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A STORY:

DAMON AND PYTHIAS

A SOUVENIR:

TO THE KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS OF THE WORLD.

Compliments Pabst Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis., U. S. A.



INTERIOR OF DIONYSIUS' AMPHITHEATRE, WHERE OLYMPIAN GAMES TOOK PLACE 384 B. C.
(From a photograph.)

A STORY:

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A SOUVENIR

TO THE

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS

OF THE WORLD.

By A. Cherry Morrison.



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Introduction.

THE island of Sicily, anciently called "Triancria" (three-cornered) by the Greeks, lies near the southwest coast of Italy. Syracuse, the scene of the story of Damon and Pythias, is situated in a fine harbor on the southeast coast of the island, and was founded by Archias of Corinth, in the year 734 B. C. History gives little response to inquiry before the fifth century B. C., when we find the city has outgrown its original limits (a fortified island barely separated from the peninsula and afterward connected, called Ortygia) and become the chief Greek city of Sicily. The locality of this outgrowth was the slopes and heights of the peninsula, called Achradina, or Outer City. Syracuse contained the Argora (Market Place), a temple of Zeus Olympus, the Prytaneum, a splendid statue of Sappho, etc.

Little is known of the political state of Syracuse until the year 486 B. C., when the power had passed into the hands of the older families, who became Aristocratic despots.

About 415 B. C. Syracuse had a great struggle with Athens and came off victorious. Dionysius the Elder, who won some renown in this war, and who appears most prominently in the story of Damon and Pythias, was the son of Hermocrates, and an adherent to the Aristocratic party. By accusing the Generals then in military power, by obtaining the restoration of exiles, and by a variety of tricks, he secured his own election as one of the Generals, then sole General with special power, and finally, by the same under-

handed policy, became the supreme ruler of Syracuse 405 B. C., and held the eminence thus acquired for thirty-eight years, till his death, 367 B. C.

Under the long tyranny of Dionysius the city grew greatly in population and grandeur. Plato says, "He gathered all Sicily into it." Ortygia was converted into a separate stronghold, with a citadel to serve as a last refuge. Dionysius, to make himself perfectly safe, drove out the old inhabitants of the place and secured himself in Ortygia. For any unpopularity which he may thus have caused he made up by great work for the defense of the city, each portion having its own fortification. The fleet of Syracuse was the most powerful extant.

"Fastened by chains of adamant," was the boastful phrase of Dionysius on his death-bed in describing his empire.

Plato, who was brought to Syracuse by Dion, a broad-minded noble, brother-in-law of the King, made little impression on Dionysius, and for his bold advancement of liberal principles in government was made a slave, but afterward released. Plato went back to Athens, but after the death of Dionysius the Elder, again, at the request of Dion, returned to Syracuse, and would have worked a great reform with the younger Dionysius, for it is said "His principles grew so fashionable that the courtiers spent most of their time in discussing them, and one could scarcely walk in Ortygia without treading on triangles and other geometric symbols," but more conservative counsel prevailed with the young King and Plato again returned to Athens. Syracusean prosperity wavered for a few centuries and then gradually declined, till to-day the city has sunk to its original limits, Ortygia, with a population of about 24,000.

Damon and Pythias: A Story.



BY A. CRESSY MORRISON.



A ZEPHYR, sweet presage of the coming night, soft as a whispered prayer, touches the flowing garments of a white-robed priest who, incense-laden, bids the parting day farewell. Out on the silent sea, their sails poised in laced tracery against the warm background of the still blushing sky, lazily float the ships. The melody of commerce, lulled to silence by the noiseless sweep of twilight's shadowed drapery, has ceased its murmuring, and in the marble streets of the city below the returning multitude of workers restfully loiters homeward. From the palace-crowned heights of Achradina, glistening with the last fond touch of the orb of day, the graceful maidens, whose symmetry of form betokens the luxurious languor of their surroundings, watch with their dark eyes the repose of a proud and prosperous queen, the city of their birth. With a lingering glance at the deepening shadows which envelop the temple of Zeus Olympios they breathe a prayer, and it is night in Syracuse.

It is the three hundred and eighty-fourth year before the Christian Era. The Elder

Dionysius, brilliant, tyrannical—a man of the times and for the times—is now at the summit of his glory and has carried with him into unexampled prosperity the “Pride of the World,” Syracuse. His mercy is weighed in the balance against his ambition and when found wanting the people call him “Tyrant.” Ah! the glory of the title. How it stirs the upstarts plebeian blood and yet, unless the “State” demands a sacrifice, a touch of tenderness may even penetrate the armor which surrounds the dignity of King.

Hushed are the sounds of day, and the rustling olive branches, harbingers of peace, nestle softly to repose. The last twitter of the song bird is lost beneath its tiny wing and the cool of evening soothes the heated earth to sleep. In modest grandeur two stately homes stand beneath the trees. The entrance-gates, thrown generously wide, open to the view a vista of deeper shadows. The first unlighted; the second, its counterpart in all but solitude, is a mansion gay with life. Hark! through the silent night steals a soft melody gently penetrating to one’s heart of hearts—a wistful yearning symphony of sound played by fingers attuned to sorrow. “O! thou sweet spirit of harmony, setting the air atremble with the voice of soul, can thou not strike a chord so deep that *she* can hear who went before, though lapse of years has melted grief to faith and patient waiting? Ah! that I might go, borne on a love so strong ’twould bridge a universe of time, to solve the mystery of human destiny.” Damon, Damon, what words are these which thy heart is speaking to thy restless spirit? Light its dark dwelling with the light of hope, for the children wait thee in the house of Pythias and the merry music of thy winsome harp must wake the god of joy.

With head erect and a smile of thoughtful gladness, Damon passes beneath the outreaching branches into the arched entrance of the house of Pythias, his noble figure unbent by the



GATEWAY TO AMPHITHEATRE WHERE THE ENCOUNTER TOOK PLACE.

(From a photograph.)

weight of fifty years. Helen and little Damon, with outstretched arms, run to meet him, and their mother Calanthe, still beautiful, extends her hand in greeting. Pythias approaches Damon with open-hearted frankness, their eyes meet and the glance speaks most eloquently of a friendship which has stood the test of time. An elfish dance now springs from the wondrous harp, setting the blood tingling, rife with ecstasy. Laughter fills the air and mirth has found its god in Damon. Soon the melting tones soften to a murmuring lullaby and the childish heads droop to early slumber, for on the morrow Syracuse holds holiday.

