

A RAINBOW

OUT OF

INDIA.

To Sara, the all-knowing,
whose patience endureth.

7000 wide.

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In the city of San Francisco twelve floors up in the tallest building on Russian Hill Dr. Herold stood alone, looking out toward the infinite Pacific. He had been arranging for sometime, this quiet morning in his office. His first patient was not due until one: *o'clock.*

At three score and ten, the erect thin old man was somewhat tired; not of life, but of living. He had worked so long, and so unsparingly, that the galvanic currents of life had depleted his storage capacity. The plates of the battery were worn. He was frail.

Perhaps it was this that occupied his mind. Perhaps it was the whitecaps on the bay. No one could have said, for Dr. Herold was a solitary bachelor who had returned all of his earnings to needy cases; and himself subsisted on little but literature and beauty.

The chairs and desk in his office had not been out of it for a quarter of a century, and the rug was almost shabby. But there was a quality in Dr. Herold which ennobled his surroundings. The same quality that had made him the best loved and most trusted consultant in the whole city, for what was now such a long, long time.

It was characteristic of him that he employed no assistant, and had but two rooms. As a caller opened the door to go out, Dr. Herold stood behind him beckoning to the next one in the waiting room. This direct and simple access applied to his business only. In private life he had few friends, and to these he was

something of a familiar and beloved enigma. Dr. Herold was an enigma to himself. His whole life was one. Thus no one who knew him could have divined his thoughts.

As he stood there, the buzzer on his desk announced an unscheduled visitor. The door of the waiting room was open, and Dr. Herold called out, "Come in please," half turning toward it. No one appeared for so long that his sense of timing was disturbed. He started toward the doorway, just as a woman entered, holding to its frame for support.

Being a thorough anatomist, he took in many things which to the layman would have been features of obscure significance. In her first two faltering steps before he sprang forward to assist her, he saw that she was regal in stature, over 5'-6" he guessed, and that her carriage was queenly in spite of her condition. Her age baffled him, shrewd as he was, but it was the grateful flash of her glance which told him, that here was a person beyond the categories of most humankind.

She was bareheaded save for a narrow gold ribbon across the middle of her head, and fastened neatly somewhere at the back. Her brows were level, and far apart, her eyes incredibly wide-spaced, under a broad forehead over the corners of which her red-gold hair was arranged in two becoming valences. Her nose was long, large, chiseled with micrometer fineness; full-spread at the nostrils, a monument of a nose. She had high cheek-bones, hollow cheeks, eyes deeply recessed, and a firm, flawless mouth, that was elemental compassion. The unconsciously expressive play of her features would be capable of transmitting the most subtle nuance of human conception. Just now it recorded pain.

Dr. Herold had to take her whole weight as she lowered her rigid torso into a chair at the corner of the desk and facing his

own. "It's your back, isn't it?" he said easily, as he took his seat. "Yes Dr. I must wear my harness for awhile longer," she responded in a rich full contralto which had a charming huskiness on certain syllables.

She reminded him of someone, he could not think of whom. He decided that she had been a great dramatic actress, and that he ought surely to know her identity. This conclusion was strengthened as he studied her generous, intensely mobile features, which could light up all over in an instant without disturbing the flow of her words. Her enunciation had a continental precision. Her language was smooth, cultivated, coherent. Her accent and lingual mannerisms belonged to the theatre; as we of today, do not know the theatre. Her voice was lovely, vibrant, musical. Her head was large and beautifully shaped. Her hair, which after all, was not red-gold; but brown, with red-gold lights, retained its natural color. His sharp eyes however detected traces of gray. Her face showed scarcely a wrinkle or line, save those natural to her expression. The deep lines from the nose to the corner of the mouth, which can reveal much of a person's nature; the crescents beginning at the base and back of these, which descended to the jaw profile, indented deeply when she smiled and blocked out a strong chin. Her smile was irresistably winsome, gentle, and sweet. Her whole comport stamped her as the flower of a long line of gentle birth. Yet she had tremendous force within her, strength, resolution, judgment, and the gift of laughter.

These observations did not interfere with Dr. Herold's professional attentiveness to her recital which ran as follows.

"I was injured in an automobile accident which proved to be nearly fatal. It was a thing which couldn't occur--but it did. Something took the wheel out of my hands and that same something, let me live, by a miracle. You see my back was broken in five places,

to mention just that. I will never be able---I cannot understand--- a miracle, Dr., both the cause and my survival." She was distraught. "It is hopeless---I shall never---Ah well!!" She stopped. "Excuse me, Dr., I am still nervous and very tired. I am sure that I shall be able to go on afterward just as I have done for so long."--- She repeated with a wistful weary doubt, "So long, but just now I am oh-h-h-h so tired." She closed her eyes for a moment. Dr. Herold studied her face curiously, trying to fathom its haunting resemblance. He thought of several persons and noted points of similarity, but could not think of the one. It distracted him. Nevertheless when she opened her eyes, his gaze was fixed attentively on her face with polite incuriosity. Her restive gray eyes moved constantly. She smiled apologetically. "I am sorry, Dr., to seem upset. I am not yet well. I am going now into a high mountain to join a companion---." There was such an unconscious finality in the tone, that Dr. Herold thought she would add, "and to die." The words were actually ringing in his ears, when she continued, "There I shall recuperate. But the mountain is far from here, and my friend's home inaccessible. For that reason I wish to know,-- definitely in just what state of healing my back is," and she leaned forward, opening her eyes to their fullest extent, to fix his attention, to compel it, as tho the answer must be wrenched unwillingly from its lair. "I must know, Dr., whether I shall ever be active again. You see, I have come to you, because I must know what hope there is before I can plan and build." Her question was a plea in desperation. She sat back, a little spent, and went on. "Your reputation is such, that of all the doctors in America, it is to you I have had to come."

Dr. Herold nodded curtly, diffidently in simple acknowledgment of a fact. This, indeed was his reputation. "H'm," he said, "I see. As to your becoming active again, that is very difficult to prognosticate. But this much is certain. You will need X-rays in any case, and you may put your trust in the man to whom I send you, for these, as fully as you have put it in me."

The harried anxiety left her face as she relaxed, under this temporary reprieve. She said, "Thank you, Dr., I knew that you would be in a position to help me to determine the truth." Her ineffable smile trailed off slowly, like the silent passage of a sunbeam, as she closed her eyes and leaned her head back against the leather upholstery.

Dr. Herold saw that she was gathering her strength to leave. He resumed his study of her features without solving the mysterious similitude. His eyes fell to the narrow, high-arched foot, a foot as expressive as the rest of her physical person; but came back by gravitation to her hands. With quick professional intelligence he noted, and marveled at the compact delicacy of the wrist. The head of the ulna scarcely broke the contour, the unusual length and slenderness of the meta-carpal region, the uniform unbroken taper of the fingers from carpals to tips, where were the small exquisite nails, unblemished, and deeply convex. Her left elbow rested on the arm of the chair, and his keen eye ^{observed} noted the little fold of surplus skin which is left when the sub-cutaneous tissues behind the elbow have shrunken. This was to be expected after a long confined invalidism. But it was the texture of this surplus skin, which fixed his attention. It added two decades to his estimate of her age. This was further corroborated as he studied the area below the elbow, on the rear of the forearm. The

profile of the arm there, showed clearly a deep depression, below the olecranon process, and this is a sign of incipient shrinkage in the pronator muscles---and still:---he looked back at her face; wondering at its compelling and youthful beauty. He stole another look at her graceful hands. Such hands and feet on one individual rather urged the conviction of supreme artistry. They could belong to a very great dancer, a consummate interpretive dancer.

