DESERET EVENING NEWS SATURDAY DECEMBER 19 1908



THE Persian roses had long since Shouts, hoists, grunts, pulls, tugs, given their perfume to the airs shoves, kicks and punches, gave signal "Arise, thou believer, and by the of the desert to refresh the that loads were being lifted to the heart of Mahomet, may thou knowest weary camel-driver, and their backs of animals, adjusted and tied God's merey,"

"All? You don't mean"-

crowned with clouds and robed in rosy

birth of a new generation."

Persian prince.

to know God's will is being done!"

lands, the peasants were turning the

soil with their plows. The purring

of a Persian water wheel carried the

tidings of swollen rivers dispensing

their blessings to valley and plain. The

liquid notes of a bird floating high

among the green and purple hills,

thrilled the air with its joy of new-

born wings, while the wild perfume of

an early flower stirred the sense with

Koran:

4

"And proclaim to the people a pil- articulate. grimage; let them come to Thee on "All that is mine is thine, Klaami," his eyes, dark and deep, unfathomably foot, and on every fleet camel, arriving said Merwan at parting. by every deep defile.

"This do. And he that respecteth the sacred ordinance of God, this will hands are busy. The Mullah will know, Upon the ground opposite, the debe best for him with the Lord."

Night was passing. The stars were gale's song plaintive of sorrow was of thee. Glory to Allah!" hushed. Murky darkness still flood d the pass guarding the approach of the grim was in the midst of the passing beautiful cat upon a footstool, like Perdesert. Dull tones from the heavy copper bells of the dromedaries quartered for the night in the far distant open, carried the signal to a rude hamlet among the hills that the caravan train would be starting ere daylight. Arising from long and silent prayer in response to this call, two lone watchers, like those of old heeding the star of Bethlehem, stole down from an upper chamber and out into the melting gloom. Merwan, the rug, maker, was the first to break the solemn and consecrated watch.

"The night has fled and the hour is at hand, Kizami," said he to the young pilgrim, "and it is well. And thou wilt return ere the season of roses approacheth, when I must away. Aye thou wilt return in time, for an angel voice whispered it while I yet prayed. Haste ye Kizami, perform thy pllgrimage, and thy sins forgiven thee, by clouds, was imparting a touch of nervous fingers. ask pardon of God for mine, and it shall be granted. And, oh, my young and joy. pilgrim, by the beautiful word of the holy Koran, I shall be as pure as the day I was born!" And Merwan, in ecstacy, lifted his eyes and hands to the sky now taking on the silvery hue of the dawn.

"Thy face is even as an angel's now, my sainted Merwan, but tell me, wherein lies thy sin?"

"Ah, I have sinned, Kizami! I have had longings to remain; I have bewailed my fate to my God, and pleaded with him to make me whole, and fill my cup of human bliss; to crown my manhood, and grant unto me mine earthly heritage."

"By the sins of the fathers, given in the book of the Nestorians, is not thine earthly heritage the blight in the rose?" "Aye, the blight in the rose visited upon me. But that is not my worst sin.

"Thy sin, then, Merwan?" "Pleading with God for that which

is not in His Koran. But haste ye, Kizami, I would see thee through the

"Glory to Allah!"

petals to the scattering wind to As quickly passed the face of that Though pure barbarian by birth, yet heap the poet's tomb-for it was the young mother beneath her impenetrable with the grace and peaceful majesty twelfth month of the Mohammedan vell at sight of the two strangers, as of a prince, did Merwan, the rug-makyear in which is observed a divine in- quickly fled the deep impressiveness cr. sit before his crude loom in the stitution, having for its authority the of the moment at the infinite variety doorway, weaving a wondrous fabric. of sound and jargon, discordant and in- His delicate, high-bred face wore an expression of aloofness from the world; deep, bespoke a soul within a sacred portal; his hair was black and curled "Yes, all; save that upon which my around the rim of his snowy turban.