The azure dome of the cloudless sky trembles with a vibrant light, and broadcast on the lap of nature the frightened mists pour their rich pearls of iridescent loveliness, the dew-drop tears of night. A conscious rose, whose jeweled lips are kissed by the light of morning, draws back the green curtain of its youth and blushes forth mature. Up the broad pathway of the waking world strides the glorious sun. Achradina glows like molten gold and the city, white as alabaster, seems like a nymph with dainty feet just touching the blue bosom of the sea. Across the Argora where Sappho stands, herself a sculptured poem, and up the full length of a straight avenue the dawn has met a frown. Black, in solemn silence, stand the massive walls of Ortygia, surrounding the palaces of Dionysius. The games of the holiday are to be played before the King, and toward the great closed gateway the people now are flocking. No sign of life within is visible; naught but merry laughter is heard without. Happiness and good will reign supreme. The people cry, "Long live the King, the King of Syracuse!" and patriotic loyalty has buried discontent. Damon and Pythias, with the little ones, have come to see the games and, advancing, pass the gates of royalty. But why this noise? Back, there! The great gates swing open and Dionysius' son, the Prince, wild with

wine, lashes his white horses, and his rumbling chariot goes crashing through the crowd. "Back, vipers! Back, I say; I wish to ride and a Prince will have his way." On come the frantic horses. Little Damon is in the path. Pythias grasps the leader's head and holds it fast. Up goes the heavy whip and Pythias receives the blow. Again it rises and little Damon screams for mercy. "Mercy!" cries the Prince, "thou shalt have a tyrant's mercy." At that moment his wrist was grasped by a vise-like hand and a firm blow with an open palm felled him to the earth. He was then lifted high in air and tossed into his heavy vehicle. "Pythias, thou hast done a dangerous thing." Bursting with rage the Prince faces the mocking laughter of the excited crowd and orders the guard to seize Pythias, crying loudly "Assassin!" "Conspirator!" then turning his horses again through the gate his voice was last heard shouting "Back, vipers! Back, I say; I wish to ride and a Prince will have his way."

Pythias turned quickly to Damon, saying: "Be thou a father to my children as thou hast been a friend to me, for thou knowest well the danger that lurks behind those beetling walls. Let the symbol which we have learned to love find in thee its human interpretation, and may the blessings of its influence rest upon thee, though I have passed beyond its power." "Not beyond its power, dear Pythias," said Damon, "till thou breakest the laws of the ONE GOD of its covenant. Thou shalt find in Damon the friendship thou art seeking."

Pythias is bound and the dark walls of Ortygia have concealed him. The games are in progress, but the people are joyful with a sullen joy. A cloud has crossed the sky.

Damon, silent, thoughtful, a man of resources and imposing dignity of character, conducts the sorrowful and frightened family homeward, and with cheering words tries to



THE OLD GREEK PRISON. (From a photograph.)

brighten the very serious aspect of affairs, but they are all well aware that conviction for a blow aimed at one of royal blood means death, and the wealth of Pythias will tempt Dionysius to confiscate his property. All was immediately put in readiness for instant flight, and the accumulated valuables were placed in the secret vaults usually used for security during the frequent wars.

Damon, whose brows are wrinkled by the stress of thought, seeks the soothing shade of the arbor, and musing, nearly passes the noble figure of a stranger who bows with stately grace. His age seems five and forty, and his well-proportioned form is crowned by a countenance so radiant with the marks of intellect that one fails to gauge the power of thought behind, a power so subtle, the mind, half humbled, approaches as to a superior.

“Thou hast honored me by thy presence, wilt thou also call me host?” said Damon. “To be the guest of Damon would tempt the gods to earth, but the guests of Dionysius are the cage-birds of Ortygia.” “A guest of Dionysius,” answered Damon, “commands the servants of the King, and Damon waits thy bidding.” “From Pythias, thy friend, I bring messages of love, and that I, whom he has chosen to argue his defense, may know thee, his friend, and gain the favor of thy sound advice, gave me this paper whereon his hand has traced ‘Friendship,’ ‘Charity,’ and ‘Benevolence’ in geometric symbol, and underneath has written thy name coupled with his own and mine. Dost thou understand?” Damon grasps the outstretched hand with intelligent comprehension, and astounded reads the name which there is traced beside his own. Then bows with modest deference as to a king, saying: “Proceed, I follow—follow with the confidence of a child who puts his trust in the wisdom of his older brother.”

