

The Weekly Directory.

BURLINGTON (N. C.) BUSINESS HOUSES.

Buy Dry Goods from B. A. Sellars & Sons.
Buy Furniture from the Smith Furniture Store.
See Burlington Hardware Company for Plumbing
Get your Photographs at Anglin's Studio.
Go to Holt-Cates Company and B. A. Sellars &
Sons for Clothing and Gents' Furnishings.
See Dr. R. M. Morrow when in need of Dental
Work.
Real Estate, Insurance and Loans, Alamance In-
surance & Real Estate Co.
Barber Shop, Brannock & Matkins.
Dr. J. H. Brooks, Dental Surgeon.
See Freeman Drug Co. for Drugs.

ELON COLLEGE, N. C.

Do your Banking with the Elon College Banking
and Trust Company.
For General Merchandise see J. J. Lambeth.
For an Education go to Elon College.

GIBSONVILLE, N. C.

Dr. G. E. Jordan, M. D.

HIGH POINT, N. C.

People's House Furnishing Co.

The Love of Savitri.

The Hindus have left two notable productions of literature, the Ramayana and the Maha-bharata. The latter is the most gigantic poetic work in literature, consisting of two hundred and twenty thousand lines, while the Iliad and Odyssey cabinet contain only about thirty thousand. It is an immense collection of Hindu mythology, legend and philosophy. There is an apparently authentic tradition to the effect that the Kauravas, who were the sons of the blind Rapah Dhritra-rashtra, engaged in a long and bitter rivalry with their cousins, the Paradavas, who were the sons of Rajah Pandu, and that this rivalry led to the great war from which the Maha-bharata derives its name.

In this great poem there is occasionally a gem of sentiment which ought to be preserved, such as the victory of love over death in the beautiful legend of Savitri and Satyavan. Of all the myths of the Maha-bharata it is perhaps the purest and most touching. Its prose form, as taken from the writings of E. A. Reed and Sir Edwin Arnold, on Hindu Literature, is as follows:

King Asva-pati had as his only daughter the beautiful Savitri, who was so lovely, so rich and so scornful of her sisters that none dared to ask for her hand, and the princess at last was given the right to travel and choose her own lord. But the Rajahs in their luxurious courts wearied her, and she was returning to her home when she stopped at a hermitage, where the aged hermit and his wife were tended by a handsome youth, their only son. The Princess looked upon him thoughtfully, then proceeded on her journey homeward.

One day the Maha-rajah sat in his council hall with the sage Narada. They were talking in low tones of the affairs of state when the king's daughter was announced. Standing before the sage with her face crimsoned with blushes, she said, "Father, I have been long away; I have visited the courts of princes; I have offered sacrifice in the sacred groves, and I have found in one of these the banished king of Chaha, who lost his throne and kingdom because of blindness. Their loyal son ministers to their wants; he brings them fruit and game for food; he feeds their sacrificial fire and pulls the sacred kusa grass. Him I have chosen.

Then said Narada, "Not he, my child—thou canst not choose the banished Satyavara. He is both brave and noble; a grander youth ne'er trod a

kingly court, but o'er his head there hangs a fearful fate. He is doomed to die, and in a year the gods decide that he must go."

But the girl replied, "A royal heart can choose but once and a loyal sire will not revoke his promise."

Elaborate preparations were made for the wedding and before many weeks the bridal train left the city for the hermitage, and the exiled king and hermit blessed the union. But no sooner were the rajah and his queen gone than Savitri laid aside her costly jewels and her silken robes and donned the rough garments that befitted her new station as a hermit's wife. She could not wear a finer robe than he; she could not see her hands decked with gold and gems while his were rough with toil.

The little family dwelt in their forest home in sweet content, but Savitri carried a fearful dread—a counting of the days until the death decree should be fulfilled. This she bore alone, saving the others pain. Each night the sun went down she knew that one day less remained to Satyavan. At last the days had nearly fled and her songs were hushed in tearful prayers. When the time was nearly come she sat beneath a great tree like a beautiful statue for three long days and nights, mutely exploring the gods to save from death's decree the man she loved.

The fateful day dawned at last and found her weak and faint, but she would not taste of food. Only one plea she made—that she might go with Satyavan when he went out into the forest to cut the sacred wood for the evening sacrifice, and though he tenderly remonstrated, she pleaded still and he set out, axe in hand, through the wilderness, making a path for the woman's feet that patiently followed his own.

Afar from home they gathered fruits and flowers for the evening sacrifice, and all the while the anxious wife watched with aching heart every look and motion of her lord. At last he reeled in sudden pain and cried, "I can't work," and falling at her feet, lay still.

Suddenly at her side she saw a fearful shape, that seemed neither god nor man, tall and dark with visage grim, his garments crimson as if with blood, his eyes glowing like burning coals in their deep sockets. In one hand he bore a long black noose and bent over Satyavan. As the specter leaned above her husband the trembling princess prayed to know who he was and why he came. He answered, "I am Yama, the god of death, and I am come to bear away the soul of Satyavan."