Dr. Herold gave an involuntary start and paled slightly. The breach was closed. Not his patient's physiognomy, but her elbows, were her chronological index. Sensitive to his mental upset, she opened her eyes, and found him staring into them. He felt a cold wave pass across every inch of his scalp. It shuddered the length of his spine, and on further till his toes tingled. His body lost the sensation of being in contact with the chair. A spark of his memory had leaped an enormous gap. He knew why her face was familiar. His voice was shaking, for this recognition had plucked a chord at the very core of his being.

"Forty-five years ago last Monday!" he was saying, with slow deliberate words, "the moon was full at Agra, and you danced on the steps of the Taj Mahal." He continued to stare, unconscious of himself, of her, of their surroundings. For the time, Dr. Herold had vacated his post.

The woman came slowly upright in her chair, and stared back at him for a long silence. They were like two sleep-walkers, who have met, and each cognizing his own condition, on seeing the other, is dazed and stupefied.

Then a change took possession of Dr. Herold's patient. Her nostrils dilated, her breath was agitated, almost convulsive. Her face was paler than his. Her eyes had turned from lighted grey

blue, to a dull tired grey; her chin sagged, and the firm mobile lips hung strangely slack. The years had fallen in upon her, suddenly--terribly. It was like the crash of stage scenery, and it recalled Dr. Herold to the present with compelling force. Lines appeared in her face, and the points of her high cheek-bones became quasimodic blisters of shiny red skin stretched tightly over the frame-work beneath. Above and below were deep pits where eyes and cheeks belonged; while elsewhere the skin had folds and pockets. The furrows now across her brow, had not been there before.

It seemed to the watcher that weakened flood-gates somewhere in her will, had finally burst, and the whole invisible tide of time, was rushing in to engulf her; racing greedily over every province of her physical kingdom. Her trunk was limp in its harness, even the smooth hands were veined and knotty. The reaction seem scarcely in just proportion to the pent-up accumulation which had been loosed. Dr. Herold had never before witnessed such a devastating metamorphosis, but he knew what was happening. It was a case of over-compensation. All the corrosion of age was exaggerated and intensified, because of the momentum with which it arrived.

The strong sunlight which was just then shining on her, through the window, cast a cruel brilliance on every detail of the debacle. Even her hair now gave back no red-gold glint, but appeared tarnished and mostly gray. And on it the small golden ribbon was no longer an emblem of youthfulness, but a flamboyant yellow, bedizening. And when from out this chaotic apparition, a

woman's voice issued, it was hollow, faint, croaking.

"Dr. Herold, how do you know that? I thot that only one other in the whole world knew."

"I was there," said Dr. Herold simply.

"Then tell me what you saw, as exactly as you can remember it," she demanded quickly. She had shifted forward to the edge of her chair, and her eyes were alight now with burning pin-points showing her possession of some excitement which he did not yet comprehend.

Dr. Herold said, "I was huddled on the Southwest Corner of the marble platform. The shrubbery grew quite close and tall enough to overhang the spot, so that I was actually in a tiny island of deep shadow, and there lay unnoticed. I had gone to see the Taj Mahal by moonlight. It was cloudy, but I waited, and meanwhile fell asleep. What wakened me, I do not know. There was no sound and I was dreaming of angels, so would not have elected to waken. I opened my eyes, but did not realize that I was awake.----Until two minutes ago, I have never had proof that I did awaken, because there were angels on the steps:--two of them, one fair, one dark, and the dark one, was dancing.

"The moon had come out while I slept, and it glittered unbelievably on the dome of the Taj; making it shimmer like a tenuous blue powder. White clouds drifted by, and the sky between them was a brilliant blue. The ponds along the walks reflected this brilliance, producing almost the light of day.

"The fair angel, tall as a goddess, was a vision such as one cannot credit with corporeality. She had golden hair, and features

of great beauty. Her face was like an exquisite cameo or medallion, representing an idealized conception of humanity, or a humanized conception of deity. I had never before seen such a perfectly shaped head on any figure. ~~Her hair was dark and wavy, and her eyes were deep blue.~~ ~~Her hands were long and slender, and her feet were small and dainty.~~ ~~Her dress was simple and elegant, and her movements were graceful and dignified.~~ She leaned towards her companion and watched, enraptured.

"I had awakened with my eyes on the dancer, and there they had stayed. She was in something white and loose, and her limbs were bare. They were straight and strong, and she had a straight strong body; not at all that gossamer quality of the conventional angel. I saw no wings, but she needed none. Her feet never touched the stone platform beneath her, although she seemed to observe its boundaries, in her progress. Her movements were simple, and apparently very easy to imitate. No one has ever succeeded in doing so however.

"I was sure that she was an angel because of my own reactions to her dance. As I watched, entranced; I was forced to see the duality of man; for at times she seemed like a fleecy cloud, and again like a fawn at play; It was as if all virtue; all the goodness of heaven and earth were united in her, and flowed forth with every gesture of her body.

"She danced to save the world that night, and she saved one. She saved my world for me. I have often regretted that an event of such macrocosmic implications should have been lavished on one unworthy being. This, however, is a baseless regret. As well be-
shudge the billions of seeds that Nature scatters to produce in

every species a possible thousand individuals." He threw a quick almost apologetic glance for intruding with another truism, but his patient's keen attention had not relaxed.

"As I watched, I thot of the blind goddess with the scales, and of all the images of ideal womanhood, which the ancients have left us. One would never clasp her, nor even reach, because the quality she had, was not of earth. Indeed I was the uninvited witness of its influx, and I felt a sense of ^{sacrilegious} ~~sacreligious~~ guilt.

"When she stopped in an unfinished gesture, and stood transfixed, gazing upwards, and southeastward to listen to something inaudible to me, I realized that the Golden One followed her rapt glance, but appeared as puzzled as I.

"I said that her dancing had been inimitable. To attempt any description of what now occurred, would be useless. Through the years I have longed for words; but no language spoken today would suffice. Yet it should be done.--All mankind should know of what I saw that night.--perhaps---yes, undoubtedly mankind en masse could not yet take it in. You are the one member of humanity to whom no such description is necessary. But some concrete and fixed expression of it, should be preserved to our race--that in future generations it may gradually come to be understood; to be a part in man's revealed heritage of things divine. For where her dance had been the exhilarating sport and play of perfect physical organization, it now became an awesome ritual resting on occult foundations.

