LIFE AND DEATH.

[C. P. Cranch in The Century.]

O solemn portal veiled in mist and cloud,
Where all who have lived throng in, an endless line,
Forbid to tell by backward look or sign
What destiny awaits the advancing crowd.
Bourne crossed but once with with no return allowed;
Dumb spectral gate, terrestrial yet divine,
Beyond whose arch all powers and fates combine,
Pledged to divulge no secrets of the shroud.
Close, close behind we step, and strive to catch
Some whisper in the dark, some glimmering light;
Through circling whirls of thought intent to snatch
A drifting hope—a faith that grows to sight;
And yet assured, whatever may befall,
That must be somehow best that comes to all.

SOME STRIKING ANALOGIES

Between the Sacred Forms of India and of Christendom.

[M. D. Conway in San Francisco Chronicle.]

What is now required is that there should be a free and scholarly study of analogies between the sacred forms of India and those of Christendom. I have before me twenty-five sacred pictures gathered from the print-shops of Calcutta, among which are some startlingly similar forms. The goddess of learning, with her Greek robe and pile of books, resembles some medieval personification of grammar. One goddess has beside her an owl. Mahadev, bearing Sati on his shoulder. A giant, with flowing beard and hair, staff in hand, toiling between high and rugged cliffs, is a fair image of St. Christopher. Jagadhatri, the universal nurse, seated on her lion, recalls Una.

Jaumastami, flying with the newborn Krishna into the wilderness to escape King Kausa, is especially notable for the babe's head, beautifully and exquisitely haloed as any in early Italian conceptions. In another the child's foster-mother, Yasoda, is standing beside the infant Krishna at play, his head haloed and surmounted by three feathers shaped into a perfect cross. These are pictures that seem to justify Weber's belief in some connection between the sacred traditions of Krishna and Christ. Here is a very Christ-like Siva, with rays emanating from his head of flowing locks and beard, with Gauri also listening like a Mary at his feet. The most striking picture of all represents Yasoda with the two holy children—Krishna being nearer to her, while his brother, staff in hand leans affectionately toward him, like a little St. John. Near by are seen a herd of cows and sheep at pasture.

On the curtain of one of the Hindu theaters I saw a picture, apparently of Adam and Eve. It was in a Parsee theatre, and would, therefore, represent the old Persian legend of the first parents of mankind. Meschia and Meschiane. It is a singular fact that in some cases these sacred personages are pictured very fair and generally with different complexions from those of the present Oriental races. The houris of the Mohammedan paradise are so called, not, as is generally supposed, because they are dark or dark-eyed, but because they are fair. Those who have the curiosity to follow up these suggestions may find an analogy in the Adamu and Sarku, who seem to represent the light and dark races of the Babylonian cylinders. Adam is the immemorial name of the first man in India as well as in Europe.

Disabled Dr. Dio.

[N. Y. Letter.]

This man looked robust until he got near you. Then you saw that he had not much besides his size left of former brawn and muscle. His face was pale where it had been ruddy, his eyes were dull where they had been bright, and his gait was unsteady where it had been stable. For many years he had been a teacher in the science of long and strong life. I need only mention the name of Dio Lewis to bring to your mind one of the most widely-known radicals in the field of health's contest with disease. He was one of those full-blooded, vital men who have no kindly consideration for persons of less aggressive physique. He liked to sleep in a polar cyclone produced by open windows in his bedroom, and to take plunges into the icy whirlpool of his bathtub.

Not content with having filled hundreds of books with his guidance to health, he lately started a magazine to further disseminate his views. He had devoted a year before this to camp life on the Pacific coast, and had come back with a tremendous load of astonishing new theories and revised old ones. But the answer to his very positive assertion as to how he was going to live to be a centenarian, has suddenly come in a complete physical breakdown. He is compelled to stop all mental work, and to retire to a farm in New Jersey for rest.

Manager and Author.

[Chambers' Journal.]

One day a young author came to ascertain the fate of his piece, which, by the way had appeared such a formidable package upon its receipt that the secretary was not possessed of sufficient moral courage to untie the tape that bound it. "It is not written in the style to suit the theatre," he replied, handing back the manuscript. "It is not bad, but it is deficient in interest." At this juncture the young man smiled, and, untying the roll, he displayed some quires of blank paper. Thus convicted, the secretary shook hands with the aspirant, invited him to dinner, and shortly afterward assisted him to a successful debut at the Odeon. Another author once waited upon the popular manager of a London theatre inquiring the result of the perusal of his manuscript; whereupon the other, having forgotten all about it, carefully opened a large drawer, exhibiting a heterogeneous mass of documents, and exclaimed: "There! help yourself. I don't know exactly which is yours; but you may take any one of them you like!"

Would Cover the Case.

[Arkansaw Traveler.]

"My son," said an old man, "always be polite."

"To everybody?"

"Yes, to everybody. Be polite to those you owe and those you desire to owe. By observing this rule you will pretty well cover the case."