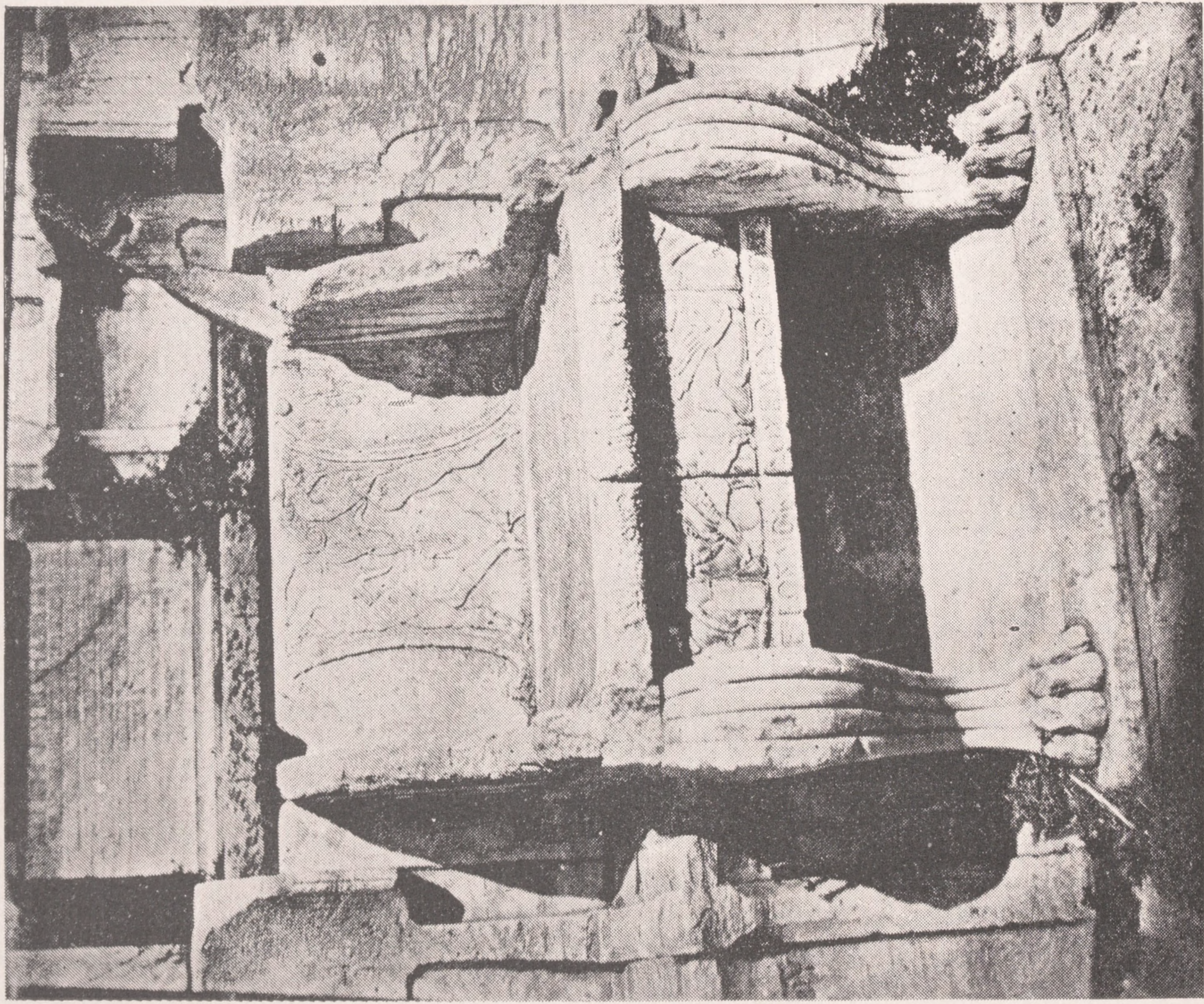
Again night's canopy has settled over Syracuse, but brings no rest to Calanthe and her children. Swift-flying rumor, the scavenger of truth, has carried on its wings the hopeless plight of Pythias, who, at a tyrant's mercy, has sued for naught but justice. Justice! What is justice in the eyes of Dionysius but death and confiscation! What provocation could justify a blow aimed at royalty? Out into the darkness, guided by a faithful slave, the little family hurry, seeking a place of safety. Damon, who must stay behind to await the issue of the morrow's trial and aid in the defense of Pythias (for though equity is lagging, the law brooks no delay in Syracuse), has spoken the words of affection and hope and told them where to await the news which he will send. He watches the mournful cortege till the tears drown his vision, then turning his footsteps in the direction of Ortygia seeks an interview with Pythias. Entering the dark shadows of the ominous pile his ear catches the sharp challenge of the sentry at the gate and a sword bars his way. What are the strange and yet familiar words which Damon whispers? Are they the words which have resounded through the ages and will bring about the brotherhood of man? Were they on the lips of the Prince of the House of David when he said to the surging sea of human passions, "Peace be still?" Is it their potent charm which has unlocked the chains of slavery and loosed the grip of despotism? History echoes, like a whispering-gallery, with Friendship, Charity, and Benevolence, and as the pointed wedge of their geometric symbol has thrown to earth the swords of men, so before their mighty influence fell the pointed weapon of the Ortygian guard, and Damon passed within.

It is the morning of the trial. The people are crowding about the walls and shouting threats unless Pythias is freed, for the people know that evil is intended, though powerless to

prevent. The merchants are marching to the gates bearing a mighty petition. The sullen humor of the city is reported to the King, who laughs at the frightened messengers, and throwing a crushed flower into the basin of a fountain, says: "See, it causes but a ripple and is music to my ears. Shall it be said that Dionysius denied a man who called for justice because the people frowned?" Then musing to himself, added: "'Tis but a ripple, but ripples sometimes shake the universe if given time."

The hour of the trial is approaching and the prison guards have taken Pythias to the audience-chamber where Dionysius will hold court. Damon and the noble stranger who had met him in the arbor the day before are standing by his side. The great hall is magnificent. A majestic curtain is drawn aside by invisible hands and the palace guard enters, while just behind are the dignitaries of State who step aside to bow before the King. Four gigantic negroes follow, their mighty suppleness scarce hidden by their loose white drapery, bearing upon their shoulders the palanquin of stately Dionysius who, acknowledging the salute of the nobles, takes his seat at the throne of justice. The Prince following, seats himself sullenly beside the King.

The King arose amid silence most profound and said: "Unto the tribunal of Dionysius comes this day the accusation of a Prince of royal blood against one Pythias, citizen of Syracuse, declaring a blow to have been struck for which the penalty is death. Answer thou the question, Pythias; is the accusation just?" "I deny not the charge is true, though the accusation is unjust," said Pythias. "Say no more thou Pythias; a crime which merits death prevents speech in the presence of Dionysius. If there be a witness to this deed, and he be here to speak, let him stand to the front." Damon, stepping grandly forward, said: "I am



DIONYSIUS' JUDGMENT SEAT. (From a photograph.)

Damon, friend of Pythias, and I know him well. In childhood we were playmates, and in youth we were by the same good master taught. In manhood, with thy army, standing side by side, we fought for Syracuse. We loved sisters, and on one wedding day Cupid brought a double crown. Our homes in Achradina stand close together; that of Pythias, lighted by the sweet presence of Calanthe and his children, is radiant with happy love. Mine has been the abode of sorrow for many years. Yesterday, tempted by the games of thy great holiday, we sought admittance to Ortygia's gate just as the Prince, thy son, flushed by some great excitement, burst forth, and driving his heavy chariot through the crowd would have crushed the little boy of Pythias had not Pythias himself held back the horse. Twice the whip held in the hand of the Prince fell with cutting force upon the unresisting head of Pythias and the boy when Pythias, outraged to despair, struck the Prince with his open palm and threw him upon his chariot. That, O King, is all; thou knowest where is justice, and in the hand of justice Pythias has laid his cause."

Then spoke the King: "I know thee well, brave Damon. Thy good repute has won for thee a hearing of thy argument, and none can question the purity of thy intentions, but being by thy own consent the friend of Pythias, thy words in this cause carry little weight, for should a foe of Pythias speak against him, wouldst thou not cry out at once, 'Hear him not; he is an enemy!' If there be here one to argue the defense of Pythias who is neither friend nor foe, let him speak at once."