"But," pleaded the wife, "'tis thy messengers that bear away the souls of men. Why is it mighty chief, that thou hast come?"

"Because Prince Satyavan was the grandest, noblest, of his race," replied the god, "and none save Yama himself was worthy to bear his soul away," and bending lower still he fitted the dreadful noose and drew out the soul of Satyavan. Then silently he strode away toward the southland with his prize.

But the stricken princess hastened on behind the fearful King of Death. At last he turned.

"Go back," he said, "why dost thou follow in my steps?"

But she replied: "Wherever my lord is borne, there I shall surely go; he is my life, my all; I cannot leave him, I

cannot leave him, and I must go with thee. By reason of my wifely love thou wilt let me come."

And still she followed on until the King of Death himself felt pity for the faithful wife, and turning back he said: "Return, my child, to life and health. Thy wifely love is good, but the kingdom of Yama is not the place for thee. Still I will grant thee any boon that thou dost crave, except this life that I am bearing away."

Then said Savitri, "Let the blind and banished king, my husband's father, have both his sight and his throne restored."

"It shall be so," returned the god. "I grant thee this, but now turn back; our way is long and dark; already thou art weary and thou wilt die upon the road."

"I am not weary," said Savitri; "I cannot tire while I am near to Satyavan. Wherever he is borne; there must I go."

And the tireless feet toiled patiently on behind the King of Death until he turned again and said: "Darkness is coming on; soon thou canst not find thy way alone. I will give to thee another boon—anything except this life and then thou must return."

Quickly the princess thought of her own father, whose only child now followed Death—thought of his lonely home and increasing age, and she said, "Give to my father princely sons to bear his royal name."

"So shall it be," returned the mighty king, "and now I have granted thy wishes, go back to life and light."

But she only answered plaintively, "I cannot go, great king, I cannot leave my lord. Thou hast taken him, and my heart is in thy hand. I must surely come with thee."

At last they came to a cavern, dark and damp as death itself, and here Yama again turned upon the pitiful figure in the darkness behind him and this time demanded fiercely, "Art thou still upon my path? In pity for thy grief I will give thee anything thou wilt except this life within my hand."

Then answered Savitri, "Give me children—the sons of Satyavan. Let me bear to him loyal heirs of his goodness

and his truth."

Death smiled grimly. Should he be conquered yet by this little Hindu wife? But he answered; "Yama hath promised thee, and I must grant thee even this."

Then with rapid strides he entered the great vault of the cavern, while the startled bats and owls made the place more hideous with their cries. But still he heard the patter of patient feet behind him, and his burning eyeballs blazed in the darkness upon Savitri. "Go back," he said, "Thou shalt return; I will bear no longer with thy persistent following."

"I would go back, oh, mighty Yama, if I could," wailed the weary wife, "but in your hands you carry my own life. 'Tis only my helpless frame that follows thee, and now I am so weak with grief and fear that I must come nearer to Satyavan;" and the tired head dropped upon the dark, cold hand of Death, close to the life she craved. The pitiless king felt the touch of tear-wet cheeks and clinging hair, and again his heart was softened by her faithful love.

"Thou art innocence itself and tenderness and truth," said Yama. "Thou hast taught me lessons new of woman's fidelity. 'Ask any boon thou wilt and it shall be thine."

Then at his feet she fell in joy. "This time, oh, king," she cried, "thou has accepted nothing, and I ask not wealth, nor throne, nor heaven itself. I crave my heart, my life—give me my Satyavan."

The fire in his eyes beamed more softly as he said: "Fair queen, thou art the brightest gem of womankind. Here, take thy Satyavan. Saved by his peerless wife, he shall long live and reign with her, and his line shall be upheld by princely sons who shall call thee mother. Go now, my child, time hasteth, and long hast thou been with me. "Then turning gloomily away, he went down—down into the darkness of the cavern. But the glad wife, holding her precious treasure close to her heart, retraced her steps back through the darkness of cavern and wood, her torn feet climbing the ascending pathway, fearing nothing, knowing nothing, save that in her arms she carried her beloved.

1890

1910

ELON COLLEGE

A young, vigorous College for both men and women. On Southern Railway, sixty-five miles west of Raleigh, the State capital, and seventeen miles east of the thriving city of Greensboro.

The Location is Delightful; Water Pure; Climate Healthful.

Plant valued at \$150,000, is modern in comfort and convenience. Steam heat, electric lights, water and sewerage connections with all buildings. Courses Lead to A. B., Ph. B. and A. M. Degrees.

Teachers' Course of 8 weeks opens April 5, 1910. No tuition charges. Course approved by State and County Superintendents of Public Instruction.

EMMET L. MOFFITT, A. M., LL. D., President.

People's House Furnishing Company

HIGH POINT, N. C.

Wholesale and Retail House Furnishers and Jobbers

Mantles, Grates, Tile a Specialty.