and have care of that in the holy hour scendant of the prophet was squatting but-go! Nor tarry, nor forget ye the upon his heels, seeming to muse, yet going out one by one, and the nightin- hour of roses. Go! and God be mindful watching with wary interest the busy fingers before him. As precious as a Persian carpet, a A moment later and the young pil-

caravan-a motly assembly of cameis, sia revealed on the map, blinked in mules, and donkeys; muleteers, pll. the sunshine; perplexed and uncertain, grims, and camel-drivers-creeping of balance, with furry back twitching away to the westward, while in the uneasy; dozing, yet wide awake, in east and over all the sun was reigning. seeming mistrust of the Mullah, even Far away, yet ever near, high above as Persia of Russia.

rolling hills and surrounding plain. The stillness that followed the prayloomed Noah's mountain, Ararat; er was broken by Merwan the weaver: "While I yet prayed in the night snow, soft-tlated by the sun; lonely, hour, a filmy scarf waving before me, grand, and solitary; "a fitting place dazzled my eyes with the brightness of for the resting of the ark at the sol- its characters unto me written: 'In emn death hour of an older race and the that hour when thy soul is gently drawn from thy pale lips as the silken veil from the face of one beloved, oh,

It was a holy day. Priests were praying in the mosques, pilgrims wend- the mystery and charm in the revelaing their way to Mecca, shepherds like tion!' ' those of old calling to their flocks,each The Mullah started as one falling out one by name, as they huddled together of a dark dream, into the searching in the open places of the snow. The light of day. The cat shifted. The winter was present, and the spring far sun was not more radiant than the face

away, yet the sunshine while tempered above the threads, the knots, and the "Ey the fascinating smile of the prothe soft season with its light and life phet, thine is even as a ray of the Merwan, the rug-maker, immovable spirit, shining in purity and brightas a bronze statue, gazed long to the ness. God hath given thee this resignation ere thine hour approacheth.

westward till the creeping pilgrimage Blessed art thou in thy consecration!" melted into the desert. Then back The cat was purring of piety, roguthrough the hills to his hamlet and ery, sanctity at once interchangeable. loom he passed, with the bearing of a Merwan continued the message set forth in gold letters: "O, perfect day!" he murmured ec-'When the petals of the roses have statically, "wherein it is enough for me

hidden Omar's shrine, man shall envy thy quiet grave veiled beneath thine passing young weaver. own roses woven in splendor and gold-"God love the kizami. Over my heart lies the secret that blesses my The spirit of the spring was quickening in the land of the Magi. Soft own roses woven in splendor and golden," and Merwan, the weaver, cagales were dissolving the mountain ressed his rare fabric now nearing snows and the landscape glimmered in

raiment new and radiant. In the low- completion, "Ave, 'tis a thing of rare beauty.' the Mullah responded, "and worthy

the grave of a righteous believer." "Thou shalt enter the golden gate-way, into thy heavenly Mecca, and thy soul shall be white as the wheaten four, and fragrant with perfume. Sweeter than the splcy gales of Sabea shall the air be and cooled by sparkling fountains, and resounding with the melodious voice of that singing angel, Israfel.

'Upon thee be peace in the name of

ished his priestly calling of preparing

acred possessions of Merwan, his mas-

But he waddled away, the fat Mul-



roses and their secret. All that stands for Deity, His nearness and His power. All that stands for change, and

the bliss of the hcreafter! All is thine, Kizami, but-isten to a warnis grandmother?

"But we never hung up our stock-

ere the last hour of my sleep within silken footwear, and a rosy color man-tled to the roots of his hair. It the protect of his hair. to thee to that far distant dwelling." The footfall of the Mullah jarred upon the evening stillness. "Even now His angels He sendeth

insures good luck."

ly. The nurse interrupted.