Then arose the stranger, whose elegance of manner made him the center of admiring eyes, and a murmur of surprise issued from the nobles, who bent forward, all attention. The King, setting his lips with a sarcastic smile which scarce concealed his vexation, said: "Thou

art the guest of Dionysius and privileged to speak, though to defend a cause against thy host. Thou art a brave man, but thy honesty of purpose has led thee on a dangerous mission."

Then spoke the stranger in eloquently modulated accents, saying: "O King of Syracuse, thou knowest well if a just cause lacks defense it is the duty of a friend of justice to maintain it; therefore, seeing that thy mind is balanced between the choice of evils and not the choice of justice, which is self-evident in the cause of Pythias, I desire to answer, to the best of my belief, the question which vexes the subtle mind of Dionysius."

"Since thou professest to know the mind of Dionysius," said the King, "state the question which thou darest affirm vexes his subtle understanding."

"Thy command, O Dionysius, shall have my true obedience. A blow has fallen upon one of royal blood; the penalty is death. The blow was justified and thy heart would fain acquit so noble an offender, who fought for thee at Carthage and whose commerce and whose ships are of value to Syracuse, yet thou dost surmise that clemency in such grave offenses will weaken thy power as monarch and rob thee of that prestige which is that right of Kings the people call Divine."

"And pray what are thy deductions from so wise a premise?" asked Dionysius, with harsh contempt.

"These are my deductions," said the stranger firmly: "From the time a man fears a thing he confesses that he thinks it to be bad, and there is no one who voluntarily seeks after and receives that which is bad; thus, when forced to choose one of two evils, he who is wise will choose that which is least, *but* of a truth clemency *is* no evil. Granting that clemency is

no evil, it must be good, and if it be good to forgive, he who dares not to do that which is good is the slave of evil and of those whom he should rule; if, then, he is no coward and feareth naught which is evil, he will choose that which is good, and *clemency is good.*"

The light of conscience shone for a moment on the King's dark countenance, but the tyrant's heart froze his mercy and he spoke: "If clemency be good where laws are broken, what then are the laws of Dionysius—straws to be blown hither and yon by the breeze of public opinion? Have not the laws of Dionysius built up this greatest city of the world and filled it with a happy people? Would laws less rigid or less enforced hold in check the mutinous designs of our tributary states and quell the turbulence of a warlike populace? Shall there be two laws, one for the defenseless poor and one for the rich, whose commerce and whose ships thou hast so happily commended to my cupidity? Go to the future with thy clemency and thy principles of charity, or the present world, unripe for such reform, will serve to thee the hemlock cup it served to Socrates, thy teacher. Go to the future, when the world has learned that love and power are one, and do not think to find in Triancria, though thy geometric symbol in itself, one whit less practical a King than were the Pharaohs in the days of Moses. Clemency is a virtue and benevolence worthy of esteem, but they are to-day but the fond ideals of some unpractical dreamer who may perchance plant in that sterile soil, the human heart, the seeds of brotherhood and charitable affection, but who must wait for untold ages before the feebly shining sun of friendship will warm to life and fruitage that harvest of perfection which some think the gods will reap. Pythias is condemned to die at noon to-morrow, and the State demands its confiscation rights."

Then spoke Damon, his head bowed in the attitude of sore affliction: "O King of Syra-

cuse, thy hard experience has taught thee wisdom of cold, unyielding reason, but mine has taught me to follow the warm promptings of the human heart, which tells me Pythias has but one desire. For this I crave consent: that he may go free till the hour of death, to clasp in a fond embrace those whom thy command wilt deprive of his protection. I will as hostage stay, and should he by some strange fate from returning be prevented, thou shalt find in me the sacrifice which thy sentence claims, though I fear I should meet death less nobly than brave Pythias."

"Damon, thine is a courage of that rare kind which fears naught but dishonor," said the King. "I know thy services at Carthage, and for them and those of Pythias, who fought with thee side by side, Pythias shall be free the last six hours before the execution." Then turning to the stranger he continued: "Here, my brave reformer, is a rare test for thy theories of friendship, for if Pythias returns to death and confiscation he will also leave his family to feed on the husks of grudging charity. Thinkest thou he will return?" The stranger answered: "The test will prove my statements to be true. I should be unfit to bear the name of Plato should I deny the essence of my teachings. Pythias will return, though thine is a strange sense of justice."

"That thou art Plato," said Dionysius, "none can gainsay, but one would also think thou wert a Knight of Pythias, thou defendest him so hotly."

"Better," answered Plato, "a Knight of Pythias than a Knight of Dionysius, though thou art a King."

