

SUNSET.

The vesper door upon its hinges has turned,
And, shutting on the world-forsaking sun,
Caught in its close, 'mid vapors pale and dun,

THE CLOAK OF TRUTH.

A ROMANCE FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

In a far-off corner of Eastern India there lived, in the days when fairies still visited this earth, a little girl whose name was Yuddi.

With infinite gentleness and tenderness the Fairy wrapped Yuddi in the cloak and laid her back upon the rustling couch.

In the cold season Yuddi was occasionally sent to a school presided over by a wise old Brahmin, Rhasta, who for a few "pice," as the smallest native coin is called, taught his pupils as much as their brains could absorb in the limited time they gave to study.

Many people think that India is a land where great heat prevails the year round. This is true only of certain of the southern parts; but in the north, where there are some of the highest mountains in the world, and where farming is carried on in the valleys between lofty hills or upon very elevated plateaus, the cold in winter, and during the long "rainy season," is often intense.

The dearest wish of her heart was for a large, warm cloak, in which she could brave the cold when she was allowed to go to school, and wrap herself at night.

Late one night, after Yuddi had been asleep for several hours, she was startled from her slumber by a voice calling in the sweetest tones she had ever heard:

"Awake, Yuddi, and see what I have brought thee!" The child sat up on her bed of dried rice-leaves, rubbed her astonished eyes, which at length showed to her the most beautiful being she had ever seen.

Yuddi was, however, almost heart-broken, and it was only when her mother reminded her that she still owed a duty to the Fairy, that she roused herself a little from her sorrow.

"My child," he said, as he took it, "I will try to wear it. But I am old and know the world and men well. To few it can be given to be absolutely truthful. I fear I am not of those. Come to me in the morning."

When Yuddi returned Rhasta was no longer wearing the cloak.

"I have lost it sooner than I expected, my child. You know how poor I am and how few pupils I have. Last night the father of Rhum Gat came to me and asked how his son was getting on. I thought to myself, if I tell him how hopelessly stupid Rhum Gat is, he will be taken away. I did not tell the truth, and I am punished, for I have lost both cloak and pupil. When the father saw the word upon my back he said his son should come to me no longer."

Again Yuddi resumed her quest for a wearer of the cloak. Among others she took it to a famous lawyer. "Child, have you come to mock me?" he cried.

"I am awake," she said; "what can Yuddi, the little daughter of Bi Lings, do to serve you?"

"Nothing, child," answered the Fairy. "I am come to serve you. You have longed for a cloak; see, I have brought you one," and she held up before the girl's delighted gaze the most exquisite garment she had ever beheld.

"Is that really for me, my very own?" cried Yuddi.

"Yes, my child, if you can keep the conditions of the gift. This is the 'Cloak of Truth,' and no one must wear it who does not speak perfect truth. If the wearer deceives or equivocates, be it never so little, the word 'Falsifier' will

appear on it in letters of flaming scarlet. Will you take it and wear it?"

Now Yuddi had always been a very good little girl. Her mother had taught her how wicked it was to lie, and the teaching had gone home. It was not, however, without some little tremor that Yuddi answered:

"I will take it, and try to be worthy to wear it, oh my good Fairy."

"That is well. I hope you will keep it long. But there are other conditions to the gift. If the fatal word appears on it, you must instantly take it off. Then the scarlet letters will fade away, and you must find some one to take it from you. That person you must watch. If he or she wears it in truth and purity all is well; if not, you must seek till you can discover a proper and faithful owner. Will you promise to do all this?"

"I will," replied Yuddi, who was so determined to deserve to keep the cloak that the last-named conditions did not greatly trouble her.

"Then let me place it round your shoulders; and may all the Powers of Good grant you strength long to retain it."

With infinite gentleness and tenderness the Fairy wrapped Yuddi in the cloak and laid her back upon the rustling couch. A moment later and all was dark and still. Lulled by the warmth of her new covering Yuddi sank almost instantly into sleep. When she awoke again the morning was far advanced.

Her father had long gone to his daily toil; but her mother stood over her looking in wonder at the magic garment.

"In the names of Brahma, Siva and Vishnu," exclaimed the wondering woman, when she perceived her daughter to be fully aroused, "where did you get that cloak?"

Then Yuddi told the marvelous story; and the good woman, who had a strong belief in the supernatural, and who, moreover, had never had cause to doubt her child's veracity, accepted it without a murmur.

"You are indeed blessed, my only one," she said as she clasped her to her breast. "Strive to retain the Fairy's gift."

All that morning Yuddi was intensely happy, but at the hour of noon her father came home to his meagre dinner. He, too, saw the cloak, and was told its history. But he scoffed at the tale, and accused poor Yuddi of having found or stolen the cloak and then attempting to deceive him.

The poor little girl was deeply wounded. Never before had her word been mistrusted. On telling the story the second time to one who was unsympathetic, she began to realize how almost impossible it sounded. So, later, when she went out wearing the cloak, and some children crowded around her, and asked where she got it, she unhappily equivocated. In an instant the dreadful word "falsifier," in the flaming letters of tell-tale scarlet appeared upon her back. Her companions ran from her screaming with fear. Yuddi tore off the cloak, and almost blinded with bitter tears rushed home, and sobbed out her unavailing grief to her mother. That good woman comforted her as well as possible, and tried to show the child that even if she had lost the cloak, she had been taught a lesson which she ought never to forget.