may enter into that garden of roses, where my weary hands and feet may be cool among the sweet petals." "Glory to Allah!" When the priest spoke again, it was by the word of the Prophet that he would return before midnight. How is your patient by now?" Grandma asked of the nurse. "Queer indeed! I can't make her out. And as he departed Kizami stole into that hallowed hamlet, embracing the alarmed, dear Miss Brooke, I am quite sane,' and that rare, grave smile, and the soft tender light in those deep,

guard thee, I ask in the name of the said:

changed all my heart, and am I turn-ed Christian." came from the bath, in her loose flowing robe, with a white towel wrapped about her head like a turban, with the

ed Christian." "Merwan: thou wanderest." "Yes—to my Master! In the lone watches, an angel voice has been sing-ing a sweet, strange lullaby, of love "Stuff! that's it exactly." Grandma

bearing a wedded thought that was to be brought to golden fruit in the midst of December's snow and frost. Hor joy seemed not of earth, but indescrib-able-a spirit floating out from hev." "'Tis New Year's in the Persian land, my mother dear,' she digres ed after telling of that precise score that had sent us fairly mad with joy – 1 falls not in January as does ours, but in the advent of the spring. The Per-The Per in the advent of the spring. The Per-sians celebrate this festival in the stone way as we observe our Christma, only it continues for two whole happy weaks, when the earth is all a-bloom with flowers. City, town, village, and hum-let rejoice in hollday attire, and with interchange of gifts, and good wishes, and the welcoming of callers with large trays of sweetmeats.' trays of sweetmeats.'

"You'll not have time for Persian history, by and by, I chafed her." "The voice of my Christmas guest"

-as she called the rug-'is never sl. lent, mother dear. I don't have to hunt in books for information.'

"The force of this speech did not dawn upon me at the time. Again, one evening in the soft May dusk, Elsie said dreamily, 'this is the hou Persian greets you with 'Peace be unto thee.' "And did your Christmas guest t.it

you that, my dear?" "Yes; he frequently greets me at

this sweet hour. I exclaimed in anusement, "And has the old rug assumed the form

of sex?" "'Not only sex, but soul!' she an swored solemnly. At is a presence that is not to be put by, she quoted, and for some unaccountable reason at the

time, I felt troubled. 'The roses are blooming in that fair land of Iran,' she mused, 'and soon will the fields be a waving mass of white popples.

In October, when my Elsie was a pleture of beautiful maternity and completeness, came the shocking tid-ings of Stanton's sudden death. We had been looking for him every day; it seems, he had but started homeward when pneumonia claimed him for a fatal victim. Naturally, I trembled at the dire effect of such a blow to my delicate Elsie. But mine was the pain when I found that it fell as lightly upon her as the leaves of the autumn; for I not only sensed the sad truth that Stanton had killed all her love for him

in hours of his brutal torment, but I was also possessed of a cruel fear that a shadow lurked in the brightness of my darling's mentality." At this revelation John, the young

husband, moaned and began to pace "Sit down, John, will you?" said

on you.'

her sweet effort to calm me, nor was she doceived in the real cause of my alarm. 'Don't tremble so,' she soothed, 'and remember, I am perfectly sound I was comforted somehow. and sane.' and felt that my Elsie was not only strong and brave, but mentally above me

"'Come, mother dear,' she said one evening as we sat in the gloaming awaiting the coming of Christmas, and