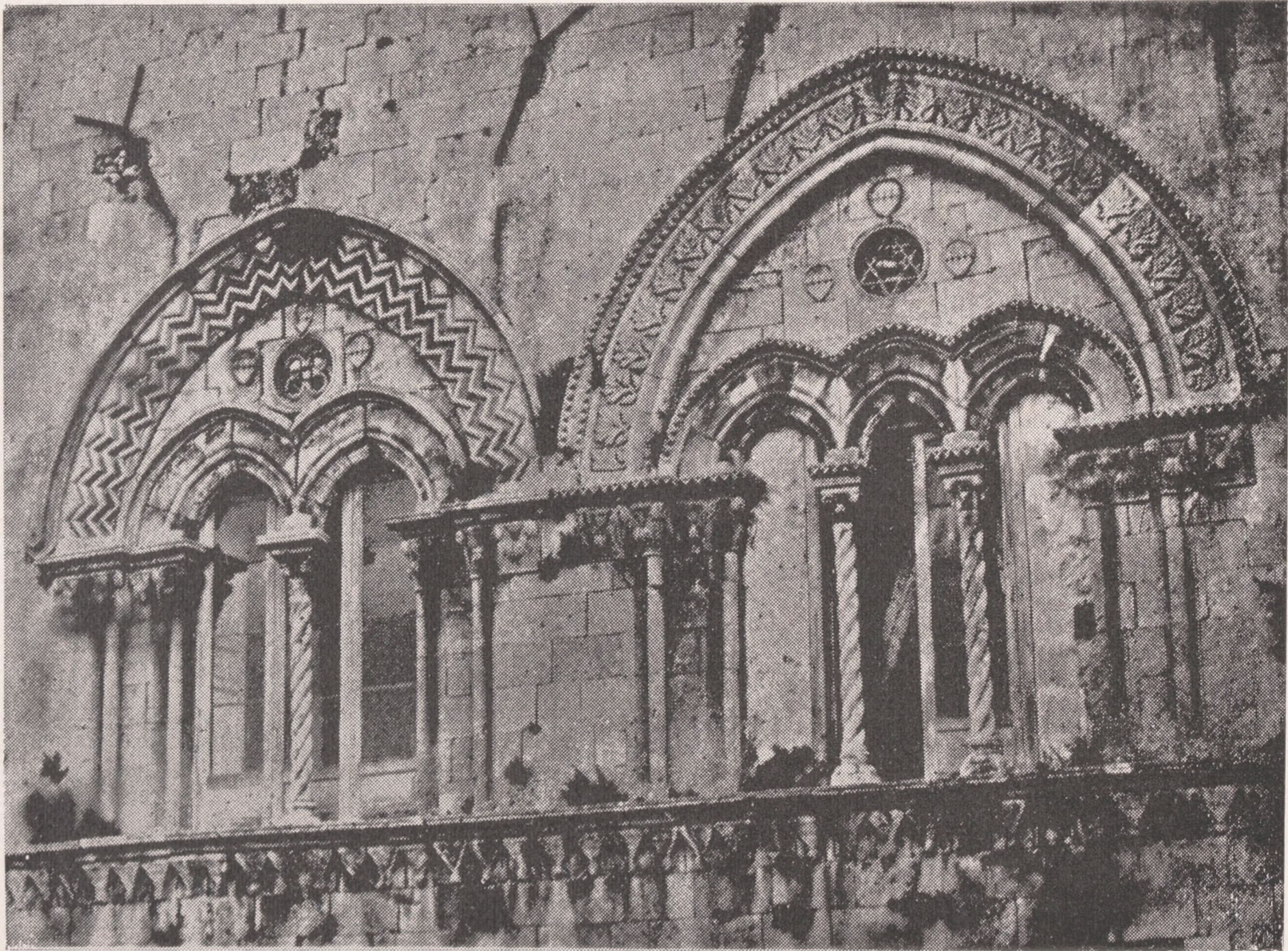
With anger almost beyond control, Dionysius spoke with terrible emphasis. "Thou hast overstepped thy rights as guest. Thou shalt be a slave unless Pythias save thee such ignominy by returning to his death."

* * * * *

The morning of the morrow broke clear and the brisk air gave no foreboding of the execution, though in the great court of Ortygian Palaces the platform of stone bore the block of death, which seemed to await its victim. The time for the departure of Pythias has come and the two friends stand before the open door of the dungeon which Damon is about to enter. Pythias, looking full in the face of Damon, said: "I hesitate to trust thy life on mine for even six short hours, for the hand of death ever hovers near the great moments of our lives."

"Pythias, thou art as true as the Damascus blade with which thou foughtest at Carthage. Answer thou this question: Wouldst thou not say to me, if our positions were reversed, 'Damon, cast off thy foolish fears, for should thou not return I will meet death with a shout of joy?'" "Damon," answered Pythias, "what thou hast said is true." "If it be true," said Damon, "hasten forth." With a firm grasp of the outstretched hand, Pythias went free and Damon passed into the deep recesses of the prison.

When the clean-cut shadow on the dial of the King's balcony, which overlooked the scene of execution, showed to the inquiring glance the eleventh hour, a sea of anxious faces filled the entire square, except for a narrow avenue kept open by the soldiers for Pythias to pass should he return. It is now midway past the hour of eleven and the loud blast of trumpets announces the arrival of the King. The murmur of the excited multitude swells like a thousand swarms of bees as Damon is led upon the platform. Plato is beside him, and behind Plato stands a soldier with the galley-chain of slavery which is to be locked upon the arms of Plato at the fatal hour should Pythias not appear. The King asks Plato, "Dost thou wish to speak?" Back comes the clear answer, "Silence will best express my



WINDOW IN DIONYSIUS' CASTLE OVERLOOKING PLACE OF EXECUTION.
(From a photograph.)

confidence of freedom." The King then spoke to Damon, and in his voice was just a touch of the humanity of the man, buried though it was beneath the harsh principles of the King, saying, "Speak, Damon, for whate'er the outcome of this grave adventure thou hast proved thyself worthy of a softer fate."

"O King of Syracuse," said Damon, "thou hast magnified the merit of my action, for, knowing that my life is safe at the hands of Pythias, I run no risk of death. Death! What is death to me but the breaking of the barriers between this earth and the home of my bright angel, who has gone before. Would that some accident might hold my friend, dear Pythias, back and give me the doom which awaits him here. What care I for life which gives him death and bereaves a family of a Godlike father. Hasten on, dark shadow of the dial! Would to God I could push yon lagging sun half across the sky, if that meant life for Pythias. O King of Syracuse, 'tis sweet to die for those we love."

