

# TRUE LOVE

A Story Attempting to Prove That It is Immortal

By T. G. APPLEBY

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Professor Markham, who occupies the chair of anatomy at — college, is a materialist. His friend Taylor, professor of psychology, is an extremist on the opposite side, taking the ground that man is an eternal spirit, incased in a material body. The two were discussing questions based upon these two very different opinions, when Professor Markham said:

"Take, for instance, love. To be more particular, let us confine our selves to love between the sexes. You men of spiritual bent, consider that this is a spiritual condition, a mingling of two souls. We materialists take it to be, in the initiative at least, simply a device of nature to compel obedience to one of her laws, procreation."

"Which we deem. Love is eternal."

"Then when a couple who love are separated by death why is the place of the one who has been taken filled by another?"

"Cases of real love are rare. In such cases the place of the departed one is not filled by another. I have known or heard of several instances of this true love, but only one where the conditions I have stated were fulfilled. It was related to me when I was studying medicine in Paris, and the principal figure in the story had been a professor in the university where I received my education."

"Jean Leroux, a bachelor of thirty-six, a botanist, was one morning tramping through the southern provinces, hunting for plants. He came upon a chateau in whose gardens were many beautiful flowers. In his enthusiasm he jumped the wall and was soon lost to every thing except the objects of his study. He was bending over a variety of plants which he had never seen, though he was familiar with it through his books, when suddenly he was recalled to himself by a musical feminine voice saying:

"Monsieur is absorbed in the flowers."

Leroux looked up into a pair of eyes that were looking into his.

"Now, if you anatomists were to claim that love acts as two chemical substances, which on meeting become one and the same substance, I could in a measure sympathize with you. Both these persons admitted afterward to the other that the moment their eyes met they loved."

"Pardon," said Leroux, "I am a trespasser. I have been led by my love for my profession to examine your plants. I will withdraw at once."

"On the contrary, you are welcome to study my plants to your heart's content, and if there are any that you covet I shall be happy to give them to you."

"For the rest of that morning Leroux and the lady wandered about in the gardens, he giving her much information about her plants. She loved them for themselves; but, loving them, it pleased her in secret to see that she was Mlle. de Fontaine, who lived with her old mother on the place, her father being dead. Made Leroux's junior, and since both of them had passed the heyday of youth it cannot be claimed that the love which flashed into being between them was of the grosser type. Leroux when asked afterward if that was not the happiest morning of his life replied that it was far happier than any he had known before, but no happier than those that followed."

"Mlle. de Fontaine would not permit Leroux to depart without partaking of luncheon, or rather the second breakfast of the French people, and after the meal they returned to the garden. In spirit the professor never left the chateau so long as Mlle. de Fontaine remained there. But she did not remain there very long—at least apparently for Leroux was obliged to be at the university in Paris, where he lectured, and the two found it exceedingly hard to be apart. No great time, therefore, passed before they were married, residing during the winter in Paris and in the summer at the De la Fontaine chateau."

"These two lived so far as their relations to each other were concerned, in perfect happiness. No word of anger or quarrel passed between them."

"Was not that the result of normal nervous system perfectly assimilated?" asked the listener.

"I do not admit it. I believe that from their meeting they had become one being. Nor can it be said that they were united through their children, for no children were born to them. It was a case of unity between two individual souls whose individuality was lost in each other. And I shall show you by an incident which occurred that this love continued after they were separated by death. I cannot prove that the love of the one who was taken continued the same as before, for we cannot see beyond the veil that Providence has hung between us and that which lies beyond. I must confine myself to the one who remained here among us."

"Mlle. Leroux fell ill and died ten

years after the pair were married. The changed condition of her husband after her death was simply that he did not now see her, did not hear her voice, there was no contact. The wife was buried in Pere Lachaise cemetery, not that the widower might go there to weep, for he did not consider her mortal part as aught except corruption, but that he might conveniently visit her grave occasionally to see that the plants she best loved and which he had placed there be nurtured."

"Why," asked Professor Markham, "if there was only corruption beneath the god were the shrubs the woman had loved planted there? Corruption has no appreciation?"

"In you materialists," responded Professor Taylor, "there is a vacuum where the faculty of sentiment should exist. The widower did not place the flowers there for the dead, but for the living woman. To him the thread of her life had never been broken. Moreover, in our natures there is that which we call aspiration, and there was to him a pleasure in associating the plants she loved with the place where her mortal part lay."