is there contained a symbol language. but pervading all, there hovers a pe-spreading a rug over a grave as we never fade. Every member of household works upon it-even children tie knots in it-that it may be expressive of the sorrow of all. Now, one dark afternoon, immediately tollowing our last Christmas, while I was "That costly fabric was given to my and a strange thing happened. heart. In my attitude of prayer be-From that time it has passed down the skirt, mother dear, when at your knew line, from first daughter to first daughter to first daughter to given i used to pray. ter, with the behest that it be given i used to pray. "What of you, little web?" I murmured softly. "more like a smiling guest you seem than a mere property. Were you born in a hamlet among the hills of Persia, with the snow whistling about door, and the sheep huddled without? Or in the garden among the roses? 'Did you journey by camel back to the sea swept by the sands of the desert? Did you change hands in the market place, or did you pass over the dead body of your rightful owner, into the keeping of some swarthy and sacreligious priest, who sold you to foreign dealers? And from whose grave were you taken?' And, mother dear, be-lieve me, in answer to my question came a subtle fragrance of roses; a patter as of sandalled feet along the rug's border; a filmy mist, and thena form! A beautiful, graceful form in flowing white vestment, and a ble and smiling beneath its and a face nosnowy turban; and in a language strange to my outward ear, yet by me understood. he, my Christmas guest, answered all my questions. All the information but hinted at before, which greatly troubled you, he told me. He is the weaver of this wondrous fabric, upon ticisms he played upon in blasphemous skepticism till my girl's heart shrank in its fear. A priest, whom he calls Mullah, made not infrequent visits his hamlet, whom he had intrusted with the holy preparation of his passing soul. Hour after hour, day after and far into the night he sat patiently working, weaving his threads into mystical forms and shapes until the whol shone forth like a sunrise upon a world strewn with blossoms. The rug, as you see, is funereal, with its willow and cyprus and myrtle, and its bits of colbespeaking a blissful hereafter. But there is still more than this. He wan dered away from the beaten path, into the garden of roses and love. And why His was an early grave. not known love in his young and tender life. Then why not weave into his rug, roses, white, blushing and golden, eloquent of love? To the priest the young Persian confided his hopes and his dreams, and the inspiration of his roses. The last hour arrived, and the finishing touch, the little cross, was wrought among the delicate threads of a blushing rose. It stands for a benediction Through the priest this rare and orig-In her most rarely sensitive inal piece of workmanship went its ic temperament every vine silent way across the desert to the east, Deshaw and flower, verse and mystic figure was and out of India by way of Bombay into England. 'Again one night, mother dear, as

fore me. All that mystery lurking in was suddenly checked in the act of "The first rest she's taken in days," the desert, on the mountain, in the hanging up a tiny stocking on a baby-vines and trees and flowers, in the ribbon line drawn beneath the mantle. "'All I needed,' she said, 'was this

John the young husband, walked into the room." bed of sweet roses to cool my hot head to lull me to sleep. I wonder why "Not hanging stockings already, Grandma's withheld it so long? It's

thine, Kizami, but-insten to a warn- "Aye, it wants but a week, lad," ing in this the time of my passing, sharply.

ings at hone till the night before Christmas, and besides-why grand-mother!" John's eyes fell upon a bit of

"And 'why grandmother!' I should like to know. I want to be sure that a wee foot that size will be kicking in our home by Christmas. In my village hanging the stocking the week before insures good luck."

"Have you doubts, grandmother?" said the young husband, apprehensive-"It wanteth but little to rend asund er the veil of the heavens that I

"Your wife is calling for you," she

John disappeared. Sometimes, I think she's not right in her mind; yet I don't say a word, and she startles me with: 'Don't be

heart hes the solution of the solution of the solution of the solution of the prophet. To weave it among my loved roses shall be the bast task of my fingers." And the solution of the solutio

"God love thee, Kizami, and listen; what way does she strangely impress

to lull me to sleep. I wonder why Grandma's withheld it so long? It's mine, you know, John.'" "Is it her's?" John questioned.

"Then how dld she know" "The plot thickens," mused Grandma.

"And is the thing haunted?" the nurse sharply asked.

"What on earth do you mean, Grandma Grey?" Just what I said. Mr. John, that rug has lain wrapped in the greatest of care and locked in my own cedar chest all these years. Imagine the state of my nerves, if you will, when

today I found it spread out on the attic floor.

'Then that's where my patient has been when I have missed her," exclaimed the shrewd nurse.

"Pray, how do you know-you've no proof." John spoke with excitement. "Will you both hold your tongues and sit down, while I tell you the

story?" Grandma said curtly. "And haste lest my darling awake." "Never fear: she'll sleep like an infant till morning. I know all the tricks of that rug.