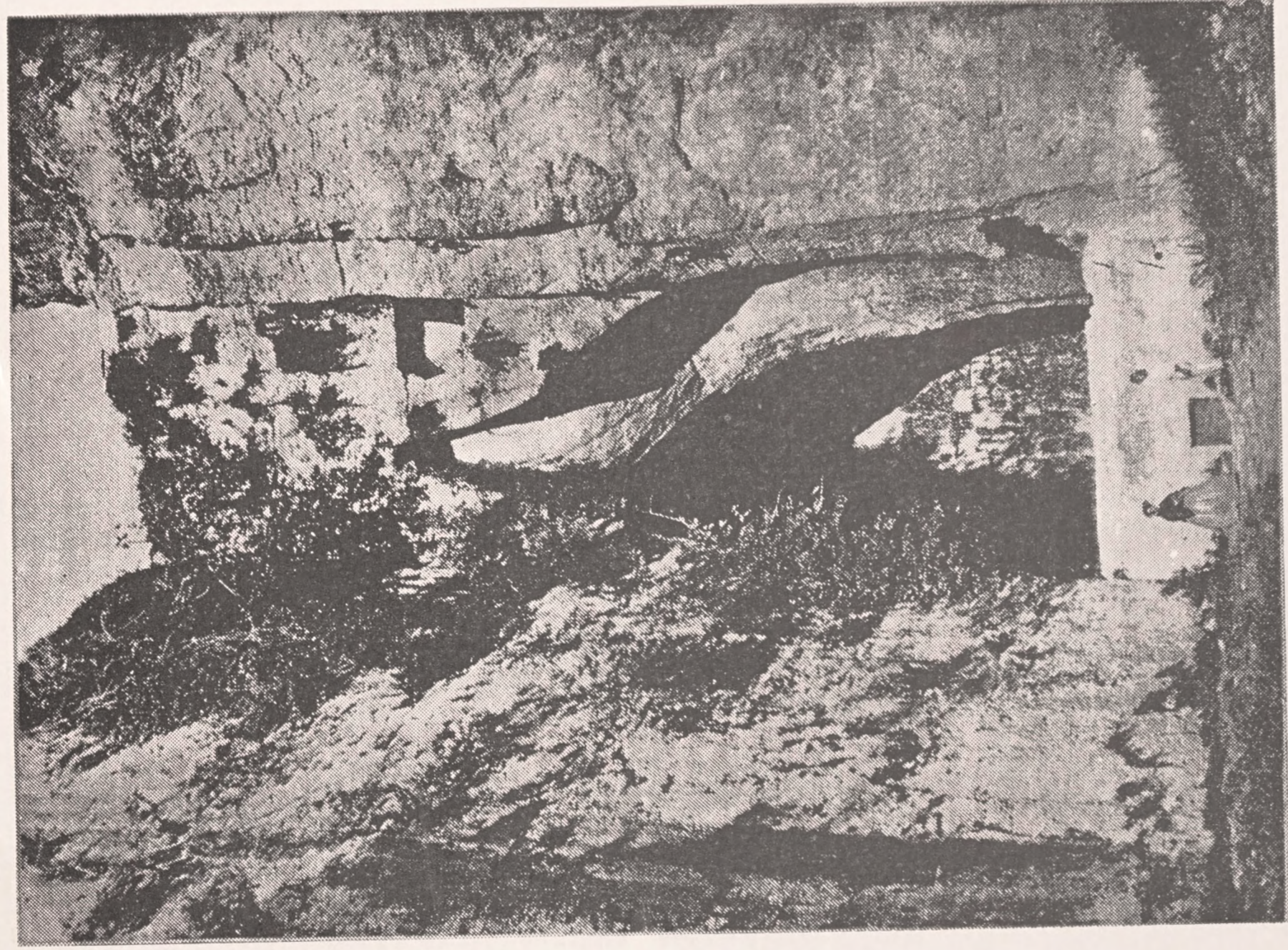
Silence reigns. The shadow has but the breadth of a straw before it strikes the hour of noon. Slowly it creeps nearer, yet nearer, while the executioner stands in readiness to strike the fatal blow. The King lifts his jeweled sceptre, and when it falls will fall the head of Damon. A moment of breathless waiting, and yet no sign of Pythias.

Pythias who, with the help of friends, had sent messengers to overtake Calanthe and the children, that they might meet at the home in Achradina, awaited their return while the snail-like hours of morning dragged out their tortuous length. It is the eleventh hour, and laggard time seems starting on a race; the shadow on the dial is pushing its way across the narrow strip of sunlight, crushing as it goes the hopes of Pythias. His horse is ready and his hand is on the bridle.

Calanthe is in sight! She is in his arms and speaking softly. Her Spartan blood glows in her cheeks like ruby wine. She speaks no word to hold him back and his heart, stabbed by a thousand arrows, utters his love in looks far deeper than the strongest words. The children, scarce understanding, yet frightened, tremble as the strong arms of a gentle father clasp them close. The embrace is broken and Pythias turns to his horse. The horse is dead, killed by a faithful slave to save his master's life.

Pythias sprang upon the slave and would have crushed him, had not a whinny caught his ear. It was the horse of Damon. Wonderful horse of Damon! How the rich oriental blood stands out in clean-cut ridges on thy graceful body! Little knowest thou the fate that waits thee, nor how on the fine metal of thy Arabian spirit, hangs, as by a spell, the birth-right of a noble brotherhood.

Springing to his feet, Pythias seizes the bridle of his own and rushes to the horse of Damon, and as the shadow on the dial shows but a quickly-narrowing strip of brightness before the hour of noon, he passes the frightened group and speeds into the straight avenue with three miles to reach Ortygia. The steady swinging pace of the wonderful horse gradually increases and the dust scarce rises from his flying footsteps. Down into the city he flies, while the waiting crowd, silent till he passes, raise their voices in shouts of praise, the waves of sound following his flight as the rolling billows of a troubled sea follow a fast-retreating ship. Across the Argora, like a meteor, he rushes on, bearing Pythias to death. On, on, his mighty heart beating faster as the killing pace tells on the horse who needs no urging. Hot comes the breath and white flecks of foam fly like snow upon the balmy air, the gates are passed and the sceptre of the King is still in air. The living



THE TOMB OF DIONYSIUS. (From a photograph.)

avenue narrows as the startling crowd presses forward, a thunder of voices breaks upon the air. The poor horse wavers for a moment, then with the agony of death falls, a sacrifice to love and duty.

Pythias presses forward, the crowd parting before him as the driftwood of a river is cast aside by the rising flood. Mounting the platform, he steps between Damon and the executioner and cries: "It is I, Pythias, whom thou shalt strike!"

"Hold!" cried the King, "I command an audience with these three."

When the audience-chamber was reached Dionysius arose and said: "Damon, thou didst risk thy life for Pythias. Why?"

"I am his friend!"

"What is it to be a friend? The world prates of friendship, but until this day I never saw it proven. Rather the silent tongue for defense, the shrugged shoulder for sympathy, the eye askance, the lip of mockery! What was it in thee that swung thy body from the common course and made thee stand erect and fearless, facing thy fate? Others do not so!"

"Friendship is faith, O King, and its calm heart rests sweetly in the heart of him it knows. There is no fear where is security."

"Nor doubt when duty calls. To thee, good Damon, life is a trifle, I perceive, when honor bids thee."

"Aye."

"And thou, great Pythias (for I will call thee great), what brought thee flying on the winged wind to greet grim death so grandly?"

"Why, Damon surely! He who is my friend, my second self,—but King, why question?"

