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THE Guide-Advocate "Want" column on page four has something in for everybody. Read it every week.

TRUE LOVE

A Story Attempting to Prove That It Is Immortal

By T. G. APPLEYBY

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Professor Markham, who occupies the chair of anatomy at college, is a materialist. His friend Taylor, professor of psychology, is an extremist on the opposite side, taking the ground that man is an eternal spirit, inclosed in a material body. The two were discussing questions based upon these two very different opinions, when Professor Markham said:

"Take, for instance, love. To be more particular, let us confine ourselves to love between the sexes. You men of spiritual bent consider that this is a spiritual condition, a mingling of two souls. We materialists take it to be, in the initiative at least, simply a device of nature to compel obedience to one of her laws, procreation."

"Which we deny. Love is eternal."

"Then when a couple who love are separated by death why is the place of the one who has been taken filled by another?"

"Cases of real love are rare. In such cases the place of the departed one is not filled by another. I have known or heard of several instances of this true love, but only one where the conditions I have stated were fulfilled. It was related to me when I was studying medicine in Paris, and the principal figure in the story had been a professor in the university where I received my education."

"Jean Leroux, a bachelor of thirty-six, a botanist, was one morning tramping through the southern provinces, hunting for plant specimens."

"When he came upon a chateau in whose gardens were many beautiful flowers. In his enthusiasm he jumped the wall and was soon lost to everything except the objects of his study. He was bending over a variety of azalea which he had never seen, though he was familiar with it through his books, when suddenly he was recalled to himself by a musical feminine voice saying:

"Monsieur is absorbed in the flowers."

"Leroux looked up into a pair of eyes that were looking into his."

"Now, if you anatomists were to claim that love acts as two chemical affinities, which on meeting become one and the same substance, I could in a measure sympathize with you. Both these persons admitted afterward to the other that the moment their eyes met they loved."

"Pardon, said Leroux, 'I am a trespasser. I have been led by my love for my profession to examine your plants. I will withdraw at once.'"

"On the contrary, you are welcome to study my plants to your heart's content, and if there are any that you covet I shall be happy to give them to you."

"For the rest of that morning Leroux and the lady wandered about in the gardens, he giving her much information about her plants. She loved them for themselves; but, loving them, it pleased her to learn of their nature. She was Mlle. de la Fontayne, who lived with her old mother on the place, her father being dead. Made-moiselle was some half dozen years Leroux's junior, and since both of them had passed the heyday of youth it cannot be claimed that the love which flashed into being between them was of the grosser type. Leroux when asked afterward if that was not the happiest morning of his life replied that it was far happier than any he had known before, but no happier than those that followed."

"Mlle. de la Fontayne would not permit Leroux to depart without partaking of luncheon, or, rather, the second breakfast of the French people, and after the meal they returned to the garden. In spirit the professor never left the chateau so long as Mlle. de la Fontayne remained there. But she did not remain there very long—at least permanently, for Leroux was obliged to be at the university in Paris, where he lectured, and the two found it excruciating to be apart. No great time, therefore, passed before they were married, residing during the winter in Paris and in the summer at the De la Fontayne chateau."

"These two lived, so far as their relations to each other were concerned, in perfect happiness. No word of anger ever passed between them."

"Was not that the result of normal nervous system perfectly assimilated?" asked the listener.

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"I do not admit it. I believe that from their meeting they had become one being. Nor can it be said that they were united through their children, for no children were born to them. It was a case of unity between two individuals whose individuality was lost in each other. And I shall show you by an incident which occurred that this love continued after they were separated by death. I cannot prove that the love of the one who was taken continued the same as before, for we cannot see beyond the veil that Providence has hung between us and that which lies beyond. I must confine myself to the one who remained here among us."

"Mme. Leroux fell ill and died ten years after the pair were married. The changed condition of her husband after her death was simply that he did not now see her, did not hear her voice; there was no contact. The wife was buried in Pere Lachaise cemetery, not that the widower might go there to weep, for he did not consider her mortal past as aught except corruption, but that he might conveniently visit her grave occasionally to see that the plants she best loved and which he had placed there be nurtured."