The facial expressions of husband and nurse were peculiar. "Rugs are not only written pages,"

acters and wondrous verses from Per-sian poets; not only in the shadowy tracery of leaf forms, flowers and trees, "You know, dearie, there is an orl-

"To be sure! but I never told her." "And why in the world has so won-

"To smother the voice of that rug."

the floor

Grandma, "and remember I am living it over again; it is harder on me than

John obeyed.

"'Stanton was never my soul com-panion, mother dear,' Elsie reasoned in

"Rugs are not only as startling, old began the wise, not to say startling, old lady; "but they live and breathe and have thelr being. Not only has every color its significance, each design its to a loy forever-well, there it was, to a loy forever-well, there it was,



pass and on thy way."

The lark, already amid the dawning clouds, was calling to the morn. Streaks of gray were chasing the shadows of the desert, as the sandalled feet of beturbaned hermit and pilgrim pressed the sands of its border. Neither had spoken as they paced the trail through the high and narrow walls, to the gateway, shutting out the storm, the heat, the fear, and the dread of its immeasurable stretches.

In prayer stood Merwan with closed eyes and hands outstretched to the did the rug-maker remain motionless. that a rosy light began flooding the caravan of the hills, and Kizami, buoyhis light and active body, plucked at prophet, darkened the portal. the sleeve of the worshipper, at the same time craving his patience. Mer- of the faith, may Allah chasten thee wan gazed upon him with grave sweet- in pain," the holy one gave greeting ness, bidding him speak.

"Merwan, I must away, yet, for mine thine earthly heritage. I will guard it trate. as my soul."

Merwan smiled in sweet forgiveness youth's arm and exclaimed: "O, look ye!"

It was only the simple picture of a him in prayer, in prayer we left him?" mother and child, with the dawn- "By the faith of Islam, yes." shadowed plain for its back-ground, ""Two angels watch upon each morand for its halo, the rosy blush of the tal, one on the right, one on the left. morning. She was riding a sturdy ass, At the close of each day they fly up and with vell thrown back, nursing the to heaven with a written report. Every babe at her breast, while her husband good action is recorded ten times by in the characteristic rusty brown gown the angel at the right; and if the mortal and white turban, was holding the commit a sin, the same angel says to bridle and glancing back with fond- the one on the left. 'Forbear ye for ness upon his family. The desert wasta seven hours to record it; peradventure, was gray and chill in the dawn, yet he may repent and pray and obtain warm and glowing with life and devotion for giveness.' And what of thee, son; and breathing of fruition. It was the dost thou repent ere the seventh hour divine story in human characters. The and pray?"

story is growing old, but every cen- "Thy servant prayeth always ere the tury hears its mystic calling and gains seventh hour." new life and power. It is still and must "By the scrupulous cleanliness of the

forever be the joy of the world. Let prophet, doth thou perform ablution earth rise with it, then, and live, The healing vision of the Holy ma-

ternity passed. Merwan drew a hand perform ablution for the cleanliness of across his eyes as though he had but my body." slept and dreamed.

"Man's holy heritage," he murmured: cluded with a prayer: and then suddenly turning to the pilgrim he said:

"Kizami, I asked God for that!" not, neither doth He slumber. To Him From the distant village literally belongeth the heavens and the earth founded upon the sands divers noises and all that they contain. Who shall were being borne upward and outward intercede with Him unless by His perupon the air, proclaiming all things mission? He knoweth the past and animate and inanimate that go for the the future, but no one can comprehend making of a pligrimage, in the pro- His knowledge but that which He recess of activity prior to the start, vealeth. He is the High, the Mighty." mastered, and my people long be-

its message of a second birth. Allah the Merciful." The winter had passed. All nature

Darkness was beginning to vanish. was throbbing with the unseen forces of immortal life. It was the hour of midday devotion.

Upon his prayer rug, with his pale fore- in heaven." head touching the floor, Merwan, the weaver, knelt in long and silent supplication. Within that sanctuary, where the tapestries of unimaginable beauty covered the crude walls, the vast sol'tude of the desert seemed to abide, filled with soul and with heaven all about: populace of abundant life in light and

color, cloud and mist, sun, moon, and westward, where Kizami was about to, stars, and thought companions. It was depart on his pligrimage. So long a shrine where angels might descend to watch over a soul left alone like a lamb on the plain.