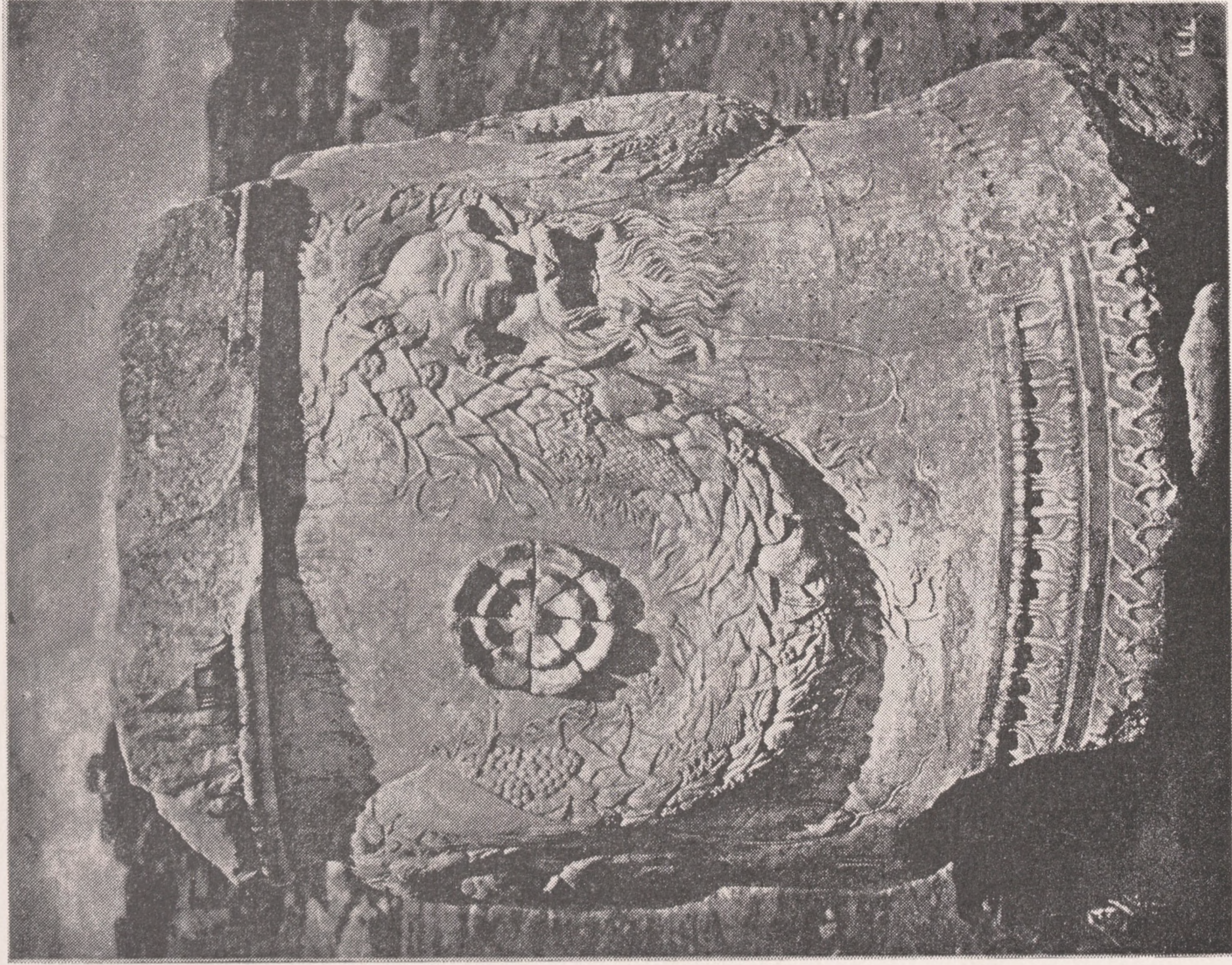
Honor, that unpolluted spring of the true soul, urgeth a man against all obstacles to do and dare what will and nature may. Fear shall not cloud its holy face of light. Virtue and justice, benevolence and faith, charity and constancy, these dwell together in the mind of Friendship, and which, O King, shall nobility neglect? If thou wouldst question Friendship, seek its core of brotherly love, fraternity of interests, and union of feeling."

"Plato, approach. Hide not thy countenance from Dionysius, for once thou wert my friend, thou saidst, and we are being taught its peace together. Turn thy grave eyes upon the King of Syracuse. What made thee brave his anger?"

"We speak of justice as residing in an individual mind. Yet must that virtue extend itself unto a city, or a country, or to the whole world. If so of justice, that the gods be satisfied, so too of every other attribute of virtue. Since, then, the idea of justice dwelt in me, how could I fail to extend it? And it hath not shrunk in the extension, but rather hath it waxed, for I can see, O King, that thou thyself art the gainer!"

"Well dost thou raise thy voice, my Plato. Clasp my hand. And now, thou brave Pythias, whom I honor, finding thee unshaken under the crowning test of human trial, speak thou once more with confidence in defense of thy favorite theme, that mine ears may profit by thee as my *eyes* have done."

"Fain would I laud, O King, the endless glories of eternal friendship, soul-pure and perpetual stream of unstinted goodness in this world, that nothing can quench nor stay, nor barrier prevent from rolling ever onward to the infinite! The gods themselves can scarcely celebrate its value, and only the one poor tribute of my life has proved its pricelessness to me. Ask me no more, great King, for words are vain."



