear."

His answer was a smile, and happi-
ness once more dawned for George
Washburne and Parthenia Hicks-
worthy. They were wed last week,
and the groom's gift to his bride was
a nickel-plated safety for two, with a
russel-levier tool-chest and gold wire
guards to keep her skirts free from the
wheel.—Bazaar.

ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE BLIND.

Men to Whom the Loss of Vision
Seemed to be Unimportant.

A unique career was recently
brought to a close in the suburbs of a
great American city. It was that of a
man totally blind from early childhood
who, by force of an inflexible will had
succeeded in becoming a scientific
anatomist.

Although deprived of sight, he trained
himself by muscular exercise to be
an athlete. The loss of one sense
only strengthened his determination
to preserve all his other faculties in
the freshness of perfection. His own
success in muscular exercise brought
a group of young men around him, and
before he was 21 years old he was a
training master for athletic sports of
every sort. He opened a gymnasium
with apparatus designed to carry into
practice theories of his own respecting
the development of the human body.

He taught large classes, led in ex-
ercises of all kinds, and performed the
most difficult feats with unerring ac-
curacy. His facility in using the ap-
paratus and working about the gymna-
sium was amazing. Visitors could
hardly be convinced that the expert
and fearless teacher was absolutely
sightless.

His gymnasium was gradually con-
verted into a school of health. By phys-
ical exercises conducted under his su-
pervision, he undertook to remedy de-
formities of the body, and to cure pa-
tients afflicted with diseases of lungs,
digestion and disordered nerves. He
became in fact, if not in title a physi-
cian of recognized skill, and applied
many original theories to the treat-
ment of diseases, devoting the best
years of his life to a minute study of
the mechanism of the human body,
with a view to remedying the physical
defects of other men.

Whether it is the blind boat builder
designing the finest yachts or the blind
entomologist making scientific discov-
eries, or the blind statesman discover-
ing in parliament the intricacies of fi-
nance and conducting the laborious ex-
ecutive department, only the most
resolute natures can win such vic-
tories as these.

Mr. Fawcett, when he met with an
accident in his youth by which he lost
his sight, was a student with an ar-
dent ambition for public life. A weak-
er nature would have given up the
first fight as hopeless, but with un-
flinching courage he followed the
career he had marked out for himself.
He continued his study of political
economy by the aid of other men's
eyes; trained his memory until he
could carry complex tables of statis-
tics as easily as other men could read
the figures from the printed page, and
achieved great distinction as a uni-
versity professor and a political lead-
er. So complete was his conquest of
infirmary that Mr. Gladstone was the
only man who could rival him in par-
liament in the exposition of statistical
questions.

"I will remember," wrote Mr. Pres-
cott, the historian, "the blank despair
which I felt when my literary treas-
ures arrived and I saw the mine of
wealth lying around me which I was
forbidden to explore." He was vir-
tually blind, but with unconquerable
patience he went on with his work
year after year.

A Phrase Older Than History.

The celebrated Metternich used the
phrase, "After me, the deluge," as im-
plying that after him no statesman
would be able to preserve the peace
of Europe. But the celebrated mot
was not original with him, as Mme.
Pompadour, mistress of Louis XV.,
who died nine years before Metternich
was born, was quoted as saying,
"Après nous le deluge," and the
wily diplomatist only changed it to
"Après moi." The idea did not origi-
nate with her, quick-witted though
she was. Cicero ascribes it to a Ro-
man emperor, and Milton supplies the
name: "They practice that when they
fall, they may fall in a general ruin."
Just as cruel Tiberius would wish:
"When I die, let the earth be rolled in
flames." "Reasons of Church Govern-
ment," book I, chapter 5, page 34.
It was older, however, than Tiberius,
and is a very ancient Greek proverb,
too old for any discovery of its author.
Tertullian ascribes it to Demosthenes,
but it turns out only to have been
used by him as a common proverb,
familiar to the public even in his day.
Tiberius is represented as having said:
"After my death, perish the world by
fire."—Brooklyn Eagle.