"Slowly to the strains of unheard music, reminiscently she raised her willowy arms. The movement thrilled her whole slender frame. Her hands began to circle, one foot was raised and lowered

rhythmically, she flexed a knee tentatively, and then, at some mysterious cue glided into motion, as if in a dream, performing those unbelievably graceful convolutions with her body and hands." Involuntarily his eyes dropped to his patient's hands. They were fidgeting restlessly with her pockedbook, a corner of her coat, the collar, the buttons. But her compelling glance had not shifted. Dr. Herold perforce resumed. "Her hands! Yes--her hands had the gift of speech, the power of telepathy. They made me know, without knowing, the whole story of the universe, by the way she employed them. I could have sat watching her until this very minute, but it was not permitted me. A sort of spell overcame me. Maybe it was ordinary catalepsy, (something I've never had). Maybe it was-- something else." He looked away speculatively for a moment, then shook his head abruptly. "No," he said decisively, "It wasn't catalepsy, and it wasn't sleep. I've never been able to convince myself that it was either one. But I lost all consciousness. When I revived it was after midnight, the heavens were overcast again, and I was alone. My mind was slightly foggy as to my immediate situation, but I recognized the Taj. I rose and walked stiffly away. My joints were cold and aching, and in the darkness I had to grope, for fear of falling into a lily pond. I was none too strong at best, for I was destitute and underfed. I must have been quite in a daze because I cannot remember the journey back to Agra. But when daylight came, I huddled where I had fallen to sleep in an alley rubbish pile. I had a sense of having been deflected from some goal; but whether that was cause for joy or sorrow, I did not know. In a fuddled way I recalled that I had had a wonderful dream last night, but only a dream, a pathological

consequence of my emaciated condition. The effort to remember exhausted my patience, so I burrowed into my couch for garbage of some sort, I had had little else for a week. In a moment I turned over a newspaper, and saw a large clear picture of the dancer. It brought the night's events back to me with a rush. I recalled my dream in perfect detail, and the awakening within the dream, and the subsequent loss of consciousness. But here was this face staring at me. In frantic confusion, I read the print beneath it, without comprehension. Then reread it, with forced calm. She was a pianist, a prodigy in her teens, who had entranced all Europe and Asia in the course of this, her first world tour; which had begun, and would end, in San Francisco. Tomorrow she would be enroute from Agra to Johannesburg, South Africa via Bombay, to fulfill her engagements. I scrambled madly for the date of the sheet. It was yesterday's paper. Perhaps I wasn't mad then. Last night she could have been at the Taj Mahal. She could have danced,---but the paper said she was a musician. Surely talent for such dancing as I had witnessed, would be at least mentioned in the briefest of news items, and this was a lengthy one.

"It told of her marvelous ability, the almost unexplainable charm of her personality, ~~and~~^{her} energy; of which this flying detour to Agra for a single engagement, was an example. She had made it, simply to see the Taj Mahal. That clinched it. I had seen her. I had not been dreaming. In fact, I would get up, and go, and find her. And she would tell the truth, when a man's belief in his own sanity hung in the balance. If I could merely see her by daylight, when I myself was in full possession of my faculties, it would suffice. I certainly was going to know whether or not I was losing my

mind. Then it struck me with dismay that this very day she was leaving Agra; probably had already gone. Anyway, I thought with satirical amusement, what did it matter whether I was sane or not, for I had just now remembered why I had gone to the Taj Mahal. It was to take my life.

"You see I had begun as a writer, but my obstacles were mostly in my own nature. I enjoyed the friendship of a woman whose influence was all of me.

"One day I did a mean and spiteful thing. I had done many, and this was not nearly so grievous as some of the others, but it was the end. She said nothing, but her help was withdrawn. When I realized that I was lost without it, I begged her to continue. She said that she was perfectly willing, but that she could not. In spite of herself, it was just gone, and she could not get it back. She proved this to me, by her efforts.

"I had placed an invisible gulf between us; between something in my nature, and something in hers. And the law, thus invoked, was that it should remain so. There was nothing that we could do. I had turned aside the fountain from which my help had come. As the orifice she was powerless to conduct when the flow was diverted. I tried to go on writing as tho nothing had happened, but found myself barren. So I went my way, well knowing however, that I should never again meet any human being who had so much wisdom and applied it. I never have. I wandered far, seeking for the fountain, hoping that the stream I had blocked might be welling to the surface elsewhere in the world.

"I followed the gleam into India, and there on the very threshold of the home of wisdom, the trail vanished entirely. I

had sunk so low in hope, and in my own estimation that I had decided to end it all. I went to the Taj Mahal that night to see once for a last time, a symbol of beauty. It was a gesture. I intended not to leave the grounds alive. Morning was to have found my body on the trough-like bottom of one of the long pools leading in from the gate. I was saved. And because I was saved, I wanted to find my savior. So I tore her picture from the paper and tottered off thro Agra on the track of my now precious sanity.

"She had left the city by rail at 4 A.M. I followed, hungry and weak, fared well on the road and reached Bombay to find that she had already sailed. Well--it was a long way to South Africa. I stood on a wharf and looked out to sea wondering whether to follow, and if so, how. The physical difficulty would have discouraged me, but during my trip from Agra to Bombay the idea that I must find that dancer, and see her, had grown to be an obsession. It seemed to me that my salvation must otherwise be impermanent.. Hope had risen. Now it was worthwhile to live. I felt that, after all, somewhere on earth there was use and a place for me; which I could find, only by finding her.

"The scant margin by which I had missed her at Bombay nearly tantalized me into jumping off the wharf and starting to swim. But after all, my sanity was on probation. However nothing could now keep me off the sea-lanes to Africa. It took me a long time to get there as I worked my way on trading vessels, which followed dog-leg routes from island to island; making also many stops for coastal trade along the mainlands. The first vessel on which I shipped was bound for Aden. That is far from South Africa, but I consoled myself with the knowledge that it was at least just next door to the Continent. At Aden, however, I met a disheartening

delay. A civil commotion^{was} in process, and I was thrown into jail as an unidentified vagrant. It was months before I was released from that pestilential hell-hole. But once out I gravitated unerringly for Zanzibar like a craft which slips its anchor in an ebb tide. From Zanzibar I made Lourenco Marquez and from there hiked overland.

"At last I reached Johannesburg. It was a dismal town, less than half paved, with one settlement of the well-to-do colony by itself, on a spot of high ground. I felt as if the whole place would sink into the earth and be forgotten if the mines should suddenly vanish from the vicinity.

"As I expected, she had left long before my arrival, but I had to make that arrival that I might learn of her next move. She had made a^{excursion to} canoe trip up the Zambesi to see Victoria Falls, but was still far in advance of me.

"I was dreadfully timid about my unorthodox mission; dared not reveal its nature to anyone; dared not even mention it, lest someone demand to know. Being still uncertain of my mental balance, I had to wait until I reached Johannesburg. There I searched the files of newspapers dated within two weeks each way of the time she should have arrived. One account telling of her farewell appearance in that city, booked her next for Australia.

"I went to the hotel to verify this. The clerk eyed me suspiciously, when I asked for Octavia Lockburn's forwarding address; but he held a consultation with the manager. This magnifico plainly shared the clerk's distrust, for a hobo mariner who was seeking to know the whereabouts of a celebrated artist. But there

must have been some shred of respectability still clinging to me, or perhaps I merely aroused his pity, for at my insistent promptings his memory grew clearer, and he finally told me hesitantly, that she had been bound for Tasmania, thence the major cities of Australia.

"I lost no time in leaving Johannesburg.--relatively no time. I started to walk back to the coast, somewhat the worse for wear. My feet blistered badly after the soles wore off my shoes. The heat was intense, and I must have suffered a touch of sun-stroke; for I wakened one day in the bush about one hundred feet from the trail, and found that my little hoard of passage money had been stolen. Without food or footgear, scarcely clad, I arose and staggered on toward the ocean, dazed and feverish. A carter picked me up for the last ten miles, fed me, and jolted me on to Lourenco Marquez, where he arranged my lodging for one week. Fortune further favored me with a berth on a trader bound for Sydney, which was now my objective. I figured that the Lockburn schedule would be, Tasmania, Melbourne, and Sydney in that order. Sure enough in Sydney she had been not months in advance of me but scant weeks. A serious accident had detained her in Melbourne for two months. From Sydney she had embarked for Honolulu. So did I, or meant to. The trip from Africa had been too much for me in my weakened condition, and I was not capable of holding a berth, so soon again, yet I dared not delay. I stowed away for Hawaii and to my horror discovered that I was instead on a vessel bound for the Louisiade Archipelago. You have never heard of it. I nearly paid with the remnant of my life,

for that stolen passage. A vicious mate decreed that I should stay aboard indefinitely. We put in at the Philippines and dallied from port to port in aimless trading, finally straightening out for Japan.