"One evening about sunset Leroux entered the cemetery of Pere Lachaise to visit his wife's grave and see that all was in order there. As he approached it he was astonished to see a man, uncovered, bending over the mound, apparently absorbed in grief. What could it mean? Leroux had never heard his wife speak of a brother or other male relative near and dear to her, and he wondered who this mourner could be. Advancing, he addressed the stranger.

"Pardon me. May I ask why you are thus grieving for my wife?"

"The man turned. The grief his countenance had worn was turned to anger.

"Your wife? Then you are the man who robbed me of my love?"

"Your love! She never had but one love, and that surely was not yours. Who are you?"

"One who loved the woman, who lies there."

"She does not lie there," interrupted Leroux. "She is in heaven. Had you loved her as you say, you would not speak of her as lying there."

"I say I loved her, returned the other fiercely, and she loved me. We parted in anger."

"Real love is never angry. It may grieve for another's fault, but it cannot be angry."

"I left her for a foreign land, America. There I have been since then, then I prospered. I returned to do penance and claim my love. I heard that some one had won her hand, though I know that no one but myself could have won her heart; that she had died and was buried here. I came to her grave to weep for her, and fate has brought me the man who believed he occupied my place."

"I know not what this means," Leroux rejoined. "If my wife had a lover before she married me, he would have spoken to me of it; therefore she remained."

"Who are you to assume this—you, who if you received any love at all received a dead love?"

"The man, provoked by the uncomprehending certainty of one he considered his rival, was by this time beside himself with anger.

"Had we weapons I would soon convince you that I am the rightful mate of the woman who lies there; that you are an interloper. The only recompense you can grant me for the robbery you committed is a meeting tomorrow morning in the Bois de Boulogne," he said.

"Since my wife through a mistake once may have thought enough of you to engage herself to you I shall not harm a hair of your head."

"The stranger felt convulsively for a weapon he knew he did not have about him, then taking up a card case, threw a card at Leroux's feet, saying, 'If you are not a coward I shall hear from you.' Then he strode out of the enclosure and down the avenue toward the cemetery gate.

"The card bore the name of Jules Bombardier. Leroux, calm as when he entered the cemetery, attended to what he had come to do, then returned to Paris. On the way he tried to think of some mention of a love affair his wife had passed through before meeting him, but he could not. Nevertheless he was content to remain in ignorance concerning it."

"This is what I call true love, and I will show you that the stranger who manifested all the outward appearance of love had not experienced it. Not six months after Professor Leroux had met him weeping at the grave of the woman he believed he loved Leroux, taking up a newspaper, read a notice of the marriage of Jules Bombardier, a Franco-American, who had recently returned on a visit from his adopted country."

"Leroux lived the same life, so far as women were concerned, that he had lived with his wife. In other words, after her death he continued to live with her in the spirit."

"The narrator paused for a moment thoughtfully, then concluded:

"If I have not proved my case I have at least made it equally strong and far more acceptable than your theory that love is but a means by which nature produces procreation."

"I admit that you have," replied Markham. "There is a barrier that neither of us can pass. I reason from analogy based on cause and effect. I see in material things about me, while your reasoning is based on the same premises in a spiritual sense. We are both confined within our narrow spheres. Nevertheless from the foundations of the world love has been recognized as a divine attribute. Indeed, the only divine attribute we possess in the flesh. If it is not eternal we may well assume that all things die."

# The Squinting Rajah

A Tale of the Far East

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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"This is a story that Ananias Sline told me," warned Captain Barnabas Fish as he skillfully mended a net on the silver sands of Quince harbor, "therefore, ma'am, I'm not responsible for its veracity."

"Never mind," I assured him eagerly. "Of course I know they can't be true. Nevertheless they are interesting if one can separate the truth from the fiction."

"Miss Telham," said the captain, turning his twinkling eye upon me, "fiction ain't no word to use in connection with my old messmate Ananias Sline. He's just a plain and simple fellow, but every once in a while, like most larks, he swings the pendulum so far to leeward that back she comes and runs afoul of the truth. At such times Ananias gets into heaps of trouble."

"Now, the story I have in mind is about the time Ananias got into trouble with the rajah of Raddabar, out in India. You wouldn't think the mate of a peaceful trading ship like the old Indus would be mixing in such high society as Indian princes, but when Ananias got started on an adventure there was no knowing where he'd stop—not at princes anyway. Likely it would have to be kings or queens or big bugs of some extra high standing."