A familiar step aroused the suppliant. ing the hug of the Big Polar Bear, to spring at the Mullah, should he attempt to make sacreligious advance on the ant of spirit and with youth burning in and a Mullah, the faithful priest of the

> "By the heart and soul of the founder lah, his loose robe wrapping a bosom impenetrable, leaving his one sheep and particular blessing.

"Glory to Allah! and His will be who purred in the lap of his master, a own enlightenment, I would fain know done," murmured Merwan, still pros-

From the Koran the Mullah chanteu: "'Angels come among you by day end of the other's earnestness, and about to and by night; when those of the night of the other's earnestness, and about to and by night; when those of the night speak, was turning his misty eyes ascend to heaven, God asks them how fickered a moment and then went out like a candle. across the sands, when he clutched the they left his creatures.' And what of thee, Merwan, thou lone one; what an-

swer can they give of thee-we found

before each prayer?"

From the Holy Book the Mullah con-

"'God! There is no God but He the

living, the ever living. He sleepeth

spirit of its celebration had been en-tered into with as much solemnity, enthusiasm, and merriment, as in the days of Harun al-Rashid. Alone with his thoughts and his an gels, the weaver worked on in the

shining

trusty disciple.

gloaming. nour of roses approacheth," h murmured, just as a happy voice out of the shadow gave answer. "Merwan, thy pilgrim returneth."

No-Ruz, "new day" or the Persian

'Kizami! Glory to Allah!" 'Peace be unto thee, believer, for in

name of God's chosen, I bring thee blessing from Mecca." Now, wait I His holy pleasure to depart in the care of His angels, ami, Kizami! God love thee! T To see thee before me, fills all my soul with joy and thanksgiving." And rug-maker

and pilgrim wept and laughed together as breast met breast in vouthful demonstration. Now heed me well, Kizami," sold

Merwan, then all the joyous details had been told "For the cleanliness of my soul, do F of the pilgrimage many times within the hamlet. "While yet you hastened in the twilight, and ere the faithful Mullah had departed o'er the mountain, Cyrus there, my Persian mentor, crouched upon my knee, and timely admonition gave in purrings deep and strange. All that's

in my leom now nears completion. All these written pages of my life and soul and fingers, all these lovely chil-dren of my thoughts, and heart's desire; this maze of rich designing in deep and symbol language. All that that are save as I'll just run of stands for fleeting, finite beauty, all either, but I'll just run of that stands for life, its hidden mean- and proceed with my task." deep and symbol language. All that ing and its glory. All that I have

"'Resplendent being shalt thou be, free from human defect and pain, and new-born, of a dimpled form born to bear the burdens of the world; of tender little feet, so small and weak, yet leading of man; of little endowed with thy youth and thy beauaye, better after thy ty; and loving, aye, better after thy spiritual eyes have beheld the glories arms outshretched to gather in God's suffering creation. Oh' Klzami! I have felt these arms about my neck; they are the gentle Muster's drawing The sun was setting in gold and pur-ie splendor ere the Mullah had fin-

me: and that sweet voice the Mother. "Nay, a Nestorian-" Mary,

Somewhere in a land beyond the hills there lies a strange faith. I warn thee

down from the celestial regions," crooned the holy servant.

After a silent prayer the weaver

may enter into that garden of roses,

hamlet.