Yuddi was, however, almost heart-broken, and it was only when her mother reminded her that she still owed a duty to the Fairy, that she roused herself a little from her sorrow.

"I will keep my word in that at least," she said. "I will go to the good Rhasta, my master, and offer it to him." Without loss of time she sought the wise old man, told her story and offered the cloak.

"My child," he said, as he took it, "I will try to wear it. But I am old and know the world and men well. To few it can be given to be absolutely truthful. I fear I am not of those. Come to me in the morning."

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men lost it through misrepresenting the value of their goods; manufacturers, through selling adulterated articles; and even an artist, who was famed as a seeker after ideal truth, through wilfully attempting to improve on nature in his landscapes and by grossly flattering in his portraits, likewise lost it.

At last the despairing Yuddi gained audience with the wisest man in the land, the King's Chief Councilor. "You must be very young and innocent to come to me, my child," he said when she had told the reason of her visit. "Know that if I told the truth to my Royal Master about some of our foreign relations, or when he asks me what his people think of him, I should need about a hundred lives a year."

"Then let me see the King," boldly cried Yuddi; "he at least has none to fear."

"You think so, child? Well, I will contrive you shall see him. But you may have to wait a long time."

Yuddi answered that she did not care how long. The cloak was becoming an intolerable burden to her, never long absent from her sight, and it was in her mind night and day, sleeping or waking.

She had need of all her patience, for kings are not easily seen, especially by the children of Ryots, as the Indian peasants are called.

When she was admitted to the great presence she knelt, covered her face, and was for a time too frightened to speak. The King finally succeeded in reassuring her, and she told her errand.

"And so you think," said the monarch, "that kings can be more truthful than other people? You never made a greater mistake. You are too young to understand all the reasons why we are compelled to falsify and deceive; but I will tell you one or two: Sometimes I have to meet a neighboring sovereign who is jealous of me or of him—with whom, perhaps, I have been at war, and who has killed thousands of my people; yet I have to call him 'my loving brother.' I have to put up with Ministers I detest, because the people demand that they shall be in office. I have to tell my subjects that I know they will cheerfully pay taxes and vote supplies, when I feel the doing so will make them suffer terribly. Go, my child. Kings can speak less truth than their poorest subjects."

On leaving the palace Yuddi met an old, old man—a kind of priest, or dervish, who frequently preached to the people and in the intervals of his preaching begged for enough to keep him alive. He was clad in the most wretched rags, and, as a Yuddi passed, he asked for something to get food and clothes. Immediately she offered him the cloak, explaining upon what conditions he could wear it.

"I think I can keep it, my daughter. Come to me here to-morrow and see."

The next day Yuddi found him, still wearing the cloak, and with its spotless purity unaltered.

"How is it that you alone have been able to wear this for a day?" she asked.

"I will try to tell you, my daughter. I am very old and have no wants but food and clothing. When I ask for money for these, I speak the truth. I ask no man to build me a house or a temple; therefore, I seek no more than my daily food. I have no friends whom I must flatter and no enemies I need fear. I have outlived all but my love for God and His creatures, and I have no aim but to do good to them. I tell them that for their welfare here and hereafter they must refrain from evil, and I call to them hourly to leave the wrong and seek the right. What reason have I to tell anything but the truth? I thank you for your cloak, and I hope to wear it till I die."—Julian Magnus, in the Epoch.

There are 25,000 workmen engaged in the rubber industry of America. The new syndicate of importers and manufacturers represents a capital of \$85,000,000. The annual product is worth \$100,000,000.

There are 430,000 married and 370,000 unmarried men in Paris.

Rupture radically cured, also piles, tumors and fistula. Pamphlet of particulars 10 cents in stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

The beer production of Germany in 1885 is said to have amounted to 1,100,000,000 gallons, enough to make a lake more than one mile square and sixty-one feet deep.

Consumption, Wasting Diseases, and General Debility. Doctors disagree as to the relative value of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites; the one supplying strength and flesh, the other giving nerve power, and acting as a tonic to the digestive and entire system. But in Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites the two are combined, and the effect is permanent. Thousands who have derived no permanent benefit from other preparations have been cured by this. Scott's Emulsion is perfectly palatable and is easily digested by those who cannot tolerate plain Cod Liver Oil.

The whisky pool of Kentucky "prohibits" the manufacture of whisky until October 1, 1888. They have 30,000,000 gallons of old bourbon on hand. Why not prohibit until 1888?

What can be more disagreeable, more disgusting, than to sit in a room with a person who is troubled with catarrh, and has to keep coughing and clearing his or her throat of the mucus which drops into it? Such persons are always to be pitied if they try to cure themselves and fail. But if they get Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy there need be no failure.

Mrs. Mary Clement Leavitt writes that all the American missions in Burma have incorporated total abstinence in their work.

The Farmer's Son.

A farmer's son was Silas Brown, whose misdeeds caused his parents pain, and who was known about the town as one who'd ne'er do well again.

So, when the father, through the door, His offspring flung with wrathful cry, The neighbors said: "As oft before, Poor Brown has heaved a heavy sigh."

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