"Twice I had been ill with fever, once malaria. I had an arm broken in the Philippines which healed crooked, and most of the time I was starving. The cruel mate did his best to discourage my desire to live. He seemed to have sensed something of the burning purpose in me, and without knowing what it was, he took a perverse delight in thwarting it. But I hung on the brink of life, until he tired of tossing garbage and taunts at me. He dragged me out and put me to slavery. At Yokohama he was sodden drunk. As usual when we tied up, I was securely ironed below decks, but, with a finger ring, I bribed a shipmate to steal the keys from the mate's pocket. I was skin and bones; but the instant I was free, I swung toward my destination as promptly as the needle toward the Pole.

"This perseverance after an intangible, seems incredible in an emaciated derelict. I, myself, always knew that some instinct stronger than my own will, held me to the track. I should have drifted off and died otherwise, for I did not have that much moral endurance in my make-up. Indeed, the effects of the ordeal are indelible. Out of that nightmare the mate stands as a symbol; an epitome of all my trials. For years afterward, whenever I was wrestling with a fiendish professional problem, I would waken out of horrible dreams of that mate, and find myself pawing the air, sometimes screaming in terror.

"From Yokohama, to my amazement, I shipped promptly on a

clean, fast, vessel with good food, decent officers, and no more work than I, a near invalid, could accomplish. This seemed like a turning of the tide in my favor. I landed in Hawaii with an honest discharge, money in my pocket, a seaman's luggage, and a good deal more physical and moral vitality than I had had in two years.

"At Honolulu I learned that Octavia Lockburn had sailed for San Francisco, six months before. Notwithstanding this, I now had every hope of finding her. I was an American; she was an American, and a celebrity. I had traced her home; ^{so} booked passage immediately, and seven days later was gazing up at Russian Hill, as I entered the Golden Gate, a well man. I had wandered about the Antipodes so long that I felt as though I were entering the gates of heaven.

"As soon as my feet struck the cobblestones of Market Street, I commenced my regular plan of sleuthing. My optimism was unbounded, for I was home again. The result was most baffling, however. In her native land, where one would expect her movements to be a matter of public knowledge, the trail ran into the ground. She had been swallowed by America. It was too big. I could find nothing in any newspaper beyond the mere notice and date of her arrival. NO magazine, no editor, no newsorgan or agency, information bureau, or hotel manager, knew aught. She had just vanished and they were all incredibly apathetic, when I forced them to recognize this fact. The old paradox about a prophet in his own land, perhaps. When I had nearly given up hope, and was lunching one day in a cheap restaurant, the best within my means, I fell into conversation with a news reporter from the Chronicle, and with

the single track still occupying my mind, swung the talk skillfully to the subject of unsolved mysteries, and ended by propounding the disappearance of Octavia Lockburn, as one worth investigating. The reporter to my astonishment furnished the last clue I ever had. My meeting him furthered a conviction which today is an adamant fixture of my outlook. I mean--that there is no such a thing as blind chance. But that is beside my story. He proved to be the man who had been sent to interview her on her arrival in San Francisco. He said that she had been curiously uncommunicative as to her plans for the future. His question had been a routine one, and he dropped it without further thought. But that very night, after the interview, as he was walking alone through the city, a large Apperson had passed him, driven by a chauffeur.

"In the tonneau were two women, gloved, heavily veiled, and swathed in linen dusters. Hand luggage was piled alongside the driver, heaped on the floor at the passengers' feet, and strapped to the fenders. Three spare tires were fastened to the rear, and extra tanks of carbide for lighting, shared the running boards with more luggage. The interesting point was, that as the car passed him in the glare of a street lamp, one of the women gave an involuntary start, and half turned to the other, who deliberately stared straight ahead. This queer gesture sharpened his attention, and though unable to see the women's features, he observed the luggage on the side nearest him, being between the curb and the machine. In fact he had drawn back a step, to let it pass. The street light shining over his shoulder showed plainly the initials O. L. on a large suitcase. Moreover the arrangement of steamer labels on it was still fresh in his memory, for he had seen it in

Octavia Lockburn's rooms during his interview that afternoon. It was known, furthermore, that she always traveled alone, excepting for her inseparable companion. Besides, both of these women had recognized him; so he was well convinced that he had seen them leaving the city for a long trip overland southward. But he had never until now, found anyone else, who was at all interested in the fact. I didn't reveal that I had any more than a dilettante interest in the matter, but I quit the city with dispatch, still in the grip of an unreasonable hope, and so long as hope remained, I could not dispose myself to any permanent vocation.

"The automobile was an uncertain quantity in those days. One never knew to what a journey by auto might lead. In the town it was not yet commonplace; in the country, still a curiosity; especially if it contained two gentlewomen making a prolonged trip. Some people would surely remember its passage, and in that way, I could trace it. It could not have gone far, anyway. Perhaps I would find the car itself collecting dust in some wayside stable.

"I followed the highroads southward, down through California, searching every precipice and slope where it could have gone over, inquiring at inns, hostelries, carriage-makers', farms, cityhalls--all in vain. The gods had stacked the cards. It is over 500 miles by road from here to the Mexican border; and beyond that neither gentlewomen nor automobiles had any business in those days. The one road into old Mexico ended at Tia Juana. Only hunters and naturalists penetrated farther. In all that distance I never met a single person who had seen them pass.

"Eventually I came straggling back to San Francisco in hopeless dejection. I was finally forced to conclude that I would

never overtake destiny by pursuing Octavia Lockburn. Fate had lured me home to North America and was content to leave me there. I was chagrined at the discovery, but helpless. In the end I have been grateful.

"Of necessity I found work, but never tried to write. After a year or two, I took up the study of medicine at night-time, supporting myself by miscellaneous employment through the day. I managed in ten years to secure the simple degree of M.D. It is still my sole distinction," he smiled.

"I set up in practice one day and that evening on the way home from my new office, picked up the newspaper and saw staring at me a picture of the woman I had never found. The accompanying article said that she had just swept London by storm with her dancing. I didn't doubt it--if it was the dancing and the dancer I had witnessed. But was it? The name under the picture was different--still, the likeness was unmistakable. But the woman I had followed, was a pianist. She had never been known to dance. Yet that face!!! I was in a torment of doubt. If there were two separate persons with such features, then which one had I followed half way around the world through intolerable privations? Had I followed one, when I sought the other? Which had I seen at the Taj Mahal? Or had I seen either? Perhaps that whole thing had been a dream after all, and the fates were conspiring to drive me mad. I was frightened by this supernatural hue of things. I had a terrible feeling. When I reached my apartment, I was really ill. I lay down on a couch in the darkness, and fought myself all night. Whether to go on, or to turn

never overtake destiny by pursuing
lured me home to North America and was content to leave me there.

22 A

Isadora Duncan was a peasant, and even Pavlova was not her equal. Duncan, they conceded, was superior in physical strength. But "after all, one asks that an artist be something more than an athlete."