murmured:

the soul about to separate from the world and enter upon its futurity. Each "In my dying hour, I speak truth. "Like a Kizami, Kizami! I have cried in my this land." mountain height was robed in the royal hue and crowned with fiery gold. A mantle of wonderful color envelope heart for more than the give. I cried till the cross wove itthe dingy hamlet while a shaft of hining light fell upon weaver and oom, and flashing beyond, transformed self into my life-work. Deep in hy lies the secret that blesses my Deep in hy hangings and rugs into a garden of glory, all of which was not lost to the and protects it-true as the sky and as precious, and clear as the pool of the Prophet to weave it amo my roses shall be the last work teen, sweeping glance of the prophet's The cat arched his and then huddled, holding his own my fingers. Deep in my soul lies the secret that carries me out of the darkness-the cross woven there, 'neath my roses, and so veiled that on his footstool ready, like Persia elud-

only the spiritual eye may discern it; 'tis woven in threads of the finest spun gold-a mystic cross o'er the cresce triumphant. Over my grave, Kizami, the Mullah will place it. But take thee

all else, and King Cyrus, nor tarry." 'May the angels perceed thee and alone on the mountain, save for pussy, guard thee I ask in the name of the Mighty!" Kizami departed in sorrow. tune sanctimonious, uncertain, fanatic-al: and pondered, no doubt, like a Persian, as to where his possessions be-Alone on the mountain, alone in his hamlet, did Merwan, the weaver, whisper gan or where they would come to an

"O. Thou who never sleepest be with firmed." me this night in the shadow." "Wha Alone in the night, alone in his death-watch did Merwan, the rug maker, "Conce As for Merwan, he stroked his fond whisper.

Thou, who never sleepeth, be with me this night in the shadow! And a light went out in the land where the Star shall eclipse the Cres. New Year, was nearing its end. The

> nal, as she sat in the garret and pon-dered.

> "It's the selfsame tiny wee stocking I hung for my Elsie, and for wee baby, and now-my! how the past shadows gather-shadows? I guess I'll keep still as to shadows; the very word gives me the creeps. It's just like a rose petal, bless it' the tiny wee stocking. And to think that maybe but there! I'll not think it, I'll hang it. Grandma searched in just hang it. Grandma' searched in searched box. "There's the christening thingsthe my own hand embroidery—and the shoes, and the hood, just what I'm after. How I love them!" with a sigh. I almost can feel the little warm body. By my eyes! there's that rug! all un-rolled—it's been handled—who's dared? I thought I had hidden it safely away."

Grandma fell to her knees. "Oh, the beautiful thing! Well I mind me the day it was given to me by my mother; 'twas my 18th Christmas and upon it I stood to be married-but there! I feel and queer-I must not take cold chilly -I'll hide you again when it is daylight, but now--" Grandma hustled away downstairs, with pale face. pauesd till she had locked herself in her room

"It's strange how that thing affects me. How one talks to it as if it could hear; but it just seems to breathe. me move and speak. It's a mystery to me who has touched it. Can it be? But God save us! I'll not hold that thought either, but I'll just run downstairs

fire burns brightly in the living room, Grandma went sound asleep.'

broke in with her eyes all aglow like the coals, "but proceed."

"It resembled a chant in its one mellow tone, and the words-Aye, the words

They were foreign." "Of course

"And she looked like-" the nurse pondered.

moved to the edge of her chair.

'Like a thing oriental and not of

Grandma gave a slight cry. "I knew it would come; the poor child's been marked. There! the cat's out of the bag, now, I'll have to confess, that dearie may not be misjudged. Hish! here's John."

In the doorway, with wide starting eyes and pale face, the young husband looked quite distracted.

"She needs you, Miss Brooke," he uggested. "She's in great distress." suggested. As the nurse went upstairs John let go of his calm and desperately turned upon Grandma:

The limit is reached; I think she's quite mad.

"And what now?" Grandma asked in alarm.

"She calls for a rug!"

Grandma threw up her hands and sank into her chair.

"And she says, 'Grandma Grey can produce it.'" "Good Lord! all my fears are con-

"What fears? You fill me with

"Concerning that rug."

"Then there is such a thing in this house?"

"To be sure. A grave-rug! What does it and "A grave-rug! What does it and mean?" and John gripped his hair. "What does it all mean? John Calvin! "What does it all mean? John Calvin! That question has haunted me, are of my journey "To be sure. A grave-rug." "A grave-rug! What does it all

through life." "Grandma! be quick," shrieked a

voice from above.

The old lady jumped, and fled up the back stair, while John followed close with the candle.