THE TREASURE CASKET.

[Chicago Tribune.]

"Avaunt, villain!"

The man thus addressed—a powerfully-built young fellow of 25 years or so, with strong limbs and bright blue eyes, that even in this moment of shame and degradation looked unflinchingly into those of the girl who stood before him in all the regal splendor of her peerless beauty of face and figure, started back with a convulsive, shuddering movement, from the effects of which his frame seemed to writhe as if in mortal agony; and then, recovering the self-possession which had momentarily deserted him, placed an arm in such a position that it prevented the outlines of his face from being plainly seen, and stood there like a lion at bay.

* * * * * *

Two years before our story begins a solitary horse mackerel might have been seen swimming leisurely across the Atlantic ocean to open the summer season at Newport. And what a summer it proved to be for Violet Caryll! Coming there in all the freshness of her youthful beauty, she had seemed, in contrast to the habitues of the place, like a lily growing white and pure and stately in a bed of roses from which the early splendor of freshness had forever fled. With heart unfettered, a mind of unusual vigor, and a soul as pure and stainless as the life record of a girl who has never learned to play the piano, Violet Caryll had met at Newport the man in whose presence she felt for the first time that indefinable sensation of joy—that thrill of supersensitive emotion—which marks the beginning of an epoch in the life of every girl—an epoch which in the future shall be looked back upon as a time when all the world seemed filled with sunshine, when every day that died upon the horizon's purple rim seemed crowned with the stars of joy—that festal time when love, warm-lipped and glowing, sits enthroned upon the cloud-tipped summit of a soul whose corridors are lighted for the first time by the glorious sunburst of changeless affection, and whose parching thirst for kisses, and caresses, and low-spoken words of tenderness is forever quenched by the limpid, purling stream of a passion that can never die.

It was at a fete champetre that Violet Caryll first saw Rupert J. Hetherington. She was standing near a portiere through which the chicken salad and nickel-size sandwiches were soon to be brought, when suddenly her escort, Bertie Cecil—a young man who hoped to be promoted to the ribbon counter the following winter—observed what seemed to him like a blush pass quickly over her face, and, looking in the direction indicated by her eyes, it did not take him long to discover that Violet was gazing earnestly at Rupert Hetherington.

"Would you like to know him?" he asked.

Violet moved her head slightly in assent, and a moment later the introduction had taken place.

"You are from Cincinnati, I believe," said Rupert, after they had conversed a moment upon ordinary topics.

"Yes," answered Violet.

"Then we shall surely be friends. I once knew a man who lived in Dayton."

"Ah, indeed!"

Then Rupert excused himself, but as he walked away Violet knew, by that subtle instinct which enables women to tell that there is a fly in the butter even before they have entered the dining-room, that no other man would ever possess her heart so completely. And so when they met again she was very cordial. It was the old, old humpbacked and gray-headed story of friendship that grows into love, and before the Newport season was ended Violet Caryll and Rupert Hetherington had plighted their troth.

* * * * * *

Why they had quarreled nobody seemed to know. It was simply given out that the engagement had been broken, and soon after this came the news that Rupert Hetherington's immense fortune had been engulfed in the maelstrom of a free-for-all pacing race. Then he drifted out of Violet's world altogether, and for nearly two years she had been living at Rosebud Villa, her father's country-seat. Always fearless of personal danger, she was accustomed to take long walks about the place in the soft June evenings, and during one of them had discovering a man forcing his way into that part of the house where the silver and jewels were kept. It was this man to whom she had spoken the words with which this chapter opens.

* * * * * *

He stood there for a moment, and then suddenly dropped his arm so that his face became visible.

"You know me, I suppose," he said.

The girl looked at him intently for an instant, and her face became white as marble.

"Great God!" she cried. "It is Rupert Hetherington!"

"Yes," he answered, "Rupert J. Hetherington, once your promised groom. It is all true. I am a common burglar. I must steal or starve."

For an instant the girl did not speak. Then she simply said: "You say that you are poor; that with wealth once more in your possession you would be honest. Do you mean this?"

"I do."

"Then follow me," and walking before him the girl led the way to a hothouse which stood near by. Entering it, she soon returned and placed in the man's hand a small package. "Take that," she said. "You can sell it for enough to again place you beyond the reach of want," and waving him away with an imperious gesture she turned and entered the house. Rupert hastily opened the box, and as he saw its contents a great wave of joy swept over his soul. "God bless her!" he murmured. "She has, indeed, redeemed her promise, and with what I shall receive for the contents of this box I may live all my life in luxury."

She had given him a quart of strawberries.—From "A Newport Aquarelle," by Murat Halsted.

The latest Cincinnati song is "My Boy, Where Is Your Father To-night?"

Why Bagby is Still Unmarried.

[Bow Bells.]