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back , I knew not. I wanted to abandon all, and go to London. But that, I knew, would be a relapse to folly. In all probability the same capricious destiny, would continue to toy with me and the answer always elude my grasp. I had an impulse to fool that destiny by leaping in the opposite direction. What if I should go up into the high mountains of California, away from all human-kind and try to write? A more wary will-o-the-wisp than the other. Everything I thought of, was fantastic or unfeasible. As a result of my medical training, I knew a number of means to euthanasia, but strangely enough, to take that avenue, had become impossible to me since that night at the Taj Mahal. Thenceforth I was committed to facing the music forever. I tossed and turned till daybreak. In the morning I was enroute neither to London nor to the Sierras. I was in my office at the appointed hour and I have been here every morning since--thirty years in all.

"I used to follow the career of that dancer in the newspapers. Critics raved. They exhausted the lexicon of praises and finished by admitting that her art defied its expositors. (Insert "A") In reading these accounts I would try to find, between the lines, some suggestion conscious or unconscious, of that otherworld quality which I had seen or dreamed. But there was never a hint of it. They spoke of her as the "silvery swimmer" for she had, they said, learned to overcome gravity when she danced. One thing gradually impressed itself upon me, and that was the underlying seriousness of her inspiration. Her repertoire seldom gave room to gayety, and even then, there was a sombre quality which all detected, but few could express. She rose to the greatest heights of interpretation in themes like the Vision of Salome,

which she illuminated with erudite tracts, written in prose, which, for its clarity and uplift, was equaled only by her dancing.

"But in all of this, she was simply a superfine technician with supreme artistic sense. For years I lived with her, in the mind. Our rise in our respective professions was parallel; though ~~a~~ half the world intervened. I lived with her, do you understand? She was my companion on the weary walk through life, as completely and concretely as though I had left her standing on my threshold each morning, and found her there on my return each night. This association carried me along through the trying period of my novitiate, and through many of the most perplexing dilemmas in my more mature practice. There came a time when she disappeared again.--(or as that other one had done.)

"When it became clear that she was gone, I ceased to read the news. I had no other interest in it. Consequently I have not seen a photograph of her for over two decades, and the mental picture retreated deep into the recesses of memory, as work took possession of its frontiers. Indeed with the passing of those decades the episode in India merged into a haze, much as the years of childhood do, though our very characters be grounded on their events, If I recalled it at all, it was momentary in the midst of a turmoil of work, and on those occasions, with my attention incompletely given to it, I was less sure than ever that it had not been a dream.

"Work absorbed my output utterly. I found people in need of me and, of such as I am, I have given. I have been happy, if man is ever happy. At least I have had the full measure of all

that this life can offer him--work and gratitude for work. For this, I have to thank--you." Dr. Herold used the ^{second}~~first~~ person for the first time since beginning his narrative. "Forty-five years ago last week, I followed a rainbow out of India. It sprang from the steps of the Taj Mahal and its nether end was here in my sorry little office though I had arrived at it a long time before I recognized it. In India I was seeking the lamp to rub, which would restore my gift of words. I used to think I had lost the lamp forever, but I won it back, I have realized, in my search for it. Only, the gift was a different form of service--", he indicated the room in which they sat.

"At the inauspicious beginning of my medical practice, I was dissatisfied with my choice and weary of life. But work slowly forced me to forget myself. I have no dissatisfaction now, and though weary, it is not I who am weary, for I look ahead constantly. Deep within me I have always, every precious instant of my tenure, credited its continuance to that night. I have never ceased to know that I owed my chance to live and work to you, whoever and whatever you might prove to be:--dream, myth--or vision."

Having finished Dr. Herold continued to lean forward, his hands clasped on the desk in front of him, his eyes on the face of his listener. She was looking thoughtfully into an empty corner of the room. Her gracile hands were quiet in her lap, and Dr. Herold perceived that a new and finer beauty than any he had seen there before, had taken possession of her features. Strength and beauty were of the essence of her, and these, already reasserting themselves, still found the physical medium their

conductor.

She smiled almost whimsically in reminiscence. He discovered afresh the extraordinary diameter of her face across the cheek bones. The great distance between the inner extremities of her eyebrows, gave her nose a foreshortened appearance from the front. Actually it was a long, prominent, buttressed, aristocratic nose. Her mouth was wide and greatly hewn, as though some beld master had sculpted it. She had a winged profile, high and proud and carven. It was the prow of a gallant trireme sweeping the open waters. And her voice as she began to speak was mellowly vibrant, like a great old cello under a master's bowing.

"I smiled a moment ago, Dr., I smiled, because I can imagine the puzzling changes you have seen in me, since I entered your office. I smiled with relief also. You cannot possible know the bondage from which your story has broken me. But you shall know; because you, of all people, have the right. I too have had work, and now at last, gratitude for work, as a result of that occurrence at Agra. If I were to tell you all that has happened to me since that night, we would both be clothed in cobwebs before I had finished. I too, have followed a Fata Morgana, at the urging of a deeper imperative than mere volition. To be intelligible, one needs to go back.

"I was born in San Francisco-but that is irrelevant. I shall start with music. The gift of music was born in me, and fostered by my parents. As a child I studied and comprehended the classics of every nation. Moreover I played them on the

piano. At ten I was a prodigy, at fourteen a virtuoso. I had a consuming love for music, lived it, dreamed it, went through my waking hours reeling with the intoxication of Brahms, Mozart, Mendelsohnn, Wagner, Franz Liszt, his master, and all of the others. At sixteen, my parents, who were next to music in my love, died. I poured my grief into the keyboard, and the world called it genius. At seventeen, I was touring the world with my companion. You saw her. She is only slightly my senior; but she constituted herself mother, duena, manager, secretary, lady's maid--alter ego. We grew up together, and after the death of my parents, she lived for me.

"We went to Agra for a single performance, simply to have the opportunity of seeing the Taj Mahal. We were gloriously rewarded by the view of it at sunset, then we hurried back to the Concert hall. After the performance we went immediately to the Taj again, to see its equisiteness by moonlight. To our disappointment the night was cloudy when we arrived, but we decided to see the interior. We studied the carven screens within, the gem-studded ceilings, and listened to the native guide's demonstration of the peculiar echo, which gradually multiplies into a thousand voices. When we came out, alone, moonlight was flooding the gardens. In sheer enchantment, we stood still and breathless on the platform gazing at the scene down the long, flowered lanes between the pools, until the beauty of it paralyzed us with ecstasy. We must have stood there for five minutes without sound or motion. In the midst of this sorcery I felt a premonition come over me. I was impelled to dance. Notwithstanding

the fact that I had never had any interest in dancing, nor received the least training in its rudiments, I found myself performing the most expert and difficult maneuvers. My clothes hampered me. Without a moment's thought I cast off most of them, and found the freedom so delicious that I threw myself into it, with increased understanding. My companion was looking on in blank amazement, which soon turned to enjoyment, for she had never, she later said, seen such dancing. Nor has anyone else, but you, I can tell you, for," she closed her eyes and slowly moved her head from side to side in solemn emphasis, "I have never been able to do again what I did that night!" I have been four and a half decades trying it.

