

THE ABODE OF IDEAL LOVE

—A LEGEND.

THE following beautiful legend, which translated from the German of *Nord und Sud*, which in its turn translated is from the Polish, is an old Hindu legend, born of poetic fancy when the race was young. Its simple teaching is that ideal love, called into existence by a special act of Divine will, is too delicate for contact with the rude world, and has no sure abiding-place save in the poet's heart.

"Once, on a bright moonlight night (runs the legend), the wise and mighty Krishna communed with himself and said:

"I thought man was the most beautiful of created things, but I am mistaken. I see the lotus-flower bow to the passing breeze. How it surpasses all living creatures in beauty. Its leaves are just closed in the silvery moonlight . . . and I cannot turn my eyes away from it."

"Yes, there is nothing like the lily among men," he repeated sighing.

"But a moment later he thought:

"Why should not I, who am a god, by the might of my word, create a being which would be to mankind what the lotus is among the flowers? So be it then for the delight of humanity and of the earth. Lotus-flower, be transformed into a maiden and stand before me."

"The waves rippled softly as the beating of swallow's wings, the night became clearer, the moon shone deeper, the night-song of the thrush rose higher, and then suddenly died away. And it was as Krishna had commanded. Before him stood the lotus-flower in human form. The god himself was startled.

"Thou wert the flower of the waters," said he; be henceforth the flower of my thoughts, and speak."

"And the maiden began to whisper, softly as the murmur of white lotus-leaves kissed by the summer air.

"Lord, thou hast transformed me into a living creature; where wilt thou that I dwell? Remember, Lord, that when I was a flower I trembled, and closed my leaves at every breath of wind. I was smitten with fear, Lord, at the rain and the storm, the thunder and the lightning; yea, I was even overcome with fear of the scorching rays of the sun. Thou commandest me to become a living, breathing lotus-flower. I have, consequently, retained my former nature and now, Lord, I am troubled at the earth and at everything that lives upon it. . . . Where wilt thou, then, that I make my abode?"

"Krishna lifted his serene eyes to the stars, meditated awhile, and asked:

"Wouldst thou live on the mountain's peaks?"

"There is frost and snow; I am afraid, Lord."

"Well, then, I will build a palace of crystal for thee on the ocean floor."

"In the depths of the waters there glide serpents and horrible monsters. O Lord, I am afraid."

"Wilt thou, then, dwell on the boundless prairie?"

"O Lord, the prairie is ravaged with the thunder and the whirlwind as with the tramp of wild herds."

"How then shall I provide for thee, thou flower that hast become flesh? . . . Ah, in the caves of Ellora there live holy hermits. Wilt thou, retired from the world, make thy dwelling in the caves?"

"There rules the darkness, Lord; I am afraid."

"Then Krishna sat him down upon a stone, and leaned his head upon his hand. The maiden stood before him, trembling and quaking.

"At that moment the fiery crimson of dawn glowed in the east; the waves of ocean, the palm trees and the bamboos glistened with gold. The rosy-winged flamingos, the blue cranes, and the white swans in the waters joined their notes in chorus with the birds in the jungle, and immediately was heard the clang of harp-strings extended upon a shell of pearl, and the words of a song in human voice.

"Then Krishna aroused himself from his dream, and said:

"The poet Walmiki greets the rising sun."

"A little later, the purple veil of dawn was withdrawn from the flower-bedecked creepers, and Walmiki appeared upon the lake.

"At sight of the transformed lotus-flower he ceased to play, the pearly instrument slipped softly from his fingers to earth, his hands dropped motionless to his sides, and he stood as speechless as though

Krishna had transformed him into a tree.

"And the god was pleased at this admiration of his handiwork, and said:

"Wake, Walmiki, and speak."

"And Walmiki spoke:

"I love."

"The will of the mighty Krishna, the Divine will, drew the maiden to the poet's heart. At the god's behest also the heart of Walmiki became transparent as glass.

"Glad as a summer-day, peaceful as a wave of the Ganges, advanced the maiden to her allotted place; but suddenly, as she looked deeper into Walmiki's heart, her countenance paled, and fear agitated her with its icy breath. Krishna was startled.

"Sentient flower," he asked, "art thou afraid even of the heart of the poet?"

"Lord," answered the maiden, "what sort of a dwelling-place is this that thou hast appointed me? Here in this one heart I behold snowy mountain peaks and ocean depths peopled with terrible creatures; and here, too, the prairie with its whirlwind and storm; here too, the dark caves of Ellora; hence I am again afraid, O Lord!"

"But the good and wise Krishna said:

"Calm thyself, sentient flower. If in Walmiki's heart there are solitary snowfields, be thou the breath of spring to melt them. If there are ocean depths in his heart, be thou the pearl of those waters. Are there prairie wastes, then sow them with the flowers of happiness, and if thou findest there dark caves as of Ellora, so be thou in this darkness as a ray of sunlight —"

"And Walmiki, who had meanwhile recovered his speech, added:

"And be blessed!"

VANITY FAIR.

Vanity Fair, Vanity Fair.

What can we purchase in Vanity Fair?
Hearts, perhaps broken, but passing for new;
Vows, false when spoken, but warranted true.
Colors, they're faded, but fit still for wear;
Nothing is wasted in Vanity Fair.

Vanity Fair, Vanity Fair.

How goes the trading in Vanity Fair?
Worn, pale cheeks for red ones, and young hearts for old;
Fresh roses, for dead ones; brass passing for gold.
Some lose all in the struggle, but none know of care,
No room for the failures in Vanity Fair.

Vanity Fair, Vanity Fair.

I pray you come join us in Vanity Fair.
Bring youth and bring gladness, your high aims, bright desires,

Purchase old age and sadness, burnt out ashes of fires,
Naught else will be left you, but why should you care,
You have danced with the gayest in Vanity Fair.

—Life.

FALL FASHIONS FOR MEN.

The fall styles in men's wear are now on view. A peculiar shade of brown is predestined to be the color of suits which are worn with sack coats, but cutaway coats are still of the conservative dark shades. The three button kind are extra long-waisted. Such coats are shortened from four to three buttons. Trousers are to be made tight at the bottom and of medium width in the leg. Suits of vicuña, cheviot, homespun and thibet are to be the prevailing fall and winter apparel. In overcoats, or oversacks, as some call them, the predominating styles will be made up from cloth of light shades and of all lengths. In ties the Ascot will be re-enforced by the Elysee, the colors to be both solid and fancy, but the patterns are small and neat. The small knot, so long prevalent, will be superseded by one of larger dimensions. Puffs will continue to be worn, the Ascot puff being always a favorite. The four-in-hand will be worn by the more conservative. In bows those of black satin and white mulle have quite superseded the short time favorite, the stock bow. Mahogany red is a new tint in gloves that, with the reputation golden tan, will be extensively worn. In evening gloves the preference seems to be for pearl suedes and in glace kid. The standard blacks and whites will, of course, be seen. With this correct information, obtained from an expert, young men of the day need not go astray.