"Why," asked Professor Markham, "if there was only corruption beneath the sod were the shrubs the woman had loved planted there? Corruption has no appreciation?"

"In your materialists," responded Professor Taylor, "there is a vacuum where the faculty of sentiment should exist. The widower did not place the flowers there for the dead, but for the living woman. To him the thread of her life had never been broken. Moreover, in our natures there is that which we call association, and there was to him a pleasure in associating the plants she loved with the place where her mortal part lay."

"One evening about sunset Leroux entered the cemetery of Pere Lachaise to visit his wife's grave and see that all was in order there. As he approached it he was astonished to see a man, uncovered, bending over the mound, apparently absorbed in grief. What could it mean? Leroux had never heard his wife speak of a brother or other male relative near and dear to her, and he wondered who this mourner could be. Advancing, he addressed the stranger:

"Pardon me. May I ask why you are thus grieving for my wife?"

"The man turned. The grief his countenance had worn was turned to anger."

"Your wife! Then you are the man who robbed me of my love."

"Your love! She never had but one love, and that surely was not yours. Who are you?"

"One who loved the woman who lies there."

"She does not lie there," interrupted Leroux. "She is in heaven. Had you loved her as you say, you would not speak of her as lying there."

"I say I loved her," reiterated the other fiercely, "and she loved me. We parted in anger."

"Real love is never angry. It may grieve for another's fault, but it cannot be angry."

"I left her for a foreign land, America. There I have been since then; there I prospered. I returned to do penance and claim my love. I heard that some one had won her hand, though I know that no one but myself could have won her heart; that she had died and was buried here. I came to her grave to weep for her, and fate has brought me the man who believed he occupied my place."

"I knew not what this means," Leroux rejoined. "If my wife had a love affair before she married me she knew that it was not true love and would pain us to speak of it; therefore she refrained."

"Who are you to assume this—you, who if you received any love at all, received a dead love?"

"The man, provoked by the unpromising certainty of one he considered his rival, was by this time beside himself with anger."

"Had we weapons I would soon convince you that I am the rightful mate of the woman who lies there; that you are an interloper. The only recompense you can grant me for the robbery you committed is a meeting

tomorrow morning in the Bois de Boulogne," he said.

"Since my wife through a mistake once may have thought enough of you to engage herself to you I shall not harm a hair of your head."

"The stranger felt convulsively for a weapon he knew he did not have about him, then, taking out a cardcase, threw a card at Leroux's feet, saying, 'If you are not a coward I shall hear from you.' Then he strode out of the inclosure and down the avenue toward the cemetery gate."

"The card bore the name of Jules Bombardier. Leroux, calm as when he entered the cemetery, attended to what he had come to do, then returned to Paris. On the way he tried to think of some mention of a love affair his wife had passed through before meeting him, but he could not. Nevertheless he was content to remain in ignorance concerning it."

"This is what I call true love, and I will show you that the stranger who manifested all the outward appearance of love had not experienced it. Not six months after Professor Leroux had met him weeping at the grave of the woman he believed he loved Leroux, taking up a newspaper, read a notice of the marriage of Jules Bombardier, a Franco-American, who had recently returned on a visit from his adopted country."

"Leroux lived the same life, so far as women were concerned, that he had lived with his wife. In other words, after her death he continued to live with her in the spirit."

The narrator paused for a moment thoughtfully, then concluded: "If I have not proved my case I have at least made it equally strong and far more acceptable than your theory that love is but a means by which nature produces procreation."

"I admit that you have," replied Markham. "There is a barrier that neither of us can pass. I reason from analogy based on cause and effect that I see in material things about me, while your reasoning is based on the same premises in a spiritual sense. We are both confined within our narrow sphere. Nevertheless from the foundation of the world love has been recognized as a divine attribute indeed, the only divine attribute we possess in the flesh. If it is not eternal we may well assume that all things die."

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