"It is very difficult to explain what happened to me. You did not hear, my companion did not hear--but I did. So I am forced to conclude that the whole thing was a supra-sensual experience. Few people would consider it anything but an hallucination on my part, a mental suggestion. Please do not confuse this phenomenon with the peculiar echoing acoustics inside the temple, nor think that I do so. That sound effect is understood by everyone, and occurs in various places and buildings throughout the world. I have visited all of the known ones, and was quite familiar with it at that time; and have heard it since-- even the same one at Agra. So I was not influenced by my imagination to extend or amplify a new and sensational experience. I will grant that the demonstration of the temple echoes may have cleared my sense channels for what followed. Otherwise the thing was entirely unrelated in its nature. It has never happened to me again, although I have placed myself many times under the stimulus

of the incidental conditions. Of course it couldn't," she smiled deprecatingly, "I know why by this time. You see, I heard a choir in the sky,--singing while I danced. It began like a mere sigh of wind approaching through the forest on a still evening. As the volume increased it seemed to be a chorus of about fifty well-trained voices being used with great spirit. They were singing as the Welsh sing. But it slowly spread from this nucleus to right and left and upward toward the zenith. To this I danced. The choir continued to spread beyond the rough fleur de lys arrangement so imperceptibly that I could not cognize the change, but the volume became overpowering. Still I danced--carried away by the tremendous verve and joy of the music. Slowly I realized that it filled an immense oval of space, out there in front, and above me, as with the rushing of waters, the roaring of fire, and the sweet smelling earth. I seemed to have no material body: My motions were like direct externalizations of thought; which required no carnal medium for translation. Yet I know I performed motion, from the testimony of two witnesses. As the music reached its full power, the theme of it altered. It was solemn, awesome, too deep and ineffable for translation. It pulsed outward in concentric waves until it filled all space. There seemed to be no room left for me;--my breath failed, my heart stood still, I cowered in a bewildering conception of the immensity of the universe--so great was the volume of sound. I could hear the different choral parts in concert yet I could not say, there are bassos, there tenors, there sopranos--it was absolute and indivisible harmony; so mighty that it was terrifying. All humanity from the beginning of time, not only from the earth, but from the moon and all other abandoned spheres, as well, was

massed there, singing, with throats ready to burst. I shrank down, and covered my face with my hands. Immediately the singing began to diminish. Realizing this, and that my fear was somehow the cause for it, I wished vainly that it continue--for me to dance. But the steady diminuendo went on until it was only a soft chant, then a faint chorus in the distance--heard intermittently. At last it was gone with the same gentle sigh that announced it--there was left a light rustle of air in the surrounding foliage. The heavenly choir was gone forever.

"I have tormented the finest conductors and musicians of the world, for nearly half a century, to reproduce that effect, to approximate it, even to suggest it for me. Most of them have called me crazy. Many of them have been driven to distraction in the effort to requite me. Some few have grasped what I've wanted. They were the world masters. I never told them how it came to be in my mind, but they understood! One and all they have declared it impossible of human reproduction.

"At the same time I have sought it in Nature. I have heard the wind screaming through the passes of the Himalayas, and droming across the sands of Tartary. I have listened for it in the waves pounding the Coast of Iceland; in the roar of spilling water at Victoria Falls in Central Africa, the sough of Conifers on the peaks in California. I have sought it in the crash of Switzerland's avalanches, and in the flame and smoke of Vesuvius. Even in London and New York on a week-end during the climax of a holiday I have thought to find some whisper of it;-- for there is a certain harmony in the dissonance of a great city.

I have listened to the Congo drums--those long huge drums of the black men, and tried to imagine their resonance raised to one hundred million magnifications. But no--earth does not produce such volume. The sound of two planets in collision would be mighty, but it would be merely a deafening explosion, not harmony. Human ears could not register what I heard in the sky that night.

"In conjunction with my effort to solve the mystery with music, I endeavored to find somewhere, in the world, some group or individual, who could recognize and explain the gestures involved in the dance itself. I have worked as few artists have ever worked. I could tell you the basic gestures and theme of every dance of nearly all of the tribes on earth. I learned them by exploration. I studied the history of pantomime, and terpsichore from all the records of the ancients. I performed them all with sublime musical settings: Savage and civilized, exotic or religious, in every conceivable variation. I had a foolish hope of somehow invoking the forces which I had witnessed at Agra. I realized, of course, that a mere mechanical repetition would be futile, without the significance of what lay beyond--of the inspiration. Of course, I could not find it. However, the knowledge of dancing which I gained, combined with the physical ability to execute it, a high degree of imagination, and all the resources of music---There is no conceit in this avowal. These attributes are mine. It is necessary to refer to them, that is all," she said simply. "I was known as the creator of interpretive dancing. ~~_____~~
~~_____~~ I was the Toscanini of my art. This combination of talents won me universal acclaim. Alas,

it never solved the puzzle. I came to live for dancing, as formerly I had for music. Everything was subordinated to my art. Friends, home and country. I became the essence of selfishness. No slightest distraction was permitted to hinder or annoy me. I overstrained friendship, and bank credit alike, without compunction or record of the trasgression. I borrowed carelessly of time and money from all-too-willing friends and colleagues. My mind was reeling through the upper regions so constantly that these things all seemed like incidental matters. My travels and researches were expensive. My mode of life^{was} necessarily luxurious because I required absolute concentration in my search. I had to retain the semblance of youth--youth itself, in order to attract the audience without whose stimulus an artist does not exist. I earned a large fortune, and the last of it is gone now. What I had not given away, as I went, I used to defray the expenses of my accident. Money itself meant nothing to me, the embellishments of fame nauseated me, the applause of a mobile vulgus lost its potency. I have been envied, admired and emulated by hosts who never knew the driving force of my life and work. They would never be able to imagine how empty worldly rewards are to one who has glimpsed beyond. For the chance of glimpsing it again, I have lived the doom of the Flying Dutchman. For many years now I have longed for rest, for a biding place. Someplace where

'I will forget these things once more
In the silences of sleep.'

"I hated my own selfishness, but endured it. I consoled myself with the thought that when I had found the solution I would give it to the world and automatically my debt would be canceled.

For it would put an end to all evil. Only good could be where that choir and that dance were heard and beheld. But all ~~of~~ my efforts to rend the veil, strengthened the fabric against me. At last I grew so weary of effort, that I lost my burning desire to recapture and perpetuate the experience. I asked only to be allowed to understand it. Even that seemed hopeless until this accident." The tempo of her delivery had become quite calm by this time. "You know, Dr., I railed against that-in my ignorance-I considered it the cruellest blow fate had ever dealt me. To smash my body, leaving me more dead than alive; to put the goal forever out of reach. It would seem as though I should have welcomed the release. But I could not give in. I recovered. I moved my arms. It took me twelve days to move my arm from my side up to my nose, to brush away a fly," she laughed. "The fly's great-grandchild was there when my hand arrived. But I did it. I made my hand move that far--a little nearer each day. When the nurses saw it, they couldn't believe their eyes. They encouraged me constantly. I retrained my whole body, until, in the end I rose and walked! For I was determined to go on. But how I have suffered!!! Although I always meant to pay for my selfishness, I never guessed that I should have to amortize a life-time of it, in six short months." She paused, looking down at her clasped hands, and in the silence, looking down also at her hands, Dr. Herold remembered those lines from the Evening Song of Senlin:

'I shall forget these things once more
In the silences of sleep.'

And the world would forget those hands whose undulant poesy had captured Europe and incited columnists to lyrical rapture.

For a time at least, thought Dr. Herold,
 and a fragment from the Sanskrit came
 back to him, "Can there be peace when
 all that lives must suffer? Shall thou
 be saved and hear the whole world
 cry?" No, assuredly no, she did not
 seek that, for that is the ultimate
 meanness, and she was old in wisdom,
 now - the wisdom of a wanderer on
Avichi, a man-bearing planet; there
 is no other hell.

But peace for a little while. A
 pralaya, yes. When the vehicle flags
 there must be an interval of rest for
 the pilgrim ere he resumes the relentless
 journey. Dr. Herold heard her voice going on.