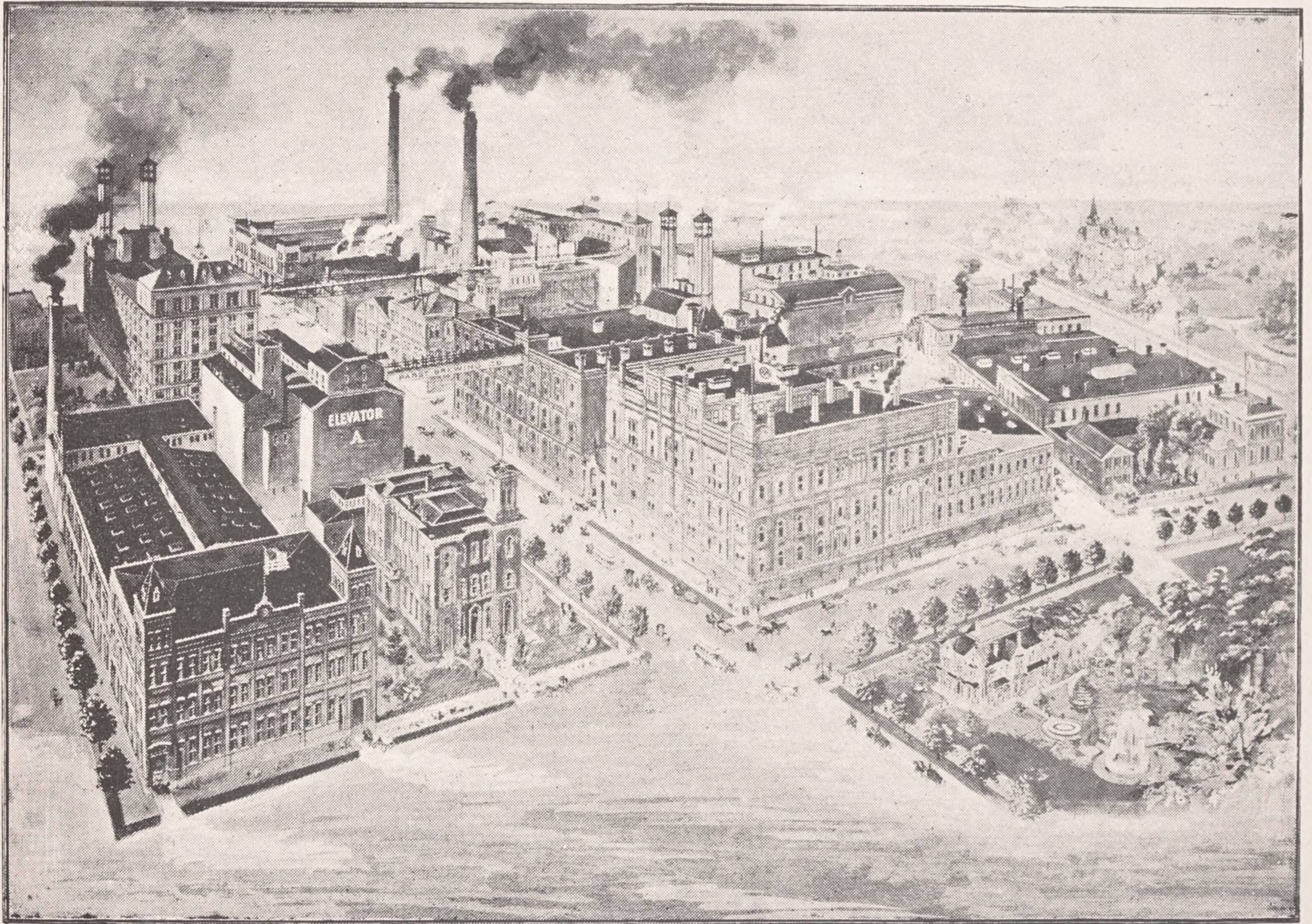
DIONYSIUS' ALTAR. (From a photograph.)

“Damon, thy friend doth head thee in this race. Victorious both, yet hath he most glory, for, trusting thy friend, thou tookest the *chance* of death, but trusting only Fate he faced its *certainty*. Equal yet still unequal as must be to end of time each different deed, both, to my judgment, deserve the golden myrtle. Ennobled by my will, among thy peers peerless, live henceforth in joyous rivalry of kindness. Be pardoned and go free! Thou hast taught me that the greatest of the virtues are embodied in the symbol of thy love for one another. Friendship, Charity, and Benevolence have found in thee their living types, and may thy wise example spread as are sent the living fires of our temple to the colonies of Syracuse. May the hearts of men turn to thee the warm fullness of affection, for from thee, like incense, will expand that brotherhood of man, of which Time shall be the builder. Would that Dionysius might add one leaf to the myrtle-wreath of worthiness with which thy brows are crowned.”

* * * * *

Thus it was that the seeds of human kindness fell on the good ground of noble manhood, and growing strongly, penetrated the heart of a mercenary King, only to blossom forth from history, like a fruitful flower, scattering its perfume broadcast in the world and drawing men together by the soft embrace of universal suffrage.

“’Twas but a ripple, but a ripple will shake the universe if given time!”



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF PABST BREWING COMPANY.

The Great American Beverage.

Beer is rapidly becoming—if it has not already become—the natural beverage of the American people. When pure—manufactured only of the best material and by the most approved process—beer is acknowledged to possess efficacious medicinal properties, and is recommended by the best physicians as a remedy for cases of debility and for many forms of disease. At the same time, cultivated tastes differ in preference; and to meet all the requirements of the case, the Pabst Brewing Company manufacture different varieties of beer, each marked by peculiar characteristics, and each made of the purest materials and by the best process known to science.

Perhaps the most widely known is the “Export” variety. This is prepared with special reference to its purposes and qualities for bottling, and is specially noted for its agreeable flavor and excellent tonic properties. It meets with ready and large sales in all parts of the civilized world. It is of a medium amber color, is aged and highly nourishing in its properties.

The “Select” beer is marked by a delicious flavor, and, like the “Export,” by highly tonic properties. It is put up in elegant white bottles, is of a delicate amber color, and is the favorite popular beverage for table use, for leading hotels, first-class restaurants, dining cars, etc.

The world-famed Bohemian method is used in the manufacture of the variety of beer known as the “Bohemian.” This noted beverage acts as a healthful stimulant, has a wholesome, savory flavor, and a pale color, and leaves a most palatable hop after-taste. The best Bohemian hops and the choicest malt are used in its brewing, and it is specially recommended by leading physicians. The “Bohemian” is rapidly superseding all imported pale beers.

The “Bavarian” beverage is known the world over as one of the most pleasant, health-giving drinks ever made. The most approved methods of its original manufacture have been adopted by the Pabst Brewing Company; the product of their action is a beer of great age, dark color, heavy body, and highly nutritive qualities. It is a favorite remedy for debility, and is highly recommended by physicians for nursing mothers and wet-nurses.

The “Standard” is one of the most popular drinks in the world. It is of a pale amber color, is aged, and is made of the very best of materials. It is mildly stimulating, very palatable, and highly invigorating.

The latest product of the Pabst Brewing Company is “Pabst Hofbräu.” It is a domestic article, fully equal, and in some respects even superior, to the famous Hofbräu of the Royal Bavarian Brewery at Munich. Brewed from the finest imported Bavarian hops and selected barley, especially malted for the purpose after exactly the same methods employed in the manufacture of the original, Pabst Hofbräu in point of taste, color, aroma, and general quality corresponds exactly with the beer dispensed at the brewery in Munich.

The “Export” and “Select” beers are sold only in bottles. The “Bohemian,” “Hofbräu” and “Bavarian” are sold either bottled or in wood. The “Standard” is sold only in wood.

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