"Well, we had left Calcutta and was up Jajpur hills in the background when Ananias came aft and told me that the water butts had sprung a leak, and that we would have to put ashore and get another supply of water."

"I won't go into the details of how this happened, ma'am, for it was all most unseamanlike, and it had never happened to me before. Our ship's carpenter repaired the damages, and all we had to do was to tie up at the right place and dry and find some pure water, and in India, ma'am, that's no easy matter."

"At last we came to a fair sized village where the natives didn't seem any more than naturally curious at sight. Some men and Ananias went ashore with the headman."

"How could you talk to that headman, Ananias? I asked him. 'I didn't know you could speak Hindustani.' 'I don't wear all my accomplishments on my sleeves, skipper,' he says among the hills."

"I suppose you talk a little Hindustani to me," I teased him.

"Then Ananias rattled off a lot of queer gibberish that sounded as if he had swallowed all his teeth and was laughing about it. 'You see?' he roared up just like a Chinese laundry man."

"I understand, I say to him grimly. 'I understand from what you say Ananias Sline, that you're throwing me a game of bluff about talking to the headman. He looks too intelligent to converse in any language like that. Whatever he told you about the water, you go and do it. I can stand anything except water from the Ganges. If you're going through the jungle you better take guns."

"Ananias didn't say a word, but he and the men he picked out hustled around and got the water casks and provisions and some guns and ammunition and away they went in the bullock cart with the headman of the village leading a long whip and yelling at the bullocks to a language that didn't sound like the one Ananias made up."

"It was the next morning before Ananias and his party came back and they were hurrying some main. I can tell you Ananias was in the lead, running for his life and behind him came his four seamen and back of them were three of the tallest, longest-legged Hindus I ever set eyes upon and I've seen a sight of 'em in my day."

"I had a boat at the jetty to meet 'em, but I declare if the three Hindus didn't get there at the same time, and all tumbled in with our men and so they were all brought aboard and came before me."

"What's all this?" I demanded of Ananias.

"I'll explain, skipper, if you'll send my men below for a bite to eat and a little rest," he says slyly. And so I sent the four seamen below and that left Ananias standing there, looking scared and mad at the same time while the three Hindus stood just behind him, staring sadly at me.

"Explain, then," I snapped out.

"Ananias took a chew of tobacco and folded his arms. 'It happened this way, skipper,' he began. And then he launched out in a wonderful tale of how they had reached the shore of the lake where the rajah's palace was situated when the rajah was taking his pleasure in a boat on the lake."

"It seems he didn't understand the dialect that Ananias used. Of course Ananias told me he had a personal interview with the big man, and he ordered Ananias to be brought before him the next morning for examination. So that night the men from the Indus camped on the shore of the lake, and the rajah's servants made a prisoner of Ananias Sline and carried him across the lake to a dungeon in the palace, where they kept him until the next morning."

"Then he says he was brought before the rajah with other prisoners and examined, and he said it would have made your blood run cold to see the offhand way in which that despot—'desperate despot' was what Ananias called him—would just listen to what the prisoners had to say and then nod carelessly to one or another of the jailers and they would be carried off to be put to death or torture or released."

"Ananias said that the rajah was the most awful looking critter he ever set eyes upon—a giant in size with woolly hair and squint eyes, and it was the squint eyes that caused all the trouble. It seems the rajah was so cross-eyed that the jailers would get all mixed up on the sentences and half the prisoners got the wrong sentences. 'It was all right for some, but bad for others. So Ananias says when it came his turn to plead he got up and told the rajah all about the Indus, and how her water casks had sprung a leak, and that we wanted fresh water from the everlasting waterfalls, and that we were citizens of the U. S. A. The rajah just smiled and said it was all right and he could have all the water he wanted as long as the waterfalls lasted, and then he nodded one way and his eyes got so horribly squinty and crossed just then that the executioner made a grab for Ananias saying the rajah had looked at him and the rajah was to busy to interfere, so they snatched Ananias off to put him to death."

"He says he got away and swam ashore and roused our four men, and they all cut and run for the Indus with the three of the rajah's men chasing after them, and here was Ananias and here was the three men, starting borrow struck just as if they had understood every word of what my first mate had ho'd stop—not at princes anyway or queens or big bugs of some extra high standing."