They were quiescent finally. Swan and storm and waterfall, mountain-dew and grass and blossoms, fawns, and the long ecstasy of sundown, had flowed from their incantatory gesturing; had been conjured up in the brains of thousands upon thousands who had watched them; from Moscow to Melbourne, from Singapore to London. They had ceased their magic forever. A strange thing happened then. Dr. Herold felt a moist warmth on the back of his own hand, and looking down he saw a tear. He rose quickly and walked to the window. When he came back the unmanly ducts were under control. He stood looking down at Octavia Lockburn from beneath his grizzled brows. She raised her glance from her lap with the grace and gentleness of a wood-dove. Her blue-grey eyes were brimming.

"I am so grateful that this accident happened, Doctor." He cleared his throat carefully. "Yes, yes, my dear. It was the best thing after all. We have earned a measure of peace, you and I. We have labored. Our lives are alike in that, but yours was the nobler task. I think of Masefield's words:

'Oh Beauty I have wandered far.
Peace I have suffered seeking thee
Life I have sought to see thy star
That other men might see.'

"I shall have peace, Dr.," she said meditatively. "This apparent catastrophe has brought me peace at last. It was designed for many purposes. It made me suffer. It answered the question which has made my life a trail of doubt. And it has ended the long search in your office. (Insert "A")

"I shall go now to a place where none shall find me, and I shall not return. You were very close to it, when you followed

us into the South long ago. From the dusty El Camino Real you must have seen it rearing in the east as you trudged along. It is the place where my companion lives. You see, she knew what I sought, and she helped all she could. No one could, really.

But I owe her much. Before we finished my concert-tour as a pianist ~~she developed incurable bronchial asthma. It is a far-~~
^{I knew that I had another calling. We decided to find}
~~a retreat where no one could trace us. A place at the same time~~
~~restful and~~ ^{conducive to meditation & concentrated effort - a place where good}
~~Dr. Herold murmured, "Right - a man-bearing planet - there is no~~
~~forces have been invoked, may be again. The mystical nature of my~~
~~experience in India & seemed to suggest those requisites. Out of her~~

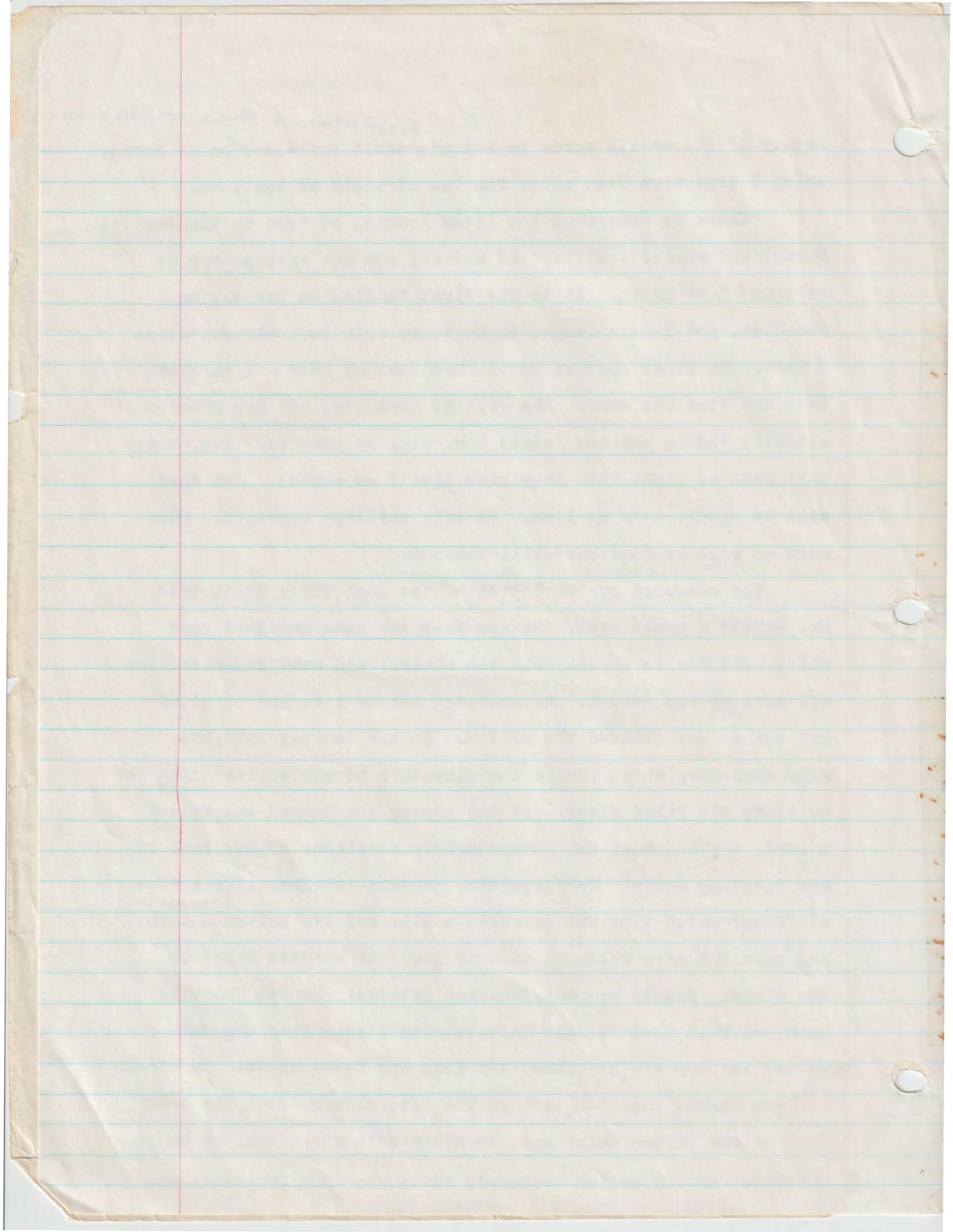
~~childhood my companion summoned a vague, confused recollection of such a place -~~
~~which was everything if not better." She recounted her narrative,~~
^{She replied, "They were in India, Dr. They will}
~~a mountain, in an Indian legend told her by her father.~~

"When we reached San Francisco, ~~we were~~
^{set out to find it}
we hired a car and ~~drove~~ away. We drove to San Diego, and from there we explored the back country until we found ^{the} a place on the western slope of a high mountain far inland. Naturally you lost our trail. When I rode out of the mountains, I was on horseback. There, surrounded with hollyhock and sunflower; screened with a lattice of native cedar-bark; the car is today, rusting in her dooryard. It is a fitting symbol of her renunciation of the world - for ~~she has stayed.~~ ^{was claimed by} She ~~breathed easily on~~ those sun-drenched heights, so ^{she has stayed} ~~she taught~~ ^{she taught} ~~me to dance~~ ^{me to dance}. It was hard work. Even a "gift" must be striven for. Besides I spent much time at experiment, and innovation. Consequently it was more than ten years from the time your news-reporter saw us leaving San Francisco, until my next public appearance. I began life anew, penniless, unknown, under an assumed name. I rose quickly to fame. There was something about that mountain ^{which fostered} ~~clear~~ clear thinking, and sober judgment. The

description. I think they had an
beauty of its scenic moods is beyond occult influence on my being,
which I drew upon ever after for the strength to continue.

"There my companion has lived looking outward to the Pacific. Sunset and moonset, winter and summer, she has watched for my return. I am going. It is the first landing on the way to Paradise, and I have longed to be there with her, always, since I left. No other spot on earth, has been my home. I am glad that the time has come. She will be glad too, and her brother, slightly older, who has joined her, will be pleased. Yes, they will both be glad, when they know that I am coming. And they will be wiser, even as I am. We were children together. Once more we will be together--till-the-end."