However much nerve a young man must possess before he can ask a young lady to become his wife, it certainly requires more for him to work himself up to that pitch where he can unblushingly ask her father for his consent in the matter. One night last summer Bagby was drawing near the abode of his affianced when he saw her father in the yard. What better opportunity could ever present itself?

With a trembling step and a giddy brain he approached to within ten feet of where the old gentleman was seated and gasped: "Please sir." The person addressed made no response. As a force-pump of forty horse-power had been in ecting blood into his head it could not have been worse. He moved forward about two inches. "Please, sir, I—I—." This was as far as he got, for his tongue seemed to be as thick as an arctic overshoe. The old gentleman did not seem to move a muscle. Bagby moistened his feverish lips with his tongue, and then began where he left off: "I love yo—" He could proceed no farther. Composing himself a little, with a desperate effort he began at the beginning: "Please, sir, I love your daughter, and —." This was about one-third of what he had to say, but it seemed far less, there was so much remaining.

It was now getting quite dark. The old gentleman's indifference made Bagby more desperate, and he determined to finish what he had to say, come life or death. "Please, sir, I love your daughter, and I wish to make her my wife. Do you give your consent?" and with the question he rushed forward and flung himself on his knees before the old gentleman. Just then came a gust of wind, and the old gentleman, which proved to be a scarecrow, placed there to frighten the robbins, fell over on Bagby, and tipped him into the mud. Bagby is still unmarried.

Indian Thieves' Ingenuity.

[Chicago Herald "Train Talk."]

"Talking about sly thieves," remarked a passenger from the west, "maybe you have 'em in New York and Chicago, but for thoroughbred slickness I'd take a Pawnee Indian every day in the week. Them redskins'll steal anything that can be carried off, and the worst of it is they get away with the stuff so completely you can't find it. Remember one time, shortly after I went out there, a surveyor lost a lot of his instruments one night. We know'd the Injuns had took 'em, because there wasn't no other thieves around, but what they wanted of them instruments was a puzzler. The Injun agent and a lot more of us made a thorough search of every tepee and cal in at the agency, but no trace of the missing articles could we diskiver.

When we got through an old Montana mining prospector named Cowen came up an' said he was in hard luck, an' wanted a bit o' brandy to taper off his spree with, an' if we'd pay him for his trouble he b'lieved he could find the instruments. The surveyor made that all right, and we started out agin. 'Did ye search that patch o' underbrush there?' he inquired. 'Every foot of it,' replied the agent; 'we poked around in there for hours; no use goin' there agin.' 'But ye don't want to do no pokin' around,' said Cowen; 'just follow me and do as I do.' Then he started in; he wouldn't look around in the bushes at all, but just skipped along catchin' 'em by their tops one after t'other, trying to pull 'em out. Pretty soon he struck one that was loose; he gave a yerp, pulled harder, when out it came, and down under the roots we found the surveyor's things. 'Can't fool me on their brush-craft, if I hev bin drunk for a month,' said old Cowen, as the surveyor handed him a gallon jug o' brandy, 'just to taper off on, ye know.'"

Wellington at Waterloo.

At every moment and at every place the duke exposed himself with a freedom which made all around him tremble for that life on which it was obvious that the fate of the battle depended. There was scarcely a square but he visited in person, encouraging the men by his presence and the officers by his directions. While thus engaged several guns were leveled against him, distinguished as he was by his staff, and the movements of the officers who were passing to and fro with orders. The balls repeatedly grazed a tree near him, when he coolly observed—"That's good practice." Riding up to a regiment in front of the line, and even then expecting a formidable charge of cavalry, he said, "Stand fast, my lads; we must not be beaten. What will they say in England?"

On another occasion, when many of the best and bravest had fallen, and the event of the battle seemed doubtful, he said, with the coolness of a spectator—"Never mind; we'll win this battle yet." To another regiment, then closely engaged, he used a common sporting expression—"Hard pounding, this, gentlemen; let us see who will pound longest." One general officer found himself under the necessity of stating to the duke that his brigade was reduced to one third of its numbers, and that those who remained were so exhausted through hard fighting that a temporary relief, of however short duration, seemed a measure of necessity. "Tell him," said the duke, "what he proposes is impossible. He, I, and every Englishman in the field must die on the spot we now occupy." "It is enough," returned the general: "I and every man under my command are determined to share his fate."

Twain and the Contribution Box.

[Harper's Bazar.]

Samuel H. Clemens, "Mark Twain," is a member of Rev. Mr. Twichell's church in Hartford, and so was the late ex-Governor Marshall Jewell. But the ex-governor was "higher up" in the church, as the humorist expressed it, and used to pass around the plate. One day Mark Twain said to the ex-governor: "See here, governor, they let you collect the donations but they would never let me do it." "Oh, yes, they would," said the ex-governor, adding, "that is, with a bell punch."

Dr. Dio Lewis says the coming man and woman will not be smaller at the waist than at other parts of the body.

N. P. N. U. No. 31.—S. F. N. U. No. 111.