"Then one of the three Hindus spoke up politely, and what he said would have flogged me, ma'am, for he spoke in English. Says he: 'Sahib Ananias came aft and told me that the water butts had sprung a leak, and that we would have to put ashore and get another supply of water. We have been ordered to bring him back to the palace that our prince may examine him.'"

"Of course I wasn't surprised to hear that Ananias had been drawing the edge of the threshold stone. They do, not knowing that their ancestors thought it a sure way of keeping the devil from entering the house. All other custom, often noticeable in country parishes, is the reluctance to bury the dead on the north side of the churchyard. This is because evil spirits were always supposed to lurk on that side of the church precincts."—London Spectator.

In Japan the Rich Pay More.

A common complaint made by tourists in Japan is that they are obliged to pay for everything far higher prices than the natives are charged, or, in other words, that because they are foreigners they are being fleeced, but a glance at the social conditions by which the people here have been educated would reveal the curious fact that throughout Japan's long period of isolation it was an accepted principle that the rich must live for the sake of the poor, and prices have always been based upon the purchaser's rank in society or upon his presumed ability to pay. This understanding remains largely in force today, being fully recognized and acted upon by all favored classes throughout the empire.

The accidental, coming from lands where the reverse practically holds good—the poor living for the sake of the rich—naturally complains of being robbed, as from his point of view he really is, but it is not because he is a foreigner, but because, being a tourist, he is presumably wealthy.—Arthur May Knapp in the Atlantic.

Saved the Crown Jewels.

A very romantic adventure once befell the Scottish crown jewels while they were deposited for safety in Dupp otter castle. This stronghold was besieged by Cromwell so hotly that the little garrison decided to surrender. On the eve of yielding the wife of Ogilvie, the commander of the beleaguered castle, managed, with the aid of the wife of the local minister, to slide the jewels and get the jewels away. The latter were buried under the pulpit in the parish church and lay there till the restoration, though the minister and his wife were tortured to disclose the place where the jewels were hidden. Ogilvie was afterward rewarded with a baronetcy, and Keith, who stoutly declared he had seen them in the possession of the exiled King Charles II, was made an earl. But the faithful minister and his wife went unrewarded.

Old Superstitions.

It is only when we begin to investigate the origin of certain old customs and superstitions that we gain any real idea of how deeply rooted in the minds of our forefathers the supernatural and particularly of evil spirits. To this day in a certain country the cottagers after the Saturday morning scrubbing—a piece of chalk are drawn a rough geometrical pattern round the edge of the threshold stone. They do this, not knowing that their ancestors thought it a sure way of keeping the devil from entering the house. All other custom, often noticeable in country parishes, is the reluctance to bury the dead on the north side of the churchyard. This is because evil spirits were always supposed to lurk on that side of the church precincts.—London Spectator.

The Gentle Sex.

An eminent English statistician has calculated that of two children, a boy and a girl, born on the same day the boy will have only seventeen chances against eleven of living one year, while the girl will have twenty-one chances against eleven. From five to fifteen there appears to be but little difference, but from fifteen to nineteen the boy will have 230 chances and the girl 277 chances of living against one of death if a thousand unbloated men and a thousand unbloated women be armed and equipped for battle and ordered on a long, weary march more men, says this authority, would probably reach their destination, while more women would be found exhausted, but more men would be found dead by the way.—New York American.

A Connoisseur.

A great painter was asked by his little son, "Father, what is a connoisseur?"

"Well, my son," the father answered, "did you notice that tall, white haired gentleman at my studio tea yesterday?"

"The one with the sables lined overcoat, father? Oh, yes, I noticed him."

"Well, my son, he is a connoisseur."

"But how do you know he's a connoisseur, father?"

"By his actions, my son."

"But, father, he acted like every one else at the tea, didn't he?"

"Certainly not, my son. Certainly not! The others drank my Russian tea, ate my sole gras sandwiches and took leave. But he—he bought a picture."

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years after the pair were married. The changed condition of her husband after her death was simply that he did not now see her, did not hear her voice, there was no contact. The wife was buried in Pere Lachaise cemetery, not that the widower might go there to weep, for he did not consider her mortal part as aught except corruption, but that he might conveniently visit her grave occasionally to see that the plants she best loved and which he had placed there be nurtured."

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