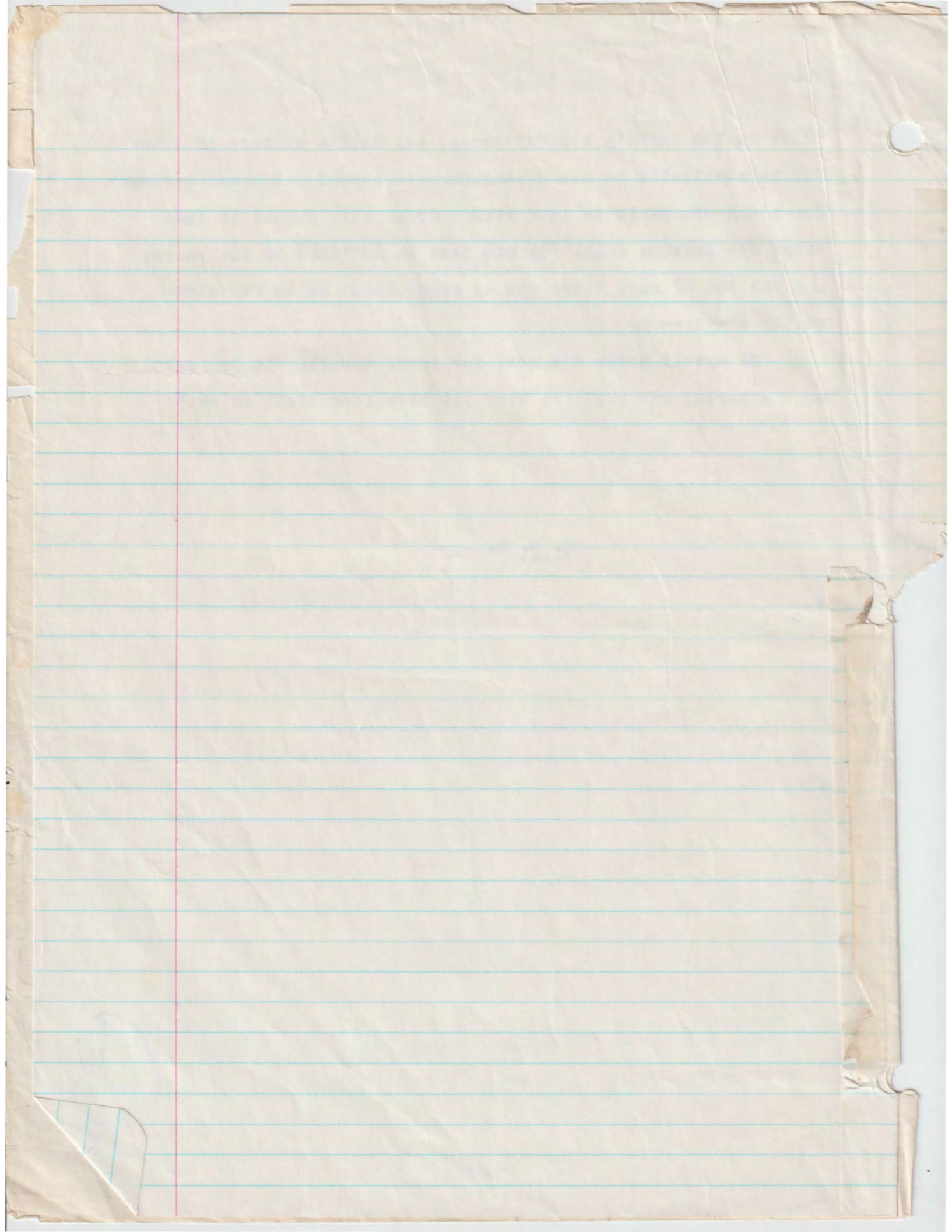
The measured contemplation of the last three words told Dr. Herold a great deal. He saw that the same gossamer bond which held her to earth, held the others, and must dissolve when all were of one accord. He assisted her to rise and steadied her arm as she crossed the office. In the doorway into the main corridor, which led to the elevators he waited, watching her go along the tiled floor. At the corner she turned and raised a hand, casting back the inexpressible sweetness of her soul in one fleeting smile. Her resolute, austere face was like a fine old tower which time has crumbled a bit, and ivy softened much, and rain and snow mellowed to a symphony of subdued tones in the minor. Beauty had not forsaken Octavia. He was thinking much, so much that he made no answering sign. When she had turned the corner, he closed the door and faced about. He stood looking across the room, through the open window, down the long lane of the Golden Gate, and, in his mind's eye, over the broad Pacific. He was seeing backwards thousands upon thousands of



miles on the earth's circumference, and half a century in time. And paradoxically he was seeing forward beyond all human seeing, for a man who falls in love with a dream will pursue it long after the heavens fall. On his face, in defiance of the years, and the lot of man, there was an eager light as he repeated softly aloud:--

"I myself never was not, nor thou, nor all the princes of the earth; nor shall we ever yet hereafter cease to be."

Q. E. F.



the stage showing Hatibi once more in the mummy-case and
the idol shattered to fragments. (A low drawn wail in the
music must suggest her anguish during the blotting out.)

Curtain.

R. shaking the snow from him: a rope wound round his body, an Alpine axe in his hand, a fur-lined coat and gaiters. Carelessly he knocks against the little heap of stones, and idly throws one or two away as he sits to rest himself. The music changes and the scene darkens. The same slight shade of blue is cast upon you which whowever soon disappears. He scatters the prayer flags, and then turns and sees you. His gestures betray his joy at having succeeded so far, and his determination to scale the peak. He moves forward a couple of hasty steps. You rise and put out a kindly hand of warning. He for the moment recoils, but comes on again. You repeat the gesture of warning and again his mind is torn with doubt and fear. Finally his determination to win you sends him fiercely up the stage to you.

4 4 This is a pure Vampire Dance. You remain white and kindly until he sets his foot upon the rocks. In a moment your hue is changed to deep blue. All beauty, all charm and all kindness vanish from you at once, and you become the Goddess of the Himalayas in her "towo" or ferocious aspect. You are the guardian of the virginity of the Himalayas, and the rash intruder must pay for his trespass with his life. The music is minatory, and a storm overclouds the scene. You and you only are seen with the blue light on you, moving like a panther, changing from facination in white to

peril in blue, now eluding his grasp , now throwing your arms round his neck and then changing your caress into a grip upon his throat, at last weakening him, bewildering him, until at last his only wish is to return. But his punishment is sealed, and at the last you crouch over him, and crush the last breath out of his body. The moment he dies your anger vanishes, and you dance a dance of pity and compassion beside him, and so to speak, at him.

5. The stage gradually lightens, and the snow begins to fall. After one last kiss you return to your mountain seat, and a small band of Tibetan pilgrims, occasionally blowing a trumpet or playing upon their "gyalings" (piccolos) make their way from the L. They stay on the centre of the Pass, and lay offerings as before at your feet. They reverently collect the stones that have been scattered by the mountain climber, set up the prayer flags again, let loose the pieces of white paper, and grunting a chant together, move off R. From your icy throne you give them a benediction, and then remain motionless, while the snow still falls and the most poignant note of icy desolation is sounded by the orchestra. The clouds then begin to move once more across the stage, and at last fill the opening of the proscenium.

C U R T A I N.