"Now, give me the light," Grandma gasped, from sheer loss of breath andqueer nerves. "There's the thing over there in that corner-hurry up, that sick child will follow." John stooped to gather the roll in his arms while she wheeled for the door.

"Can you tell me why you've hid this rare thing away in the garret?" asked John. But the dear old white head leaned

half way down the stair ere John had uttered his question. A half hour later the husband and

nurse softly tiptoed into the old lady's presence. John had ordered a consultation, or rather, an explanation. To this Grandma had quickly responded 'Twill be a relief, since occasion de-

mands; I've carried the thing till my back aches. Bring Miss Brooke; 'tis her right as a nurse: already she senses the ghost in the closet."

Grandma rocked in her chair. She was pale and a trifle upset, but otherwise plucky and brave as a whole. Her granddaughter's keepers appeared. "Well, what happened? I've been straining both ears, but never the breath of a sound have I heard"

"She spread the rug out on the bed." answered John, "nestled upon it like a tired child in its mother's arms and

cultar spirit-a mental drift-some in- would strew flowers. Beautiful idea, herent and mysterious fitness bearing isn't it? For the flowers in a rug culiar spirit-a mental drift-some the sublime truth of our marvelous nearness to the world beyond. I gained my knowledge through . reading and while in possession of that wonstudy drous creation upstairs; some there are, however, so sensitive as to know, the aid of books or teacher. Without down upon my knees studying my rug I found a perfect cross woven in a rose, "Yes, yes, like what?" Grandma the aid of books or teacher.

great-grandmother as a Christmas gift, hanging over the foot of her tall four-and to it. From the first it was a presposter bed, for her to muse and dream ence breathing solace to my outrage upon as she lay with her first-bornmy grandmother—clasped to her breast. fore it, it seemed to shield and encore from that time it has passed down the pass me just like the soft folds of y at Christmas time, or at the advent

of a daughter, whichever first followed the marriage. And strange to relate, each first birth has been a girl babe. and always happening about Christmas time with never one break

"Were any of these mother strange before birth?" the nurse broke in. "Now, don't tell me John gasped. my dear child is a victim of some terri-

"Will you please hold your tongues till I finish? Then you can form your own conclusions by yourselves. When my Elsie, the sweet mother of this child upstairs, was married, the sunshine of er nature soon met with its eclipse. I can see her now as then looking like a crushed violet, and with all her wifely joy snuffed out like a candle. She was nature's own child, in love with life, longing for its joys, yet feeling the deep fires of faith, an ever incensed shrine in her heart.

'On all these instincts the man, her husband, trod and cruelly. Even her hope of motherhood fell under the blight of his contempt. "Religion, duty-the names were witticisms he played upon in blasphemous

fear. 'Oh, 'twas cruel!" Grandma choked,

the grandson's eyes flashed fire, and the nurse looked out through tears. "We little thought," went on the halting voice, "how strange should be According to the will of her solace. that old, eccentric granddame, the rug was to be Elsle's within the coming week. 'Twas the very first Christmas in the exchange of the rug that hailed no birth. No little stocking hung before the fire; no sweet faced wife sensed the joy of motherhood. But Elste was so changed in the delight of her ssession that the heaven of my own mother heart took wings. 'Twas happiness indeed to see my first born happy. Weeks went by, and gradu-ally Elsie's old-time sunshine began breaking through the clouds, till at last the days were flooded, and by spring she was a creature radiant and transformed. I knew she had been making a study of the rug, and decided that this marvelous change was wholly due to the all absorbing interest alo w line and artistic temperament every vine

being rewoven In March, the cold and heartless Stanton receiving a business call of several months' absence, journeyed away to Alaskan fields, little dreaming

joy of promise and fruition. One

evening in April, she stood before me

I touched the cross and was offering up a little prayer for its maker he of a joy he had unconsciously implant-ed in the heart of his obedient Elsie his grave his soul followed it nor di appeared as before, but with a won-

.

(Continued on page five.)